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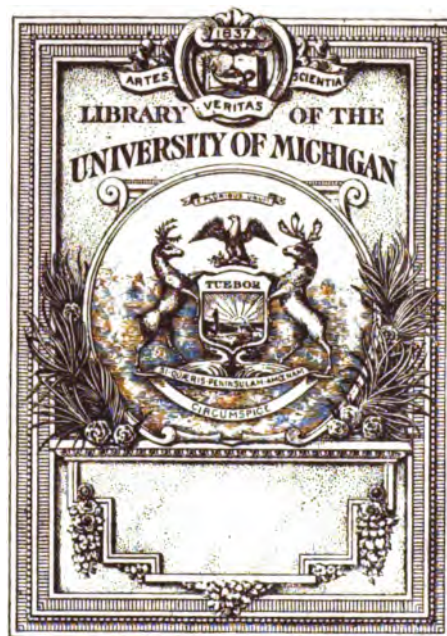
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# FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY







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WHICH SHALL BE CHOSEN?

*The Legend of the Wild Raspberry*



# FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY

10 CENTS; \$1.00 A YEAR

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VOLUME LIII.

November, 1901—April, 1902

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# FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY

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## II.

"Give them two pitchers; let them go into the woods. That one who will first fill her jar with raspberries, that one I, the lordling, shall take for my wife, and she shall be a lady."

The two sisters go into the woods. The one with light hair and round, blushing cheek, fills first her jar, and needs must be the wife of the lordling. Forgetting her sister's pain, she runs to her, crying, "Sister, sister, see, my jar is already full!"

She sees not the wild start, the dark look cast on her.



III.

The sun from behind the trees blushes like blood ;  
with red-gold light it gilds the forest.

One sister is now alone in the woods. She moves  
uneasily and looks about her.

Is that the echo of a cry that rings wild in her  
ears ?

What was it that stirred in the tall grass and  
weeds, but now stirs no more ?





## IV.

From the woods the older daughter has returned. On her black eyebrow gleams something like a drop of blood—who can know what it is? The mother looks; it must be a drop from the raspberry.

"Mother, mother, here is my pitcher of raspberries where is my husband, the lordling? My sister? She will not return from the woods any more—she may have fallen in the brook—the wolves may have devoured her. I looked long and could not find her. Where is my husband, the lordling?"



V.

Her cheek so round and blushing! Her hair so fair! Her look so open! With grief the lordling is filled. In haste he sends his servants to the woods and the brook.

All the long night they were searching, shouting and calling in the woods; they were seeking in the brook all the day.

But they find her not. She comes back nevermore.



## VI.

Across the fields of Lithuania rides in his carriage the lordling, before and behind him his servants. He is happy with his happy wife, with his beautiful one, that older daughter.

Let the heralds shout aloud; let them proclaim to all the happiness of their master; let them twine their staffs with garlands and with roses!



## VII.

It is May. The little boy runs with joy and clamor to his mother and grandam.

"Oh, mother, mother, here I have a whistle. Listen to its song. It sings like a woman."

"Play, Michas, play. As fair as the May which blooms to-day, once we, two roses, were blooming in our mother's house. But a sister's knife has severed the rose of roses—under the sod my abode—on the grave a wild willow."

"Child, where did you get the whistle?"

"From the wild willow by the brook, next to the bush of raspberries."

The lady paled. There where she stood she fell. What a pity! What a loss! Her possessions so vast! The husband so young! The children so small!



## VIII.

Across the fields of Lithuania rides in his carriage  
the lordling.

Before and behind him cluster his attendants.

But there is no silver nor gold upon the trappings.  
They are in black, and in black are his attendants.  
Slowly they move with eyes downcast. They are fol-  
lowing the coffin of the lady.



# THE RACE FOR THE POLES

By FRIDTJOF NANSEN

**T**HE human race is impelled by a deep-seated instinct to extend its knowledge of the surface of the earth. Progress in this department as in so many others, however, seems to move in a series of waves; and there have been several periods during which geographical investigation has advanced with giant strides. Such a period was the sixteenth century, with its great discoveries of America and the Pacific Ocean. In the century which has just come to an end we have passed through a similar period. We can best understand how great has been the extension of our geographical knowledge during that century by reflecting that at its beginning more than half of the entire land area of the globe was completely unknown, while at the end of the century scarcely a tenth part remains to be explored. We cannot say that this process of exploration has been distinguished by the discovery of great unknown continents; on the contrary, it has been chiefly devoted to the closer examination of the interior of the continents and their natural features. As was to be expected, the investigations of this pre-eminently scientific century have been more and more directed towards the acquisition of exact knowledge, until, at the end of the century, we may almost be said to have entered upon a new era, in that our expeditions are now planned to serve exclusively scientific ends.

The most important areas of the globe which still remain to be explored are the regions around the two Poles. At the same time, the complete scientific investigation of these regions is of singular moment, inasmuch as their physical conditions are so peculiar, so

unlike those of all other portions of the earth, that the knowledge of them is indispensable to a complete understanding of the laws which govern the majority (and these the most important) of the physical phenomena of the planet's surface. As an example one may mention the determining influence exercised by the Polar regions, with their intense refrigeration, upon the circulation of the atmosphere and of the sea,—matters which most intimately affect the environment of our daily life. It is, therefore, no more than natural that the scientific world should every day call more and more loudly for the complete investigation of these regions.

## ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

The knowledge of the regions around the North Pole has, during the bygone century, constantly advanced by greater or less degrees, and the closing years of the period have witnessed the approximate solution at any rate of several of the most important problems. The English Arctic expeditions, especially those of the middle years of the century, explored and mapped the coasts of the North American Arctic Archipelago, and determined in broad outline its extension toward the north. American expeditions, and the English expedition of 1875-6, explored the northern coast of Grinnel Land and the northwest coast of Greenland. Peary and his companion, Astrup, pushed their way right across the northern portion of Greenland to a point — Independence



Bay—on the northeast coast. A Norwegian expedition traversed the southern portion of Greenland from coast to coast. Numerous Danish expeditions have greatly added to our knowledge of the physical conditions of Greenland.

The most important geographical problems yet remaining to be solved upon the Greenland-American side of the Polar area are the determination of the northern limits of Greenland, and the ascertaining whether there lies a deep sea or possibly an as yet unknown land to the north of the American Arctic Archipelago.

On the Asiatic side of the Polar area the most important problems were solved by the *Fram* Expedition, which proved that the whole region to the north of Asia and Europe, for a long way north of the New Siberian Islands, Franz-Joseph Land, and Spitzbergen, is one expanse of sea

two thousand fathoms in depth, in which no unknown land was to be found right up to the eighty-sixth degree and farther. Over this sea the ice is perpetually drifting, from the Siberian coast towards the ocean between Spitzbergen and Greenland; and earlier conjectures as to great fixed masses of ice in the neighborhood of the Pole have once for all been proved untenable. The experiences of the *Fram* Expedition render it probable, moreover, that large portions of the as yet unknown Polar area are occupied by a similar sea, over which the Polar ice drifts

in a similar way. By finding a deep sea to the north of Franz-Joseph Land, the *Fram* Expedition further disproved the original theory, which saw in it only the south coast of a considerable expanse of land or continent. We were able, indeed, to ascertain that Franz-Joseph Land was a comparatively small group of islands, whose extension towards the northeast we settled. The extension of the group towards the west was accurately determined and mapped by the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition.

In the course of the American Wellmann Expedition, Mr. Baldwin also succeeded in discovering a new island east of Wilczek's Land, the most eastern island of Franz-Joseph Land seen by us in the course of our expedition. Mr. Baldwin has thus possibly determined the eastern extension of Franz-Joseph Land, although, from our observations, I regard it as

not improbable that land may be discovered still farther east.

Finally, the brilliantly executed Italian expedition, under the Duke of Abruzzi, determined the northern extension of the Franz-Joseph Land group, Captain Cagni's magnificent dash towards the "farthest north" having proved that neither "Sherard Osborne Island," "Petermann Land" nor "King Oscar's Land" exists at all. Cape Fliegely, on Crown Prince Rudolf Land, which was found



E. B. Baldwin.

to lie in about  $81^{\circ} 55'$ , thus forms the northernmost point of this group of islands, and at the same time the far-



thet north land as yet known on this side of the Pole.

The many Swedish expeditions to Spitzbergen and the North Siberian waters have contributed greatly, by means of their admirable scientific investigations, to our general knowledge of the physical conditions of the Arctic area.

How far have we progressed, then, at the present moment? On almost all sides we have left the coast behind us, and have penetrated far over the ice-covered Polar sea right up to  $86^{\circ} 33' N.$ , which was reached on April 24, 1900, by Capt. Umberto Cagni.

As before stated, there is only one point where the northern limit of hitherto known land has not yet been reached, and that is in Greenland.

What now remains to be discovered and what must be the goal of the Arctic investigations of the coming century? In the first place, we want to acquaint ourselves with the as yet unknown area, by no means an inconsiderable expanse, from the sea north of Behring Strait and the coast of Alaska, right over to the northern coasts of Greenland and Grinnel Land. We want to know whether this expanse is one continuous sea, deep or shallow, or whether there is land in it, and, if so, what may be its form and extent. But of still greater importance, perhaps, is a complete and searching investigation of the physical conditions of the Arctic regions, and more particularly of the North Polar Sea. We must endeavor to obtain the most accurate observations, extending over months and years, under the extreme

conditions that there present themselves. We want to study the variations of the atmospheric temperature, of the winds, of precipitation. We must have a thorough knowledge of the temperature of this sea, of its salinity, its gas, impregnation, its currents, etc., its flora and fauna, in all latitudes and in all localities. We must investigate the strength, direction, and variations of the magnetic currents in these northern regions. We must know the force of gravity at the different points. We must investigate the geological conditions of the unknown regions,



*William Ziegler.*

and thereby acquire a deeper insight into the history of our earth.

We thus see that the Arctic area still presents many and important problems for solution. It is a mistake to suppose that the chief end of Arctic investigation is the mere attainment of high latitudes or the reaching of the Pole itself. If it should be reached, as it no doubt will be before long, we must indeed admit that a point has been scored, and even an important point, since, as a matter of fact, so many wishes have centered upon it and so many sacrifices have been made for it; but it must at the same time be remembered that the most important portion of the problems of Arctic research will still remain to be solved, and will not cease to lay claim upon our efforts so long as scientific investigation exists.

At this moment no fewer than three Arctic expeditions are in progress, and a fourth is on the point of setting out. Let us glance for a moment at



the objects and the prospects of these expeditions.

It is now exactly three years since Captain Otto Sverdrup left Christiania on board the *Fram*, dispatched by Messrs. Axel Heiberg, Ellef Ringnes and Amund Ringnes, with instructions to press northward through Smith Sound, and as far as possible along the northwest coast of Greenland.

Sverdrup's object was to attempt the exploration of the northern portion of Greenland, and to determine its northward extension. When he could get no farther with the ship, it was his intention to go into winter quarters, and in the following spring to push on with dogs and sledges over the northern region of Greenland or of any islands lying to the north of it, possibly, if circumstances should be favorable, returning southward along the east coast of Greenland. He might then elect to make his way back to his winter quarters across the inland ice, or perhaps to go farther south and be picked up later on by the *Fram*, or reach home in some other way. If circumstances should prove specially favorable for pushing northward over the presumably extensive drift-ice from the northern limit of Greenland, it was also conceivable that he might make this attempt, although in accordance with his plan, it could only be

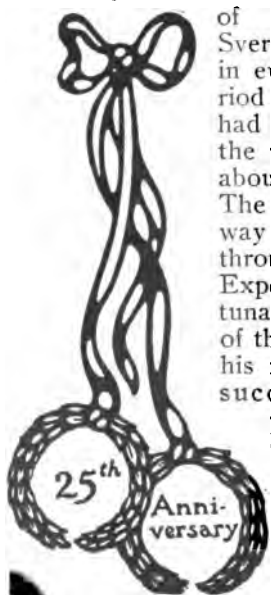
of secondary importance. Sverdrup was well equipped in every particular for a period of four or five years, and had taken with him from the west coast of Greenland about eighty sledge-dogs. The year after he left Norway news of him arrived through the American Peary Expedition. He had unfortunately found the condition of the ice unfavorable during his first year, and had only succeeded in attaining a point a little north of Cape Sabine, of such melancholy fame in connection with the Greely Expedition, where the *Fram*

had to pass the winter. The autumn and spring, however, had been well employed in exploring Ellesmere Land right over to its west coast, which had hitherto been unknown. In the month of August two years ago the *Fram* pushed farther north, and since then no further news has reached us; so that we must still for some time remain in ignorance of the results of the expedition.

We may hope that this uncertainty will come to an end in August or September of this year, when the return of the expedition may be expected. The extent of its achievement will of course mainly depend upon the state of the ice with which Sverdrup has had to deal; but supposing that the conditions have not been exceptionally unfavorable, I think there is every probability that he may have solved the essential point at any rate of the problems he has proposed to himself. If he succeeded, in the autumn of 1899, in penetrating, let us say, to 82° or a still higher latitude along the coast of Greenland, he has probably been able, in the spring of last year, to reach the northern limit of Greenland or of possible islands beyond it, even if this point should lie very far to the north.

In the summer of 1899 Professor Nathorst established an excellently-appointed depot for Sverdrup far north on the eastern coast of Greenland. This depot, however, was found intact last summer, which proves that Sverdrup had not passed that way during the preceding spring. It is possible, but not very probable, that he may have arrived there in the autumn of last year; nor do I regard it as probable that he will come that way this year, as he can scarcely have enough provender left for his numerous dogs to permit of his undertaking so long a sledge-journey. In all likelihood, then, Sverdrup has chosen a more northerly field for his activity.

In the same year in which the *Fram* left Norway the well-known American explorer, Robert Peary, also started on a new Polar expedition, taking almost the same direction as Sverdrup's.





*Fridtjof Nansen.*

On board Mr. Harmsworth's ship, the *Windward*, he pushed northwards through Smith Sound with the object of getting as far north as he could, and then being put ashore with some Eskimos, whom he would take on board at their settlement north of Cape York. His further purpose was, by help of his friends the Eskimos, to establish depots farther and farther north, so far as there was land to be found, and then from the northernmost depot to reach the North Pole over the ice with sledges and dogs. The expedition thus conceived would naturally occupy several years, and its hope of success would consequently in a great degree depend upon the willingness and endurance of Peary's Eskimo followers. His plans, however, were in some degree upset by the same hindrances in the state of the ice which Sverdrup encountered, and he had therefore to pass the first winter on board the *Windward*, a very short way north of the *Fram*, on the coast of Grinnel Land. In the month of December of this first winter Peary was so unfortunate as to get his feet frost-bitten in the course of a sledge-journey, so that he had to have seven toes amputated; but with the indomitable energy and endurance characteristic of him he did not on that account relinquish his expedition or abridge his plans. Already



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Robert E. Peary.

in the following spring we find him setting forth upon further sledge-journeys to investigate the secrets of Grinnel Land and Ellesmere Land. In the course of the summer he was

put ashore from the *Windward* at the Eskimo colony, Eta, north of Cape York, in the neighborhood of Smith Sound, there to pass the winter alone with the Eskimos, sending the *Windward*, meanwhile, back to America, to return the following year with fresh supplies. Peary was to employ the winter, along with the Eskimos, in making preparations for the expedition, and the *Windward* was to take them on board again next summer, and carry them farther north. In accordance with this arrangement the *Windward* started for the place of rendezvous last summer, but did not come back in the autumn, so that Peary's expedition, like Sverdrup's, can scarcely be heard of before August or September of this year. What Peary may have accomplished or may have a prospect of accomplishing it is of course difficult to forecast. I am inclined to regard it as a drawback to his scheme that he is in so great a degree dependent upon the Eskimos, who understand little or nothing of the objects of such an expedition, and whose actions are so largely determined by the mood of the moment. At the same time we may be certain that, however circumstances may shape themselves, Peary, with his incomparable energy and his many mental and physical resources, will achieve something of importance.

Last summer the Russian expedition under Baron Edward von Toll left Europe to push forward along the Siberian coast by the same route taken by the *Vega* and the *Fram*. Toll's inten-

tion was to pass the first winter with his ship, the *Sarja*, somewhere on the east coast of the Taimur Peninsula, and to investigate that region. His further design was to visit the hitherto unknown Sannikoff Land, north of the New Siberian Islands, which, on an earlier expedition, he had sighted from Kotelnoi. His purpose was, if possible, to winter on this island, or even to press farther towards the northeast, and reach and winter upon the island of Bennett Land, discovered by the American Jeannette Expedition. From his winter quarters Toll intended to make sledge-expeditions to explore and map these unknown islands in their northward extension. By means of sledge expeditions over the ice of the Polar Sea he also hoped to determine the northern limit of the submarine shallow plateau which extends northward from the Siberian coast and the New Siberian Islands. By sounding from the ice he would seek to determine how far north one must go to reach the place where the bottom of the sea sheers suddenly downward into the deep Polar basin, and where, therefore, we may trace the coast line of the primeval Asiatic continent.

As I write an American expedition is setting forth under the leadership of Mr. Baldwin, who took part in Mr. Peary's second expedition to North Greenland and in Mr. Wellmann's expedition to Franz-Joseph Land. The funds of this enterprise are supplied by Mr. Ziegler, an American, and its object is to reach the North Pole by the same route and the same method pursued by the Duke

of Abruzzi. A whaler, re-christened the *America*, has been purchased in Scotland for the expedition. On board this ship it will proceed to Franz-Joseph Land, and will make its way as far north along the coast as possible before going into winter quarters. It takes with it no fewer than four hundred dogs, besides a certain number of Russian horses; and Mr. Baldwin hopes with their aid to press forward over the drift-ice to the Pole. Should it prove advisable, he has in mind the possibility of continuing his journey from the Pole toward the northeast coast of Greenland; and in case he should do so, it is proposed to despatch a special ship to the east coast of

Greenland to establish depots for him.

Ever since Johansen's and my sledge journey over the Polar ice, it has been clear that the attainment of the Pole itself is, in effect, only a question of securing a sufficient number of good dogs and a practical outfit; and this experience has been confirmed by Captain Cagni's journey. I should therefore regard it as very probable that Mr.

Baldwin will be able to reach the long desired goal, supposing that he is fortunate in his outfit and in his selection of dogs and men, and further assuming that no exceptionally unfavorable conditions are opposed to him. His greatest difficulty will be to make a start from his winter quarters sufficiently early in the winter to give him time, in the course of the spring and summer, to cover the great distance ahead of him before the formation of the summer fissures or lanes



*Sir John Murray.*

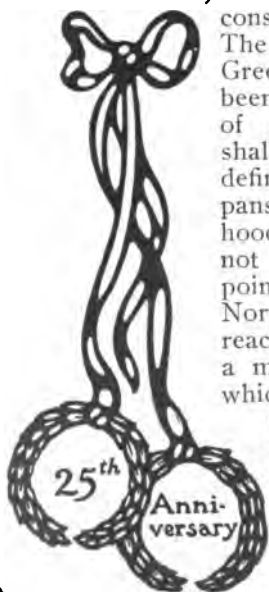
in the ice, and still more before the melting of the surface snow shall place too great obstacles in the way of his advance. He will not be able to fix his winter quarters farther north than on Crown Prince Rudolf Land, which is south of  $82^{\circ}$  N.; and thence to the Pole is a distance of 480 nautical miles. Should he find it necessary to make his return by way of Greenland, he can scarcely reckon upon finding any depth north of  $75^{\circ}$  N.—that is to say, 900 nautical miles from the Pole. Thus he has altogether to face a journey of 1,380 miles as the crow flies, over rugged drift-ice. Let us suppose that he makes a start from his winter quarters on February 1, 1902; he would have to accomplish his sledge-journey before, let us say, the middle of June; he would thus have about a hundred and thirty-five days at his disposition; that is to say, he must cover a daily average of ten nautical miles as the crow flies, which is probably not impossible with well-trained and selected dogs, even although rough ice, fissures, etc., will add considerably to the actual distance. If he should be able to return by Franz-Joseph Land, the distance will of course be considerably diminished.

What, then, will be accomplished should these expeditions fulfil our hopes? From the geographical point of view, we shall have made a very

considerable step in advance. The northern extension of Greenland will at last have been ascertained—a matter of great importance. We shall have acquired more definite knowledge of the expanse of sea in the neighborhood of the Pole. Last, but not least,\* the mathematical point, which we call the North Pole, will have been reached—in itself, of course, a matter of no significance, which yet acquires an adventurous interest from the fact that so many nations, through so many generations, have tried the adventure.

\*In English in the original.

We may reasonably hope that other sciences besides geography will profit considerably by the labors of these expeditions; but from the nature of the case it is evident that their observations must consist in the main of such as can be effected on board the ships or in winter quarters. In the course of the sledge-expeditions themselves, investigations must necessarily be of a more casual nature, since it is unfortunately impossible on such an expedition to carry any considerable scientific equipment. In this respect the method pursued during the *Fram* expedition has great advantages—the method, to wit, of drifting with a strong and well-furnished ship, year out, year in, through the unknown regions. In this way alone can we acquire such an intimate knowledge of these Arctic seas as is necessary, I repeat, for our understanding of many of the most important physical conditions of the planet. The superiority of this method of travel, from the purely scientific point of view, is very apparent when we compare the manifold scientific results attained on board the *Fram* with those which Johansen and I were able to achieve on our long sledge-journey and during our winter encampment, when our energies had to be almost entirely devoted to the unceasing struggle for existence. In order to carry out the researches which have yet to be made in the unknown Polar Sea, the most judicious course would now be, as I have before insisted, to take a strongly built ship like the *Fram*, equipped at all points with the most modern appliances, and proceed with it through Behring Strait into the Polar Sea, in a northward or perhaps a slightly northeastward direction, and there abandon oneself to the tender mercies of the ice. Such an expedition would presumably be swept right across the Arctic Ocean far to the northward of the *Fram's* route, and in a direction approximately parallel to it, and would after five (or perhaps six) years reappear upon the east coast of Greenland. With its thoroughly equipped laboratories on board, it would be able to



collect a store of accurate scientific observations such as no other expedition has ever garnered in. The fact that it would doubtless drift right across the Pole or in its immediate neighborhood would be of comparatively slight importance.

If I am rightly informed, the Canadian Government is contemplating the despatch of such an expedition in the immediate future, under the command of Captain Bernier. The civilized world will await its results, which cannot but be very considerable, with the liveliest expectation.

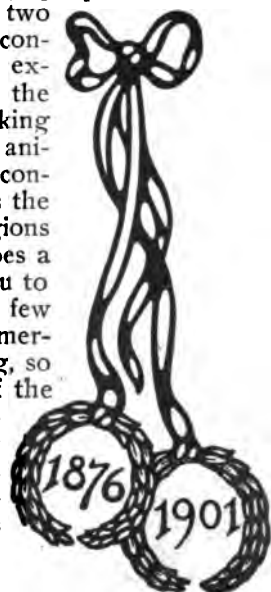
#### ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION.

The preceding pages show that the greater part of the problems of Arctic exploration have little by little been solved, and that although much remains to be done, there is every prospect that still more mysteries will be cleared up in the immediate future. Thus these inhospitable tracts, which were once a happy hunting ground for the wildest extravagances of inventive imagination, have been subjected to the sober control of human research.

The case is different in the Antarctic area, which in this respect and, it would appear, in most others, forms a striking contrast to the Arctic area. While the North Polar Sea is surrounded on both sides by the great continental masses of land, we know, on the other hand, that the Antarctic lands and ice-fields are surrounded by a vast expanse of ocean. But of these regions themselves we as yet know only the most advanced outworks, and these only at a few points. As to what lies behind them in that "great unknown" we cannot, if we must confess the truth, form even any confident conjecture. Whether it be a continuous continent covered by an enormous ice-mantle, or scattered groups of islands, or an expanse of sea with occasional projections of land here and there—all this is and must remain for the present a mere matter of guesswork. Yet it is certain that the physical conditions of these regions exercise a determining influence upon the

physical conditions of even the warmest zones, and at the same time that a knowledge of them is indispensable to a complete understanding of many of the most interesting problems in the earlier history of our planet. Let me give one or two examples. It is a well-known fact that the temperature near the bottom of the sea even at the equator, is only one or two degrees above the freezing point of water, and this although the high temperature of the surface, together with the subterranean heat of the seabottom, would lead us to expect a somewhat high temperature throughout. According to our most recent researches, this cold layer at the bottom of the sea can only in very small measure proceed from the Arctic Ocean, which is shut off by several submarine ridges. The great bulk of it must therefore come from the Antarctic Ocean, but how and from what regions we have as yet scarcely any knowledge. It is easy to understand, however, that this phenomenon has an essential bearing upon the whole circulation of the sea, and through that upon the function of the sea in determining the distribution of climate over the earth.

Certain remarkable resemblances between the fauna of South America on the one side and of Australia on the other have led many people to conjecture that these two continents were formerly connected by tracts of land extending right across the South Pole, and thus making possible the migration of animals? Did, then, such a continent formerly exist? Is the land in the Antarctic regions a remnant of it? And does a shallow submarine plateau to this day extend, with a few interruptions, between America and Australia, forming, so to speak, the pedestal of the Antarctic lands and islands, which stand out from sea as the ruins of the submerged continent? From the fossils



found in the strata of the rocks we know that those tracts of earth which we ourselves inhabit, and likewise the Arctic regions, have during earlier epochs in the earth's history undergone remarkable vicissitudes of climate and physical conditions. Have, then, the Antarctic regions been subjected to similar vicissitudes? All these questions, and many others of the greatest scientific importance can be solved only by means of investigations of the unknown regions themselves. What wonder, then, that the whole scientific world should be more and more urgently demanding the exploration of this portion of the planet? One may almost say that there is no branch of natural science which does not present fundamental problems whose solution can be sought for only in the Antarctic regions.

Such knowledge of the geography and physical phenomena of this region as we at present possess rests upon the discoveries made by various expeditions, most of them dating from the first half of the past century; and we must always remember with gratitude the names of Cook, Biscoe, Bellinghausen, Dumont, D'Urville, Balleny, Weddell, etc., and, most of all, that of James Ross. After an intermission of half a century, broken only by the great British Challenger Expedition, and by a German expedition under

Dallmann, we again at the end of the century come upon a period of activity in Antarctic exploration. We may especially note the work done by the Norwegian Captains, Larsen, Evensen and Christensen, the last of whom effected the first landing upon the "Antarctic Continent." Mention must also be made of the Belgian expedition under Lieut. Gerlache, which was the first to winter in the Antarctic region, drifting in the ice-pack to the west of Graham's Land, from  $75^{\circ}$  to  $103^{\circ}$  W. Long., and between  $70^{\circ}$  and  $71^{\circ}$   $30'$

S. Lat. The latest Antarctic expedition is that despatched by Sir George Newnes, under the command of Mr. Borchgrevink, which was the first to winter on land in the Antarctic regions, remaining from February, 1899, to February, 1900, at Cape Adare, in Robertson's Bay, Victoria Land. This expedition also succeeded in landing upon Ross' so-called "great ice-barrier," and in reaching at  $78^{\circ}$   $50'$  S. the highest southern latitude as yet attained.

From the collective results of these expeditions we now know that to the south of the southern point of America, and close to the Antarctic circle, there exists a considerable amount of land, the so-called Dirk Gheritz Archipelago, which includes at least one island of some extent, Graham Island, and, farther to the southwest, Alexander I. Land. On the other side of the South Pole, due south of Australia and along the Antarctic circle, we find either a series of islands or a continuous continent, known as Wilkes Land, which is supposed to end towards the west in the so-called Termination Island at about  $95^{\circ}$  E., and a little north of the Antarctic circle; but the existence of this island is questionable. Southward from New Zealand we have, moreover, the largest known expanse of land in the Antarctic regions—Victoria Land, stretching southward to beyond  $78^{\circ}$ , on which Ross discovered the great volcanoes Erebus and Terror.

At about  $50^{\circ}$  E., in the ocean between Africa and Australia, land has been descried on the Antarctic circle—the so-called Enderby Land, and, to the east of it, Kemp Land.

It will be seen that it is mainly in three segments of the Antarctic circle, far distant from each other, that land has been discovered. The great question at once arises, whether these lands, as many suppose, are the northern outposts of a great and continuous Antarctic continent? Chief among the reasons which have led to this conjecture may be mentioned the well-known and peculiar Antarctic icebergs, which attain to such huge di-



mensions. In their strange table-like formation they rise to a height of 150 or even 200 feet over the sea level, and run to a length of several English miles. These colossal masses of floating ice are encountered in almost all quarters of the Antarctic Ocean, and presumably have their origin in the ice mantels of the unknown lands. It must also be noted that the land discovered in the Antarctic regions has everywhere been found to be clothed in huge glaciers, whose high, perpendicular ice walls drop sheer into the sea. To the east of the volcanoes Erebus and Terror, on Victoria Land (at about 78°), Ross, in February, 1842, sailed for nearly four hundred miles along such a "great ice barrier," until, at its eastern end, he thought he saw more high land behind it. In other quarters of the Antarctic Ocean a similar ice barrier has been found to block further progress towards the south. Hence it has been concluded that the whole "Antarctic Continent" is covered by a continuous ice-mantle like that of Greenland, almost everywhere covering the land and projecting into the sea, ending in these walls of ice, and perpetually giving off in the form of icebergs its yearly increment of snow. This conjecture must, however, be regarded as far from established. We must remember that, by a similar process of reasoning, Franz-Joseph Land, on its discovery, was held to be the south coast of a great Arctic Continent, and that geographers in general have at all times been inclined to assume the existence of great masses of land behind newly discovered coasts, and to transform scattered islands into continents. In view of the great precipitation which must occur over the Antarctic regions, surrounded as they are by sea, we need not assume such vast expanses of land in order to account for the formation of ice-mantles large enough to give off the Antarctic icebergs. Franz-Joseph Land, as we see, has been found to be a comparatively small group of comparatively small islands, which are nevertheless, by reason of the great precipitation, entirely cov-

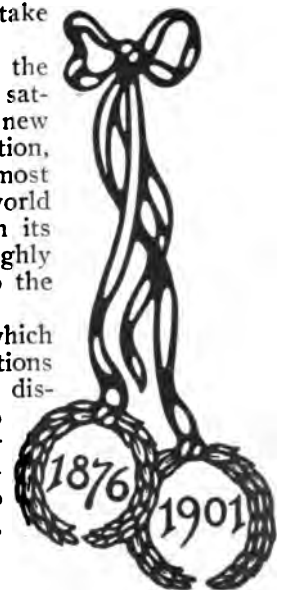
ered by glaciers. These glaciers, as a rule, project into the sea on all sides, and give off icebergs of comparatively large dimensions, whose table-like form often reminds us strongly of the Antarctic ice giants.

It is true that the circumstance—emphasized, among others, by Sir John Murray—that the sea seems to grow gradually shallower towards the south may point to the existence of a continuous continent; but, on the other hand, it must also be admitted that at several points as, for example, in Weddell's Sea, no such upward slope of the sea-bottom has as yet been noted. On the contrary, Ross believed that he had found depths of 4,000 fathoms. The sea between Enderby Land and Wilkes' Land seems also to be comparatively deep, from 1,600 to 1,800 fathoms; and the absence of icebergs in this stretch of sea may also imply the absence of adjacent land. I am therefore of opinion that we must be prepared to find broad arms of the sea running deep into the so-called Antarctic Continent, and perhaps cutting it up into comparatively small portions of land and groups of islands. For my part, I do not even feel convinced that the South Pole itself is situated on land.

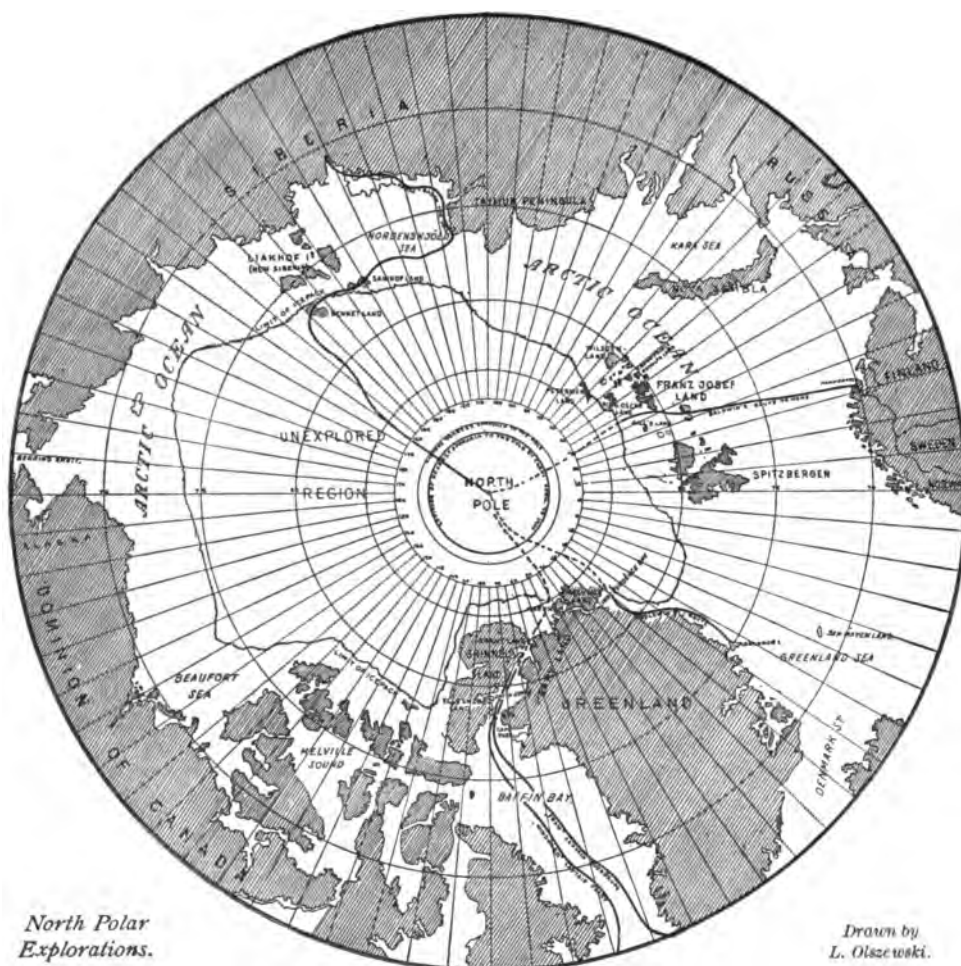
There are many other and still more important unsolved problems in these regions, but the consideration of them would, for the present, take us too far afield.

At the beginning of the new century we hail with satisfaction the opening of a new era in Antarctic exploration, inasmuch as two of the most powerful nations in the world are despatching, each on its own account, a thoroughly equipped expedition into the Antarctic waters.

The British nation, which has so many great traditions in the sphere of Polar discovery, is now taking up its task afresh in sending forth an expedition, under Commander Scott, to explore Victoria Land,







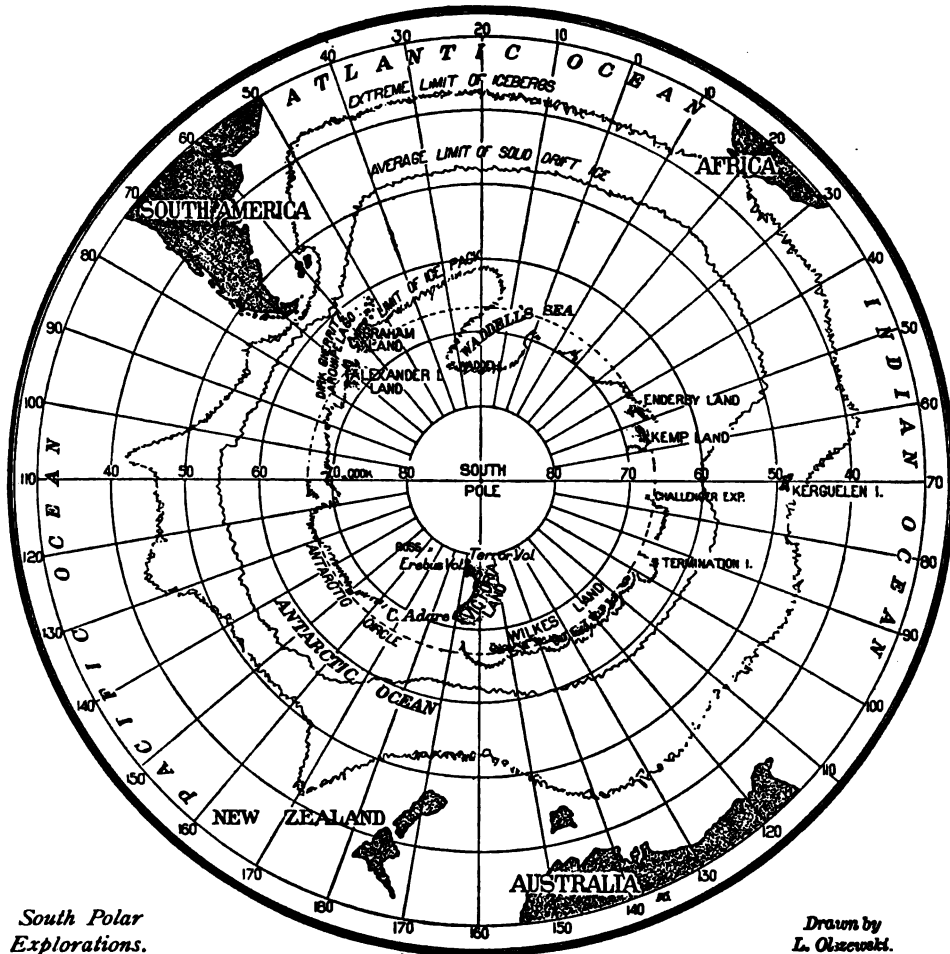
North Polar  
Explorations.

Drawn by  
L. Olszewski.

discovered by Ross, and the surrounding regions. Peculiar care has been devoted to every detail of its outfit. This is, so far as I remember, the first time that an English Polar expedition has built its own ship, especially designed for ice navigation and exploration. It has been christened the *Discovery*—an excellent name, which evokes many memories of the great explorers, from William Baffin onwards.

The intention is to start in August of this year, and, presumably in September, to sail southward along the east coast of Victoria Land towards the region of the volcanoes Erebus and Terror. Thence the ship's course will be laid eastward along Ross's

"great ice barrier," the nature and origin of which it is of great importance to determine. Does it form the northern edge of a great Antarctic ice-mantle, stretching right to the South Pole, or is it only part of a local glacier belonging to Victoria Land? These are weighty questions which the expedition will be able to answer. It is proposed to push as far eastward as time and the state of the sea will allow, in order to ascertain whether land, as Ross believed, is again to be found beyond the barrier. At the same time the eastward voyage will not be carried so far, but that, before autumn arrives, the ship may return to the east coast of Victoria Land, and there, if possible, find a harbor in which to



winter. In the winter quarters the autumn and winter will be employed in all sorts of scientific researches—magnetic, meteorological, seismological observations—observations of the tide, of the pendulum, etc.

With the return of the sun in spring, sledge-journeys will begin. Partly with the aid of dogs, and partly without, the expedition will explore the interior of the country towards the south and west, and will doubtless gather in a rich harvest of important discoveries with regard to the physical conditions and extent of this unknown land. The sledge expeditions will return to headquarters before "the navigable season" begins when the ship will try to break its way out of the ice as early as possible, in order to carry

out a further voyage of discovery in the summer of 1902-3. The main object in this case will be, so far as possible, to investigate the land west of Cape Adare and Wilkes's Land, in order to determine, among other things, whether it forms a continuous expanse or consists of islands. The ship will thence make for New Zealand, and then homeward by way of the Pacific, presumably reaching England in August, 1903.

When we reflect that James Ross performed his long voyages and made his great discoveries in these regions on board sailing ships, which, moreover, were not specially built for such service, it seems clear that an expedition such as this must be able to effect something very considerable, with its

newly built ship, propelled by steam, and fitted out in the best possible way to meet the conditions likely to be encountered. Every one who has had the slightest experience is well aware of the enormous difference between a steamer and a sailing ship, more particularly in the case of ice navigation, where so much depends upon seizing favorable opportunities in the drifting ice. The British expedition has a great virgin field before it in these regions of ice and fire, where every step in advance must be attended with momentous discoveries. We see it set forth with every good wish, and we await its return in full expectation of a rich harvest of knowledge.

Simultaneously with the British expedition, the German expedition, under the command of Professor Erich von Drygalski, will steer its course towards the south.

Drygalski has planned and equipped his expedition with the scientific thoroughness peculiar to the German nation, and it is characteristic of the ruling spirit of the enterprise that its ship has been named after the great German mathematician Gauss. The Germans, too, have built their own ship, for the construction of which the *Fram* has in the main served as a model. One difference between the two expeditions is that while the British, according to their old traditions,

have a large ship's company of something over fifty men, the Germans are taking only twenty odd.

Drygalski's plan is to make first for the Kerguelen Islands, and thence to push on southwards by the east coast of Enderby Land. Here he will have a new and entirely unknown field before him. He will make his way as far south as possible, and then winter with his ship at some point where a good winter harbor presents itself, either on the west coast of Victoria Land or on some other land which he may discover. The

winter will be employed in observations similar to those of the British expedition, and in the spring he will investigate with dogs and sledges the interior of the newly discovered lands. With the return of the navigable season he intends to make his way westward along the coasts of the Antarctic lands (or along the ice-barrier which may perhaps be found here also), thus, if possible, reaching Weddell's Sea, and thence heading for home again.

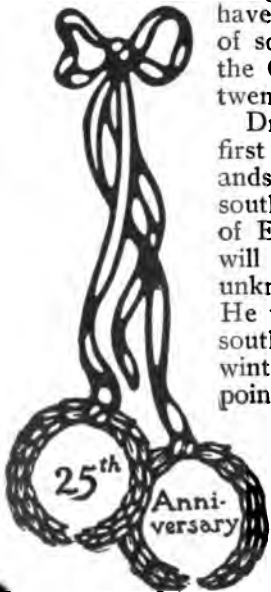
It is a fact of special significance that these two nations should have agreed to despatch their expeditions simultaneously, and to conduct their investigations in accordance with a common plan. It is clear that observations carried out simultaneously at several points in the Polar regions and at other places on the earth's surface are of many times greater value than chance observations carried out at a single spot.

But Antarctic exploration will by no means be summed up in these two expeditions. Rather, we may be sure, they will form the introduction to a new period. There is already a prospect of two other expeditions in the near future. A Scotch expedition under Mr. W. S. Bruce, and a Swedish expedition under Dr. Otto Nordenskjöld, will probably set forth next year. These expeditions have chosen as their field of operation the other side of the Antarctic Ocean, south of Dirk Gheritz Archipelago.

We will eagerly watch as the veil is lifted inch by inch from the mysterious realms surrounding the South Pole.

In our age of avarice and greed, when the nations stand armed to the teeth to fight for power and pelf, and one begins to have doubts as to the moral progress of humanity, it seems like a ray of light to see men setting sail for higher goals. Let us, then, wish them godspeed on their several quests in Browning's words:—

"Greet the unseen with a cheer!  
Bid him forward, breast and back as either  
should be,  
'Strive and thrive!' cry, 'Speed,—fight on,  
fare ever  
There as here.'"



# The Blue Laws of Connecticut

By BURTON J. HENDRICK

DECORATIONS BY R. EMMET OWEN

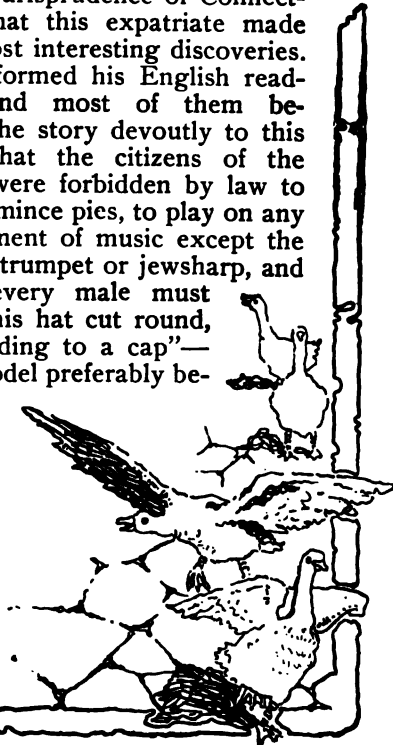
**O**NCE upon a time—to be more precise, in the latter part of the eighteenth century—there lived a worthy Connecticut divine named the Rev. Samuel Peters.

Peters was a picturesque personage in his way, but his fame rests entirely upon the fact that he wrote a book. It was a pretty bad book, badly written, badly reasoned, still worse in its statements of facts; but it was an immortal book for all that. Though the author of the volume was a clergyman, he was not a good citizen, and some say, was not a good man. He was of a quarrelsome disposition, and one of the most notorious liars the world ever knew; while during the Revolution he was a most obstreperous Tory.

For these reasons Peters did not get along well with his people; indeed, he barely escaped being tarred and feathered by them, and, in consequence, like several Americans of the present day, withdrew to England. Settled down upon a pension from the Crown, the ex-New England clergyman began to exercise his literary taste at the expense of his countrymen; and his revenge was a "history" of Connecticut.

This is one of the most marvelous works ever issued from the press. It abounds in the most interesting and diverting scientific and historical digressions. It was Mr. Peters, for example, who first discovered, and made known to the world, that the founder of Yale College was a Rev. Thomas Peters, evi-

dently one of his own ancestors; that at Bellows Falls the water flowed so fast that it became as hard as marble, making it possible to float a crowbar upon it; that the Rev. Thomas Hooker spread death upon the leaves of his Bible and struck "Connecticote"—a mythical personage—mad with disease; that two most marvelous quadrupeds, the "whapper-mocker" and the "cuba" (evidently the ancestors of the jabberwock) roamed wild in the Connecticut forests; and it is also from Mr. Peters that we first learn of the famous incursion of the Windham frogs. But it was in the early jurisprudence of Connecticut that this expatriate made his most interesting discoveries. He informed his English readers—and most of them believe the story devoutly to this day—that the citizens of the state were forbidden by law to make mince pies, to play on any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet or jewsharp, and that every male must have his hat cut round, "according to a cap"—the model preferably be-



ing the hard shell of a pumpkin. In other words, Mr. Peters was the original promulgator of the Connecticut "blue laws"; and his fame as the inventor of many of them is secure.

Mr. Peters made a great mistake however, in not confining himself to the truth. The most absurd of his blue laws were evidently invented by himself; but this was a foolish waste of effort on his part, for blue laws did actually exist in the state, and at least one or two of a deeper dye than any he transcribed.

It was not necessary for him to resort to his own imaginative talents to prove that the early settlers of Connecticut were not all that they should be; that there were, indeed, many black-legs in the godly community, and that the laws passed to restrain them were harsh and picturesque. It is hard for

us to persuade ourselves that these early Puritans were in the habit of robbing hen-roosts, of stealing horses, of beating their wives, of lying, of playing cards and of getting uproariously drunk, just as we are to-day; and yet it is a fact that they were, and that laws were passed to keep them under control. Had Peters confined himself to these facts he would have written a book altogether justified by the events, but it would not have been successful and his name would be forgotten to-day.

Indeed, the further we go into the matter the more we find that the conditions prevailing in the

average American community to-day have their prototype in the average Puritan community of two centuries ago. For example, the population of every American city at the present time is divided into two classes, ranged upon both sides of the great "wide open" question. Shall the town be "wide open"—that is, shall the citizens have a pretty free scope in their pleasures and indulgence, or shall the laws be literally and rigidly enforced? That was precisely the position of New Haven, Hartford,

Boston and other New England towns two centuries ago, though probably our ancestors did not take the trouble to formulate the theory in words. But they had their saloon problem, their poolroom problem, just as we have now.

For those who believed in this rigid regulation of moral conduct the "blue laws" were framed; and those who went in for

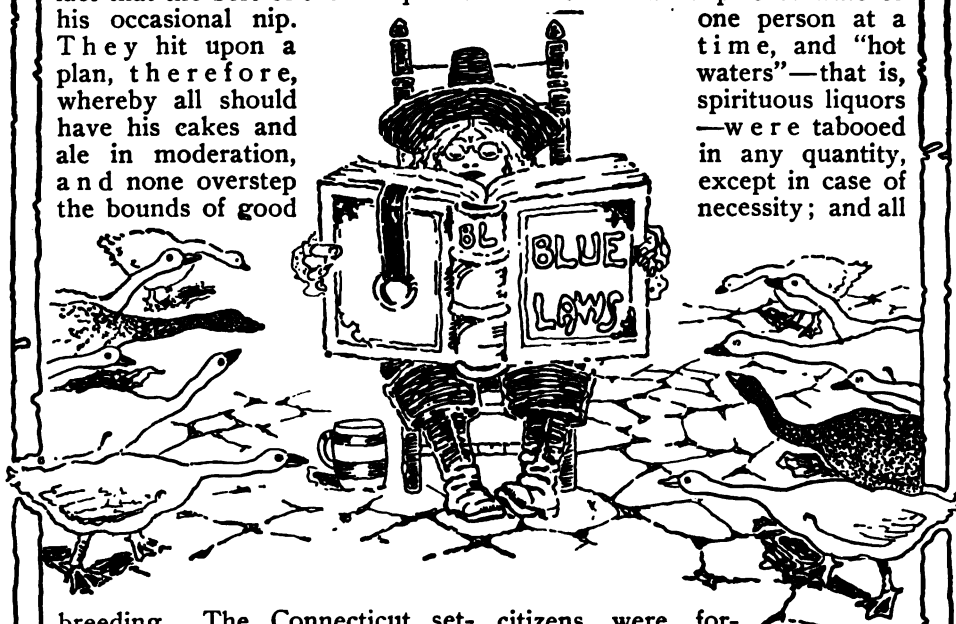
"wide openness" spent nearly all their time in attempting to circumvent them. In those days, however, the Reformers, the Mugwumps, the "Goo-Goos" had absolute control of the municipal machinery, and the members of the liberal party, as a consequence, spent the larger part of their time in the stocks, the pillory or at the cart's tail. As a matter of fact, they were pretty sad rogues; but they had the courage of their convictions; accepted the humiliation which followed their periodical bursts of enthusiasm with a proper spirit; and we must like them, whether we will or no.



Our ancestors, almost immediately after their settlement in New England, tackled its saloon problem with a firmness that would do credit to the temperance reformers of the present day. These seventeenth-century enthusiasts, however, approached the subject with a keen appreciation of the limitations of human nature. On the one hand, they recognized the evils of extreme indulgence; and on the other they recognized the fact that the best of them required his occasional nip. They hit upon a plan, therefore, whereby all should have his cakes and ale in moderation, and none overstep the bounds of good

ample provision for the thirsty brethren, however, proper means were taken to prevent their over-indulgence. The statutes explicitly stated where a man could drink, when he could drink, how much he could drink and how much he should pay when he had finished drinking; and the stocks and whipping-post stood ready for him who contravened any of these laws. Thus no man could buy, and no ordinary-keeper could sell more than half a pint of wine to

one person at a time, and "hot waters"—that is, spirituous liquors—were tabooed in any quantity, except in case of necessity; and all



breeding. The Connecticut settlers, therefore, with little ado, decided the license or no-license question in the affirmative. Indeed, they went further; for every town was not only permitted, but required, to have its inn, or "ordinary," for the refreshment of its citizens. There was no "option" about it, for a law was solemnly passed providing that every town which failed to maintain a place of public refreshment should be fined forty shillings for every month of its delinquency. After making this

citizens were forbidden, under severe penalties—fines, stocks and stripes—for drinking continuously above half an hour—a limitation that would probably satisfy any but the most loquacious guzzlers of the present generation.

Drunkenness was defined as the state of being "bereaved and disabled in one's understanding, appearing in one's speech or gesture." Nine o'clock was the closing hour in these Pilgrim-father saloons, and, of course, everything

must be tight as a drum on the Sabbath day. The general depravity of seafaring men, however, was indulgently recognized; for, if they came on shore after the shutters were up the bar was permitted to open business again for their particular benefit, and, when they started out on an early journey in the morning, the law provided that they could have a finger or two. That pleasant diversion known to the present generation as "rushing the growler" was severely regulated by our ancestors. The official wine-drawer was not permitted to fill a can nor let it be removed from his establishment, unless the applicant brought a request in writing from an "allowed inhabitant of the town." A man found drunk had his choice of paying a fine of ten shillings or of receiving ten stripes at the whipping-post; a man caught drinking to excess—that is, spending more than half an hour at a time over his glass—could either pay two shillings, sixpence, or stand in the stocks three hours. These were the punishments for the first shortcomings; they were doubled and trebled in succeeding offenses.

The attempt to enforce these higher laws entailed the employment of a character familiar enough to this generation—that is, the "spotter." This person was utilized chiefly in detecting the evasions of the laws in private houses, which were apparently plentiful enough. The payment of the excise was frequently evaded by the unrighteous, who carried on little impromptu saloons in their

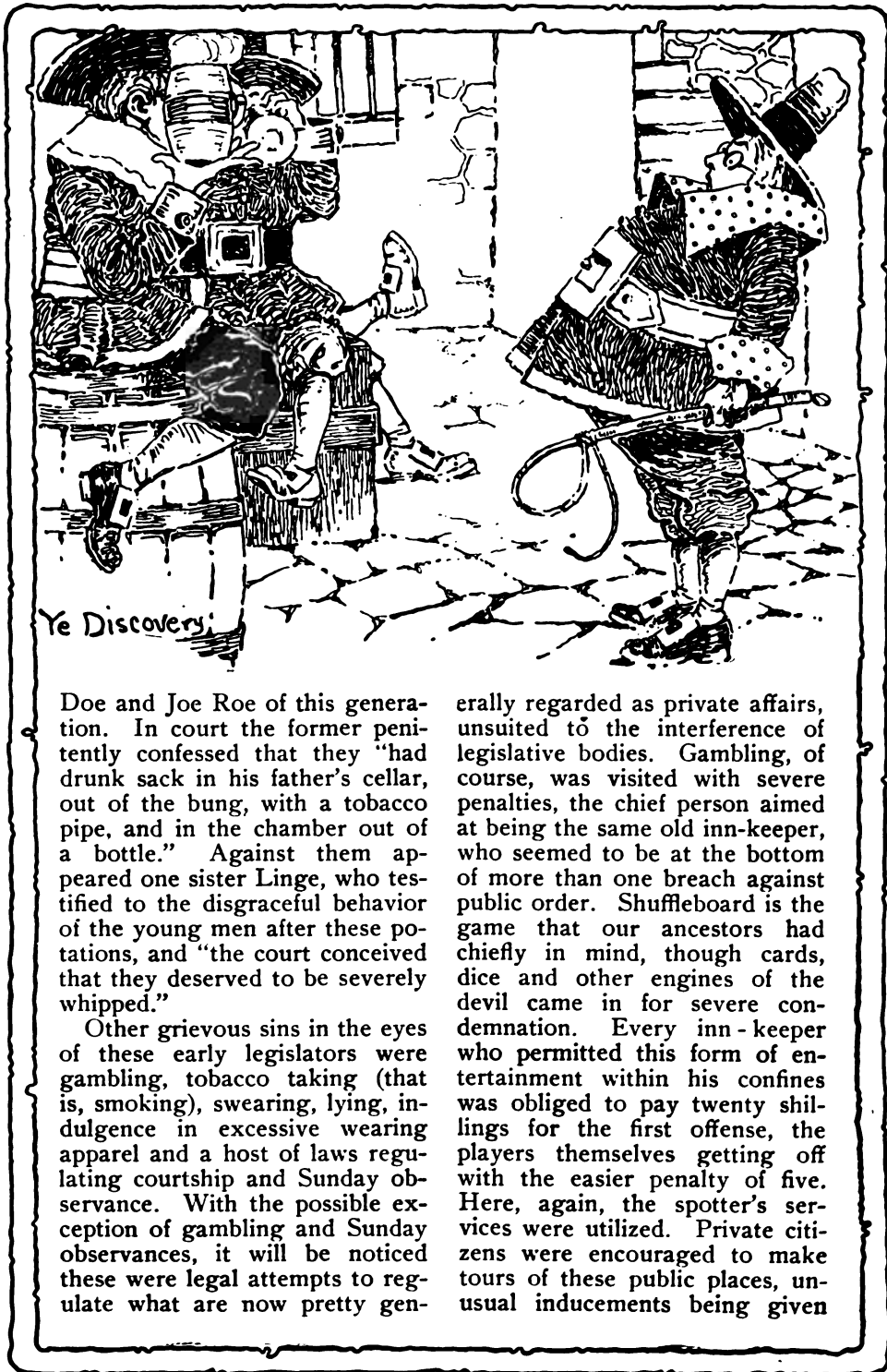
own houses, preferably in the cellar—the scene of many an unpuritanical orgy. The constables, apparently, were not vigilant enough in detecting these "disordered meetings of persons in private houses to tipple together," for the informer figures commonly in the record. All persons caught red-handed in this evasion of the law were fined five shillings, half of which went to the "person discovering."

Practical difficulties, of course, were found in the enforcement of

these laws. Thus one John Jenner, a New Haven, accused in 1640 of "being drunk with strong waters," was acquitted because of the extreme coldness of the weather. Thomas Frankland, however, did not get off so easily. For "entertaining disorderly persons in to his cellar to



drinking meetings," he was whipped, fined twenty shillings and deprived of his cellar and lot, the privilege of staying in the plantation being granted to him only upon his good behavior. Cellars, apparently, became the scene of so many disturbances of this kind that we find an ordinance passed requiring that all persons living in cellars should move, three months being given them to find quarters elsewhere. Cellars, however, continued to be used for this unrighteous purpose. Thus the records contain a detailed account of the saturnalia of one Joseph B. and Joseph C.—evidently the John



Doe and Joe Roe of this generation. In court the former penitently confessed that they "had drunk sack in his father's cellar, out of the bung, with a tobacco pipe, and in the chamber out of a bottle." Against them appeared one sister Linge, who testified to the disgraceful behavior of the young men after these potations, and "the court conceived that they deserved to be severely whipped."

Other grievous sins in the eyes of these early legislators were gambling, tobacco taking (that is, smoking), swearing, lying, indulgence in excessive wearing apparel and a host of laws regulating courtship and Sunday observance. With the possible exception of gambling and Sunday observances, it will be noticed these were legal attempts to regulate what are now pretty gen-

erally regarded as private affairs, unsuited to the interference of legislative bodies. Gambling, of course, was visited with severe penalties, the chief person aimed at being the same old inn-keeper, who seemed to be at the bottom of more than one breach against public order. Shuffleboard is the game that our ancestors had chiefly in mind, though cards, dice and other engines of the devil came in for severe condemnation. Every inn-keeper who permitted this form of entertainment within his confines was obliged to pay twenty shillings for the first offense, the players themselves getting off with the easier penalty of five. Here, again, the spotter's services were utilized. Private citizens were encouraged to make tours of these public places, unusual inducements being given





first in New Haven. Here the stakes were violently laid hold of, and, in case of conviction, were divided between the informer and the plantation in which the offense had been committed.

It was in the pursuit of the tobacco taker, or smoker, that the Puritan lawgivers of Connecticut carried into effect the principle of punishing all public malefactors, and yet at the same time recognizing that there is reason in all things. Thus the general law against smoking was to be enforced only against those who had not yet acquired the habit. Inveterate smokers could still smoke in peace, but woe betide the unfortunate who attempted to draw his first pipe! Whether this change was made on the ground that a sweeping provi-

vision might have been regarded as something in the nature of an *ex post facto* law, or whether it was only a quaint way of recognizing the fact that the confirmed smoker is beyond the pale even of legislation, is not evident. Even novitiates, however, had something to hope for. If they could produce a doctor's certificate that smoking was beneficial to their health, and if they were licensed to smoke by the General Court, then they could smoke. But neither the man who smoked because he was a victim to the habit nor the man who was doing it for his health had everything his own way. Under all circumstances it must be done in privacy. And even "barnyards," evidently a favorite resort of tobacco-takers, were made sacred from their contaminations. All constables were notified to keep a careful watch



Ye Sutor

for the rising fumes of the weed in these yards, and also to close indoors all who were desecrating the public roads in the same way. Sixpence for each offense was the fine.

Probably no puritanical sinners gave these seekers for an ideal commonwealth so much trouble as the "prophane swearers." One would think, from reading the records, that the old commonwealth was continually ringing with curses, so frequently were the black sheep haled into court on this charge. The stocks were full of them; and more than one, at the cart's tail, regretted the day when he had acquired his fluent command of the King's English. Every oath had a market value of ten shillings, which, in the majority of cases, was converted into three hours in the stocks. It was bad enough to swear at a private citizen; but the choicest punishments were reserved for those who exercised their volubility against church members in good

standing. One Peter Bussaker, a name in itself suggestive of blasphemy, had every reason to remember this. Peter, for some reason, took a violent dislike to the godly members of the community, and was overheard one day to remark that he hoped to "meet some member of the church in hell ere long, and he did not question but he should." Even Peter's impartiality—for it will be observed that he expressed no doubt whatever as to his own ultimate destination—did not save him. He was sentenced to be imprisoned for several days, then to be brought out and publicly whipped; then to be taken back to prison again for a month; then to stand in the pillory on some Sunday during the sermon, and after that to be publicly whipped again. Bamfield Bell acquired a reputation

in New Haven as a singer of "profane songs," and when reproved by a church member retorted: "Oh, you are one of the holy brethren that will lie for advantage." Goodman Bell paid for this indiscretion at the public whipping-post.

George King, a blasphemous sailor, was excused with what was evidently regarded as a mild punishment. He was accused of uttering the words, "By God, aboard a Dutchman"—though whether the place of the malefaction increased the severity of the crime is not clear. This was not King's first offense, as many of the good people testified. He was brought before the Governor, who sentenced him somewhat in this style: "When the son of an Egyptian blasphemed the name of God, it was not borne. It is the piercing through the name of God in passion which is the high provocation of God. Whereas the rule is, let your words be yea, yea, and nay, nay, and by a man's word he may lose his life. I hope it was only a rash and sinful oath; some have been bored in the tongue; others have been in the stocks and their tongues put in a cloven stick. But I hope this has not been disrespectfully done, and so I sentence that you be whipped, and in the in-

terim be kept in the marshal's hands." Neither King nor any of his compatriots reached that stage of contumely in their attacks upon public functionaries that has immortalized one Captain John Stone, of Massachusetts, who, in his blasphemous assault on Mr. Justice Ludlow, called him, to his face, Mr. "Just-ass" Ludlow, and as a punishment was fined 100 pounds and banished from the colony under pain of death.

Liars were malefactors whom the Connecticut Puritans were determined to root out at any cost. The penalty of a lie was five shillings, or three hours in the stocks for the first offense, and twenty shillings, or twenty stripes on the naked body for the second. Nor was this all. Simple lying was punishable; but in case the lie was a slander as well, either against an individual or the state, the culprit was likely to be punished all over again. Thus one Robert B., who had said unpleasant things about one of the good wives of the town, was sentenced to stand in the pillory during the Wednesday lecture, then to be whipped, fined ten pounds and imprisoned for half a year. Lawrence Corneliusson, a contumacious Dutchman, was brought up in New Haven on a variety of charges. He was accused of being drunk, of attempting to rescue from the officers of the law a comrade who was also drunk; of calling the marshal "a rogue, a rogue"; of an almost endless string of profanity; of reflecting unfavorably upon the magistrate, saying "that he would rather come before the devil than before him"; of accusing him of being a liar; of intimating, in case the prosecution

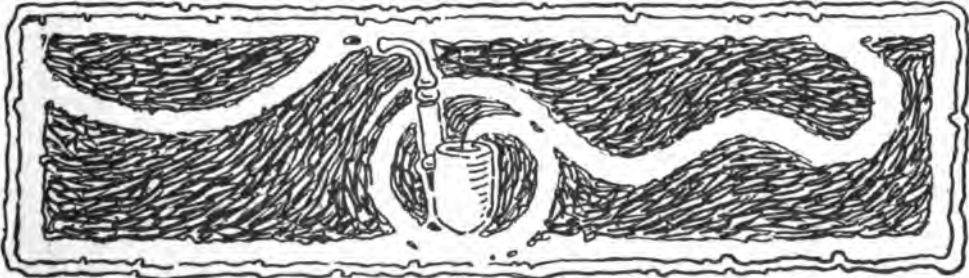


was continued, that he might put fire-brands between the tails of the Englishmen's foxes and burn their corn; of accusing all the English, as well as the Dutch of Mannadoes (Manhattan) of being drunkards, and, as a parting insult, of declaring that he would rather be cast into the sea than buried in Milford. For all this the irate Dutchman, however, got off fairly well, with a public apology to the town of Milford for his miscellaneous miscarriages and a fine of forty pounds.

It would hardly seem, in the face of all these vigorous laws and punishments, that there was much chance for the gentler emotions; but, still, love-making went on, usually *sub rosa*, in spite of the attempts of the stiff-necked Puritans to reduce it to a dreary formality. All the world may love a lover, but the lawmakers of Connecticut two centuries ago did not. To court a young woman, especially without the formal consent of the parents, was a feat to be undertaken in trembling and in the fear of God; to kiss her, or to indulge in "sinful dalliance," as they called it, was almost like taking one's life in one's hands. Humiliated lovers sitting in the stocks or standing in the pillory, to say nothing of being whipped out of town, would seem hardly a proper encouragement to matrimony in a struggling commonwealth, but these ancestors of ours wanted no nonsense; if courting there must be, it must be done in the prescribed way. And they had it reduced to an  $a + b$  formula. If you were a Connecticut Puritan two centuries ago, and your fancy was taken with a Puritan lass, you said nothing to her about it,—that is, if you obeyed the

law, as you probably did not. You humbly called first upon the father, master, governor, or whoever was the legal guardian, stated your preference and asked permission to pursue the suit. If you did not get it, you had better keep clear of your lady love. If you should write her a note, send her a message, make love to her by word of mouth, "keep company" with her, make her a gift, kiss her, or do the things that lovers do, it would cost you forty shillings for the first offense. If you kissed her twice, you must pay your four pounds. If you kissed her the third time, you would be still further fined, imprisoned and publicly whipped. These are the penalties you would pay to the body politic. In addition, you might be a defendant in a suit for damages brought by the irate parent. Not all the courtship laws, suit for damages brought by the parent.

The pious folk never tired, of course, of passing laws to secure the proper observance of the Sabbath, which meant its observance in the fashion laid down by Moses. In this community the Bible was the religious as well as the political guide; the church was the center of the social system; the preacher was the greatest man in town. The first duty of every good citizen, therefore, was to go to church; and so every inhabitant was fined five shillings for each time that he failed to appear. "Prophanation of the Lord's day" was the cardinal sin against the state; and "prophanation" was the indulgence in "sinful, servile work," recreative or otherwise, and was punished by fine, imprisonment or whipping, as the circum-



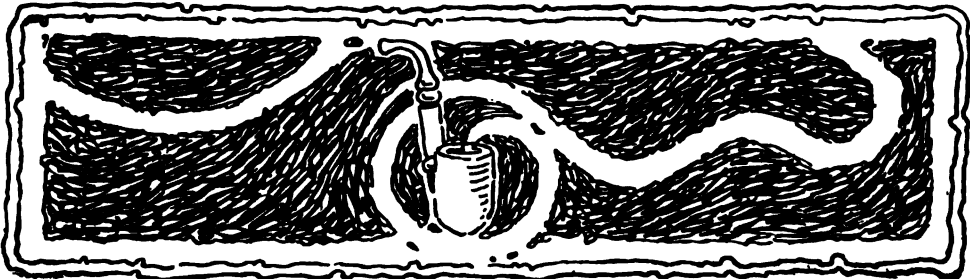
stances seemed to require. If the sin was committed "proudly, presumptuously and with a high hand against the known command and authority of the blessed God," the culprit was to be put to death. Criticism of the clergy, or insinuations that they were not all they should be, or, particularly, interruptions of a minister in the midst of his argument for the purpose of pointing out his mistakes, was not tolerated. The guilty person, after the second offense, was required to spend two hours of a lecture day upon a stool "two feet high," with a paper fixed to his breast bearing the legend, "An open and obstinate contemner of God's holy ordinance."

There were numerous other laws to insure a proper respect for religion, as it was understood by our forebears. In spite of the ridicule cast upon Peter's Sunday laws, many of them were substantially correct. Thus it was unquestionably true that "no one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day," though no law in this precise phraseology is extant. The severest laws were passed to insure the purity of the Church from heretical attacks. No church could be organized without the approval of the General Court, and any man or woman convicted of inculcating doctrines contrary to the convictions of the colonists could be punished at the will of the magistrates. Quakers, of course, were not tolerated, though Connecticut did not have as much trouble with them as Massachusetts. Among the capital laws are several in reference to religion. Any man who worshipped "any other God but the Lord God"

was to be put to death; witchcraft was punished with the same severity; and blasphemy was also atoned for by the execution of the guilty one. The Connecticut Puritans left England not only to worship God, but to worship Him in their own peculiar way; and any man, be he Quaker, "Ranter," Anabaptist or what not, who fell foul of their precious doctrines was unceremoniously run out of town.

Those offenses which the present generation regards as crimes against the state were naturally guarded against in this early Puritan commonwealth; and naturally the penalties were much more severe than those to which we are accustomed now. Fifteen offenses in New Haven colony were punishable by death. In addition to several crimes against morality, these included kidnapping ("man-stealing"), perjury, "to take away a man's life," treason, the concealment of the knowledge of treason, and cursing, by children, of their parents. The most remarkable, probably, is that which provides that any child sixteen years of age or more, who persistently disobeys his parents—"will not obey the voyce of his father or the voyce of his mother"—shall, on due complaint to a magistrate, be put to death.

But not all the laws of the Connecticut Puritans were contemptible. Their vigorous insistence upon the education of children, for example, is a tradition that the state has nobly maintained; and the early laws guarding against cruelty to animals were far in advance of their time. There is thus an occasional bright spot even in the harsh jurisprudence of the much-abused Connecticut forefathers.



# The Boy and Hushwing

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS



HOLLOW, booming ominous cry, a great voice of shadowy doom, rang out suddenly and startled the dark edges of the forest. It sounded across the glimmering pastures, vibrating the brown-violet dusk, and made the lame old woman in the cabin on the other side of the clearing shiver with vague fears.

But not vague was the fear which shook the soul of the red squirrel when he crouched, still for once in his restless life, in the crotch of a thick spruce top. Not vague was the fear of the brooding grouse in the far-off withe-wood thicket, though the sound came to her but dimly and she knew that the menace of it was not, at the moment, for her. And least vague of all was the terror of the usually unterrified weasel, from whose cruel little eyes the red flame of the blood-lust faded suddenly, as the glow dies out of a coal; for the dread voice sounded very close to him, and it required all his nerve to hold himself rigidly motionless and to refrain from the start which would have betrayed him to his death.

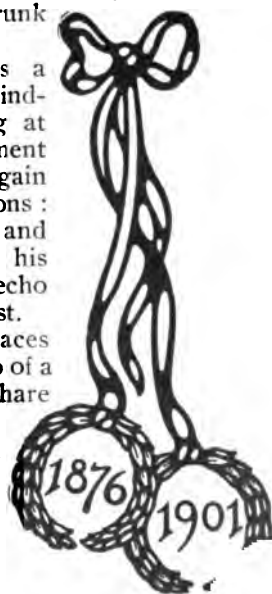
"*Whoo - hoo - oo - h'oo - oo!*" boomed the call again, seeming to come from the tree-tops, the thickets, the sky, and the earth, all at once, so that creatures many hundred yards apart trembled simultaneously, deeming that the clutch of fate was already at their necks. But to the Boy, as he let down the pasture-bars with a clatter and turned the new-milked cows in among the twilight-colored hillocks, the sound brought no terror. He smiled as he said to himself: "There's Hushwing again at his hunting. I must give him a taste of what it feels like to be hunted." Then he strolled across the pas-

ture, between the black stumps, the blueberry patches, the tangles of wild raspberry; pushed softly through the fringe of wild cherry and young birch saplings, and crept, soundless as a snake, under the branches of a low-growing hemlock. Peering out from this covert he could see, rising solitary at the back of an open glade, the pale and naked trunk of a pine tree, which the lightning had shattered.

The Boy's eyes were keen as a fish-hawk's, and he kept them fixed upon the top of the pine trunk. Presently it seemed as if the spirit of the dusk took shadowy form for an instant. There was a soundless sweeping of wings down the glade, and the next moment the pine trunk looked about two feet taller in the Boy's eyes. The great horned owl—"Hushwing," the Boy had christened him, for the ghostly silence of his flight—had returned to his favorite post of observation, whereon he stood so erect and motionless that he seemed a portion of the pine trunk itself.

The Boy lay still as a watching lynx, being minded to spy on Hushwing at his hunting. A moment more, and then came again that hollow summons: *Whoo-hoo-hoo-who'o-oo*; and the great owl turned his head to listen as the echo floated through the forest.

The Boy heard, a few paces distant from him, the snap of a twig where a startled hare stirred clumsily. The sound was faint; indeed so faint that he was hardly sure whether he heard or imagined it; but to the



wonderfully wide and sensitive drum of the owl's ear it sounded sharply away down at the foot of the glade. Ere the Boy could draw a second breath he saw great wings hovering at the edge of the thicket close at hand. He saw big, clutching talons outstretched from thick-feathered legs, while round eyes, fiercely gleaming, flamed upon his in passing as they searched the bush. Once the great wings backed off, foiled by some obstruction which the Boy could not see. Then they pounced with incredible speed. There was a flapping and a scuffle, followed by a loud squeak; and Hushwing winnowed off down the glade bearing the limp form of the hare in his talons. He did not stop at the pine trunk, but passed on toward the deeper woods.

"He's got a mate and a nest 'way back in the cedar swamp, likely," said the Boy, as he got up, stretched his cramped limbs and turned his face homeward. As he went, he schemed with subtle woodcraft for the capture of the wary old bird. He felt impelled to try his skill against the marauder's inherited cunning and suspicion; and he knew that, if he should succeed, there would remain Hushwing's yet fiercer and stronger mate to care for the little owlets in the nest.

When Hushwing had deposited his prey beside the nest, in readiness for the next meal of his ever-hungry nest-

lings, he sailed off again for a hunt on his own account. Now it chanced that a rare visitor, a wanderer from the cliffy hills which lay many miles back of Hushwing's cedar swamp; had come down that day to see if there might not be a sheep or a calf to be picked up on the outskirts of the settlements. It was years since a panther had been seen in that neighborhood—it was years, indeed, since that particular panther had strayed from his high fastnesses, where game was plentiful and none dared poach on his preserves. But just now

a camp of hunters on his range had troubled him seriously and scattered his game. Gnawing his heart with rage and fear, he had succeeded so far in evading their noisy search, and had finally come to seek vengeance by taking tribute of their flocks. He had traversed the cedar swamp, and emerging upon the wooded uplands he had come across a cow-path leading down to the trampled brink of a pond.

"Here," he thought to himself, "will the cattle come to drink, and I will kill me a yearling heifer." On the massive horizontal limb of a willow which overhung the trodden mire of the margin he stretched himself to await the coming of the quarry. A thick-leaved beech bough, thrusting in among the willow branches, effectually concealed him. Only from above was he at all visible, his furry ears and the crown of his head just showing over the leafage.

The aerial path of Hushwing, from his nest in the swamp to his watchtower on the clearing's edge, led him past the pool and the crouching panther. He had never seen a panther, and he had nothing in his brain-furnishing to fit so formidable a beast. On chance, thinking perhaps to strike a mink at his fishing on the pool's brink, he sounded his *Whoo-hoo-hoo-who'o-oo!* as he came near. The panther turned his head at the sound, rustling the leaves, over which appeared his furry ear-tips. The next instant, to his rage and astonishment, he received a smart blow on the top of his head, and sharp claws tore the tender skin about his ears. With a startled snarl he turned and struck upwards with his armed paw, a lightning stroke, at the unseen assailant.

But he struck the empty air. Already was Hushwing far on his way, a gliding ghost. He was puzzled over the strange animal which he had struck; but while his wits were yet wondering those miracles of sensitiveness, those living telephone films which served him for ears, caught the scratching of light claws on the dry bark of a hemlock some ten paces aside from his line of flight. Thought itself could







*Drawn by Charles L. Bull.*

*The Spirit of the Dusk.*



hardly be more silent and swift than was his turning. The next moment his noiseless wings overhung a red squirrel, where it lay flattened to the bark in the crotch of the hemlock. Some dream of the hunt or the flight had awakened the little animal to an unseasonable activity and betrayed it to its doom. There was a shrill squeal as those knife-like talons met in the small, furry body; then Hushwing carried off his supper to be eaten comfortably upon his watch-tower.

Meanwhile the Boy was planning the capture of the wise old owl. 'He might have shot the bird easily, but wanton slaughter was not his object, and he was no partisan as far as the wild creatures were concerned. All the furtive folk, fur and feather alike, were interesting to him, even dear to him in varying degrees. He had no grudge against Hushwing for his slaughter of the harmless hare and grouse, for did not the big marauder show equal zest in the pursuit of mink and weasel, snake and rat. Even toward that embodied Death, the malignant weasel, indeed, the Boy had no antagonism, making allowance as he did for the inherited blood-lust which drove the murderous little animal to defy all the laws of the wild kindred and kill, kill, kill! for the sheer delight of killing. The Boy's purpose now in planning the capture of Hushwing was, first of

all, to test his own woodcraft; and, second, to get the bird under his close observation. He had a theory that the big horned owl might be tamed so as to become an interesting and highly instructive pet. In any case, he was sure that Hushwing in captivity might be made to contribute much to his knowledge,—and knowledge, first-hand knowledge, of all the furtive kindred of the wild; knowledge such as the text-books on natural history which his father's library contained could not give him, was what he continually craved.

On the following af-

ternoon the boy went early to the neighborhood of Hushwing's watch-tower. At the edge of a thicket, half concealed, but open toward the dead pine trunk, was a straggling colony of low blueberry bushes. Where the blueberry bushes rose some eight or ten inches above the top of a decaying birch stump he fixed a snare of rabbit wire. To the noose he gave a diameter of about a foot, supporting it horizontally in the tops of the bushes just over the stump. The cord from the noose he carried to his hiding-place of the previous evening, under the thick-growing hemlock. Then he went home, did up some chores upon which he depended for his pocket-money, and arranged with the hired man to relieve him for that evening of his duty of driving the cows back to pasture after the milking. Just before the afternoon began to turn from brown amber to rose and lilac he went back to the glade of the pine trunk. This time he took with him the body of one of the big gray rats which infested his father's grain bins. The rat he fixed securely upon the top of the stump among the blueberry bushes, exactly under the center of the snare. Then he broke off the tops of a berry bush, tied the stubs together loosely, drew them over, ran the string once around the stump, and carried the end of the string back to his hiding-place beside the cord of the snare. Pulling the string gently he smiled with satisfaction to hear the broken twigs scratch seductively on the stump, like the claws of a small animal. Then he lay down, both cords in his hand, and composed himself to a season of patient waiting.

He had not long to wait, however; for Hushwing was early at his hunting that night. The Boy turned away his scrutiny for just one moment, as it seemed to him; but when he looked again there was Hushwing at his post, erect, apparently part of the pine trunk. Then—*Who-hoo-hoo-who'o-oo!* sounded his hollow challenge, though the sunset color was not yet fading in the West. Instantly the Boy pulled his string; and from the stump among



the blueberry bushes came a gentle scratching, as of claws. Hushwing heard it. Lightly, as if blown on a swift wind, he was at the spot. He struck. His great talons transfixed the rat. His wings beat heavily as he strove to lift it, to bear it off to his nestlings. But what a heavy beast it was, to be sure! The next moment the noose of rabbit wire closed inexorably upon his legs. He loosed his grip upon the rat and sprang into the air, bewildered and terrified. But his wings would not bear him the way he wished to go. Instead, a strange, irresistible force was drawing him, for all the windy beating of his pinions, straight to an unseen doom in the heart of a dense-growing hemlock.

A moment more and he understood his discomfiture and the completeness of it. The Boy stood forth from his hiding-place, grinning; and Hushwing knew that his fate was wholly in the hands of this master being, whom no wild thing dared to hunt. Courageous to the last, he hissed fiercely and snapped his sharp beak in defiance; but the Boy drew him down, muffled wing, beak and talons in his heavy homespun jacket, bundled him under his arm and carried him home in triumph.

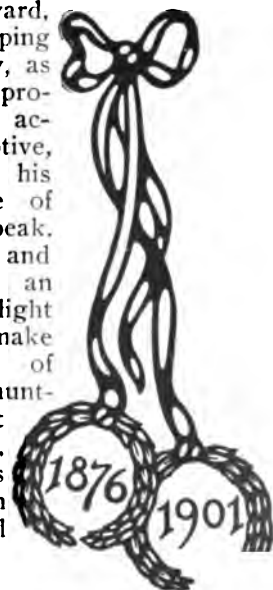
"You'll find the rats in our oat-bins," said he, "fatter than any weasel in the wood, my Hushwing."

The oat-bins were in a roomy loft at one end of the woodshed. The loft was lighted by a large square window in the gable, arranged to swing back on hinges like a door for convenience in passing the bags of grain in and out. Besides three large oat-bins, it contained a bin for barley, one for buckwheat, and one for bran. The loft was also used as a general storehouse for all sorts of stuff that would not keep well in a damp cellar; and it was a very paradise for rats. From the woodshed below admittance to the loft was gained by a flight of open board stairs and a spacious trap-door.

Mounting these stairs and lifting the trap-door, the Boy carefully undid the wire noose from Hushwing's feathered legs, avoiding the keen talons

which promptly clutched at his fingers. Then he unrolled the coat, and the big bird, flapping his wings eagerly, soared straight for the bright square of the window. But the sash was strong; and the glass was a marvel which he had never before encountered. In a few moments he gave up the effort, floated back to the duskiest corner of the loft, and settled himself, much disconcerted, on the back of an old haircloth sofa which had lately been banished from the sitting-room. Here he sat immovable, only hissing and snapping his formidable beak when the boy approached him. His heart swelled with indignation and despair; and, realizing the futility of flight, he stood at bay. As the Boy moved around him he kept turning his great horned head as if it were on a pivot, without changing the position of his body; and his round, golden eyes, with their piercing black pupils, met those of his captor with an unflinching directness beyond the nerve of any four-footed beast, however mighty, to maintain. The daunting mastery of the human gaze, which could prevail over the gaze of the panther or the wolf, was lost upon the tameless spirit of Hushwing. Noting his courage, the Boy smiled approval and left him alone to recover his equanimity.

Neither did Hushwing's mate come any more to the farmyard, her double duties keeping her overbusy. The Boy, as days went by, made no progress whatever in his acquaintance with his captive, who steadfastly met all his advances with defiance of hissings and snapping beak. But by opening the bins and sitting motionless for an hour or two in the twilight the Boy was able to make pretty careful study of Hushwing's method of hunting. The owl would sit a long time unstirring, the gleam of his eyes never wavering. Then suddenly he would send



forth his terrifying cry,—and listen. Sometimes there would be no result. At other times the cry would come just as some big rat, grown over-confident, was venturing softly across the floor or down into the toothsome grain. Startled out of all common sense by that voice of doom at his ear, he would make a desperate rush for cover. There would be a scrambling on the floor or a scurrying in the bin. Then the great, dim wings would hover above the sound. There would be a squeak, a brief scuffle; and Hushwing would float back downily to devour his prey on his chosen perch, the back of the old haircloth sofa.

For a fortnight the Boy watched him assiduously, spending almost every evening in the loft. At length came an evening when not a rat would stir abroad, and Hushwing's hunting calls were hooted in vain. After two hours of vain watching the Boy's patience gave out, and he went off to bed, promising his prisoner a good breakfast in the morning to compensate him for the selfish prudence of the rats. That same night, while every one in the house slept soundly, it chanced that a thieving squatter from the other end of the settlement came along with a bag, having designs upon the well-filled oat-bins.

The squatter knew where there was a short and handy ladder leaning

against the tool-house. He had always been careful to replace it. He also knew how to lift, with his knife, the iron hook which fastened,—but did not secure,—the gable window on the inside. To-night he went very stealthily, because, though it was dark, there was no wind to cover the sound of his movements. Stealthily he brought the ladder and raised it against the gable of the loft. Noiselessly he mounted, carrying his bag, till his bushy, hatless head was just on a level with the window-sill. Without a sound,

as he imagined, his knife edge raised the hook—but there *was* a sound, the ghost of a sound, and the marvelous ear of Hushwing heard it. As the window swung back the thief's bushy crown appeared just over the sill. "*Whoo-h'oo-oo!*" shouted Hushwing, angry and hungry, swooping at the seductive mark. He struck it fair and hard, his claws gashing the scalp, his wings dealing an amazing buffet.

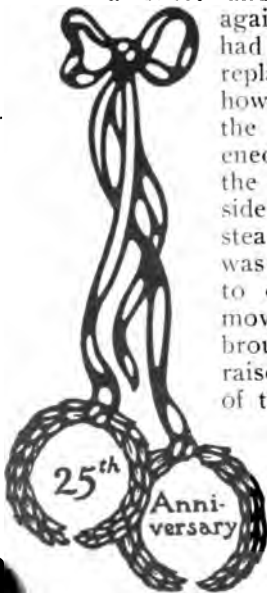
Appalled by the cry and the stroke, the sharp clutch, the great smother of wing, the rascal screamed with terror, lost his hold and fell to the ground. Nothing was further from his imagination than that his assailant should be a mere owl. It was rather some kind of grossly inconsistent hobgoblin that he thought of, sent to punish him for the theft of his neighbor's grain. Leaving the ladder where it fell, and the empty bag beside it, he ran wildly from the haunted spot, and never stopped till he found himself safe inside his shanty door. As for Hushwing, he did not wait to investigate this second mistake of his, but made all haste back to his nest in the swamp.

The frightened outcry of the thief awoke the sleepers in the house; and presently the Boy and his father came with a lantern to find out what was the matter. The fallen ladder, the empty bag, the open window of the loft, told their own story. When the Boy saw that Hushwing was gone his face fell with disappointment. He had grown very fond of his big, irreconcilable, dauntless captive.

"We owe Master Hushwing a right good turn this night," said the Boy's father laughing. "My grain's going to last longer after this, I'm thinking."

"Yes," sighed the Boy, "Hushwing has earned his freedom. I suppose I mustn't bother him any more with snares and things."

Meanwhile, the great horned owl was sitting erect on the edge of his nest in the swamp, one talon transfixing the torn carcase of a mink, while his shining eyes, round like little suns, shone happily upon the big-headed, ragged-feathered, hungry brood of owlets at his feet.





*Drawn by Charles L. Bull.*

*But he struck the empty air.*



# THE FUNCTIONS OF SOCIETY.

**H**OWEVER it may be abroad, in America society is nine parts feminine; and though it is true that men appear in numbers at functions of a certain class, it is noticeable that on these occasions the women wear appeasive smiles, and the patience of the men is as a visible blight. The hostess has to urge the young men into the ball-room to do their duty, and the older men either concentrate their attention upon the dining-room or develop a sudden and sullen indigestion, and by refusing to go near the refreshments take from their anxious wives the only hope they had of making compensation for the sacrifice of a quiet evening at home.

Even the women, however, do not ordinarily develop a social fervor in early youth. There may be a few frank-natured girls who confess at the outset that they like social pleasures, but usually the romantic and picturesque

*Americaine*, posing for her own delectation and the edification of the public, merely consents to sustain the traditions and obligations of her family in accepting a social program. So, with an expression of much aloofness and a soul-sor-

row—not clearly defined in its nature—she indites acceptances, orders her gowns, plans her reciprocal entertainments and offers to a frivolous world a mockery of mirth while she secretly searches for a balm for world-weariness. And this, it may be said in confidence, she usually finds.

Her social career begins, of course, with her coming-out party, which is probably constituted upon symphonic principles. *Adagio*—the afternoon tea, at which her mother's calling list is represented by five hundred strong. *Andante*—the dinner to old friends, sponsors and the family physician included. *Allegro*—the ball, the ball! *Finale*—variant, romantic, dependable upon circumstances—may be no more than an exchange of rosebuds—but tremendously significant.

With this the girl is launched. (There is surely no harm in dashing from musical to marine similes!) She is launched, and sails merrily away over a summer sea of luncheons and hops, teas and tiffins, box parties or coaching parties, country club dances or mid-season balls. To say that any subsequent entertainments have the illusory, the almost mystic glamour of the coming-out party





RECEIVING

*Drawn by Thomas Mitchell Peirce*

*Functions of Society*

20



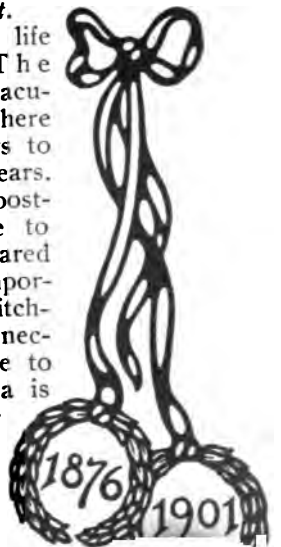
would not be true. For that one night the world seems glorified. It has apparently been waiting with feverish impatience for this very event—so, indeed, the girl might be justified in thinking as she stands, blossom-burdened, listening to the compliments poured into her ears. She has, very likely, a grave and lovely dignity about her, partly owing to the carefully nurtured soul-sorrow to which reference has already been made, but still more to a tender timidity, compacted of modesty and of unformulated hopes. Her mother is, very likely, much more effusive and coquettish than herself, and presents an example of vivacity and youthfulness which magnificently illustrates the disdain in which the modern woman holds the passing years. The little, grave, curious debutante is secretly enraptured with the world, which she finds adorably complimentary, elegant and insouciant. She feels like a princess come to her own, and wonders if such astonishing importance will always be attached to her in the future, and what she has done since yesterday's dark and today's light to so alter her place in the esteem of her friends.

After a time, however, she begins to differentiate between entertainments; to congratulate herself upon the receipt of certain invitations, and to commiserate herself for the necessity of accepting others. After she has sounded to their perfumed depths the charm of violet luncheons and yellow teas, it comes over her that certain functions are lacking in dramatic charm. She prefers the glitter of a ball at which there is always a likelihood that the fairy prince may appear, and at which moreover, her own beauty is enhanced. There, for an hour, the dull old world palpitates. Music and perfume, laughter and the dance, moonlight and delicate viands, a witchery that is not alone of things material and sensuous, nor yet of things spiritual, but is combined of all, a charm as illusive as poetry, the very quintessence of the joy of life, make up for her one jeweled bead upon the rosary of her delights.

Then, after a time, comes her wed-

ding, and here, in good earnest, she may resent the elaboration of her existence. She says to herself—and even goes the length of writing in her diary—that her romance has suffered from much consideration of millinery, from formal functions, from the rehearsals of the wedding pageant, which have taken away the spontaneity and surprise of that sacred festival. To the same ingenious pages of the diary she observes that perhaps, after all, the runaway marriage is the most satisfactory, and deplors the theatrical deliberation of hers. She gives a luncheon to her bridesmaids, and friends far and near give luncheons to her; her lover makes his bachelor dinner an all-night affair; the wedding comes, resplendent and histrionic, and the bride, walking through her part like a well-trained actress, still thinks with regret of the dewy lane down which she might have eloped if only she could have found it and her lover had proposed such a thing. She looks at her roomful of costly presents and wonders how much spontaneity there was in the giving of those; and is rushed off amid peasant-like jocularities—the dignity of the bride in her solemn estate quite overlooked—and enters upon a period of elaborate concealment during the honeymoon. And with bitterness she remembers that there was not even spontaneity in *that*.

However, the new life proves interesting. The soul-sorrow has miraculously disappeared. There are a great many things to do in the world, it appears. Even such events as post-nuptial receptions come to seem insignificant compared with the tremendous importance of buying enough kitchen utensils. It becomes necessary to adjust her life to another's. The social sea is still there within her horizon. She hears its caressing murmurs; but it seems far away, and as she looks at it, half wist-





ful for the girlhood that is gone, she sees a silver mist upon it and strange mirages, and mystic ships, and the life which yesterday appeared so simple has become complex and wonderful.

The years go by. She begins to set a value upon certain things, such, for example, as a social position. She tells herself she prizes it for the sake of her children—who do not yet realize its importance. She enlarges her calling list. She does her social duty, and finds herself increasing in aplomb. She joins clubs, and looks up her ancestry, and has four bars on the ribbon that proclaims her a Colonial Dame. She has ceased to disdain society; she respects it with a respect which increases year by year, and now that she no longer is engaged in her fascinating, though secret, search for the fairy prince, she appreciates the fact that but for her social diversions life would sometimes appear to be lacking in interest. To know herself one of the most invited-out of women of her set is a sturdy pleasure with her; she nurses certain vanities, and sets an example to her daughters of never over-dressing, and gives them little lectures upon the democracy of the true aristocrat, which she illustrates by an urbanity which includes the whole world, so far as she encounters it. She is much complimented upon the distinction of her manner, and she sometimes reflects that no doubt she could have addressed the United States Senate with as much *sang froid* as she did the national meeting of the Federation of Women's Clubs; but consoles herself with the reflection that if she were a man, her dinners would not be the social gastronomic triumphs that they are.

She learns that there is one tremendous advantage in a good dinner over any other form of entertainment, and that is that even the dullest may enjoy it. Age and wrinkles, sorrows and

chagrins are forgotten in the face of a piquant entree; even mediocrity seems to lose sight of itself in the pleasure it derives from larded reed bird, and congratulates itself upon attaining to as acute a pleasure as that enjoyed by the genius at the right of the host.

The host, it may be, is voting the genius a sad nuisance, and the lady at the genius's side is praying the gods that next time she may go in to dinner with an ordinary man. For there is always a psychological moment on these occasions, and, being with a genius, she failed to rise to it. The moment referred to is when the gentleman offers his arm to the lady his hostess has selected for him. If at that instant the partners attain to a correspondence of mind, the occasion is justified. It depends upon the adroitness of the woman, usually. If there is a hint of humor about the mouth of her escort, she may be as audacious as she pleases.

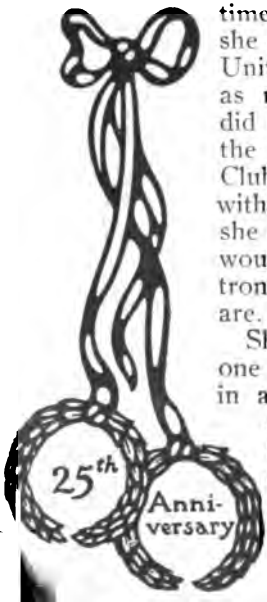
"Mr. Farthingale," she says, putting the tips of her fingers upon his coat sleeve, "I have been apprehending for years that we might be sent down to dinner together. I have often thought of the number of subjects that you and I might disagree upon."

"Let us begin at once!" cries the young man.

"It's immaterial how we start. Say anything you please and I shall prove to you that you are wrong." And so the waits between courses are as agreeable as the theme introductions of a Strauss waltz.

But suppose that a literal, formal, middle-aged gentleman offers his arm to the audacious lady. How can she decide by the shape of his nose whether he be on 'Change or the president of a theological college? In these days brokers look so ecclesiastical, and ecclesiastics so commercial that it is most bewildering. She doesn't know which to regret most: her ignorance of the Reformation or her absolute absence of knowledge concerning the fluctuations of wheat. She plunges into conversation somewhat feverishly.

"What a pity we've no question of



precedence to worry us in this country! It would give a flavor to these excessively amiable occasions."

Perhaps the man turns a wooden eye upon her and says:—

"I beg your pardon."

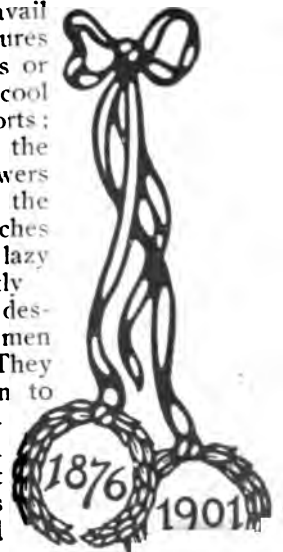
Then—well, then there are the *entrees*! They must be delicious indeed if they compensate!

It must not be forgotten that there are some phases of social life which are exclusively masculine. The college dinner, the annual meet at the 'varsity, the semi-domestic life of the club, the dinners which men in certain professions or trades, or men with a common ancestry, extend to each other, have not even the swish of a petticoat in them. The laughter has no treble in it, nor have the toasts a hint of muliebriety. It is said that men are never more interesting than upon these occasions. The undue deference or the timidity that masks itself in bravado colors the deportment of the man who talks before women. He mitigates the vigor of his remarks to suit her fastidiousness or her inexperience. Indeed, women are often wittier and more delightful at the gay little luncheons, where they sit down together in the exclusive society of their own sex, than they are when in the presence of men. Their observations take on an extreme feminine tone, and they may talk Browning or Maeterlinck if they please, Ibsen or Nietzsche, with no one to criticise nor abash with iconoclastic common sense. A woman likes to play with ideas; even in her intellectuality she is coquettish. She doesn't like to be held to a statement; she enjoys the expression of a tentative opinion; and she doesn't see what her intuitions are given her for if not to employ in assisting her to arrive quickly at opinions—opinions which need not be remembered to-morrow. But men, though they are frequently as erroneous as women, are so dogmatic that they cast a damper upon imaginative conversation. All of which may appear to be a digression, but is only an attempt to prove that much of the most delight-

ful social enjoyment is had by men in the society of men, and by women in association with women.

Social life in America is apt to be sporadic. A few months of active diversion and our average countryman or woman is eager to seek out a retreat or to plunge into some occupation—writing novels, for example, or doing settlement work, or building boats or getting a new commercial enterprise under way. Country life is for most a season of retirement from social exertions, and the isolated summer home is more popular in this country than the one upon the ocean drive of the fashionable resort. Every English gentleman of fortune thinks he must have a country house with thirty, fifty or a hundred bedrooms, and he undertakes to see that these are filled several times a year. But such lavish entertainment is rare in America; it is difficult to say why. One deterrent may be the difficulty experienced in securing a large corps of reliable and efficient servants.

An increasing enthusiasm for sports has come to mitigate the monotony of even the most retired of country dwellers; and the country clubs, with their golf and polo, cricket and tennis, have become centers of mid-summer gaiety. Even those condemned to stay in the city the season through can avail themselves of the pleasures to be found on the fields or the verandas, or in the cool refectories of these resorts; and the drive out at five, the boulevards gay with flowers and feminine furbelows, the carts and carriages, coaches and carryalls filled—the lazy world *en fete*, apparently is a diversion not to be despised. For once the men may be picturesque. They hardly allow the women to outdo them in the delicacy of their apparel. A lawn before the cricket field, with the marquees fluttering, the water and



sky at their most wonderful blue, the trees vivacious, the parasols rivaling the flowers, is a sight which might well dismay the most fearless of artists with its brilliancy of color.

Racing has been favored by a certain "swagger" set, but a very large class of influential persons in every community have maintained a conservative attitude in regard to it, and in spite of the splendor of Derby Day—a splendor which might well deceive the uninitiated into believing the occasion a fashionable one—the races have never become quite the "correct thing" in this country.

Society in America is flexible; or, to speak by a different simile, it resembles a fabric with long fringes, and these fringes may at any time furnish the woof which, interwoven with the warp of prosperity, will at once become a part of the attractive but unsubstantial whole. Or the warp of prosperity being lacking, a few glittering threads of talent deftly woven in will serve to replete the always tattered cloth, and while it is said that these threads of talent are but silver and will not catch the casual eye like the red gold strands of commercial success, still they have value.

Americans have sometimes been so prodigal in their expenditures that they have congratulated themselves upon rivaling the Europeans in the splendor of their fêtes; but while it is true that a potentate may often have given a court festa less ostentatious than those which have furnished diversion at Newport or Lenox, still it is doubtful if, in ingenuity and delicate Sybaritic taste, they have equaled the entertainments which the lavish Frenchmen give. At least, I once heard a lady who knew the hospitality of many lands say this was the case. And she said, too,

that Americans remained perceptibly timid; that they would not, for example, venture to be bizarre; they had no social audacity.

I mentioned several things in the way of self-assertion which seemed to me to denote sufficient audacity.

"Ah," she said, "that was merely the bad taste of the parvenu. What I meant was, that once being in society, they would become conventional. They would not venture to be original. They would be careful about drawing criticism upon themselves, lest they be accused of inexperience. But the thorough-going fashionable of Paris is willing to be very eccentric. The only thing he is afraid of is being thought dull."

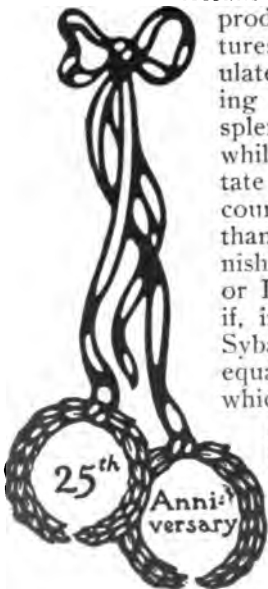
"Do you accuse the Americans of good taste," I cried. "You who are almost a European? I thought it was the custom to consider them little less than grotesque."

"I am speaking of another class from those who let their young girls visit the *cafés chantants*, and who make themselves disagreeable in public places. I am referring to those who are considered aristocrats."

But we agreed, finally, that it was impossible to classify Americans—they would never stay in their classifications. Abroad, society may be a mosaic. Here it is kaleidoscopic, and the bits of glass change places at each revolution of the glass. It is pretty, but not permanent; and perhaps its gaiety compensates for its lack of durability. The institution remains, it is true, but its outlines are vague; they are as mist upon the mountain side, which, when it is approached, disappears.

What does remain, however, is a habit of hospitality which seldom fails; a cordiality of spirit which even the selfishness of great cities is not able to utterly destroy, and a desire for sociability which makes those friendly and intimate evenings that are dearer to simple men and women than the ostentatious functions of society can ever be.

ELIA W. PRATTIE.





THOMAS  
MITCHELL  
PEIRCE

*Drawn by Thomas Mitchell Peirce.*

*Inditing acceptances.*

# HOW TAMMANY WINS

*From a Spoilsman's Point of View*

By LOUIS JAY LANG



**W**HETHER Richard Croker and Tammany Hall are to secure a two years' extension of the lease they hold on the New York city government will very shortly be decided. As in 1870, 1894, and in 1897, so again in 1901 a great combination, led by that past master in political finesse, Thomas Collier Platt, has been formed, with the purpose of crushing a machine, which, more frequently than not, has for nearly a century ruled this municipality, and which has actually won thirty of the forty-five campaigns in which it enlisted.

Tammany awaits the final onslaught with the confidence born of numerous victories and possession of the most potent local political engine on earth. Her opponents trust that the triumphs of 1870 and 1894 will be repeated. Tammany has no disposition either to attack or to defend any

wrong she may have committed. It is a truthful tale, which the Chief himself tells, of why victory has so often perched upon the banners of an organization that has survived the shock of battles fought by foes from within and without, and which today appears quite as virile as at any time since its birth.

While Republican shouters were hysterically shrieking their joy over the second presidential triumph of William McKinley, Richard Croker, Chief of Tammany Hall, sat in the throne room of the Fourteenth Street Wigwam, review-

ing with supreme satisfaction the record scored by the political army he commands. As he glanced through returns from the Greater New York and compared them with those from the nation at large, his face became wreathed with smiles. In contrast to appalling majorities for McKinley, in state after state, city after city, and county after county, in New York County, which in 1897 constituted the entire commercial metropolis of America, Tammany had rolled up a clear plurality for Bryan of 27,766. It had thrown for him 181,799 votes out of a total of 334,832.

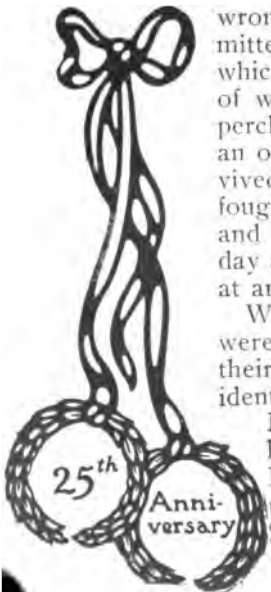
Although the Republican candidates for President and Governor had carried the state by pluralities of 143,000 and 111,000, respectively, the Democratic State ticket had been presented by Tammany Hall with 38,000 plurality. All but one of her candidates for Congress; all but two of her candidates for the State Senate; all but seven of her thirty-five candidates for the Assembly had been elected; and the entire county and judicial tickets had been victorious by big majorities.

Touching a match to an enormous Havana, Mr. Croker turned to me and observed:

"New York County did very well. Had the rest of the country done as well, Bryan would have been elected President."

"How does it happen that Tammany has achieved so many local victories during the past century, while the Democracy in the nation and state has so often suffered seemingly ridiculous defeats?" I asked.

From his cloud of incense the Tammany Chief emphatically replied:





*Drawn by Charles Grunwald.*

*A Tammany Dinner.*



"Organization! Organization! Organization! But for political organization anarchy must prevail. Tammany has been the victim of 'inquisitions' and attacks of all sorts, from the day William Mooney established the Society of St. Tammany, or Columbian Order, in 1789, through the administrations of Aaron Burr, and other leaders, almost to this very minute. Scores of movements within and without the Democratic party have been inaugurated to crush us. Few have survived longer than a single campaign. Like all bad organizations, they suffered popular annihilation. All failed to give the people what they wanted. *Tammany's policy is to discover what the people want, and give it to them.*

"A political leader cannot exist an hour after he has forfeited popular approval. When he fails to faithfully represent his followers they rise and put him out. I have been accused of being a Boss. Well, so was Gladstone, and so was Beaconsfield. As long as they acted in accordance with the will of the people they remained in power. Both fell when they failed to represent public sentiment. Thus will fall any organization or leader that acts contrary to the commands of a majority of the voters of his own constituency."

This declaration of Crokerian philosophy correctly describes how Tammany wins her victories. It was uttered by the general of an army, whose rank and file aggregate nearly 100,000. It is the view of a political chieftain who regards the existing system of Civil Service Reform as conceived in iniquity and practiced in hypocrisy and fraud, and the text of whose teachings is in complete sympathy with the Jacksonian theory expounded by the late Senator Marcy in the debate over the appointment of Martin Van Buren as Minister to England. Like Marcy, Croker would say:

"The Democrats of

New York, when they suffer defeat, expect to step down and out. When they succeed, they look to enjoy the fruits of their triumph. They see no harm in the aphorism, that to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy."

More bluntly, and quite as forcibly, Croker explained to the Mazet Investigating Committee, his own devotion to the spoils system, when he testified: "We are giving the people pure organization government. Tammany is in power. Tammany is held responsible. When we win, we are entitled to the offices. Our members sustain one another in business. We want the whole business if we can get it. *To the party belong the spoils.*"

Here you have the tenets of the Tammany faith, upheld and fought for relentlessly by every leader from Burr to William M. Tweed, John Kelly and Richard Croker. Each brave, be he the Chesterfieldian Lewis Nixon, "To Hell With Reform" Asa Bird Gardiner, or the servile guardian at the door of the wigwam, practices them as religiously as loopholes in the Roosevelt-White Civil Service Law permit.

So much for the Chief of Tammany, and his policy. Now for the organization that follows him almost blindly. A more perfect piece of political machinery does not exist in either hemisphere. Every man in it plays politics 365 days and nights in the year. There is a General Committee of about 5,000. It is elected at annual primaries. The Committee's duties are comparatively perfunctory. It meets monthly, complies with the program mapped out by the Chief, and sometimes listens to stump speeches. Yearly the Committee is supposed to elect thirty-six members of the Executive Committee—one for each Assembly District in New York County, and an additional one for the Annexed District. These thirty-six men, under the direction of the Chief, run the organization. Each member of the Executive Committee is awarded as fat a job as is at the administration's disposal. This, of course, is one incentive to devotion. Though ostensibly elected by the General Committee,



every politician understands that practically all the members of the Executive Committee are picked by the Chief.

Members of this body are held strictly accountable for the district they represent. He who fails to bring to the polls the number of votes ordered by the Chief is sure to die politically.

The district leader sees to it that there is established and maintained in his particular bailiwick a club house. Every Tammany man is expected to "join the club." All, too, are given a most pressing invitation to identify themselves with the Democratic Club, the residence of the Chief.

Way back in 1805 the Tammany Society declared the purpose of its existence to be "affording relief to the indigent and distressed members of said association, their widows and orphans, and others who may be proper objects of charity." Tammany Hall, the child of the Tammany Society, has sought faithfully to observe this precept. A district leader is supposed to look after the welfare of pretty nearly every man, woman and child in his territory. A charity fund is placed at his disposal. He and his deputies search the tenements for cases of destitution; feed hungry mouths; secure work for male members of the family; pay back rent; provide medical aid for invalids; attend christenings; act as best man at weddings; foot bills for the decent burial of indigent followers, and have loose change on tap in case of a "touch" from a temporarily or permanently embarrassed constituent. In some of the down-town districts, notably those below Fourteenth street, pension funds have been established. To a man who cannot be provided with a job at the city's expense, but who is regarded indispensable on registration and election days, a donation of from \$30 to \$50 per month is paid. Excursions and chowder parties in summer; balls, vaudeville entertainments, beefsteak

and turkey dinners in winter, are other adjuncts to the general plan for popularizing the organization. Personal visits and financial assistance to the wives and other relatives of distressed voters go a great way towards securing their promises to urge husbands, brothers and sons to join the organization.

Annually it has been the custom for the present Chief to arise at a meeting of the Executive Committee and



"The  
Spell-  
Binder."

Drawn by  
Charles  
Grunwald.



ask Treasurer John McQuade: "How much money remains from the last campaign?"

"Oh, about \$50,000, I guess," may be the reply.

"Well, then, I move that \$20,000 be donated to the poor of the city, and a similar sum for the Cuban war sufferers," says the Chief. "I guess we can worry along on the other \$10,000."

The Chief has spoken, and \$40,000 is distributed to relieve distress. Nor are folks permitted to forget such gifts as this. Workers like Helen Varick Boswell and Mrs. Clarence Burns, while electioneering for the Republican candidates on the East Side, have been repeatedly subjected to rebuffs from recipients of Tammany bounty. Stepping into a "double-decker" tenement, one day, the Republican women started to argue with a number of the female occupants about the virtues of the candidates whose cause they espoused, and the good government they would be sure to give, were they elected.

A strapping mother of twelve children—four of them voters—listened respectfully to the eloquence of the visitors. When they had finished, she placed her hands on her hips and retorted: "Sure and phwat you say about General Tracy being a good man may be true. I dunno. But will he give me four boys jobs? Will he

take care of the old man when he is sick? Will he give me and the brats an excoor-sion every summer and a turkey dinner every winter? That's what Tammany does fer me, and that's why the old man and me boys vote the ticket straight."

Mrs. Burns and Miss Boswell fled to headquarters and warned County Chairman Quigg that unless a fund were immediately raised to provide the poor on the East Side with what they wanted for a year the returns for the Republican candidates would be meager indeed.

On other tours Republican women found Mrs. Julius Harburger, wife of the Tammany Assemblyman from the Tenth District, and Mrs. Max J. Porges, wife of the Tammany Alderman from the Eighth District, presenting to women and children clothing, shoes, provisions and, indeed, every necessity, asking in return nothing but a vote for their husbands.

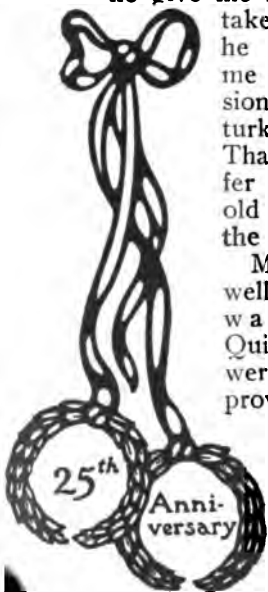
"These Tammany women can give us all cards in spades and beat us at our own game!" exclaimed one of the Republican colporteurs, as she contemplated with disgust the ineffectiveness of the campaign she and her sisters had been waging.

The habit of annually giving large sums to the poor and sick is said to have originated with the late William M. Tweed. Rogue that he was, he was admittedly one of the cleverest of politicians. It was Tweed's pleasure, each winter, to give \$1,000 to each Aldermanic district, for the purchase of coal, and to bestow \$50,000 in cash, in addition, upon the families of his home district. Tweed is also accredited with having established free soup houses in every Assembly district.

"If Tweed stole," say his defenders, "he was good to the poor"; and that is more than can be said of many an honest man.

On each Fourth of July the patriotism of New York's Democrats is aroused in song and speech at the Tammany wigwam. The tail of the British Lion is twisted; oaths of allegiance to Uncle Sam and the Star Spangled Banner renewed, and at the conclusion of the ceremonies the whole town is invited to eat and drink at the expense of the organization. At these celebrations Tammany does not fail to remind the people of its members who valiantly fought, bled and died for the release of the United Colonies from the usurpation and persecution of George III., and how through the Mexican and Civil wars Tammany remained loyal to the flag and armed and equipped and sent to the front more fighters than any other six political bodies in the country.

Tammany campaigns looking to the



nomination and election of men to office do not ordinarily really begin until September. But the Chief and his deputies try to keep their ears to the ground the entire year, and ascertain who will prove the most popular and surest-to-win candidates. Usually in October, just before the various conventions, the Chief summons his deputies and they either prepare a "slate" together or he hands them one. This "slate" is rarely ever even whispered against in convention. The man who dares to object seriously risks political oblivion. Failure to acquiesce in the Boss's final decree is treason.

Evidence of the merciless discipline administered by the Chief is illustrated in the case of John C. Sheehan. Sheehan was selected by Croker, in 1896, to act as his deputy during his absence abroad. The disastrous presidential campaign of that year was conducted by him. On his return from England in 1897, if not before, Croker was told that Sheehan was conspiring to supplant him. For a time he did not believe it. Finally convinced of it, Croker concluded to furnish an object lesson of his power.

Sheehan had arranged to have William Sohmer, now County Clerk, nominated for Mayor. Croker in a single night put Sohmer off the slate, and had Robert A. Van Wyck substituted. Sheehan had planned to have Thomas F. Grady named for District Attorney; Patrick Keenan for Sheriff; James P. Keating for County Clerk, and Ferdinand Levy for Register. So sure was Sheehan that his "slate"—Grady, Sohmer, Keating and Levy—would go through that all these candidates had their shouters at the convention to do the "hurrahing" when their favorite was named.

But lo and behold! When the convention met the men named by Sheehan were not even placed in nomination. Instead of Grady, Asa Bird Gardiner was named for District Attorney; instead of Keenan, Thomas J. Dunn was named for Sheriff; instead of Keating, William Sohmer was selected for County Clerk, and instead of Levy, Isaac Fromme was named as

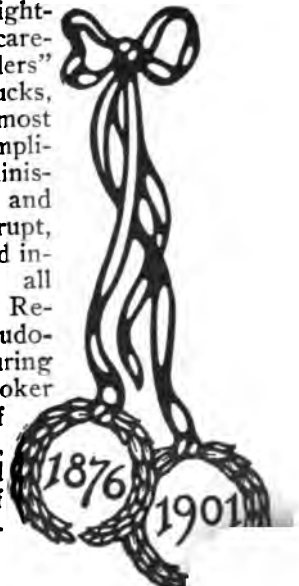
the candidate for Register. And the convention ratified this slate with a whoop. Both Keenan and Keating were warm friends of Croker; as a solace to them he afterward had Mayor Van Wyck appoint Keenan City Chamberlain, and Keating Commissioner of Highways. Grady, the Tammany orator, was sent back to the State Senate.

Either before or soon after election day Croker personally accused Sheehan of treachery. Sheehan vehemently denied the charge. Croker was obdurate and gave orders for Sheehan's decapitation as Deputy Chief and installed John F. Carroll in his place.

Sheehan showed fight, announced that he would drive Croker out of the country, and asserted that 27 of the 36 district leaders would stand by him. On a show of hands only nine were faithful to Sheehan.

Croker sent his minions into Sheehan's home district (the Ninth) and prevented his return to the Executive Committee. Since then Sheehan has formed the Greater New York Democracy and is to-day battling against Croker along with the anti-Tammany alliance.

With its candidates for office picked, the organization puts on full steam and the actual campaign begins. Night and day do the central and branch headquarters teem with industry and wire-pulling. Nightly do from 500 to 1,000 carefully selected "spellbinders" mount platforms and trucks, at points where people most do congregate and compliment Tammany's administration of government, and anathematize as "corrupt, extravagant, wasteful and infamously mismanaged" all other administrations, Republican or of a pseudo-reform character. During the 1900 canvass Mr. Croker made a great feature of day and night balloons, carrying illuminated texts and portraits of the Democratic candi-



dates. He also had powerful cinematographs stationed in the business centers of the city, which threw campaign slogans on banners, aerial, or suspended from buildings or polls. The day of the McKinley and Roosevelt business men's parade the Tammany Chief had stringers along the route labeled: "McKinley's Name is On Our Breasts But Bryan's In Our Hearts." Mr. Croker believed these paraphernalia produced votes.

The Literary Bureau scatters tons of pamphlets, fulminating attacks on opposing candidates and leaders. Under the personal supervision of Croker, as Chairman of the Finance Committee, which carries with it the titular leadership, a "Wiskinkie" and numerous assistants scurry about town, collecting the sinews of war, in the shape of bank notes, coins and checks.

During the Kelly and Croker regimes the assessment on officeholders alone has been fixed at 5 per cent. of their salaries. The latest official figures available show that in 1900 there were 45,344 employees on the rolls of the city departments, of which the bulk worshipped at the shrine of St. Tammany and incidentally drew salaries aggregating \$47,876,273.42. Each being assessed at 5 per cent. would bring into the campaign treasury \$2,393,136.70, a small part of which goes to the Kings, Queens and

Richmond County Committees. In addition to this, every contractor who has secured favors, big or little, through Tammany; every corporation that has been awarded franchises or business, is requested and expected to contribute. If the testimony before the Fassett, Lexow and Mazet Committees and the Committee of Fifteen, all denied by Tammany leaders, be true, every liquor dealer and every proprietor of a dance house, gambling palace or house of ill-repute is compelled to subscribe generously to the fund

set aside for oiling Tammany campaign cogs.

Each candidate for office is named with the expressed understanding that he make a liberal donation to the general exchequer. Just how much money is actually collected and spent in a single campaign frequent Platt investigating committees have failed to discover. No accounting is exacted from the Chairman of the Finance Committee as to amounts of money he may receive or disburse. Tammany keeps no books.

John C. Sheehan, Chairman of the Finance Committee for the Mayoralty campaign of 1897, when Tammany had been on the outside of the public crib for about three years, is authority for the statement that he personally collected \$260,000, and that this was irrespective of amounts brought in by others. How huge must be the contributions, then, from over 45,000 officeholders, to say nothing of gifts from other sources!

With stupendous sums available in cash, each of the 892 election district captains can, if need be, have from \$1,000 to \$2,000 apiece with which to meet the expenses of mass-meetings, naturalization and registration of voters, music and pyrotechnics, and to use on election day.

Abundantly equipped financially, Tammany rushes to the registry booths, on the four days designated by law, every man who can be induced to declare his intention to vote. If a foreigner he has, through the Committee on Naturalization, been kept in touch with since he landed. The moment he can legally be made a citizen all expenses for the process are paid by Tammany, and not unnaturally he feels under obligations to return the courtesy by casting a straight Tammany ballot.

The moment the chance for registration ceases a house-to-house canvass is ordered in every district. The district leaders send out their election district captains, together with a regiment of assistants, to get a personal interview with each doubtful voter, and also to discover if the enemy has



placed upon the registration lists non-residents or others not entitled to vote. So soon as the house-to-house canvass is completed the election district captains report to the election district leaders, and the district leaders in turn to the Chief. Long before the ballots begin to drop, Richard Croker knows almost to a certainty the exact aggregate vote he can depend upon and also just what will be thrown in each of the districts.

So skilful and accurate is the work of his expert deputies that Mr. Croker's election forecasts since he assumed the leadership have been marvelously correct. In 1892, for instance, he predicted that Grover Cleveland's plurality for President in New York County would be at least 76,000. It was 76,300. The same year he prophesied that Thomas F. Gilroy would defeat Edwin Einstein for Mayor by 75,000. Gilroy's plurality was 75,587. In 1897 Croker's prognostication was that Robert A. Van Wyck would run first, Seth Low second, Benjamin F. Tracy third, and Henry George fourth in the Mayoralty race. The candidates finished in the order named. Croker said also that Van Wyck would poll 80,000 more votes than Low. Van Wyck's plurality over Low was 82,407.

Mr. Croker modestly disclaims credit for his accuracy. He explains that it is all due to the perfect system Tammany has of securing individual reports as to how this or that person will vote. Whenever Mr. Croker has declined to believe the reports of his district leaders he has erred himself. This was true in 1900 when the district leaders assured Mr. Croker that Bryan's plurality in this county would not be more than 30,000. Mr. Croker refused to credit this and sincerely believed that the plurality would be at least 80,000.

In 1892 Timothy D. Sullivan told Mr. Croker that Benjamin Harrison would get just two votes in his election district. The returns gave Harrison four. Sullivan was exasperated. "I thought the two Republican Election Inspectors might vote for Harri-



*Drawn by Charles Grunwald.*

*The "rake off."*

son," he exclaimed, "but I didn't suppose any other man would. He who will disclose the names of the other two can make money." Tim is still hunting for the mysterious two.

In the 1893 campaign Patrick Divver, leader of the Second District, offered a prize banner to the election district captain who would show the largest plurality for Isaac N. Maynard, the Democratic candidate for Justice of the Court of Appeals. Councilman "Big Tom" Foley exhibited 360 votes for Maynard and a big cipher for Edward T. Bartlett, the Republican candidate. The returns corresponded almost exactly with the estimate Divver had furnished Mr. Croker the day before the election. Four Tammany election officers served a term at Sing Sing for this prank and Divver supported their families during their incarceration. The following year the total vote of the Second District fell from 13,000 to 8,000.

When I asked that uniformly successful candidate for office, the Hon.

Patrick Roche, better known as "Paddy," how it is that Tammany continues to get large majorities on the East Side, his answer was: "That's easy; we keep in touch with what the aristocrat calls the 'lower strata of society.' Tammany was organized to fight the aristocracy. But for the masses I never could have spent so many terms in the Legislature. Tammany plays to the people. What was it that Abe Lincoln used to say? 'You can skin a part of the people all of the time; you can skin all the people part of the time, but you can't skin all the people all the time.'"

"Certainly, when the people see you're trying to skin 'em, they'll skin you. For years I have spent most of my time getting the boys out of trouble. My door-bell is pulled all hours of the day and night by men who beg me to hurry to the station-house or court and go bail for 'Jimmie the Hook,' 'Mick the Red,' or 'One-Eyed Jerry,' who have been pinched for 'hitting the booze too hard,' pounding some 'copper's nut,' or some other old thing. Well, I answer the calls. What's the result? The boys take care of me, and I guess I've served more terms continuously in the Legislature than any other man. Back of me are 300 of the 350 odd voters in my election district. Paddy Divver tried to steal 200 Irishmen from me

once by having my Assembly district gerrymandered. Over 200 Hebrews resented this by running me as 'Rochinsky.' I went back to Albany by a largely increased majority.

"Once twenty workers for an opposing candidate for Assembly invaded my district. The returns showed 340 votes for me and none for my adversary. The latter asked me after election how it was that though he paid these twenty men to vote and work for him not one had cast a ballot for him. He hollered "Murder! Watch!"

when I told him it was an old Tammany trick to employ men to get the enemy's dough and then vote right."

The most powerful East Side leader, perhaps, is Timothy "Dry Dollar" Sullivan. He was once summoned to furnish bail for a constituent accused of abstracting a flock of pullets from a Fulton Street Market stall. The prisoner, on being arraigned, pleaded not guilty. The magistrate nodded to Sullivan and asked: "Well, Senator, what do you know about this case?"

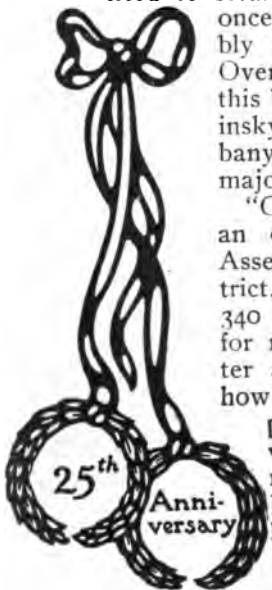
"Well," returned the Senator, "the bloke there is as innocent as a newborn babe. All he did was to kick the coop. The pigeons flew out and the feller on the other side of the street grabbed him and ran."

"Discharged!" thundered the magistrate.

Sullivan seized his friend by the arm and marched him off in high glee. The man afterward became President of one of Sullivan's Sixth District clubs and marshalled nearly 500 followers at the polls last election day.

One of Tammany's shrewd games is to concentrate voters in a district where a particularly obnoxious candidate on the other side is running, so as to make his defeat certain. This was done in the case of Robert Mazet, who wished to be returned to the Assembly in 1899. Mazet had been Chairman of the Assembly Committee which put Richard Croker and his deputies on the rack about the "Ice Trust." Croker determined that Mazet should not go back to Albany. He arranged that hundreds of men from surely Democratic districts should become residents of Mazet's district for a month prior to election day. This was held to be within the law. They registered, voted, and Mazet was slaughtered. Tammany denied that this was crooked. It was insisted that it was simply sharp practical politics.

Still another plan for strengthening the machine and weakening the opposition has been very successfully practiced. It is that of offering adversaries the most desirable offices available, either city or county, or within the organization itself. To such in-



fluences, perhaps, are due the gradual and final breaking up of the County Democracy, Irving Hall, Mozart Hall, the Jeffersonians, Apollo Hall and other bodies established within the Democracy to drive Tammany out of business.

A glance through the list of Tammany district leaders to-day will show that nearly a majority have been at one time or another identified with inimical associations, which long ago gave up the ghost and became absorbed by the dominant body.

This is a striking fact and will bear the attention of the gentlemen who compose the Citizens' Union.

Tammany votes while her opponents sleep. Her ballots are usually in the boxes hours before her adversaries reach the polling places. So admirably drilled are the rank and file that long before sunrise on election morning they are in line in front of the booths ready to throw their ticket for every man on the regular ballot. They scorn to scratch a single nominee. "Put the cross under the star!" is the command, and it is as rigorously obeyed as was the order to charge at Balaklava.

Again and again are the reformers confronted with the almost infinite difficulty of proving the charges which are daily and hourly made against

Tammany Hall. The summer's work of the Committee of Fifteen has made headway in this respect, but there is still plenty of room which could be spared for proofs in the arsenal of every reform speaker.

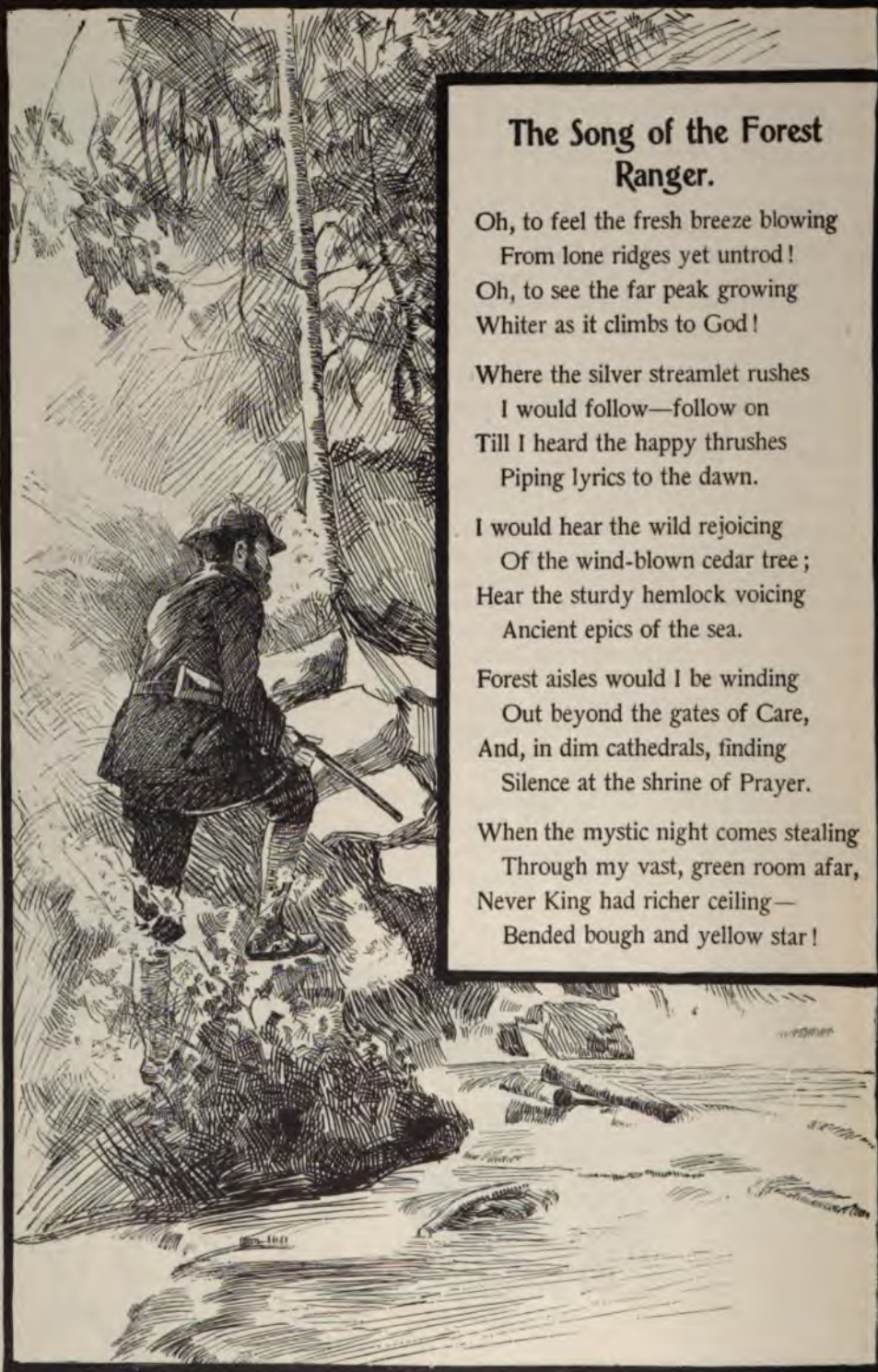
The organization has often been accused of repeating and colonization. Some members have been punished for this by confinement in prison. But not since the days of Tweed has any leader been caught red-handed in seeking to perpetrate fraud at the polls.



*Drawn by Charles Grunwald.*

*"Put the cross under the star."*





## The Song of the Forest Ranger.

Oh, to feel the fresh breeze blowing  
From lone ridges yet untrod!

Oh, to see the far peak growing  
Whiter as it climbs to God!

Where the silver streamlet rushes  
I would follow—follow on  
Till I heard the happy thrushes  
Piping lyrics to the dawn.

I would hear the wild rejoicing  
Of the wind-blown cedar tree;  
Hear the sturdy hemlock voicing  
Ancient epics of the sea.

Forest aisles would I be winding  
Out beyond the gates of Care,  
And, in dim cathedrals, finding  
Silence at the shrine of Prayer.

When the mystic night comes stealing  
Through my vast, green room afar,  
Never King had richer ceiling—  
Bended bough and yellow star!

Ah, to list the sacred preaching  
Of the forest's faithful fir,  
With his strong arms upward reach-  
ing—

Mighty, trustful worshipper!

Come and learn the joy of living!

Come and you will understand  
How the sun his gold is giving  
With a great, impartial hand!

How the patient pine is climbing  
Year by year to gain the sky;  
How the rill makes sweetest rhyming  
Where the deepest shadows lie.

I am nearer the great Giver  
Where his handiwork is crude;  
Friend am I of peak and river,  
Comrade of old Solitude.

Not for me the city's riot!  
Not for me the towers of Trade!  
I would seek the house of Quiet  
That the Master Workman made!

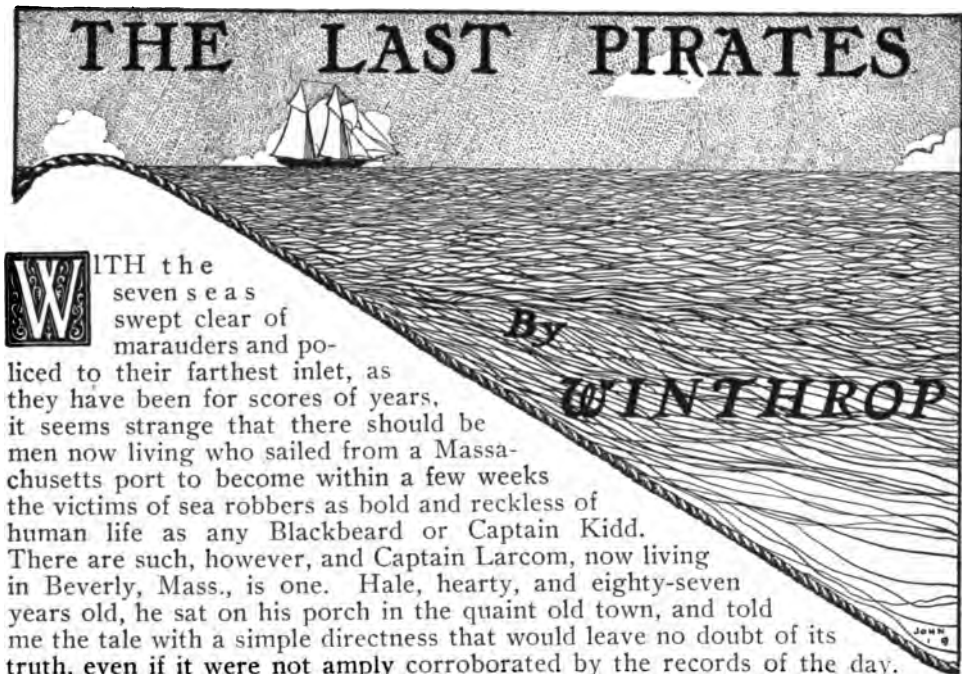
HERBERT BASHFORD.



• R • G • V • S B U R G H •



# THE LAST PIRATES



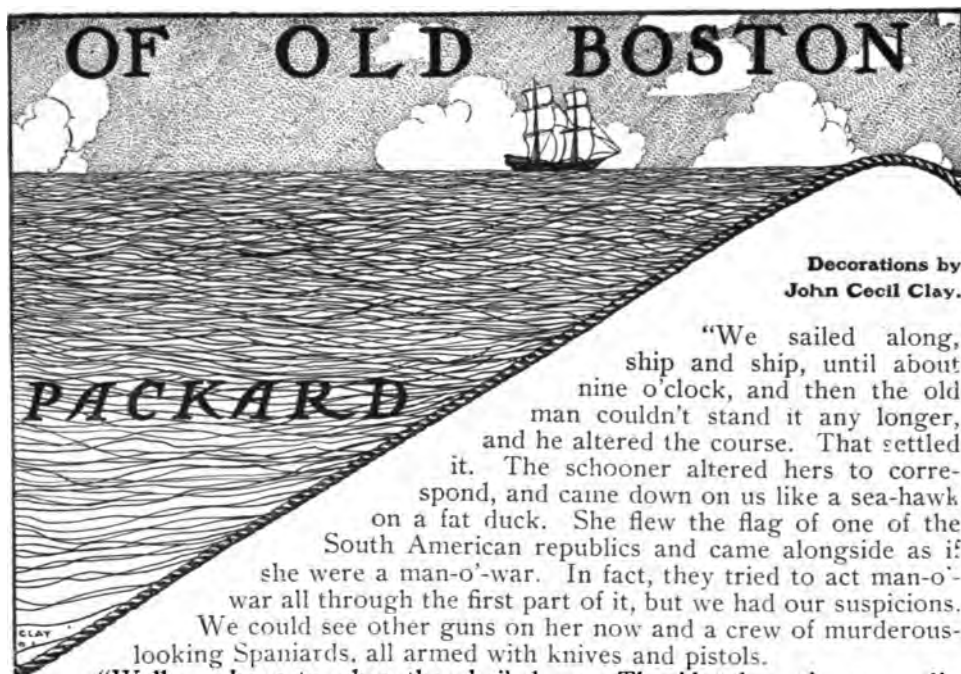
**W**ITH the seven seas swept clear of marauders and policed to their farthest inlet, as they have been for scores of years, it seems strange that there should be men now living who sailed from a Massachusetts port to become within a few weeks the victims of sea robbers as bold and reckless of human life as any Blackbeard or Captain Kidd. There are such, however, and Captain Larcom, now living in Beverly, Mass., is one. Hale, hearty, and eighty-seven years old, he sat on his porch in the quaint old town, and told me the tale with a simple directness that would leave no doubt of its truth, even if it were not amply corroborated by the records of the day. Now and again the sea breezes swept in from Beverly Bay, and as the tale unfolded brought whiffs of romance from the Spanish Main. It seemed to bring with it the sight of long reaches of sunny sea, brown with sargasso weed, and dotted with Portuguese men-o'-war cruising under their purple sails. You saw the lone brig shifting its course in fear, and the pirate schooner, low, rakish, and keen of the wind as any cup defender, bearing down on its troubled quarry. You saw the smoke—

But this is the story as the Captain told it:

"On the 27th of August, 1832, I sailed from the port of Salem on the brig *Mexican* as ship's boy. That was in Andrew Jackson's time. Andrew Jackson was the President for you, young man. You don't get that kind of timber in the ship of state nowadays. The *Mexican* was owned by the old-time merchants of Salem, the Peabodys, and was a sizeable vessel for those days—230 odd tons she registered. We were bound for Rio in ballast, except for 20,000 Spanish dollars that were stowed down a scuttle in the floor of the captain's cabin. We were to buy cargo in Rio with this money, and we had nothing much of value aboard beside it.

"We had head winds from the first, light and baffling, and three weeks from the day that we sailed we found ourselves a little out of our course, pretty well over toward the west coast of Africa in the track of the Indiamen. What we thought was one of these came along one night, about four bells of the morning watch—that'll be two o'clock in the morning—and passed under our stern. I reckon she'd sighted us long before we saw her. Along about daybreak we made her out, about five miles to wind'ard, a handsome tops'l schooner, a regular Baltimore clipper, carrying, as they did in those days, a foretops'l and t'gallants'l, and able to sail two miles to our one.

"Captain Bootman got out his glass and looked her well over. I reckoned he didn't like the looks of what he saw. I could kind of see it in his face, and one reason was that she carried a big gun up for'ard, covered over with a tarpaulin, and she had altered her course so's to stand along with us and look us over. There was \$20,000 stowed in that scuttle underneath the captain's cabin, and they didn't know that—but we did, and it made us anxious.



Decorations by  
John Cecil Clay.

PACKARD

"We sailed along, ship and ship, until about nine o'clock, and then the old man couldn't stand it any longer, and he altered the course. That settled it. The schooner altered hers to correspond, and came down on us like a sea-hawk on a fat duck. She flew the flag of one of the South American republics and came alongside as if she were a man-o'-war. In fact, they tried to act man-o'-war all through the first part of it, but we had our suspicions. We could see other guns on her now and a crew of murderous-looking Spaniards, all armed with knives and pistols.

"Well, we hove to when they hailed us. They'd taken the tarpaulin off their guns, and we hadn't a sign of a weapon aboard. One of them, who spoke rather poor English, asked what ship we were, and where bound, as a man-o'-war might. We answered, but he did not seem satisfied, and finally ordered the captain to come aboard with his papers. I reckon it kind of hurt the captain's feelings, he being a free-born Yankee, but there were the guns, and the knives and pistols, and the ship might be a man-o'-war after all, so four of us put over the dingey—I was one of these, though I didn't much like the job—and we took the old man and the papers, and rowed over to her. When we got alongside, though, they wouldn't let us come aboard, but five of them came down into the dingey and made us row them back to our ship. There they got aboard and went down into the cabin with the captain.

"I didn't know what was happening there at the time, but I heard all about it afterwards. Two of the five kept asking the captain more questions, and kept him busy, while the other three cruised about and cast a lead line into all sorts of places, seeing what kind of bottom there was. It wasn't long before they sighted this little scuttle in the cabin floor. Down this was the money, ten boxes, with two thousand Spanish dollars in a box, and their head lights stuck out good when they got 'em fastened onto it.

"'Hi, dere,' says they; 'what in dem boxes?'

"'Ship's biscuit—special brand,' growled the captain, but mighty sore, for he knew the jig was up.

"Then they tried to make the captain pass up his own money, but he wouldn't, and one of them jumped down the scuttle and handed up a box himself.

"'Sacré!' he says, with a grunt and a grin; 'much big little boxes. Ship biscuit dam heavy.'

"Well, they broke open this box in short order, and when they saw what was in it they let out a howl of delight. One of them grabbed a handful of the dollars and came running up on deck. I saw this myself. He hailed the others on board the schooner.

"'Come aboard,' he said; 'all hands. Plenty of these on board here.' He scattered the handful of silver dollars in the air as he spoke, and they flashed up and fell into the sea. He spoke this in Spanish, but we had an Italian

aboard who spoke all kinds of languages, and he told me afterward what they all said. They put a boat over right away, and most of the crew came aboard. They carried off the ten boxes of Spanish dollars aboard their own schooner, and then came back and began to ransack for more, and that was when the real trouble began.

"They wanted more money, and when we told them that they had it all they would not believe us. They drove some of the crew below at the points of their knives and tried to make them show them the stowing places of more silver. When they did not—for there were none—they began to prick with their knives, and cries of 'Murder!' began to come up from below deck. That was what pretty nearly finished me. Boy that I was, I thought it was time to hide, and springing from the dingey to the bulwarks, I scam-

knife and cried loudly: 'Show money.'

"Round the deck he drove me, down the companionway to the lower deck, and then to the hatchway leading down into the hold. Here I jumped down into the darkness and immediately disappeared from sight. He did not like this and changed his tune. 'Coom oop,' he cried, but I was out of reach of that long knife and did not budge. He waited and called; then, not seeming to care to follow me into the darkness, went off after a lantern, as I afterward saw. This was my chance, and I sprang up again, ran into the fo'cs'le, where many of the crew had been driven—to my surprise, most of them unhurt—and mingling with them I managed to hide so well that when he came back with the lantern he did not pick me out. After a time the pirates—we knew they were that by this time



bled and crawled along the ship's side, clinging as best I could with fingers and toes till I reached the bow, and there I curled up on the martingale underneath the bowsprit, just about the way an ostrich hides his head and thinks no one can see him.

"Here I stayed, and thought I was safe for a moment or two, and then there was a laugh from the schooner and a hail in Spanish. The next moment a head came over the bulwarks at our bow, then a hand and a long knife. 'Come oop,' said the head in very poor English; 'come oop, or I cut you.' The hand reached down and got me by the collar. I fully thought I'd got to the end of my cruise, but I came up. There didn't seem to be anything else to do. I could hear cries, and was pretty sure that my shipmates were being slaughtered. When I reached the deck my captor prodded me with a long

—got tired of chasing the crew about and looking for more money.

There was no cargo, and the ship was so bare that it was plain that no more was to be had, and they finally drove us all below and battened down the hatches tight.

"We had a chance then to take account of injuries, and found that so far most of us were more scared than hurt. There were a good many pricks and prods, but nothing else except for the captain and my friend, the Italian. The captain they had hammered a good deal to make him show them more money, but he was not seriously hurt and he bore his bruises without saying a word. The Italian had got into trouble by way of his too ready tongue and his hot temper. After the money was all taken to the pirate schooner, one of the pirates came up to him and told him to show them more. This was too much for the hot blood of Garibaldi.

"'You tam rascal,' he shouted. 'You catch twenty thousand tollar, den you aska me for more moneys? You tam rascal—pig!' The pirate drew his long knife at this and made a start for the Italian, who skipped across the deck to the hatchway, but there he caught his toe and tumbled heels over head into the hold, where he was safe in the dark, but considerably hurt.

"For a long time we sat below in the fo'cs'le, wondering what was to happen next. We heard the pirates tramping about in full force above, and knew that they were working all hands at something, but we could not tell what. We knew this, that whatever it was we were battened down and could not help ourselves.

Bye-and-bye the noise stopped and we heard them go over the ship's side and shove off. Then we heard nothing except the wash of the waves against the

ing to get rid of ship and crew and the whole evidence of what they had done, at one time.

"Then we began to rush about like crazy men. We hammered and strained and lifted at the battened hatches, but we knew it was no use. We had our knives, but the carpenter's tools were in the chest on the upper deck, forward, and we could not hope to cut our way out in time with knives alone. Back and forth we scampered like caged rats, for there was no cargo, and the whole hold was open so we could go fore and aft from stem to stern. Bye-and-bye we heard a shout from the captain that brought us to him with a rush, deep in the lazarette, way aft in the stern. Beneath the tiller, in such a place that the pirates had missed it in their hasty work, there was a small skylight leading down into the lazarette, and this they had not fastened. We



ship's side and more than the usual slatting and creaking above decks. They were gone, they had not scuttled the ship; perhaps we were to get out of it, after all.

"The captain would not let us try to get the hatches off yet; there was time enough for that when the pirates were well away from us. So we sat and waited, and our eyes got used to the dim light after a little so that we could see one another pretty well. All of a sudden one of the men jumps up as if he was shot, pale as ashes he was, and gave a terrible shout.

"'Good God,' he said; 'she's afire!'

"Every man jumped to his feet at that, and sniffed, and every man sniffed death. A slant of wind had sent a sharp smell of smoke through the cracks of the battened hatches. The pirates had not murdered us in cold blood. There were not merciful enough for that, or, perhaps, it was too much trouble; but they were go-

hacked away at the stanchions on each side of this till we made the opening bigger, then we lifted the captain and shoved him through, but he would not let any of us follow him out. He disappeared, crawling along the deck on his hands and knees, and after a time he came back.

"'Broach one of those water casks,' he said, 'and pass the water up here in buckets. They stuffed the galley full of oakum and set it afire. It is mostly smoke so far, and I can put it out, I guess; but I don't want to, altogether. They're not hull down yet, and if they see the fire go out they'll come back and finish us sure. It's got to smoke till they're out of sight. Keep below there. I'll tend to this.'

"Back and forth went the captain, on his hands and knees, behind the bulwarks, for fear the lookout on the pirate ship would see him, and he

dampened the fire and kept it under control for an hour or two, until the fast sailing clipper was well below the horizon. Then the rest of us crawled out. We finished the fire the first thing and looked about, and mad enough we were. The top hamper of our trim brig was plumb knocked to Davy Jones. The pirates had cut and slashed the sails and rigging till we were about as good as a wreck. The yards had come down, the sails were half ruined, and we put in a good many hours splicing and re-rigging before we could make sail again.

"It was well that the captain kept that smoke a-going, though, for, as we afterward found out, the pirate had a man on the tops'l-yard all the time he was sailing away, and every once in a while he would hail him and say: 'How's that ship burning?'"

"And the man would take a squint at us and answer: 'She's smoking up good, sir.' Which she was, but there was mighty little fire.

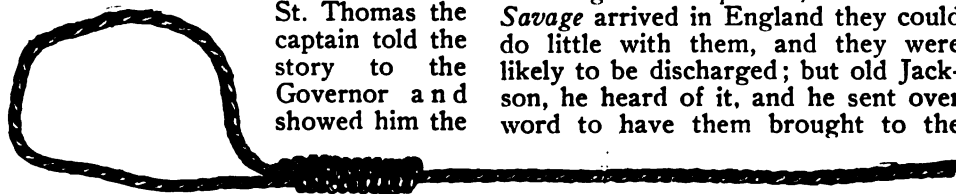
"Well, the upshot of it was we had no money to buy cargo, and after hanging around a day or two to let the pirate get well out of the way, we up-helm and put for Salem town, getting there in three weeks. The pirate schooner we never saw again, but the crew? Oh, yes; we saw most of the crew again, and that is the strange part of it. It was two years to a day from that 27th of August that we sailed out of Salem harbor that the British brig of war *Savage* came sailing in with sixteen of those pirates aboard, and the story of the happenings that led up to their capture is strange enough.

"The day after we arrived in Salem the story of our adventure was published in the *Salem Gazette*. That day a vessel sailed, bound for St. Thomas, in the West Indies, and took a copy of the paper aboard. On arriving at St. Thomas the captain told the story to the Governor and showed him the

paper. Now—and it's funny how things come out in this world—the Governor had no sooner read that paper than he slaps his hand to his thigh and exclaims: 'Why, I know that vessel; that's the schooner *Panda*, which was in here and sailed yesterday. The crew were all bad men, and they rioted about town a good deal, and wherever they went Spanish dollars leaked out of them. I'd have arrested them on suspicion, but I did not have force enough.'

"That very next day another vessel arrived at St. Thomas, the British brig-o'-war *Savage*, and her captain was a red-hot man for catching slavers. The captain heard the story, and made up his mind that the pirate was a slaver, too, and had taken to piracy to get the money to buy slaves, and had sailed again for the slave coast. Accordingly he hoisted anchor again the very same day and put after her. He found traces of her in one African port after another, and finally found the vessel anchored in one of them at the mouth of a river, where he captured her. But the crew had gone up-river in boats, and he sent the boats of the *Savage* after them. They traced them from one village to another by the Spanish dollars, but finally captured most of them after they had taken to the woods.

"Then the *Savage* set sail for England with the sixteen pirates in irons in her hold, and the pirate schooner towing behind. Now how this came about no one ever knew, but two days' sail from land the pirate schooner blew up. Maybe one of the pirates was concealed aboard her and went up with the ship, or perhaps there was a slow match set in her just before she was captured. Anyway she blew up, and with her went most of the evidence against the pirates, so when the *Savage* arrived in England they could do little with them, and they were likely to be discharged; but old Jackson, he heard of it, and he sent over word to have them brought to the





United States. 'We'll hang 'em if we get 'em over here,' said he; and I reckon he knew his business.

"An American citizen had to get a long way off to get into trouble, but Andrew Jackson's eye was on him, and he had a long arm, too.

"So one day, into Salem town comes sailing the British brig-o'-war *Savage*, and in her hold was stored sixteen pirates that had robbed the *Mexican* two years before, and a sorry-looking lot they were. They were taken up to Boston, where the trial was, and we sailormen stayed at home to attend it. The Government appointed a very able lawyer to defend them, and it looked at one time as if he would get them all off free. They had to be indentified first thing, and they were all put in a room together, and we of the *Mexican* were sent in, one at a time, to pick out the ones we remembered. I found the fellow that hauled me in over the bow, but I couldn't be sure of any others, and it was pretty hard getting them identified. I remember Captain Fuller—he's a captain nowadays, but he sailed as boy that trip, and a rough young fellow he was—when he was told to walk up and put his hand on one of the pirates that he remembered, came up to one and said: 'Here's one of them,' and, instead of laying his hand on him, he drew off and hit him a mighty good punch with his fist. It was a fellow that had prodded Captain Fuller all around the ship with a sharp knife, and he reckoned he didn't half get even with him.

"They all yelled and jumped up, and

there was a great hubbub for a while. Captain Fuller was for indentifying every man Jack of them that same way, but the court wouldn't stand for it, though they didn't do anything to Captain Fuller, except stopping him striking out. Well, we were sure these were the men, but the identification business was a head-wind and no ballast, and it did look at one time as if the whole gang, or most of them, would sail away, when one of them turned state's evidence. It was the fellow that was on the t'gallant yard—the one that laughed at me when I hid under the bowsprit and pointed me out to the pirate that hauled me up. It seems that the captain of the pirate did not like this man, anyway, and managed to keep him in the rigging for a punishment, one way or another, most of the time. He was the one that watched the ship as the pirate sailed away and kept reporting that she was burning well. So, partly because he didn't have much love for the captain, but mostly to save his own neck from stretching, he told the whole story. It fitted ours like a bonnet on a jib and brought the whole outfit into port. He had seen a good deal more than any one of the rest of us. He described the throwing overboard of that handful of silver dollars, just as I had done. That kind of clinched the whole thing. No two people could have made up that story about throwing overboard good money, not without standing watch over it together.

"Eight of them, including the captain and supercargo, were sentenced

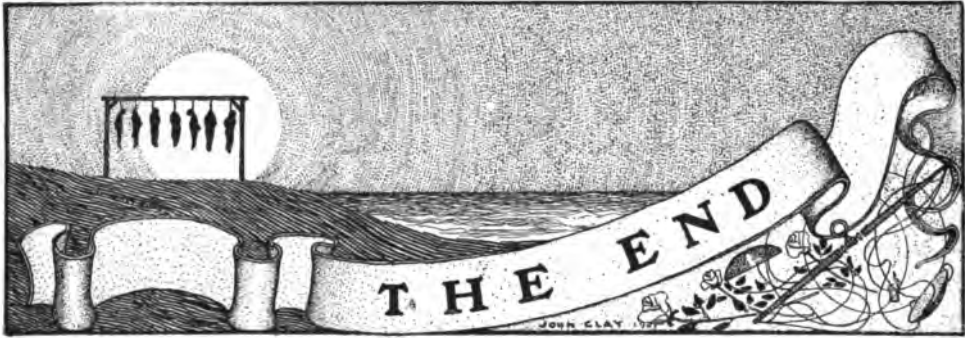
to death, and seven of them were hung, right in Boston.

"One of them, the supercargo, was pardoned all along of old Andrew Jackson. It seems that two years before this, when he was an honest man and captain of a vessel running to and from the West Indies, he had come across an American ship all on fire. He was a Spaniard, but he run his ship alongside and rescued the crew at considerable risk to himself and his vessel, and I tell you, a man's a man when he does a thing like that, even if he was born a dago. That's the way Jackson thought, for he said he couldn't let a thing like that go. He was a brave man and had a right to a pardon, and he got it. Oh,

I'm not denying for a minute that we have some able presidents nowadays, but I reckon we don't get any better ones than old Andrew Jackson made."

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus ended the true tale of the last pirates of old Boston. Sailing in from the Spanish Main over these seas of bygone romance, I made port among the dry and dusty archives of Salem and Boston, and found there evidence of the robbing of the brig *Mexican*, the report of the arrival of the British brig-o'-war *Savage* at Salem with the pirates of the schooner *Panda* aboard, and the story of the trial and executions at Boston, thus setting forth that the story which I have told is history, and not romance of my own making.



## LIFE IN DEATH

By EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE

Stir of sap, and bud new-born,  
Song of meadow lark at morn,  
Poppy-flame amid the corn,  
Pine to ocean murmureth.  
Comes fruition, then decay,  
Darkness creeps upon the day,  
And the shadows seem to say,  
"In the midst of Life is Death."

Nature fades as ebbs the tide  
Of the waste of waters wide,  
But here cometh one as bride,—  
Death hath taken Faith to wife.  
In the brown seed dwelleth God,  
And another summer's sod,  
Blossoming as Aaron's rod,  
Shall proclaim, "In Death is Life."







# THE AMERICAN DIARY OF A JAPANESE GIRL

With Illustrations by Genjiro Yetto.

**M**Y new page of life is dawning.  
A trip beyond the seas—  
'Merican Kenbutsu—It's  
not an ordinary event.

It is verily the first event in our family history that I can trace back for six centuries.

My day's dream of America—dream of a butterfly sipping on the golden dew—was rudely broken by the artless chirrup of a hundred sparrows in my garden.

Bad sparrows!

My dream was silly but splendid.

Dream is no dream without silliness, which is akin to poetry.

If my dream ever comes true!

24th.—Our Emperor should proclaim forbidding women to be out in the daytime, but only under the moonlight.

Without beauty woman is nothing. I prefer death, if I am not given a pair of dark velvety eyes.

One stupid wrinkle on my face would be enough to stun me.

My pride is in my slim fingers of satin skin.

I'll carefully clean my roseate nails before I land in America.

I kneel to the Konpira God.

I didn't exactly see how to address him, being ignorant of what sort of a god he was.

25th.—I thought all day long how I looked in 'Merican dress.

26th.—My shoes and six pairs of silk stockings arrived.

How I hope they were Nippon silk!

One pair's value is four yens.

Extravagance! How dear!

I hardly see any bit of reason against bare feet.

Of course it depends on how they are shaped.

A Japanese girl's feet are a sweet little piece. Their flatness and archlessness manifest their pathetic womanliness. I have taken the same laborious care with my feet as with my hands. Now they have to retire into the heavy shoes of America.

27th.—I scissored out the pictures from the 'Merican magazines. The magazines were all tired looking back numbers. New ones are serviceable in their own home. Only the useless numbers come to Japan.

The pictures—America is the country for women. That's why the pictures are chiefly of women. They showed me how to pick up the long skirt. That one act is the whole business of looking charming in the street. I apprehend that the grace of 'Merican ladies is in the serpentine curves of the figure, in the narrow waist.

Woman is the slave of beauty.

I applied my new corset to my body. I pulled it so hard. It pained me.

28th.—My heart was a lark.

I sang, but not in a trembling voice like a lark, some slices of school song.

I skipped round my garden, because it occurred to me finally that I will appear beautiful in my new costume.

I smiled happily to the sunlight, whose autumnal flakes—how yellow they were!—fell upon my arm stretched to pluck a chrysanthemum.



I admit that my arm is brown.

But it is shapely.

29th.—English of America—Sir, it is light, unreserved and accessible—grew dear again. My love of it returned like the glow in a brazier that I had watched passionately.

Oya, oya, my book of Longfellow under the heavy coat of dust!

I dusted the book with care and veneration, as I did a wee image of the Lord a month ago.

The same old gentle face of the 'Merican poet—a poet not always able to sing of tragic lamentations, and of "Far beyond"—stared at me from its frontispiece. I wondered if he ever dreamed his volume would be opened on the tiny brown palms of a Japan girl.

Am I not a lovely young lady?

Large, fatherly poet he is, but not unique. Uniqueness, however, has become commonplace.

Poet of plain plainness he is—plainness in thought and color. Even his elegance is plain enough.

October 1st.—I stole to the looking-glass—woman loses almost her delight in life if without it—for the last glimpse of my hair in Japan style. Butterfly mode!

I will miss it adorning my small head while I am away from home.

My long hair languished over my shoulders. I laid me down on the

bamboo porch in the pensive shape of a mermaid fresh from the sea.

The sportive breezes frolicked with my hair. They must be mischievous boys of the air.

Let me learn the beauty of 'Merican freedom, starting with my hair.

Are you sure it is not slovenliness?

Woman's slovenliness is only forgiven where no gentleman is born.

October 3d.—My hand has seldom lifted anything weightier than a comb to adjust my hair flowing down my neck.

The "silver" knife large enough to fight the Russians dropped and cracked the rim of a big plate.

My uncle and I were seated at a round table in a celebrated 'Merican restaurant, the "Western Sea House."

It was my first occasion to taste an orderly, heavy 'Merican table d'hôte. Its fertile taste was oily. The smell oppressive. Must I make friends with it?

I am afraid my small stomach is only fitted to a bowl of rice and a few cuts of small fish.

When, I wondered, could I feel at home in 'Merican food! My uncle is a 'Merican "too."

He is an 1884 Yale graduate. He occupies the marked seat of the chief secretary of the Nippon Mining Co.

He has procured leave for one year.

What were the questionable looking fragments on the plate?

Pieces with pock-marks!

Cheese was their honorable name.

My uncle scared me by saying that charming worms resided in them.

Pooh! pooh!

They emitted an annoying smell. You have to empty the choicest box of tooth powder after even the slightest intercourse with them.

I dare not make their acquaintance—no, not for a thousand yens.

I took a few of them in my pocket papers merely as a curiosity.

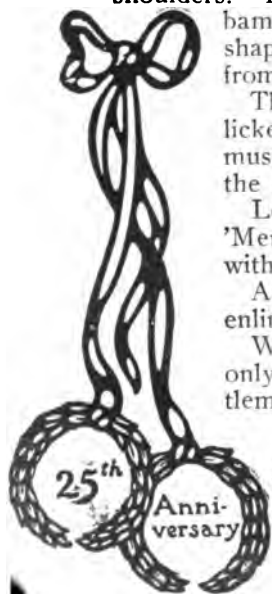
Shall I hang them on the door so that the pests may not come near to our house? Even the pest c. vils stay away from it, you see.

4th.—I and my maid went to our Buddhist monastery. I offered my good-bye to the graves of my grandparents. I decked them with beautiful bunches of chrysanthemums.

When we turned our steps homeward the snowy eyebrowed monk begged me not to forget my family's church while I am in America.

"Christians are barbarians, they eat beef at funerals," he said.

His voice was like a chant. The winds brought a gush of melancholy evening prayer from the temple. The tolling of the monastery bell was tragic.





*"I thought all day long how I looked in 'Merican dress."*

Goun! Goun! Goun!

5th.—A "chin koro" barked at me.

The Japanese little doggie doesn't know better. He has to encounter many a strange thing.

The tap of my shoes was a thrill to him. The rustling of my silk skirt—such a volatile sound—sounded an alarm to him.

I was hurrying along the road home from Uncle's in 'Merican dress.

What a new delight I felt to catch the peeping tips of my shoes from under my trailing koshi goromo!

I forced my skirt to wave, coveting a more satisfactory glance.

I began to rehearse the scene of

my first interview with a white lady at San Francisco.

I opened Bartlett's English conversation book and looked through page after page of it to see if what I spoke was correct.

I sat on the writing table. Japanese houses set no chairs.

Goodness, mottainai! I sat on the great book of Confucius. The mirror showed me that I was a little dear.

6th.—It rained. Soft woolen autumn rain, like a gossamer. The October rain is sweet, sad poetry.

I felt as if Tokio were bidding me farewell.

Sayonara! My dear city!



### S.S. *Belgic*.

7th.—Good night, native land!

Farewell, beloved Empress of Oai Nippon!

12th.—The tossing spectacle of the waters. Also the hostile smell of the ship put my head in a whirl before the *Belgic* left the wharf.

The last five days have been a continual nightmare. How many a time would I have preferred death!

My little self is wholly exhausted. It's not the "Pacific" ocean. The breaker of the world!

"Do you feel any better?" inquired my fellow passenger.

He is the new minister to the City of Mexico on his way to his post. My uncle is one of his closest friends.

What if 'Merican ladies should mistake me for the sweet wife of such a shabby, pock-marked gentleman!

It will be all right, I thought, for we shall part at San Francisco.

The pock-mark is rare in America, uncle said. No country has a special demand for it, I suppose.

His boyish carelessness and samurai-fashioned courtesy are characteristic. His great laugh, Ha, ha, ha! echoes on half a mile.

He never leaves his wine glass alone.

I exposed myself on deck.

I wasn't strong enough, alas! to face the threatening grandeur of the ocean. Its divineness struck and wounded me.

Oh, such an expanse of oily looking waters! Such a menacing largeness!

One star, just one sad star shone above.

I thought that the little star was trembling alone on the deck of some ship in the sky.

Star and I cried.

13th.—My first laughter on the ocean burst out while I was peeping at a label, "Seven yens," inside the chimney pot of our respected minister when he was brushing it.

He must have bought that great headgear just on the eve of his appointment.





*"Such disobedient tools!"*

How stupid to leave just a bit of paper!

I laughed.

He asked what was so irresistibly funny.

I laughed more. I hardly repressed "My dear old man."

The helpless me clinging on the bed for many a day feels splendid to-day.

15th.—The Sunday service was held. There is nothing more natural on the voyage than to pray.

I addressed myself to the great invisible, whose shadow lies across my heart. He may not be the God of Christianity, he is not the Hotoke Sara of Buddhism.

Why don't those red-faced sailors hum heavenly voiced hymns instead of "swear"?

16th.—Amerikey is away beyond.

Not even a speck of San Francisco in sight yet.

I amuse myself thinking what would happen if I never returned home.

Marriage with a 'Merican; rich, wealthy and comely.

I had well-nigh decided that I would not cross such an ocean again by ship. I would wait patiently until a trans-Pacific railroad is erected.

17th.—I began to knit a gentleman's stocking in wool. They will be a souvenir of this voyage.

I cannot keep a secret.

I tell you frankly that I designed it to be given to the gentleman who will be my future "beloved."

The wool is red, a symbol of my sanguine attachment.

The stockings cannot be much

larger than my own feet. I dislike large-footed gentlemen.

20th.—The moon—how large is the ocean moon!—sat above my head.

When I thought that that moon must have been visiting in my dearest home of Tokio the tragic scene of my "Sayonara, Mother" instantly returned.

Tears on my cheeks.

21st.—I wonder how a sensible steamer can be so slow.

At last!

Beautiful Miss Morning Glory shall land on her dreamland, Amerikey.

That's my humble name, sir.

Eighteen years old.

Why does the 'Merican lady regard it as an insult to be asked her age?

My knitting work wasn't half done. I shall have no luck in meeting with my husband.

Tsumaranai! What a barren life!

Our great minister was placing a button on his shirt. His trembling fingers are uncertain.

I snatched the shirt from his hand and exhibited my craft with the needle.

I fancied that your "modern girls" were perfect strangers to the needle, he said.

"He is not blockish," I thought, "since he permits himself to employ irony."

My uncle was lamenting that he had not even one cigar left.

Both those gentlemen offered to help me in my dressing at the landing.

I declined gracefully.

Where is my looking-glass? I must present myself very, very pretty.



SAN FRANCISCO, Night, 21st.  
"Good-bye, Mr. Belgic!"

I delight in personifying everything  
as a gentleman.

What does it mean under the sun: Kitsune ni Tsukamareta wa. Evil fox, I suppose, got hold of me. Gentlemen, is this the real Amerikey, I exclaimed.

Oya, ma, my 'Merican dream was a complete failure.

Did I ever fancy any sky-invading dragon of smoke in my own America?

The smoke stlfled me.

Why did I lock up my perfume bottle in my trunk?

I hardly endured the smell from the wagons at the wharf. Their rattling noise thrust itself into my head. A squad of Chinamen there puffed incessantly the menacing smell of cigars.

Were I the Mayor of San Francisco—how romantic "The Mayor, Miss Morning Glory" sounds?—I would not pause a moment before erecting free bath-houses around the wharf.

I never dreamed that human beings could cast such an insulting smell.

The smell of honorable wagon drivers is the smell of a MONKEY.

Their wild faces also prove their likeness to it.

They must have furnished all the evidence to Mr. Darwin.

"The better part lies some distance from here," said my uncle.

I exclaimed how inhospitable the Americans were to receive from the back door of the city.

We were not empty-handed tramps rapping the kitchen door for a crust.

Tamagata wa! a house was whirling along the street. Look at the horseless car! How could it be possible to pull it with a rope under ground.

Everything reveals a huge scale of measurement.

We forty million Japs must raise our heads from wee bits of land. There's no room to stretch elbows. We have to stay like dwarf trees.

I shouldn't be surprised if the Americans exclaimed in Japan: "What a petty show!"

Such a riotous rush! What a deafening uproar!

I wondered whether one dozen were not slain each hour by the cars.

Cars! Cars! Cars!

It was no use to look beautiful in such a cyclone city. Not even one

gentleman moved his admiring eyes to my face. How sad!

I thought it must be some festival.

"No, the usual Saturday throng," my uncle said.

My beloved minister kept his mouth open, amazed at the high edifices.

"Oho! that's astonishing!" he cried, throwing his sottish eyes upon the clock of the *Chronicle* building. "Boys are commenting on you," I whispered.

I beseeched him not to act so droll.

A hawkish lad—I have not seen one sleepy fellow yet—drew near the minister shortly after we left the wharf and begged to carry his bag. He was only too glad to be assisted. The brown diplomatist thought it a loving deed toward a foreigner.

He bowed after some blocks, thanking the boy with a hearty "Aregato."

"Sir, you have to pay me two bits."

"What does a genuine American beggar look like?" was my question.

The 'Merican beggar my friend saw at Yokohama park was dressed up in a swallow-tail coat, Emerson's essays in his hand. He was such a genteel Mr. Beggar, she said.

I have seen Mr. Beggar on the street. He didn't appear in the formal dignity of a dress coat. Where was his Emerson? He was not unlike his Oriental brothers after all.

The only difference was that he carried pencils instead of a musical instrument.

He is a merchant.

This is a business country, while the Japanese Mr. Beggar is an artist.

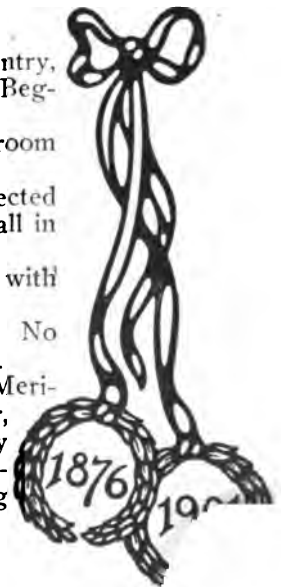
The number of my room is 489.

The large mirror reflected me as being so very small in a big room.

Such a great room with high ceiling.

Not a petal of flower. No honorable tea and cake.

I need repose. My 'Merican bed acted like water, waving at even my slightest motion. I fancied I was exercising even in sleep.



I got up, since the bed was no joy.

I thought I should never see a sapphire sky while I am here. I was wrong.

This is church day. The sky appeared in best Sunday dress. I felt happy, thinking that I should see the stars from my hotel window to-night.

I made many useless trips up and down the elevator. What a tickling dizziness I tasted. I close my eyes when it goes.

It is astonishing to notice what a condescending manner the white gentlemen display toward ladies.

They take off their hats in the elevator. They stand humbly as Japs to the august "Son of Heaven." They crawl out like lambs after the woman steps away.

It puzzles me to solve how women can be deserving of such honor.

What a goody-goody act!

But I wonder how they behave themselves before God.

23d.—The minister makes a ridiculous show of himself in the dining-room. This morning he exclaimed: "Americans have no courtesy for strangers except for money."

He is good natured, like a rubber stamp, but he does not fit Amerikey.

I was relieved that his departure would occur to-morrow.

My dignity was saved. I cut a square piece of paper, penciled on it as follows:

To the Japanese Legation,  
The City of Mexico.

Handle carefully.

Easily broken.

I put it on the large palm of the minister. I warned him that he should never forget to pin it on his breast.

"Mean little thing you are," he said, and his great happy Ha! ha! ha! followed as usual.

By-bye.

24th.—Spittoon.

"The American spittoon is famous," Uncle said. From every corner in the nine-story hotel—think of its eight

hundred and fifty-one rooms!—you are met by the greeting of the spittoon. How many thousand are there? I wonder why the proprietor does not give the city some of them. San Francisco ought to place spittoons along the sidewalks.

My room is great. Equipped with every new invention. Numbers of electric globes dazzle with kingly light above my head.

If I enter my room at dusk I act like God upon chaos at the beginning of the world. I speak: "Let there be light!"

I have read such words somewhere. I touch a button of electricity.

What a satisfaction I earn seeing every light appear to my honorable service.

25th.—I was stepping along the courtyard of this hotel. I have seen a gentleman kissing a woman. I felt my face catching fire. Is it not a shame in a public place?

I returned to my apartment. The mirror showed my cheeks still blushing.

26th.—The Japanese Consul and his American wife paid us a call. I said to myself they did not match well. It was like a hired haori with a different coat of arms.

Mr. Consul looked proud as if he carried a crocodile. Mrs. Consul invited us to luncheon next Sunday.

Her voice was unceremonious.

I noticed that one of her hairpins was about to drop. I thought that 'Merican woman was as careless as I.

How many hairpins do you suppose I lost yesterday?

Four. Isn't that awful?

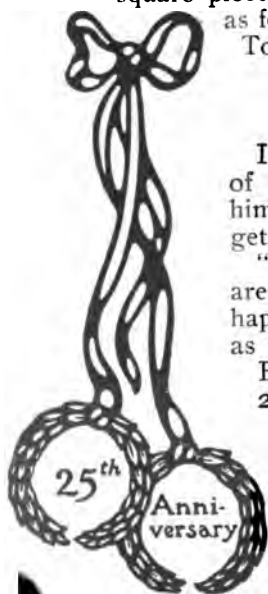
My uncle innocently stated that I was a great belle of Tokio.

I secretly pinched his arm through his coat sleeve. He kept on his hyperbolic advertisement of me. She promised a beautiful girl to meet me on Sunday.

I thought my performance on the first interview with 'Merican woman was excellent.

My performance at home was useless.

27th.—How I wish I could exchange





ONE STUPID WRINKLE ON MY FACE WOULD BE ENOUGH TO STUN ME

*Drawn by G. Yeto*

*The American Diary of a Japanese Girl*





a ten-dollar gold-piece for a tassel of curly hair. 'Merican woman is nothing without it.

Its infirm gesticulation is a temptation.

I don't mind being covered with even red hair.

Red hair is vivacity, fit for summer's shiny air. Japanese regard it as the hair of the red demon in Jigoku.

I stood before the looking-glass with a pair of curling tongs. I tried to manage them with surprising patience.

Such disobedient tools.

They didn't work at all. I threw them on the floor in indignation. My wrists pained.

I sat on the floor stretching out my legs. I was exhausted with making my hair curl.

28th.—How old is she? I could never suggest the age of a 'Merican woman. That Miss Ada is a beauty. It's becoming clearer to me why California puts so much pride in her girls. Ada was a San Franciscan whom Mrs. Consul presented to me. How envious I was of the long eyelashes, lacing round the large eyes of brown hue. Long eyelashes are a grace, like the long skirt.

She was learned in the art of raising and dropping her curtain of eyelashes. That is the art of being enchanting.

Everything doesn't grow in Japan. Noses particularly.

My sweet Ada's nose was an inspiration, like the snow-capped peak of O Fuji San.

It rose calmly—how symmetrically!—from between her eyebrows.

I had thought that a 'Merican nose was rugged, big of bone.

Ada must be the pattern of a 'Merican beauty.

We have different attractions.

She may be spring and white sunshine, while I am yellow autumn moonbeams. One is animation and the other sweetness.

I smiled. She smiled back promptly. We promised love in our little smiles.

She placed her hand on my shoulder. How her diamond ring flashed! She

praised the satin skin of my face.

She was very white, with a few sprinkles of freckles. Their scattering added briskness to her face. The texture of Ada's skin wasn't fine. Her face was like a ripe peach, with powdery hair.

Is it true that dark skin is gaining popularity in America? The Japanese type of beauty is coming to the front.

I am happy.

Ada is a free-born girl of modern Americkey.

She need never fear to open her mouth wide. She must have been using special tooth powder three times a day.

"We are great friends already, aren't we?" I said, and I extended my finger tips behind her and pulled some wisps of her chestnut hair.

"Please don't," she said, and raised her sweetly accusing eyes. Then our friendship was confirmed.

I was uneasy at first, thinking that Ada might settle herself in the chit-chat of poetry. I tried to recollect how the first line of "The Psalm of Life" went, for Longfellow would be the first one to encounter. Alas! I had forgotten it all.

"Do you play golf?" she asked.

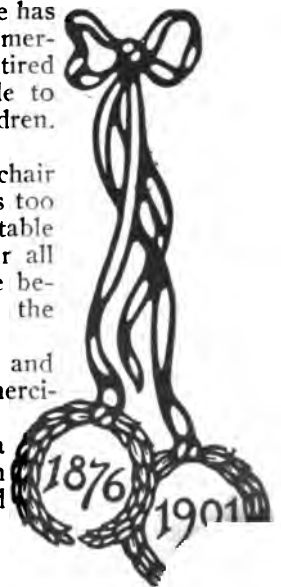
She thinks the same things are going on in Japan. Ada! Poor Ada!

31st.—I have had a sad piece of news from Mrs. Consul about Mr. Longfellow. She says he has ceased to be an idol of American ladies. He has retired to a comfortable fireside to take care of school children. Poor old poet!

Nov. 1st.—'Merican chair is too high, and my legs too short. It was uncomfortable to sit erect on the chair all the time, as if one were being presented before the judge.

And those corsets and shoes, they seized me mercilessly.

I said I would spend a few hours reclining on the floor like an eloped angel.



I brought out my crepe kimono. Kotsu, kotsu, kotsu. Somebody was fisting on my door.

"Oya. She was my Ada. My rose of 'Frisco."

"Oho, Japanese kimono! If I might only try it on," she said. I told her she could.

"How lovely!" she ejaculated. I assisted her to dress up. What a superb development she has! My physical state is in poverty.

I was wrong to believe that the beauty of a woman is in her face.

It is so, of course, in Japan, but brown woman eternally sits. The face is her complete exhibition.

Miss Ada appeared from the dressing-room fluttering an open fan. How ridiculously she stepped.

It was the way Miss What's-her-name acted in "The Geisha," she said. I was tittering.

"What have I to say, Morning Glory?" she said, looking up. "I don't know, dear girl," I said. Then we both laughed. Ada caught my neck with her arm. She squandered her kisses on me. It was my first taste of a kiss.

3d.—It is our Mikado's birthday. My little heart was flooded with patriotism. I sang "The Age of Our Sovereign." I shouted ten thousand years, Ban zai, Ban zai!

4th.—The gentlemen of San Francisco are gallant. They never permit

the ladies—even a black servant is in the honorable list of ladies—to stand in a car.

If Oriental gentlemen could demean themselves like that for just one day!

I should not mind a bit if one proposed to me, even.

I have no gentleman friend yet.

To pace alone on the street is a melancholy, discarded sight.

What do you do if your shoestring comes untied?

I have seen the gentlemen fingering the shoestrings of a lady. How glad he was to serve again when she

said "That's too tight." Shall my uncle fill such a part? Poor uncle, he is forty-five.

6th.—We had a shower. The pedestrians threw their vaguely delicate shadows on the pavements. If I were in command I would not permit the ladies to raise an umbrella under the para para of a shower. Their hastening figures are so fascinating.

The shower stopped. The windows laughter. How beautiful!

One thing disappoints me. 'Frisco is eternally snowless. Without snow the year is incomplete like a departure without sayonara. Dear snow. Yuki San!

12th.—It surprises me to learn that many a 'Merican is born and dies in a hotel.

Such a life is not distinguishable from that of a bird in a cage.

Is hotel living a recent fashion?

I prefer some hospitable boarding-house. I wish a chamber where the morning sun can steal in and shake my sleepy little head with golden fingers, as my beloved mamma might do.

We will move to the "high-toned" boarding-house of Mrs. Willis this afternoon.

My uncle says I shall have a whole lot of millionaires for neighbors.

Good luck, I pray, to my Palace hotel.

Sayonara, my graceful butlers.

I shall hear no more of their sweet "Yes, Madam." They talk gently, as a lottery seller.

The more they bow and smile the more you press the button of tips.

They are so funny.

14th.—I buzzed a silly song.

I crept into my uncle's room.

I stole one stalk of his cigarettes.

I bit it, aping Mr. Uncle, when my door banged.

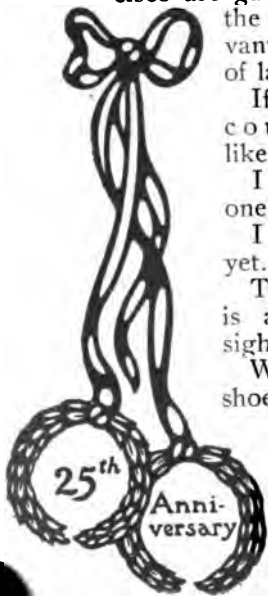
I hustled back to my room.

My breast throbbed.

A woman in an oil painting stood before me in the hall, naked. Is Mrs. Willis a lady worthy of respect?

It is nothing but an insulting stroke to an Oriental lady.

I brought down one of my crepe haoris, raven black in hue, with blush-





*"Oho! Japanese Kimono!"*

ing maple leaves dispersed on the sleeves, and cloaked the horrible picture; my haori was not long enough.

The feet of the nude woman were all seen.

I have not the least objection to the undraped feet. They were faultless in shape.

I myself am free to bestow a glimpse of my beautiful feet.

I turned the key of my door.

I stripped off my shoes and my stockings also.

Dear red silk stockings.

I scrutinized my feet for a while. Then I asked myself which is the lovelier, my feet or those in the painting?

22d.—There was one thing I wanted to test. My uncle went out. I found myself in his room pulling out his drawer. "Isn't it elegant!" I exclaimed, picking up his dress suit.

At last I had an opportunity to examine how I would look in a tapering coat.

Gentlemen's suit is fascinating. "Where is his silk hat?" I said. I reached up my arms to the top shelf of the closet, standing on a chair.

The door swung open. Tamagata! My liver was crushed by the alarm.

A chambermaid threw her suspicious smile at me.

Alas!

My adventure failed.

O Ada San is giving a tea party in my honor.

The star actress does not appear on the stage from the first of the first act. I thought I would present myself a bit later. I delight in little dramatic arts.

Six young ladies in a bunch stretched

out their hands. Ada kissed me.

I had no charming manner in receiving a kiss before the people. I blushed miserably. I knew I was blundering.

O, Morning Glory, you are one century late. They besieged me.

None of them were so pretty as Ada. Beauty is rare, I perceive, like good tweezers, or ideal men.

We all undressed our too tight coat of rhetoric in the sipping of tea. We laughed and laughed harder, not seeing what we were laughing at.

I couldn't catch all their names.

That such a delicious name as Lily was absurdly given to a girl with red spots on her face!

(A few blemishes are a fascination, however, like slang thrown in the right place.)

Her flippancy was like the buku buku of the stream.

Lightness did not match with her heavy physique.

"How lovely an earthquake must be!" she chirruped.

I told about the horror of a famous Japanese earthquake. They all breathed out "Good Heavens!"

There was one second of silence. Ada struck a gushing melody on the piano. The lively 'Merican ladies prompted themselves to frisk about.

I was ready to cry in my destitution.

One girl hauled me violently.

"Come and dance." Her right arm crawled round my waist, while she directed. "Right foot, now left."

I returned to Mrs. Willis's, my thoughts absorbed in a dancing academy.

"I must learn how to skip," I said. Sayonara, my Diary.





*"I thought all day long how I looked in 'Merican dress."*

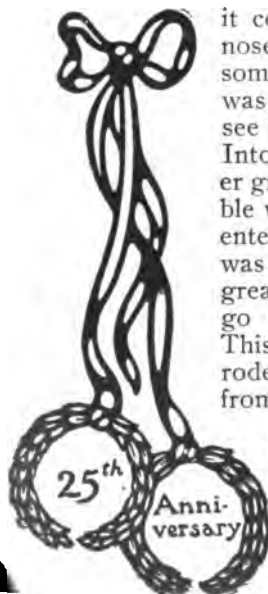
*Clamantis*: he was to trumpet revolution along the Pilgrim's way. This road was the most traveled in the realm; it led all men into Kent—Captain Cade's country—it could be safely used; with cockle-shells and staves enough, it could screen an army. Pilgrim only by the way, therefore, was Captain Salomon Brazenhead, sometimes of Milan, late of Burgundy, now Deputy Constable of all England under Letters Patent of the Captain of Kent.

I have spoken of his leanness, of his inches, of his thirst. It must be added of him that he was plentifully forested with hair, which drooped like ivy from the pent of his brows, leaped fiercely up from his lip to meet the tide from above, gave him a forked beard, crept upwards from his chest to the light at his throat, had invaded his very ears, and made his nostrils good cover for dormice in the winter. I might sing of this, or of his eloquent eyes; I prefer a paean on his nose. Captain Brazenhead had a nose—but an heroic nose, a trumpet, an ensign built on imperial lines; broad-rooted, full of gristle, ridged with sharp bone, abounding in callous, tapering exquisitely to a point, very flexible and quick. With this weapon of offense or defiance he could sneer you to a line of shame, with it comb his mustachios. When he was deferential it kissed his lip, combative

it cocked his hat. It was a nose one could pat with some pretense; scratched, it was set on fire; you could see it smoldering in the dusk. Into the vexed debate, whether great noses are not invariable with great men, I will not enter. Captain Brazenhead was great, and he had a great nose—let this incident go to swell the argument. This fine, tall, hairy man rode directly to Winchester from Southampton, his port of debarkation, entered the city by the Westgate and stabled his horse at the George, which was then the principal inn.

This done, he sent the 'ostler for a gallon of beer, and in his absence inspected with great care all the animals tethered in the yard. It was his intention to make sure of a good one for the morrow, seeing that his own—if a spavined makeshift levied from an Eastleigh smithy can so be called—did not please him at all. He chose a handsome, round-barrelled roan, rising not more than seven, and did not trouble to change the furniture further than to add his pack to those already on the saddle. He was then quite ready to drink his liquor turn and turn about with the 'ostler and two Grey Friars whom he found in a sunny corner—for the Captain was a large-hearted man. He captivated whatever company he happened to be in: this was his weakness and he knew it. So, now, with scarcely a word said, he persuaded those two friars that they had not seen what they had watched with some interest a few minutes before; he convinced the 'ostler that the horse he now saw and admired was the very horse he had despised when it came stiffly into the yard. Admirable man! he set his steel bonnet at a rake over one eye, chewed a straw, and cocked his sword-point to the angle of a wren's tail. These things nicely adjusted, his mind at ease, full of the adventurous sense of strange airs and hidden surprises waiting for him behind strange walls, he walked abroad into Chepe, intending to pay his devotions to the Shrine of Saint Swithin, that (by these means) a good ending might ensue a good beginning; for, as he had said more than once, Honour is due to a dead gentleman from living gentlemen. "If I go," he would protest, "into such-an-one's good town and bend not my knee in his audience-chamber, I shame my nobility by flouting his. So it is precisely when I visit a Cathedral city, wherover is set enshrined some ancient deceased man of God. That worthy wears a crown in Heaven which it becomes me to acknowledge whiles I am yet upon the earth. And so do I, by Cock!"

With these and other like reflec-







*Captain Salomon Brazenhead.*



tions he passed by the Pilgrim's Gate, where the meaner sort of worshippers—pitiful, broken knaves, ambush-men, sheep-stealers, old battered soldiers, witches, torn wives and drabs—stand at the shining bars, their hands thrust in towards the Golden Feretory, and whine their petitions to the good Saint's dust, and entered the West

knew churches well enough: business was business, that of Master Mortimer crying business, that of Captain Brazenhead fisherman's business. Rather, he cast a shrewd eye at the haunters of the nave, passing over the women, the apprentices, all the friars. He saw three or four likely blades playing with a dice-box in a corner,



*Leaning against a pillar of the nave, crying upon the cuff of his jacket.*

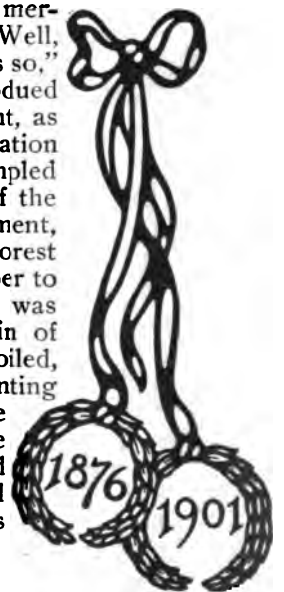
door, with much ceremony of bowing and dropping to the knee, and very courtly sharing of his finger-load of holy water with a burgess's wife, who was quite as handsome as one of her condition had need to be. Within the church, he paused to look about him, but not to admire the Shrine, the fine painting, the gold-work and lamp-work with which it abounded. He

and gained one of them by a lucky throw. He picked up a Breton pedler at his prayers, also a shipman from Goole, who had been twice hanged for piracy and twice cut down alive—"Three's the number for you, lucky Tom," he told him by way of encouragement. In the chapel of the Sepulchre he found an old friend, Stephen Blackbush, of Aldermay Church,

now in hiding for coin clipping, claimed him, insisted on having him, and got his way. All this was very well indeed, yet the captain sighed for more. "I have here so much mass," he told himself, "so much brawn; now Mortimer needs brain. This rascaille would as lieve be under the bed as in it any day, and not one of it worth a pinch of salt to the pudding we have in the pot. Give me a stripling of wit, kind Heaven, to outbalance all this dead meat." Scanning the company as he turned over these reflections and framed these prayers, he came plump upon the very thing—came, saw, conquered, as you are to learn.

This was a slim, tall, gracefully made youth, very pretty, who, in a pale oval face had a pair of hot, small, greenish eyes, a long nose, a little mouth like a rose-bud, and a sharp chin dimpled; who wore his brown hair smooth and cropped short, and had the shape and tender look of the God's self of Love, as Praxiteles might have seen the boy. This lady-faced young man whose name was Percival Perceforest, was a scholar in his way well versed in the books of Ovid, the *De Remedio* and other like works, knowing a great part of the *Romaunt de la Rose*, by rote and also the Songs of Horace. These he was accustomed to cite colloquially, as a priest his psalter; he would speak of the *Vitas hinnuleo*, the *Integer vitae*, or the *Solvitur*, where the other would have his *In Exitu Israel* or *Notus in Judoea*. Not that he had not these also as pat upon the tongue; afterwards it came out that, bred for the Church, he was actually in minor orders. Now, with all these advantages of person and training, it is a very strange thing that he should have been found by Captain Brazenhead leaning against a pillar of the nave, crying upon the cuff of his jacket. Yet it was so. Round about him stood unwholesome, too-ready sympathisers, women of the town, harpies, hard-favored, straddling, bold-browed hussies, whose gain is our loss. A short-faced, plainish man stood there

too, respectably dressed, who tried to cope, but failed to cope, with two things at once. To the women he was heard to say, "Begone, shameless beggars, tempt not the afflicted;" which made them laugh and hit each other in their mirth. The weeper he urged with a "God help thee, youth, and expound thy misfortunes to me if thou cans't not!" But the name of God caused the young man to blubber the more. Captain Brazenhead took a shorter way. He smartly touched his man on the shoulder, calling him his bawcock, his nip and frizzle, his eye and his minion; at the women he flung up his hands with a rush, as one starts a greyhound. "Off, wag-tails!" he cried tremendously; and they slunk or swaggered away with very injurious, but muttered expressions to the effect that they were not going to do for such an old piece what they actually were doing as they spoke. "Now, good Master Burgess," said the captain to the respectable man (whom he had placed at once), "and now, young Niobus," to the lad, "we will accommodate these water-works, if it suit you. Follow me." He laid a hacked forefinger to his nose, and scowled upon the couple with so much hopeful mystery, such commanding confidence, such an air of give-and-take-and-be-d—d, that follow him they did: the merchant as one who says, "Well, well, since your humor is so," and the other with subdued sniffs. But the merchant, as having a solid foundation upon this earth, trampled stoutly, with a smack of the shoes upon the pavement, while Percival Perceforest went a-tiptoe. It is proper to add that this latter was dressed in a tight jerkin of green velvet, rather soiled, frayed at the edges, wanting a button or two at the bosom; that he wore scarlet stockings; darned in places and not darned in other places; that his



shoes were down at heel, the feather in his red cap broken-backed; that he looked rumpled, but innocent, unfortunate rather than debauched, as if he had slept out for a night or two—which was precisely the fact.

The Captain, deep in the delights of mystery, conducted his initiates to the stone ledge which ran along the new Chantry of Bishop Wykeham. Here he sat down, and courteously invited the merchant to a place at his right hand. This being declined with a "Sir, I thank you," "Two feet for ever!" said the Captain heartily, and nodded Percival Perceforest to the place at his left hand. Percival meekly took it. "Pretty lamb!" said this fatherly Captain, and put a hand on his shoulder.

Undoubtedly Captain Brazenhead had a notable manner: endearment and command coincided in his tones; he seemed to be pursuing his own generous way when really he was hunting yours. He succeeded with Percival to the point of marvel.

"Name, my suckling?" he asks, and is answered, "Percival Perceforest, Sir."

"Could not be better, indeed. Your age, Percival?"

"Of nineteen years, Sir." The Captain smacked his leg.

"I knew it, I was certain of it!" he cried with delight, then sobered in a moment to ask:

"Now have you, Percival, in all your nineteen years of travail in this old round, ever let so much water from your eyes as on this day?"

"No, no, indeed, Sir. There has been no such occasion," says Percival, and breaks out sobbing like a drawpipe. The Captain thumped him on the back. "No more o' this; back to your kennel, tears! Down ramping waters, waste my cheeks no more! Madness of moons—" Percival

thought it right to explain. He looked up with all the proper pride of grief in his hot eyes.

"Sir," he said, "I

would have you understand, if you please, that I am the most wretched young man in all England."

"Stuff!" says the merchant testily; "windy talk!"

"By Cock, not at all," broke in the Captain, "but sound and biting truth, as I can tell. I know something of wretchedness, let me assure you, Scrivener"—the merchant started—"ah, and of English wretchedness too, since I myself have seen the top of a handsome nobleman lying two yards away from his trunk, and his pious lady pondering which morsel she should first embrace; a pitiful sight, I hope. And in Lombardy, you must know, they sow the fields with men's head-pieces, and thereby breed dragons, as Cadman also did in the tillage about Thebes. Sir, Sir, this lad is in an agony, if I have ever known agony. Now, I will lay a thousand marks to your ink-bottle that I can place a finger on the nut of his grief." The Captain spoke so heatedly that Percival was minded to soothe him.

"It is too deep-seated, dear Sir," he said.

"I prick deep," replied the Captain, and raised the finger. Now mark me, boy. You, in the first delicious flush of manly love, have been torn from your bosom's queen—"

"Oh, Sir!" says Percival, gasping—

"And she is of high degree—"

"Oh, Sir!—"

"And she is here in this city of Winton—and you have tramped in her steps—and slept under hedges and in the skirts of brakes—and seen her—and by her been seen—and yet you cannot get at her—hey?"

"Oh, Sir!" cries Percival, showing the whites of his eyes—"Oh, Sir, what magic do you use?" The Captain held out his hand for the other to kiss.

"My magic is the magic of that glowing old puddle of blood, my heart," says the triumphant man. "What difficulty had I? What does youth cry for? Why, youth again. But you tell me much more than such a, b, c. Your jacket (he fingered the sleeve) was good Genoa velvet once: and is not green her livery? The sun



hath printed the badge in your cap and defies your busy fingers; do you bear arms in your own right?" He snapped his fingers—"You have played with your master's daughter, page-boy." Percival hung his head.

The Captain reassured him. "Oh, you have not gone too far. The velvet tells me another tale, my friend. The pile lies down along this line, and this line, and this line"—he drew his finger down Percival's back. "I think your master's staff has been at work here. Therefore it was no case for the hemp-collar. And he sent you packing, I see. The white dust of Hampshire cries from those shoes; and here, as I live by bread, is some Hampshire hay to tell me where your bed was made last night." He pulled a long stalk from Percival's trunks, and tasted it. "Whitchurch hay?" he asked. Percival replied, "No, Sir; Sombourn."

"Ah!" says the Captain, "I knew it was grown on the western side of the shire. My palate is out of order. Where does your master live then?"

"At Bemerton, Sir, in Wilts."

"I know the place"—he considered it, gently rubbing his nose—"good pasture lands about Avon. My Lord Moleyns owns the fee; but yours was not his badge. Would it be—no? Never old Touchett? Angry Touchett, as we called him in the old days?"

"Sir Simon Touchett is his name, Sir," says Percival. The Captain snapped his fingers and looked blandly at the merchant.

"Do I prick deep, Scrivener? Now then, to it once more. Angry Touchett has a pretty daughter, hey?"

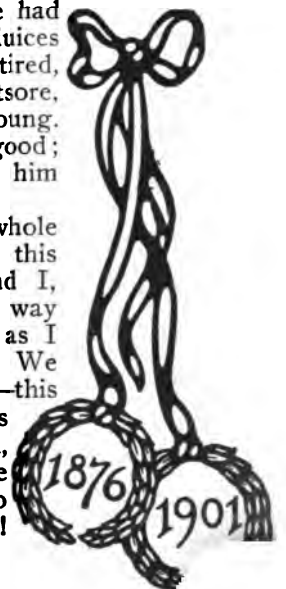
"He hath four," says Percival. The merchant sniggered, and the Captain tapped his teeth; then jumped up with a snort, pulling Percival after him. "Boy," he cried, venturing his all on the main, "you love the second daughter of Angry Touchett!"

He deserved to win. Percival opened his mouth, words failing him. The merchant said "Tush!" and walked away; and Captain Brazenhead clasped the youth in his arms. You may be quite easy in your mind as to whether or not the whole

story was poured out unreservedly.

True it was, according to his own tale, that Percival Perceforest, foot-page to Sir Simon Touchett, Knight, had loved his master's second daughter, Mistress Mawdley. Certain familiarities growing unawares, and growing dearer by use; certain innocent natural testimonials given and received; certain pledges scrupulously observed, were followed by certain unmistakable tokens. It was all very innocent and passably foolish—a boy-and-girl, kiss-in-the-dark, dream o' nights affair; but Angry Touchett had beaten his daughter and trounced his page. He had packed the girl off to her aunt, the Prioress of Ambresbury, and Percival to the devil, whom he conceived to be his natural father. Poor Percival, absurdly in earnest over his lovemaking, had skulked to Ambresbury over the downs and learned the news there—all as much to the detriment of his spirits as of his trim adornment. The news being that the Prioress would take her niece on pilgrimage to Canterbury, Percival, too, felt the call of Saint Thomas; he followed, taking the hospitalities that offered on the road; he saw the entry of Mawdley into Winchester with the Ambresbury retinue; saw her lodged in the stately Abbey of Hyde beyond the North gate. He had seen and been seen, and this mutual grief had been too many for him. He had opened the brimming sluices of his heart; he was tired, sick, longing, footsore, heartsore, desperate, young. Tears had done him good; but the Captain did him more.

When he had the whole story out, "Now," said this intrepid man, "you and I, Percival, are in the fair way of a classic friendship, as I see very well. What! We have mingled tears"—this was true—"Confidences have passed"—they had, but all one way;—"we have looked each into the heart of the other!"



You shall be Patrocle to a new Achilles, Harmonium to Aristogeiton. Or let me stand for Theseus, Duke of Athens, you shall be a nobleman, whose name is on the tip of my tongue, who was followed by his loving attentions to the gates of Hell Town. Now, just as Achilles was kindled by the sparks beaten from the heart of Patrocle, whom he tenderly loved, so shall I most reasonably be by you, my Perceforest. If Theseus went to Hell after that other gentleman, I will go to Bemerton if needs be. But needs will not. Needs call elsewhere. What do you say to a likely manor in Kent, with the title of a Lord of Parliament, cousin and councillor to a great king? You have a kingly name; for was not Perceforest king of all England? Everybody knows that. You may carve out these rewards and have your little Mawdley under your arm all the while. Come; I see a part of the way, but I am plaguily a-thirst with all this tongue-work. Come, boy, let us drink. Leave the rest to me; counsel comes on the flood. But let us by no means omit our respects to the respectable Saint Swithin, lord of this place. Come, my game-bird, bend the knee with me."

## II.

## WILES OF CAPTAIN BRAZENHEAD.

They bent the knee together, the man of blood and the weeper, then rose up and went out of the great church. As they journeyed the Captain was good enough to expound his philosophy of saints and ladies, whom he classed together as amiable emollients of our frail age, as so much ointment necessary to us in early manhood, better (however) taken early in life and always in moderation.

Nearing the inn, he became full of thought, and his face took on so

portentous a cast of brooding melancholy that Percival dared not break in upon him. The Captain, as the result showed, had been thinking partly of beer; for he drank deeply and at once of this fount of solace, with both hands at the flagon. Percival sipped his beer delicately, without wetting more than the red of the lips; his little finger pointed to the sky as he lifted his jug. This was not lost upon the Captain, who said to himself, "It is easy to see that you are higher born than you suppose, my lambkin: so much the better for Jack." But when he had again drunk copiously, thrown down the flagon for dogs to sniff at, and wrung out his beard, moustachios and eyebrows, regardless of his birth, he slapped his young friend on the thigh, saying, "I have it, game-poult, I have it."

"What have you, Sir?" asked Percival.

The Captain replied, "There is but one thing to have in the world, since you and I are one. I have your Mawdley like a bird in a net." He shut his two hands together, to shape a cage; one of his thumbs was stuck up for the inmate. "She is in there, I tell you," he averred. "Do you see her?"

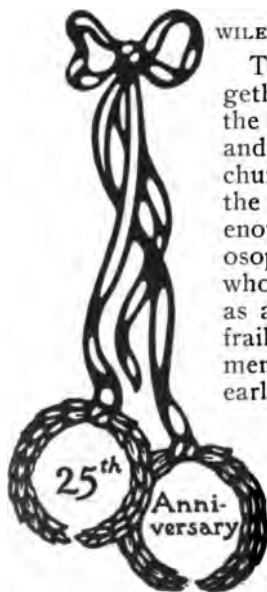
"Yes, Sir," says Percival.

"You are a good lad," replied the Captain; "and I'll tell you this for certain-sure. You, too, shall be in there, billing on the same perch, in three shakes of a leg, if you follow me. Is this to your liking?" Percival seized his friend's hand.

"Oh, I will follow you to the world's end, dear Sir!" he cried with fervour; and the Captain, "You shall follow me no further than Kent at this present. Now listen, and answer me. This Prioress of Ambresbury, what favors hath she? Is she a big lady, or a little mincing, can-I-venture kind of lady? Is she of fine presence or mean? In a word, doth she favour your tun or your broomstick?"

"She is a fine woman, Sir," replied Percival, "with a most notable shape."

"Aha!" says the Captain, "I feel a



Turk. Now then, what sort of a train hath she? Many or few?"

"Sir, she is accompanied as her due is, by two stirrup boys, half a score of men-at-arms, an esquire of the body, a seneschal, a confessor, and five tirewomen; to say nothing of Sister Guiscarda, who hath no teeth to speak of, or of Sister Petronilla, who loves me a little out of pity." The Captain, musing, made a note of Sister Petronilla.

"Very sufficient indeed for an honourable gentlewoman," he said, "and very pleasing to God, I am sure. Now, if I twisted the neck of one of those stirrup-jacks, and put you into his place and breeches, who is the worse?" Percival glowed in his skin.

"No one would be the worse, Sir," says he, "save perchance the boy whose neck you should be pleased to wring; and, oh, Sir, many, many would be the better!"

"Let be then," said the Captain; "I will arrange it for you." Percival sighed.

"How shall I thank you, my noble benefactor?" he said earnestly. The Captain put hands on his shoulders.

"You shall thank me by your deeds, my lad. I know a youth of parts when I see him, a pale face that knows the look of letters, a thin hand that can curl about a penholder. You are exactly what I need. Don't suppose that you are not to work for your bliss. You shall do a pretty work in the world before you are a moon older. Now I am for the Abbey of Hyde. Have you any commands for me? A billet for the round eyes of Mawdley Touchett? A love-lock? Ah, you are shorn like a Burgundian, I see."

"Sir," says Percival, "I will write if I may!"

"Write, write," his friend urged him. "I am glad you have the knack of that. Presently you shall be writing for the Realm!"

Percival, using his knee for desk, wrote in the inn-yard:

"My pretty lamb, these words shall kiss eyes, letting thee know that I am near at hand, withal crying to be nearer. And so I shall be anon as I am assured by the noblest friend

ever young man had. Start not, colour not, be surprised at nothing thou shalt see or hear to-morrow. O my lovely love, my rose, my dear, kiss this paper where my heart is split. From thy true love,

"POOR PERCIVAL.

"To my sweet Mistress Mawdley Touchett, by a trusty hand."

"Read it over to me, boy," said Captain Brazenhead. This Percival did with some confusion of face.

"By the bones of Saint Jezebel," said his friend, "that is the prettiest letter but three I have ever read of—ah, or caused to be written. Soon enough, that gate, you shall wriggle where that will go. Now help me out with my horse and stuff. I lodge at Hyde this night; and do you lie snug in the Strangers' Hall, my dear, and stay there till I send for you."

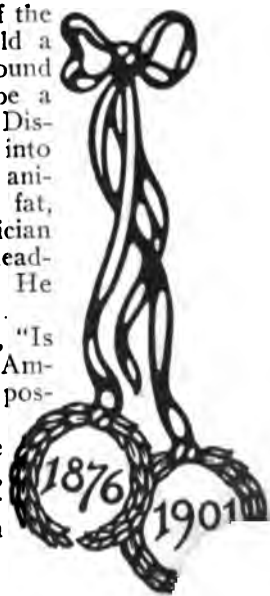
### III.

#### HOW CAPTAIN BRAZENHEAD WAS HIMSELF RECRUITED.

The deeds of Captain Brazenhead from this point became swift and ruthless; they demand epic treatment wholly beyond my present means, and would be omitted, with a bare mention of the fact accomplished, were it not for one beautiful flaw in them, very characteristic of the man, which (although he had no notion of it then), entirely spoiled his own real design, to Percival Perceforest's incalculable benefit. Let me, therefore, say that the Captain rode (upon his stolen horse) into the stables of the Abbot of Hyde, and told a lay-brother whom he found there that he was to be a guest for that night. Dismounted, he stalked into the stables to see the animals. There was a fat, cream-coloured Galician horse there, with a head-stall of red leather. He risked his all upon that.

"What!" he cried out, "Is my gossip the lady of Ambresbury abroad? Is it possible?"

"Her ladyship is here for one night, indeed, Sir," says lay-brother Eupeptus. The Captain



faced him, with terrible eyes.

"And does she know, thinkest thou, bare-poll, that her dear Cambases is herded with common sumpter-beasts? By my head, I will never believe it. Where are her people? Where are her two stirrup boys, her half-a-score men-at-arms, her esquire of the body, her seneschal, her confessor, her five tirewomen, to say nothing of Sister Guiscarda, who has no teeth, or of Sister Petronilla, who loves me a little out of pity? Lord of battles, master, answer me quick!"

"Sir," replied the trembling brother, "I believe they are in chapel at this hour; but the two lads are out in the meads, I am sure, birds-nesting. I saw them go down this half-hour or more, and I'll swear to their present occupation (once they be there), by my lively hopes of Heaven."

Captain Brazenhead, with a great air, strode out of the courtyard; but instead of going into the Abbey, he turned through a wicket gate into the Abbot's garden, skirted a yew hedge, found a hole in it, wormed himself through, crossed a kitchen plot, a herbary, a nuttury, climbed a wall by means of a fig tree, and dropped ten feet into the Meads. Then he took his way over the growing grass towards the river, which he saw coiling between banks of bright green, like a blue snake enlarging under the sun. The evening

was very fair, the sun behind the towers of Wolvesey, the rooks circling about the Nuns' walk; larks soared and sang; a soft wind played over the meadows. The Captain particularly delighted in the cowslips which, springing everywhere about his feet, appealed to his tenderest feelings and caused him to skip like a lamb unweaned lest he should unhappily tread on any nodding crown of them. "My fresh beauties! My dairy-delights!" cried he, "I would as soon trample my mother's grave as your wagging golden heads!" Prancing

thus, full of the soft mood which opening adventure always brings to the truly adventurous, carolling and talking secrets to the flowers, he drew near the smooth flowing, dimpled waters of Itchen, deep and dark just here. Right and left, up and down river he looked, first at the rising trout, next for bigger game. He clacked his tongue in his cheek at what he made out. "I am in luck's way this happy evening," he told himself: "I have divided the enemy." This was the case. To his left he saw a figure in dark clothes—or (to be exact) the lower half of a figure, busy in a clump of osiers; to his right another, very delicately pink in the declining sunlight, sitting on the bank of the river, naked arms clasping naked knees, chin atop. "This is my game," said the Captain to himself; I leave sedge-warblers to the other innocent. This one is a bather. He shall have a long swim, by my immortal part."

Captain Brazenhead, on his belly, crept warily up a drain; and it had assuredly gone ill with the Prioress's stirrup-boy had his stalking enemy not happened upon some very early forget-me-nots growing upon the north bank of his covert. This is one of those star-directed chances which may change the fates of empires. Seeing these flowers, "Oh, patch of Heaven's blue! Oh, eyes of the deep hiding place of my God!" breathed the prone, delighted Captain Brazenhead: "Oh, color of Sacred Hope, what blissful fortune drew my sight to thine?" He picked two or three of the starry flowers and peered over the drain as he did so, at the unconscious youth, who, with his knees clasped between his hands, still looked at the water. Said the Captain in his thought, "My lad, these azure blossoms have saved thy virgin life. Thank the Maker of all flowers!" So said, he sprang suddenly upon him from behind, as a boy will throw himself upon a great fish in a shallow. The boy smothered under fold upon fold of Captain, could neither move nor cry out: one great knee was over his mouth, another pressed the pit of his stomach, his toes were pricked by a fierce beard. The Captain at leisure





reached over for his captive's shirt, and tore it into three long strips over his head. With one of these he securely bound the prisoner's ankles; turning him over, he next tied his hands behind his back. Lastly he wound up his mouth with three or four thicknesses of calico; then carried him off and laid him snugly in the drain, which was very nearly dry. He did not forget to choose a place for him close to the patch of early forget-me-nots. "There, my chicken," he said kindly, "your eyes shall be gladdened by the sight of the innocent saviours of your life. Look upon these little blue beauties, and thank God night and morning for one of the fairest sights His world can offer." So said, he picked up the discarded clothes and ran as fast as he could towards the Abbey.

He broke through gates and doors, raced down passages, crossed the Little Cloister, and jostled a way for himself between the crowd of servants at the lower end of the Refectory. The monks were at supper under the direction of the Prior, who sat at the high table. The Lord Abbot, no doubt, was entertaining his guests in his parlor; was, therefore, more remote from approach. It would be necessary for the Captain to roar if he wished (as he did wish) to be heard in there; and yet his sense of fitness told him that he should not bewail outrageously so slight a misfortune as he had been able to procure. "The noise I shall have to make," he had said to himself, reasoning as he ran, "if I am to penetrate the walls of the Abbot's parlor, would be extravagant for the death of a prelate; tush! and I am to waste it upon a thin little boy not even drowned in truth. But how else can I do to serve my friend Perceforest?"

Even as he said the words, being within the doors of the refectory, he began a wail which might well wake the dead. Holding on high the limp testimony of his news, he poured the whole of his magnificent natural organ into gusts and volleys of woe towards the rafters. *Tuba mirum spargens sonum!* "Oh, too much dole to be borne! Oh,

miseria of men! Hapless, hapless Narcissus! Hylas, early cut off! Out and alas, *mes tres chers freres*, look upon these weeds!" It was as if the Seven Vials had been loosed, as if the archangel were sounding the last trump, and all the unhappy dead voicing their despair. "*O, lasso! O, troppo, troppo dolore!*" pursued the Captain, intoxicated with his fancy and breaking easily into the Italian. The monks and their guests were all on foot, the servants ran about, the dogs came out from the tables and howled at the howling Captain; the Reverend Prior whipped his napkin from his neck (lest he should strangle) and swallowed a toast before the time. A picture of tragic woe, the Captain stood before him, exhibiting in one hand a pair of murrey breeches and jerkin of leather, in the other a stout shoe, two worsted stockings, and what remained of a shirt.

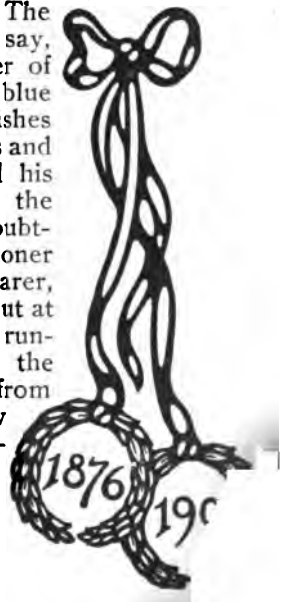
"Look at these tokens, Reverend Father," says the Captain, "and shudder with me."

"Who are you?" asked the Prior. The Captain was ready for that.

"I am Mallecho, the Sorrowful Spite, the Dark Herald, Testadrame."

"And why under Heaven do you show me your old clothes?" the Prior asked him, testily; the Captain with sobs enlarged upon the question. Would to God, he cried out, that they had been his. Alas! they had covered a younger, more blossoming body than his old skin could hold. The nymphs, he went on to say, had the beauteous owner of these weeds; Itchen's blue wave rolled over him, fishes explored his armpits, eels and other serpents wreathed his legs. "This man," said the Reverend Prior, "is undoubtedly mad. Let the Almoner be sent for, the Infirmarer, and the Exorciser—" But at that moment a monk, running in, knelt before the Prior, a messenger from the Lord Abbot to know what this monstrous condition could be about.

(To be continued.)



# MY FRIENDS, THE CRANKS

By ANOTHER OF THEM.

Sketches by De Fornaro.

**T**HE average man or woman has no idea how many people are deeply interested in his well-being and in his elevation. While we common mortals sleep there are scores of "superior" beings hard at work devising ways and means by which the many ills human flesh is heir to shall vanish and everybody shall be made happy and contented. Yea, should, by any accident, the universe itself grow squeaky in its orbits, should the earth, moon and all planets suddenly start out on a mad careening in unlimited space, some one is sure to have a remedy against it.

"Social Reform" is just now a thing to swear by. On all sides we see "reformers" rise up, and the multitude and variety of their proposed remedies are really bewildering. But gradually one begins to discern things, and he indeed would be devoid of all sense of humor who would not in due time find some of these "reformers" very "amusing cusses."



*Prof.  
Nasenbuettel.*

As long as these "reformers" move along certain well-defined lines they remain sane and, to a certain measure, even judicious. Still, in the great mass of these dilettantes there are always a number of people who get hold of some crude idea—or, rather, whom some crude idea gets hold of—and they go off in one direction, looking at things with grotesquely colored

sistence often in the most absurd opinions they become known cranks.

Now some cranks might be dangerous—I have never met one of that brand. As a rule, however, they are people lacking in the sense of proportion, extremely conceited and laboring under the considerable handicap of knowing that the weight of the whole world rests upon their shoulders. Nevertheless they are harmless, and if taken with due regard to their real importance

they become deliciously amusing, the more so because they are really sincere in their beliefs, true apostles of their crack-brained theories, and are by no means to be confounded with the lot of swindlers and charlatans who pose as the expounders of all kinds of theories in order to catch the dollar of the credulous, foolish or unwary.

Take, for instance, my friend, the professor of olfactory research. A man handicapped, to begin with, by the name of Athanasius Nasenbuettel, how could he help evolving some peculiar theory? Now this learned gentle-

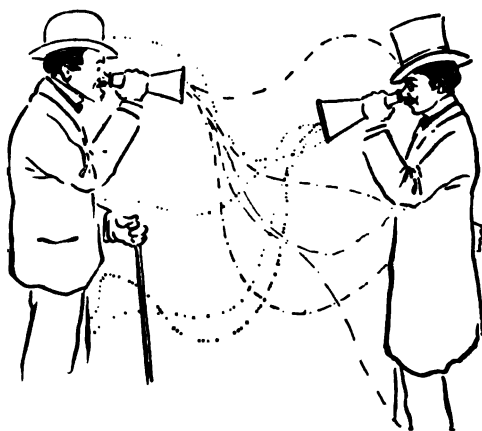


*The author.*

man chose chemistry, psychology and physiology for his special field. And while he was digging at his studies he discovered the roots of a new and important science. He has spent over thirty years in the building up and elaboration of his discovery, earning his scanty living by teaching English to backward German lads. In his native land the professor found no encouragement, and New York has not yet recognized his worth, in spite of eloquent speeches delivered before all sorts of audiences.

Let me give just a hint of how the professor looks. His tall form is wrapped in a closely-buttoned frock coat; his head crowned by a remarkable high hat. His eyes are hidden behind blue goggles, and his long, thin nose protrudes very prominently; and by his theory the nose is really the most important part of the human anatomy, for his science is simply the science of smells. The Professor considers it a great crime that we neglect the training of our olfactory organs. His argument carries conviction to himself.

"Character is the result of habit; habit originates in repeated action, and back of all actions is the brain. The impulse given to any set of muscles or to any bundle of nerves is the result of chemical changes in the brain tissue. The cranium, you see, sir, is nothing but a compact chemical laboratory, and all chemical processes



*A well-trained olfactory organ will quickly discern the various odors.*

are accompanied by a variety of smells, depending upon the chemical compounds that are the outcome of the changes. So much is quite clear.

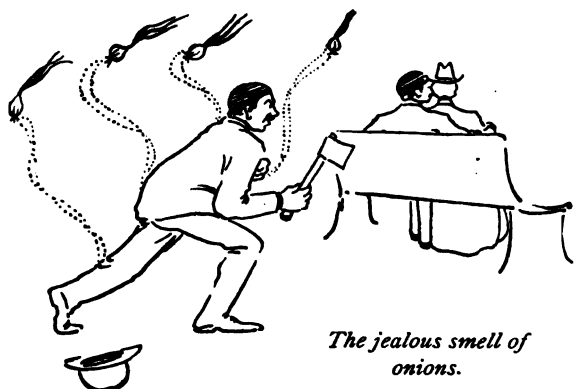
"Thus it must follow that a well-trained olfactory organ will quickly discern the various odors which emanate from the various individuals. The oftener a certain action is repeated, the more marked will be its particular, characteristic odor, and one trained for that purpose can therefore quickly tell a man's character by the smell."

And to lighten the difficulties of the student, the Professor has compiled a table which gives us the following important information: "Beware of the man who exhales the odor of the Bermuda onion; he is jealous and given to rash deeds. He might prove an assassin on the least provocation. You can trust the man who carries with him the aroma of freshly-roasted coffee, for he is generous, amiable and a good companion. Cinnamon stands for stinginess; the perfume of the violet augurs a spendthrift. Musk should make you beware of the woman who smells like it; she is a fury, and would delight in scratching out your eyes. An inflexible will is indicated by the odor of over-ripe cheese; the man with no backbone will remind you of stale cigar smoke."

And in his list he enumerates 264 different odors, each of them reduced to a chemical formula, and each of



*You can trust the man who carries with him the aroma of freshly-roasted coffee.*



*The jealous smell of onions.*

them representing some phase of human character.

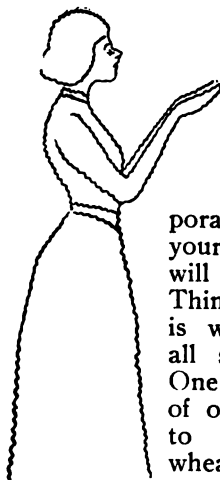
Is the application of this interesting science not obvious? The moment we all can smell the characteristic tendencies of everybody else, all cheating and deceit, all injustice and oppression will cease. We will no longer have to spend years of our lives in learning all sorts of things. The nose will become the ruling power, olfactory science will be the only thing taught, and the name of Anastasius Nasenbuettel will be blessed by untold millions.

But a woman on the Florida Coast, known as "the vibrating lady," has a still easier cure-all. Her discovery is simplicity itself. "Life is motion," says she, "and motion is vibration. The whole universe is one mass of vibrations. To be happy, one must vibrate in harmony with the universe. If you are attuned to the proper pitch, then all is harmony." And she has found that proper pitch, and can teach you, too, the perfection of harmonious vibration. There is nothing else she could not do. Time, space and matter do not bind or hinder her; she annihilates them all. She will vibrate success for you and all, and she will send out waves that will make this world one glorious vale of perpetual sunshine and spring. Already it is positively asserted that she has vibrated people into jail and out of jail, and on one occasion she vibrated a rise of six points in six days of A.I. Chicago pork. She even came very

near vibrating jealousy out from the nature of a shrew, and had the conditions been a shade more favorable she would have vibrated a dead husband out of his grave and into the arms of his bereaved widow.

And yet no Hall of Fame has as yet inscribed her name upon its walls, and though she publishes a magazine, every line in which is written by herself, no university has asked her to be the first incumbent of a chair for the "science of vibrations." Such is human ingratitude!

But wait. Let it be only thoroughly understood that man's sole and proper food is the raw grain of wheat, all this will change. For a new prophet has arisen in Israel. The gospel of raw wheat is his. No more kitchen fires, no more slaughter-houses, no more fruit-eating, no more killing of any life—animal or vegetable! "Eat wheat, drink water," that is the all-in-all. Life depends on life. The life principle is the essence of all things," teaches Mr. Sponsor. "When you boil a vegetable, when you fry a potato, when you bake a pancake, you destroy the principle. Wheat contains all the nutriment man needs. Retain the life principle in it, incorporate the live grain in your system and you will become immortal. Think of the time that is wasted in producing all sorts of food-stuffs. One hour's work a week of one man is sufficient to produce enough wheat to support a dozen. Can you picture to yourself the care and comfort that will reign



*The vibrating lady.*

when I have converted mankind to my theory? Then indeed will the arts flourish, brotherhood of men become a fact and the millennium come to stay." Unfortunately for Mr. Sponsor, and to the shame of the world, the great apostle of raw wheat has not

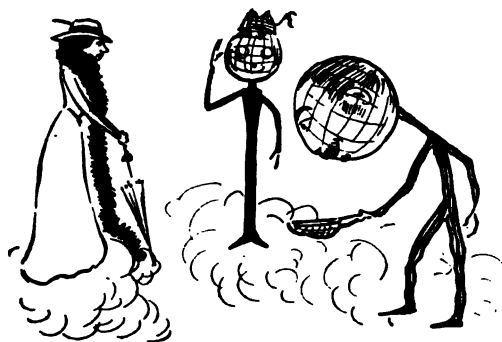
made a single convert in all his ten years of preaching. But then he need not despair. There are other worlds besides our own, and Vesta La Viesta, of Gotham, has found the way to visit them.

Cover your heads in shame, you Teslas and Edisons who have tried to find a way to send signals to Mars. What you could not achieve a woman has done. And she has not only signalled to the planets, she has visited them all, and come back to us to tell of what she saw. Yes, Vesta La Viesta is no mere dabbler in speculation. No; she speaks of what she saw, and truly wonderful are her accounts.

"The surface of Jupiter consists of a soft, elastic, porous or spongy mould," she tells us. "Its color is a dull dark-brown, and it is never perfectly dry. But this dampness does not make the soil slippery or sticky, nor disagreeable or injurious to health." Where that dampness comes from is something of a mystery, for she assures us that there is never any rain on that planet.

"I have seen on Jupiter," she continues, "a great many men and women, but no children; they all resemble each other so strongly that they invariably suggest that they are all love blossoms born of the same happy father and mother. What a lovely sight it was!"

But perhaps it is more interesting for us to know that the people of Mars have been trying to communicate with us for thousands of years, and have believed that our failure to read and answer their messages proved that our earth was not inhabited. Fortunately for the dwellers on both planets, Vesta La Viesta

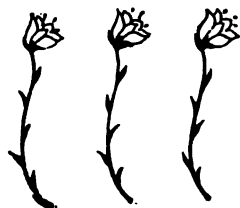


*The trip from Gotham to Mars.*

has dispelled this error of theirs, and to us she tells that "Mars is peopled with a stalwart race of men as black as ebony. They are wiry, muscular and supple; they flash fiery radiations from their muscles, which make their presence decidedly luminous, lively and, at times, somewhat dazzling." Unfortunately Vesta La Viesta is forbidden by the spirits that rule her to make public the methods by which the ordinary mortals could make the same voyage she made.

Not to be outdone by an inhabitant of our earth, Venus has sent us one of her representatives. "The Man from Venus" came to Cleveland, Ohio, directly from the star, but via Canada. He tells us in excellent English (acquired on his journey through space) that there is no such a thing as sickness in his home planet, and having compassion on us poor earthly things he sought and obtained the permission to come down here and cure us. He is the most lenient physician I know of.

If you are sick, just put the magazine he publishes on that part of your body where you feel pain. Keep it there over night and you shall be whole and well in the morning. But you must not forget to contribute something toward the expenses of his trip homeward, else you will not be cured—that

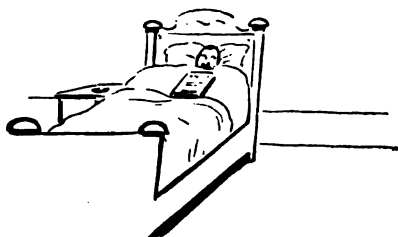


*Love blossoms born of the same happy father.*



*The apostle of wheat.*

is, unless you take a course of study in the Psychic University of the State of Ohio, run by another apostle of benevolence, pure and simple. For a consideration he will send you the outline of all his lectures, and though they



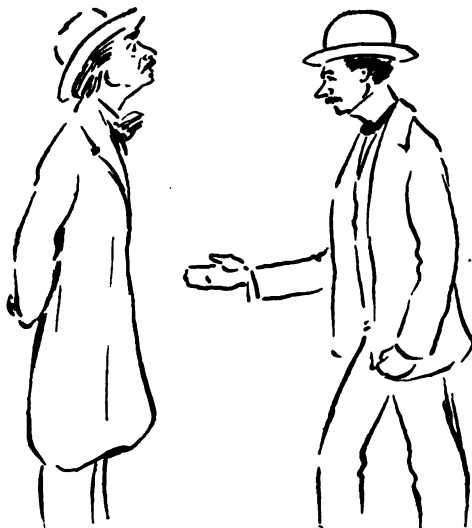
*Just but the magazine where you feel pain.*

comprise twenty-four different subjects, he has so much faith in his powers that with them he sends you a diploma creating you an A. P. D. (Doctor of Applied Psychics), and guaranteeing you with his scientific honor that you shall never get into any uncomfortable position out of which you could not extricate yourself by the application of applied psychics.

And, speaking of psychics, it would not be fair to neglect the great Psycho, George Francis Train. He, perhaps, shows more clearly than any other being how dangerous it is to become self-centered and to be dominated by one idea. As a young man, Train laid the first tram tracks in London; he controlled the fastest sailing ships on the Atlantic and the Pacific; he was a factor in the building of the Pacific railroads, and up to a few weeks ago he held the record of time in circling the globe. And yet he is to-day, and has been for years, a hopeless crank, becoming more eccentric as the years go by, and spending his time in concocting more absurd schemes than any dozen cranks together. Train ascribes most of the ills of society to the pernicious habit of shaking hands. According to him, vitality is centered in the palm, and whenever you shake hands with any one above five years of age he robs you of a part of your vitality. For a quarter of a century he has not shaken hands with any man or woman, and by virtue of this alone

he has accumulated a force of psychic vitality which enables him to hold the whole world in the hollow of his hand and to order all happenings. For months at a time he will not leave his little room except to get his meals, will speak to no one, and writes "poetry" which would drive a camel into madness. But, whether he is in retirement, as he calls it, because the world is not worthy of his attention, or whether he is accessible, he is never seen without a big bunch of flowers in his buttonhole and a wide, flaming red sash around his waist. The flowers and the sash denote his mastery over the destiny of the world; and when you hear him say that by moving one joint of his finger he could send the whole universe into everlasting perdition, you will admit that he is convinced of the truth of his statement. He revels in the self-given title, "Crank of All Cranks," and he edits a magazine "written by cranks for cranks."

And if some of the cranks are interesting and amusing, all by themselves, a congregation of them would cure the most jaundiced grumbler from his blues. There was a crank's congress held a year ago in Boston. True, they did not style themselves officially "cranks," but modestly used the term,



*For a quarter of a century he has not shaken hands.*

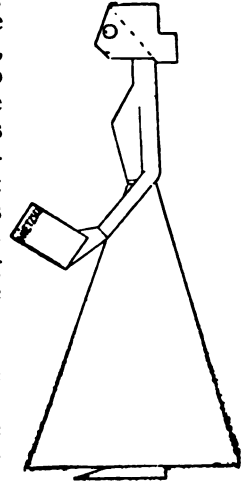
"those who are interested in the betterment of humanity." When the seventy-odd individuals who responded to the call, assembled, they presented a sight not easily to be forgotten. Nowhere outside of an insane asylum could you duplicate that assembly. There was not a man or woman present who would not show some peculiarity of dress or demeanor. The clamor of their discordant voices ceased only when the presiding officer had introduced as the first speaker a young man who described himself as "the anticrat." The subject of his talk was to be anticracy, and he launched forth in a dissertation of his pet theory, using five-syllable words at every opportunity, and speaking at the rate of about 180 words to the minute. "If I could only find a dozen people," he shouted, "endowed with a cerebrum approximately conformed to mine, I would revolutionize this continent in less than five hours. But, search as diligently as I may, I failed to find a single individual capable of comprehending my deductions. I cannot donate you cerebral capabilities." That was as far as the young man got. At least twenty people were on their feet, and all of them began to talk at once, expressing their resentment of the slur cast upon them. Epithets began to fly, and a woman whose face resembled a problem of Euclid threw a volume of Nietzsche

at the head of the anticrat. The missile struck the presiding officer, who indignantly left the chair. At least a dozen people rushed forward, intent upon seating themselves in the president's chair, and the hubbub grew. Finally the more calm ones began to withdraw, and the first congress of cranks came to an untimely end long before any of the numerous lectures that were on the program could be delivered.

Who shall be rash enough to gauge what loss posterity has suffered thereby?

Who knows what important and beneficial discoveries have been withheld by their discoverers, and who can figure it out what progress the world would have made had the congress lasted for three days?

But, though the congress failed, the cranks are still alive and hustling. They continue to expound their theories, and ultimately they will make us all happy, even without our knowledge, and perhaps against our wishes.



*Whose face resembled a problem of Euclid.*





# PELHAM OF



Decoration by John Cecil Clay

Up to the forefront, spoke never a breath;  
Up to the battle, to cannon and death;  
Up to the fierce guns over the ford,  
Rode young John Pelham, his hat on his sword.  
Out spoke bold Stuart, our cavalry lord,  
"Back to your guns, lad!"—never a word  
Uttered the gunner, as onward he spurred.  
On with the cavalry—no business there—  
Backward the wind blew his bright yellow hair,  
Back blew the battle-smoke from the red fire,  
Up rose the battle-dust, higher and higher.  
Out rang the silver notes, clear as a bell,  
Heard above bursting of shrapnel and shell.  
Out rang the orders from Fitz Lee, the brave,  
"Charge the left battery!" God! 'tis his grave!  
On by the crashing balls, hissing balls, then,  
Sabres and pistols and horses and men  
Over the hill went, over the dead  
Fitz Lee and cavalry, Pelham ahead.  
Down by the sulphur smoke to the red plain  
On the left battery, Pelham is slain.  
Gently now, comrades, take up the bier;  
Bear it back quickly, the battle is near,  
Run down the charger, muffle the tread,  
Weep, Light Artillery! Pelham is dead!

Soft! Let me look at the white, white face,  
Fair as a woman, all womanly grace.

# ALABAMA



Closed are the eyes that flashed on the field,  
Broken the falchion that never would yield.  
Still is the heart that beat for his land,  
Hushed is the voice and cold is the hand.  
Never to ride with the ringing brigade,  
Never to lead with the glittering blade,  
Never to charge with the Red Cross again,  
Weep, Light Artillery! Pelham is slain!

Peace, Light Artillery! 'Tis the hero we bear,  
Brush back the threads of his bright sunny hair.  
Call him the gallant, and tell him we weep.  
Mighty in battle, how calm is his sleep!  
All hail ye, his comrades! Stifle your grief,  
Look! 'tis the face of your beautiful chief.  
Droop, Red Cross banner! Pitiless gun,  
Peace! 'Tis the ashes of Chivalry's son.

Weep, Alabama! Another of thine  
Hath pillowed his soul at the ultimate shrine.  
He passed from your midst to the valley of tears,  
And left you the footprints of glorious years.  
Droop, Red Cross banner! the gallant and brave  
Slumbers but now for the echoless grave.  
Run down the charger, muffle the tread,  
Weep, Alabama! John Pelham is dead.

WILLIAM CARTER.

# THE GREAT AUTOMOBILE RACE FROM PARIS TO BERLIN

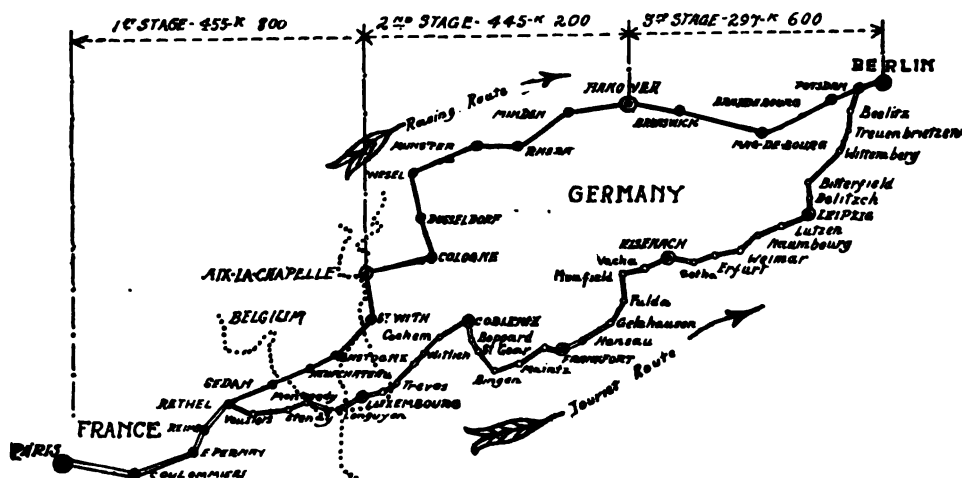
By STERLING HEILIG.

**I**N Paris the night of June 26, 1901, passed abnormally. From midnight on the great arteries of the capital began filling with innumerable automobiles, autocycles, bicycles and cabs, their lanterns projecting search-light floods of radiance—Chinese-lantern color-splashes and yellow petroleum blurs on the darkness. All followed the same general direction, from west to east, drawing together at the Place de la Bastille, where they melted into two long, flashing rows that moved down the avenue in the direction of the Vincennes wood. All were *en route* for Champigny, beside the old fort, from which the great Automobile Race to Berlin was due to start at 3 A. M.

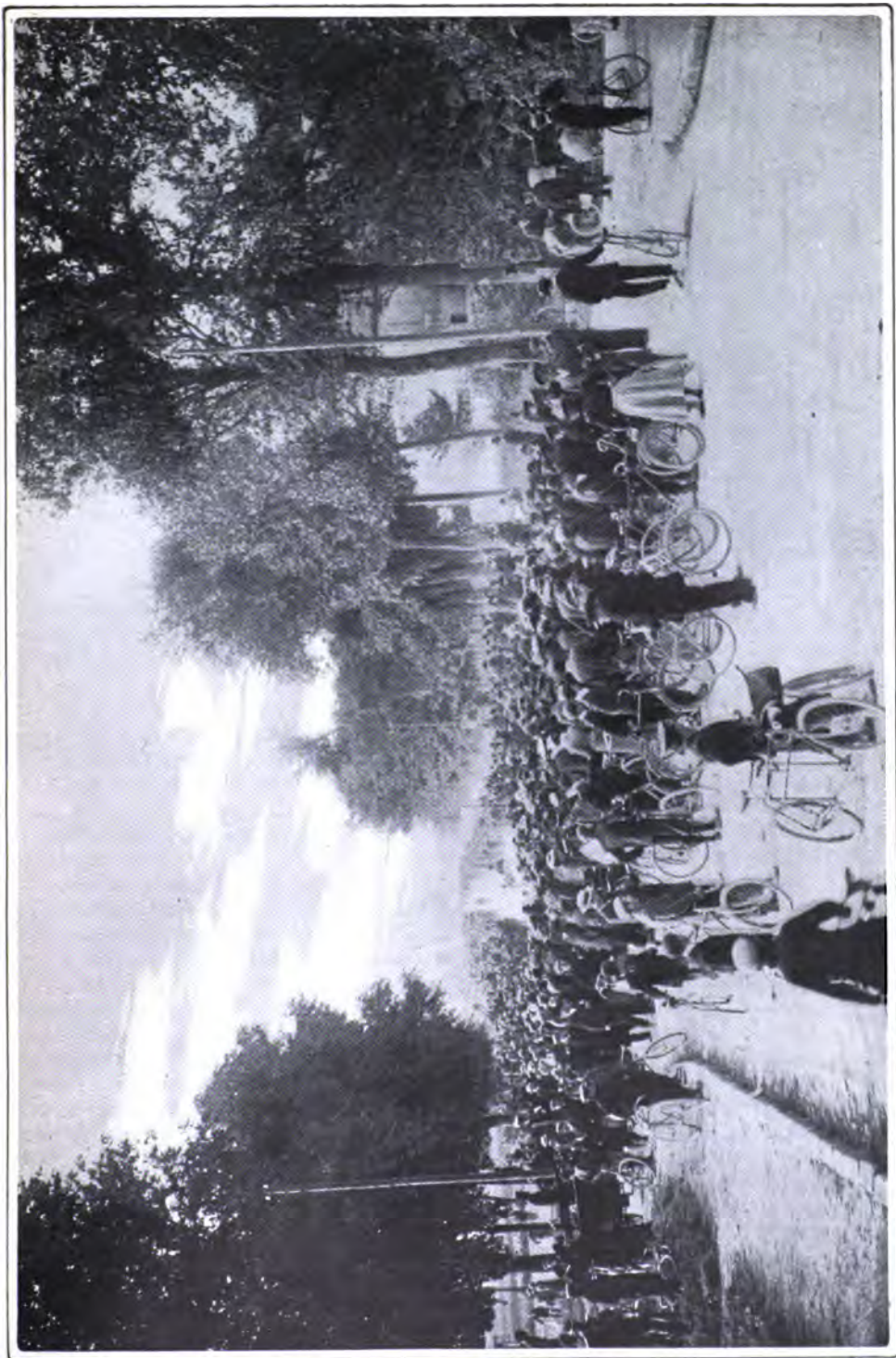
At Champigny, amid the cycling multitude, amid the slangy outer fringe of suburban loafers, it looked like a

meet of the Automobile Club, reinforced by an astonishing contingent of tailor-gowned Parisiennes. In a long row at one side of the wide road the monster petroleum automobile racers began waking up and growled in deep bass notes. Their vibrations shook you as you passed them.

The timekeepers talked with the judges. Now and then a scouting automobile would dash up with news and dash away again. The day was dawning. The last formalities had been accomplished, and men stood with stop-watches in their hands. Sixty gendarmes and a hundred policemen attempted to keep order, but as the last minutes approached the continually growing multitude again and again broke through the barriers. At last M. Huet, the official *chronometreur*, made his signal to the police. Actually forced to use the flats of their cut-



The Course.



*The start. At the right Fournier is seen just about to get under way.*

lasses and strike with their fists, they managed to form a solid mass and clear the track.

The first starter—Giraud, in a light Panhard-Levassor—set his motor at full speed and drew up to the line. It was a solemn moment. The black sky of the night had become violet. In five minutes it would be blue—the dawn.

M. Huet, giving the last instructions to Giraud, consulted his timepiece and said: "One minute more." Then: "Fifteen seconds—ten—five—four—three—

Giraud waved a good-bye.

"—two—one—Go!"

The light *voiture* leaped away from the line like a greyhound, bounded down the *route*, and grew smaller and smaller amid the acclamations of the crowd; and the huzzas had not died down before the first starter of the race had disappeared in a faint cloud of dust.

From now on it was every two minutes. Gilles Hourgières, the first of the Mors heavy champions, was the next off; but what a start,—like a bullet from a cannon! "Fournier" was called, and the crowd yelled again. The winner of Paris-Bordeaux seemed nervous. Being a favorite, they say, embarrasses him. Scarcely fifteen seconds before the signal is given he discovered that his goggles incom-

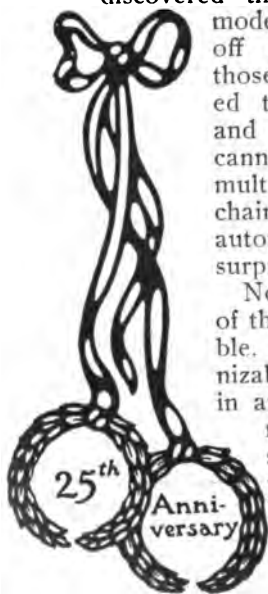
moded him. Pulling them off nervously, he grabbed those of his machinist, handed the machinist his own, and shot off like another cannon ball. Few of the multitude had ever seen such chain-lightning starts: the automobile world is full of surprises!

Now it came the turn of the Panhard-Levassor stable. Absolutely unrecognizable, muffled up, encased in armor, Charron, the winner of Paris-Amsterdam, steered his 30-horse-power racer up to the line. Girardot went off smiling, René de Knyff

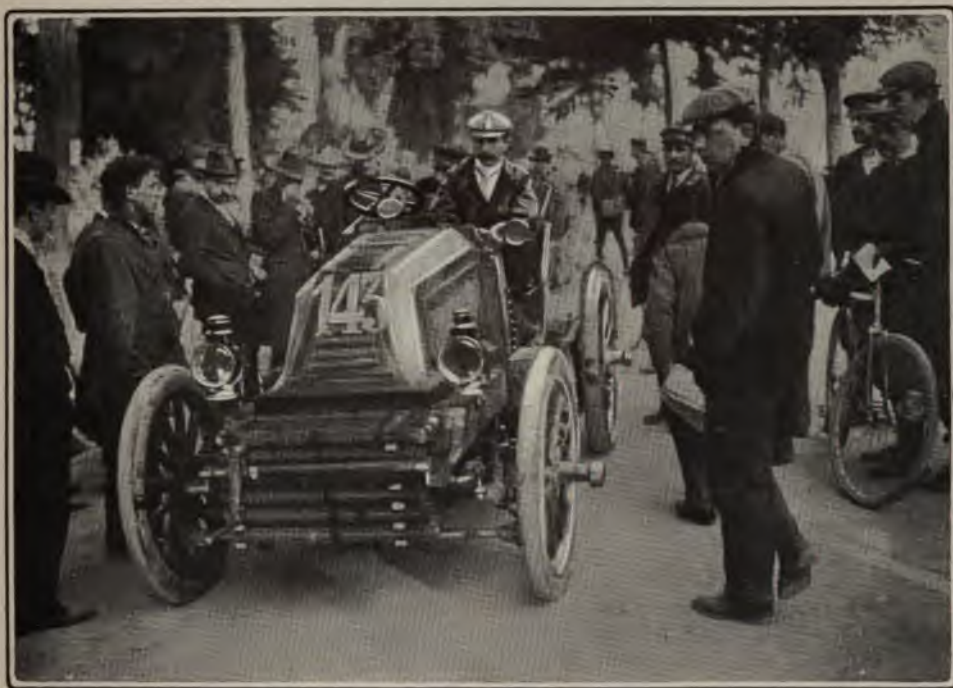
caressing his Olympian beard, Paul Chauchard cold and attentive. M. Serpolette, in his extraordinary steam-automobile, prepared, as he averred, to do 110 kilometers (68) miles per hour, shot off amid mingled admiration and hilarity. So the defile continued, the departs being always furious. And as each flew into the distance the rapt multitude grew silent. They had got what they came for—a sensation, an emotion, an agony, even, of nervous strain communicated to them by these impassive modern gladiators we call *chauffeurs*, who go thundering, crashing, through the dawn into the early morning, onward, onward, flying clouds of dust that do not stop as the sun scorches the white road and they become heat-patches of cyclonic swiftness, boiling, sputtering, sweating, spitting flame, on, on, impassively into the distance. . . .

One hundred and seventy-one contestants had registered; but great constructors, like the German "Mercedès" firm, having taken up blocks of numbers out of mere precaution, a certain amount of "scratching" became inevitable. When it came to filling up the Customs blanks, other individual automobilists dropped out. The day before the start 120 had their papers in order. Of these 109 actually started. Now the question became—How many of them would reach Berlin? Henceforth Paris must depend on the telegraph for news of the great Automobile Race.

There is reason to believe that this unique international contest of June 27-8-9, 1901, will mark the ending of a cycle. The constructors of France, Belgium and Germany made enormous pecuniary sacrifices to surpass each other in this extraordinary series, which, beginning with Paris-Bordeaux in 1895, had gone on each year raising the standard of automobile powerfulness, resistance and speed, but with it the record for reckless driving, unhygienic straining and cruel accidents. The public has had its craze for automobiling—developed with a rapidity that could not have been accomplished by any other method; and







*Foxhall Keene, the American entry, with his Mors automobile.*

even celebrated *chauffeurs* like Fournier, Girardot and Farman look on their own exploits with surprise, so suddenly has their science grown within them. It has been a high-pressure period.

Paris-Bordeaux-and-return was won (with a 4-horse-power machine) at an average speed of 25 kilometers (15½ miles) per hour. In 1896, Paris-Marseilles-and-return was accomplished at the rate of 30 kilometers (18 3-5th miles) per hour. In 1898 it was Paris-Amsterdam-and-return; and the average speed was brought to 40 kilometers (25 miles) per hour. Then, with the *Tour de France* in 1899 and Paris-Lyons and Paris-Toulouse-and-return in 1900, the great speeds and great horse-power capacities began to be reached. After Paris-Bordeaux, in 1901, 80 kilometers (50 miles) per hour began to be talked of as the natural work of a 20, 30 or 40-horse-power petroleum racing automobile; and half the communes of France were up in arms against a new sport, practiced by "a new aristocracy as careless as

the old of the lives and property of humble folk."

The peasants' orators in the French Chamber of Deputies and the workingmen's representatives in the Paris Municipal Council undoubtedly exaggerate the number and quality of the accidents in general, and in particular the speeding *chauffeur's* state of soul; but it is nevertheless true that things have gone so far, in France at least, that the deplorable mischances of Paris-Berlin will have to close the cycle. But on the other hand, it must be admitted that no other form of public entertainment in this democratic age stirs up whole populations to pleasurable interest and activity as does a great automobile race. True, all public circulation over the long route is cut off, and the local gendarmerie is everywhere sent out to see that the unusual decree is respected; but the populations take a holiday—and what a holiday! Along the route all the towns and villages are *en fête*. The populations are stirred to their depths. The main street is decorated, illumin-

ated, alive with mirthful country people. There is music and dancing at night. There are ceremonies, events and speeches by day. The timekeepers at their roadside tables are continually interviewed by knowing yokels, who pick up the racing jargon with facility. "Wang! wang!" Here comes another racer. They have seen his dust at the turn of the road. Clear the way! Pull in that child! The joy of living has come to the remote town!

In Paris the preparations for a race of this character are noticed days beforehand by the crowd continually breaking up and reforming in the broad and brilliant Place de la Concorde, in front of the palatial home of the Automobile Club of France. From 8 A. M. the machines begin gathering. Four at a time are admitted to the club's spacious *garage* ("wheelroom"), where, seated at a table, are two Customs functionaries, aided by two employees in uniform. As automobile after automobile passes before them, the name of its owner, its horse-power, size of wheels, the name of its maker, the description and color of its body are taken down; and then if, after a close inspection by the representatives of the Automobile Club, it is found to be qualified, the whole is certified; and the employees in uniform affix the *plomb*, or lead seal, bearing the words "Douane Centrale, Paris," without

which it might not come back to France. The owner has then to apply to the Customs for his traveling permit, and then go to still another office for his *brassard*, or arm-scarf, a plan of the route and a copy of the rules and regulations.

As, day after day, well-known automobiles came clanging up to the Club's doors the crowd learned to name them. "There is Giraud, one of the Paris-Bordeaux winners!"

"There is Foxhall Keene, the American millionaire, with his 20-horse-power Mors ma-

chine!" Look at Edge's English automobile! It is a veritable locomotive!" Still, word had got about that Mr. Edge had done a flying kilometer in 32 seconds and five miles in 4 minutes 44 seconds on the Chartres road the day before, which this same clumsy-looking Napier car, and the crowd examined it respectfully.

Although the Paris-Berlin race comprised in reality two races, that of "the tourists" and that of "the swift brigade," whose start we have witnessed, the public interest, from the very beginning, had so centered in the latter that the tourists were forgotten before they were well under way. Nothing shows more strikingly the terrific swiftness of the swift brigade than a comparison of the two programs. "The tourists," leaving Paris on the morning of June 22d, were allowed eight days to reach Berlin, stopping overnight at Reims, Luxembourg, Coblenz, Frankfurt, Eisenach, Leipsic and Potsdam. Yet they were timed to enter Berlin with the swift brigade, which left Paris only on the morning of June 27th and had to accomplish the journey in three dashes, sleeping at Aix-la-Chapelle and Hanover *en route*—and in Berlin the third night.

It was felt that this would make a wonderful race, but would it really prove anything? It was coming at the end of a showy series, true; but what had these great contests really developed into? Each had turned out to be merely a series of short consecutive races of from 40 to 50 kilometers (25 to 32 miles), at the end of which the contestants have leisure to breathe, to tighten up their *boulons*, to look after their greasing and oiling. There was no help for it. When the course runs through great towns the authorities insist on precautions being observed; and these precautions have taken the form of "neutralizations." No time is made going through a "neutralized" town. Each contestant is allowed so many minutes in which to traverse it. If he gets through in less time, he has merely gained so many minutes rest. The result is that, making minute calculations, each contestant arranges





that these precious minutes shall yield their fullest value in the three R's: Repose, repairs and refreshment. Between Paris and Aix-la-Chapelle, for example, there were thirteen neutralized towns. Allowing ten minutes



*Madame du Gast, the only woman in the race.*

as an average for each, they make two hours actually consumed to add to record time. Between Aix and Hanover the number of neutralized towns rose to 28—making four hours and a half that will not be found in any record of the great race!

What is M. Serpolette's chance? If M. Serpolette wins it will be a triumph of steam over petroleum, as electric automobiles are not yet "in it" to do long distances at high speed; but there are only two Serpolette steam-automobiles entered, of which the inventor himself can conduct but one. This diminishes unfairly the chances of the system, so that the slightest accident may eliminate steam from the contest. And Edge, with his monstrous Napier car, the only English representative to cross the Channel. Will it also cross the Rhine? What of the Mors contingent? The Mors automobiles go fast, but the house has just lost its best conductor, Levegh, winner of Paris-Toulouse, now sick in bed. There remains Fournier, the very latest winner of the very fastest race, the Paris-Bordeaux of 1901; and they have Gilles Hourgières, winner of numerous minor races, but who latterly has seemed to be out of luck. Two others of their men have never raced before—Anthony and Brazier.

After all the talk, the Germans have but three representatives, three giant "Mercedès" machines, conducted by Werner (the latest winner at Nice), and Lemaitre and Degrais, two Frenchmen. These heavy racers, marvelously engineered by men who

thoroughly understand them, are a trifle less rapid, perhaps, than the fastest Mors and Panhards; but on bad German roads, is it swiftness or solidity, power and prudence that stand the best chance?

The Panhard-Levassors are fourteen in number, conducted by automobilists of fame: Charron, winner of Paris-Amsterdam; René de Knyff, the "king of yesterday" and winner of the Tour de France; Girardot, "the eternal second" and winner of the James Gordon Bennett Cup; and so on—a showy list.

As for the Belgians, they count on two automobiles of an utterly new type—of mixed petroleum and electricity. Nothing is known of them to this day, the secret being well kept; but rumor declares them to be the automobiles of the future. Perhaps it is only a Belgian rumor.

The first serious news came from Reims, the old champagne town, where they take their excitement so gaily. The whole population had been afoot since 5 A. M., and a crowd of 3,000 people surrounded the timing-station. The streets were decorated; the local dignitaries were in their regalia; the racers were to pass under triumphal arches. As Gilles Hourgières dashed past the timing-station at 6.37 A. M., followed by Fournier at 6.40, Charron at 6.52, Girardot at 6.55, de Knyff at 6.57, Giraud at 7.07 and so on, newcomer after newcomer increasing the excitement till long past noon, the great throng cheered itself hoarse for the automobile industry of France and the intrepid champions who were to carry French prestige across the Rhine.

Unhappily, the worst accident of the race on French territory had to take place and become known at this moment. Within half a mile of the Reims

timing-station, Brasier, one of the Mors champions, in passing a competitor, ran down a ten-year-old boy, Ernest Brever, who was playing with some spectators' automobiles drawn up at the side of the road. Before dashing around it, the automobile was overtaking had concealed the boy from Brasier; afterwards there was no time either to turn into the center of the road again, warn the boy, or even

slow up. The boy's skull was cracked and his legs were broken. He died half an hour later. M. Brasier was naturally overcome with grief. He stopped and waited aimlessly around. Then, seeing that there could be nothing for him to do personally, he resumed the race, half an hour late, with his last chance for winning it as good as destroyed.

"Fournier passed the Luxembourg frontier at 11.05 A. M., winning the Grand Duke's Prize!" This dispatch, appearing in the early afternoon papers, brought Paris in close contact with the race again. Fournier had become a hot favorite. When the news came, a few hours later, that he had entered Aix-la-Chapelle at two minutes after 12 o'clock noon, thus winning also the first day's dash and the right to proceed first out of Aix the next morning, no one expressed surprise. René de Knyff came into Aix second, at 12.14, and after him Girardot at 12.40, Voigt at 12.43, M. Farman at 12.48, Charron at 12.54, and de Perigord at 1.08. Farman is a young Englishman, long resident in Paris. Although known as an intrepid *chauffeur*, his performances through the race astonished everyone. He arrived sixth

in Berlin, and was classed seventh in the final summing up. All the afternoon they continued coming into Aix-la-Chapelle. The German favorite, Werner, arrived only at 3.19 P. M.;

Foxhall Keene, the American, at 4.28, after having met with two accidents to his automobile and having run once into a tree; M. Serpolette at 5.29, and Madame du Gast, the only lady in the race, at 7.09 P. M., but not the



*René de Knyff, "the king of yesterday."*

last, for there came after her Filtz, Peschard, Lemaitre, Paris and Nicolay. And these hours of arrival might easily mislead one, because Paris, having left Champigny No. 171, Lemaitre No. 148, and Peschard No. 137, their time was naturally four hours or thereabouts later than the earliest starters. Furthermore, this Lemaitre (there was another in the race) was driving a light Darracq voiturette, Peschard a light Peiper, Nicolay a light voiture of his own make, and Paris a light Cotterau voiturette. Nevertheless, some of these more modest automobiles—they would have been considered wonders four years ago—made excellent time through to Berlin.

Now, those who look for a story of terrible strain and dramatic exhaustion must be disappointed. Fournier, de Knyff, Girardot, Voigt, Farman, Charron and the other swiftest of the swift thundered into Aix dusty, grimed, shaken, strained, parched in throat and pained in muscle and bone; but it was their privilege to go to bed after a good lunch, and thenceforth sleep peacefully until, say, 4 A. M. Half the population of Aix was up all night, and it may be that many of the contestants took less sleep than lionizing;

but it was their choice. Certain it was, however, that the great ones were conspicuous by their absence. Nothing was seen of Fournier, for example, until the next morning at 4 o'clock. It was, therefore, not one race, but three, with good repose between.

At 3 o'clock the incessant movement of all kinds of clanging, tooting motor vehicles—both of racers and spectators—and the babble of the multitude, gave the main streets their fête, or market-day aspect. At 4 A. M. it was already daylight. The weather was superb, although with a promise of a continuation of the intense heat. But this could not incommode the racers; on their rapid course they never find it hot.

Fournier started first, according to the regulation that they should leave Aix and Hanover in the rigorous order of their arrival at those two chief stages. He bounded out from the crowd at 5.06 A. M. Then it was René de Knyff, seated as on a throne: then Girardot, Voigt, Farman, Charon, and the Comte de Perigord. So they continued leaving, every two minutes, until the last of them had dashed out of old Aix at 7.38 A. M.

At Munster, 712 kilometers (441 miles) from Paris, the order of the first arrivals was: Fournier, 10.20 A. M.; Girardot, 10.45; Farman, 10.47; Voigt, 10.55; de Knyff, 10.56; Antony, 11, and Lemaître, 11.16. They have been some

time now on the bad roads of Germany, and the moment has come for German solidity to show what it is worth; yet of these first men but one, Lemaître, was driving a German (Mercedès) machine. Antony, it was re-

marked by all observers, had crept up wonderfully.

At Hanover the timing-station was installed seven kilometers ( $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles) from the town, in the midst of a veritable desert, without any communication with the outside world. Yet there were 5,000 people gathered around it waiting. A little after 2 o'clock in the afternoon a speck of dust far away down the highway grew to a cloud; the cloud became a cyclone; and Fournier, now the hot favorite and popular hero, was first to pass the Hanover timing-station as he was first to enter Aix. Fournier arrived at 2.13 P. M.; de Knyff, 2.52; Antony, 2.53; Girardot, 2.54; Farman, 3.26; Giraud, 3.36, Chauchard, 3.37; Heath, 3.45; Axt, 4.08, and Degrais, 4.11. The latter, this time, drove the only German (Mercedès) machine to be found among the early arrivals. The other German champions arrived in Hanover, Lemaître at 4.48, and Werner at 5.40. Again, as all had been bound to leave Aix in the exact order of arrival there (which order of arrival could not but depend in part on the original order of departure from Paris), their time of entering Hanover could not be the exact criterion it might seem; but when the day's classification was finished it became clear that the German speed had been worse than it looked. Degrais being classed 13th, Lemaître 21, and the champion Werner 26th.



*The invincible Fournier.*

Other serious accidents being reported, certain German papers now struck a discordant note in the hymn of automobile triumph. At Wesel it was a *kerl*, a farm-hand, who, grazing a cow by the road, refused to budge

and was knocked flying. His shoulder-blade was dislocated, with a break among the little bones. A few miles outside of Munster it was the breaking of a little girl's leg. Outside a village near Minden it was the upsetting of a country cart whose driver, eager to get out of the way, pulled too sharply into the gutter. An old woman, his mother, tumbled out and broke her wrist-joint. Then, coming with cumulative effect, there was the story of Girardot and Fournier. Just outside of Dusseldorf these two champions, arriving at the timing-station within a minute of each other, just missed colliding. As each drew aside sharply at full speed, one of them ran into the crowd, wounding a child. Later in the day she was reported to be lying in a desperate state from concussion of the brain. A Hanover paper came out with an editorial against the immorality of these races; and the foreign automobilists even began discussing the possibility of reprisals on the part of the peasants, who in Germany show themselves peculiarly obstinate in contact with automobiles. Two other accidents resulted seriously to the *chauffeurs* themselves. The machine of M. Toms exploded just before arriving at Dusseldorf, wounding both himself and his machinist. The French consul and two friends who happened to be beside them in another automobile were

also blown from the vehicle. Finally, from Meidreich came the news of a collision between M. Pinson's automobile and the platform of an electric tram-car. The platform was wrecked and the valuable Panhard-Levassor heavy racer put completely out of use; but this time no person was hurt.

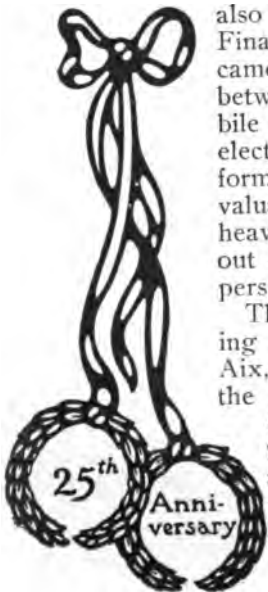
The night at Hanover, being a repetition of that at Aix, the morning broke to the same fête-like hubbub.

At 4.30 A. M. all the notabilities of the place and a brilliant array of German army officers and ladies was on foot to do

honor to the departing Frenchmen. Again Fournier started off first, at 5.10 o'clock; but this time the succeeding departures were timed according to a new principle. The desideratum being that the contestant having made the best *total* time should be the first to enter Berlin, the departures from Hanover were timed in the order of the total classification from Paris, with the real intervals of time; only, where one contestant happened to be more than fifteen minutes ahead of his successor, it was decreed that he should leave only fifteen minutes before him nevertheless. This explains why Fournier, leaving Hanover at 5.10, was followed by Antony at 5.25, although Fournier was thirty-one minutes ahead of him in the total classification. After Antony the order was de Knyff, Girardot, Farman, Foxhall Keene, Brasier, Axt, and so on until 8 o'clock. In all 62 contestants pulled out of Hanover to finish the last 294 kilometers (182 miles) of the race. It was by far the shortest dash, that from Paris to Aix being 455 kilometers (282 miles), and that from Aix to Hanover 445 kilometers (276 miles).

Now the question became whether Fournier could hold his lead. Antony had made better time than he from Aix to Hanover over bad roads, and there were almost 300 kilometers more bad roads to do. At Magdebourg, half-way to Berlin, the order was Fournier, Farman, Girardot, de Knyff, Brasier, Voigt, Osmont, Charron, Axt, Jarrott, Hourgières, Heath and Renalt. And Osmont was on a De Dion tricycle and Renault on a Renault Brothers' voiturette. The new names among the leaders told eloquently of the bad roads and their hazards.

At Brandebourg, within 70 kilometers (43 miles) of Berlin, Fournier passed first, at 10.02 A. M., followed by Girardot at 10.25, and then de Knyff, Brasier, Farman, Voigt, Charron, Osmont, Axt, Hourgières, Chauchard, Heath, Renault, Jarrott, Giraud, Clément, Werner and Bardeau. The Germans had no longer any chance of winning, their one champion, Werner, being sixteen places behind Fournier.



The race was practically won by France. It must be confessed that it looked something like the annual beating of "the English horse" at the Paris Grand Prix, where he is one against the pack. Nevertheless, when the English horse is by far and away the best he generally wins.

In spite of the arrangements for a great parade and triumphal entry into the suburban Hippodrome, a crowd of 6,000 Berliners had assembled at the timing-station of the West End Trambahn, some five miles from the center of the capitol. Here, too, met together, as if by common understanding, all the Parisian contingent—makers, mechanics, Automobile Club members, fashionable and wealthy men and women who had come by the special train. By 10 A. M. they were already on the lookout for the winner. The extraordinary pace which Antony had kept up for two days, together with the scant thirty minutes Fournier had won for him, made everything uncertain. Half hour passed by half hour, until at last, far down the empty road, the regulation little cloud of dust was seen; down it thundered on them—the monster "No. 4" of Fournier!

Covered with the dust that had caked on his face, trembling and fit to fall with excitement and exhaustion, Fournier pulled off his goggles, laughed hysterically, asked the time, and shook hands with the Baron de Zuylen and with M. Mors, the owner and constructor of his automobile. He had arrived at 11.46 A. M.

"Yes, yes, I have won them—trophies and money, too: the Cup of the Grand Duke, the Emperor's Prize, the President's Prize, all, all of them!



*M. Serpolette with his steam automobile.*

And I was ahead all the time! Now if you please, I'll take a rest."

With these words he fell in a dead faint.

Another mighty shout came—"Girardot! Girardot!" He came crashing in at

12 o'clock, "the eternal second," as he now laughingly admitted himself to be well called. He was nevertheless cordially congratulated by his patron and constructor, M. Panhard. The other fast ones arrived almost in the order of the final classification:—

Fournier (Mors automobile) made the whole course from Paris to Berlin in 16 hours 6 minutes; Girardot (Panhard-Levassor), 17 hours 1 minute; de Knyff (Panhard-Levassor), 17 hours, 4 minutes; and so on, with the German champion, Werner (Mercedès), classed twelfth, in 22 hours 35 minutes. Lemaitre (Mercedès) did not finish, while Degrais, in the remaining Mercedès automobile, after being classed 16th in the two days previous, met with a sad accident on the way from Hanover to Berlin. The American champion, Foxhall Keene (Mors) was classed 18th, with a total time of 22 hours 26 minutes. Madame du Gast came three behind him, in 27 hours 24 minutes; while M. Serpolette, in his unique steam automobile, finished badly on the second day.

Some of the most remarkable performances were with tricycles (all of the De Dion-Bouton make), and light voiturettes (Renault Frères). Thus Osmont made the trip from Paris to Berlin in 18 hours 59 minutes, Bardeau in 21 hours 48 minutes, and Cormier in 22 hours 31 minutes, all on motorcycles. The best work in the voiturette class was done by Renault (Renault Bros.), his time being 19 hours 16 minutes.

As had been anticipated, M. Mors presented Fournier with the automobile he had steered to victory. It is a magnificent engine, worth 60,000 francs (12,000 dollars), being the same one with which Fournier won Paris-Bordeaux. "It is a marvel of mechanics," said Fournier. "I had not a breakdown with it in the three days; not a spring broken. As for the performance of the motor, it is more powerful even than had been supposed. With it a family omnibus full of passengers could still make 50 kilometers (31 miles) an hour." Apart from this, Fournier's actual money-making did not amount to more than 3,000 francs (600 dollars); but the works of art he won: The Prize of the President of the Republic, the Prize of the Emperor of Germany, the Grand Duke's Prize, the King of the Belgians' Prize, and that of the Town of Hanover are worth a great deal of money and have no conditions attached to their complete ownership.

From the timing-station at Westend Trabenbahn the racers had the honor to parade their automobiles through long files of hurraing Berlinese to the coquettish Hippodrome. - All high Berlin filled the tribunes, for if the Emperor had absented himself through reasons of high statesmanship, the hint

had evidently been given to the Court to patronize the fête.

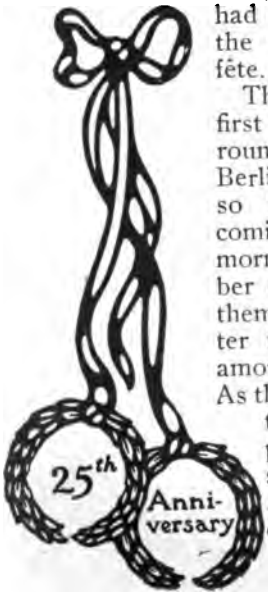
The "tourists" were the first ones to go round and round, that moiety of Paris-Berlin of which we have heard so little. They had been coming into Berlin all the morning, and the large number of French ladies among them afforded continual matter for astonished comment among the good Berlinese. As they rode round and round the arena an army officer presented each one with a superb tricolor bouquet. And now, in spite of the ceremony of the tourists'

entrance, two long hours elapsed between the exit of the last one of them and the entrance of the first of the great racers; yet the crowd in the Hippodrome continued to increase in numbers and lost none of its brilliancy. At last a cannon-shot signalled their approach. The white automobile of Fournier, clean and shining, entered amid well-bred applause and steered itself up to the tribune of the Emperor's representative. Then, without any seeming signal, Fournier was surrounded, lifted from his vehicle and borne in triumph to the desk, where he must affix his signature to the official *compte rendu* of the race. Behind Fournier the other heroes entered and went round and round in their due order. They had triumphed.

Nothing could have been more picturesque, well-bred and free from vulgar strain than this last ceremony at Berlin; and had it not been for the disturbing news of more grave accidents the peace-making gaiety of French and German might have risen to a higher pitch. "Between Hanover and Berlin four persons have been run down and crushed; and Count Schwynia, who was riding as passenger in the Mercedes automobile owned by Baron de Rothschild and conducted by Degrais, has been fatally injured in consequence of a false manoeuvre." This unhappy news became public scarcely half an hour before the triumphal entry. It so happened that murmurs of discontent mingled with the real enthusiasm and cordiality of the crowd both outside and inside the Hippodrome, as the long string of French automobilists passed before it.

Partly in answer to this sad news, Baron de Zuylen, President of the Automobile Club of France, made his important declaration:—

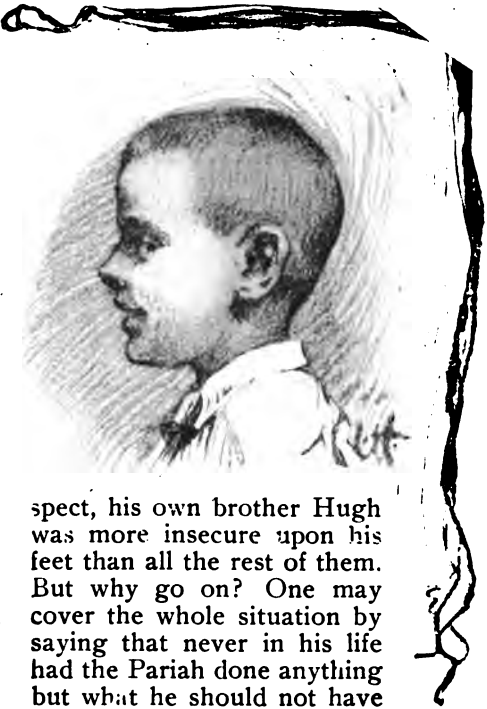
"Paris-Berlin will probably be the last great automobile race," he said. "First, because it would be impossible to make a greater one; second, because everything has been proved; and third, because the automobile idea is now everywhere triumphant."



# The Pariah's Off Day

By MARION HILL

Illustrations by Mabel C. Humphrey



**T**HE Pariah knew well that his lot was the hardest that ever belonged to mortal boy. For twelve freckled, tow-headed, eventful years he had been the family outcast.

When he looked at bric-a-brac, it fell; and when it fell, it broke. If he chanced to drink out of a china cup of high value in the eyes of its owner, the handle always grew loose under his touch, like a tooth, and came away in his fingers.

Positively he was not responsible for these things. They happened of themselves. Once, when he had been sent with a quarter of a dollar and the best pitcher to buy five cents' worth of milk, he took the precaution before leaving the store of putting the two dimes into his mouth so that he could guard the pitcher with both hands, and he had not walked ten yards when the whole quart of milk rose up and flowed over his Sunday clothes, breaking the spout of the pitcher as it went. No wonder that the queerness of the thing startled him into swallowing the change. This is just one incident, but it illustrates his whole career where ceramics are concerned.

Many more things were just as bad. Or worse. At the least movement of his arms or legs, his clothes ripped,—the better the clothes the more ghastly the rip. And if he so much as wiggled a finger, the other boy always fell down, and got a bump. In this re-

spect, his own brother Hugh was more insecure upon his feet than all the rest of them. But why go on? One may cover the whole situation by saying that never in his life had the Pariah done anything but what he should not have done, nor made a speech but what fell as "impudence" upon the abnormally sensitive ears of his elders.

So used was he to being scolded that he never had a very clear idea of what any particular "row" was about, and so lost much of the benefit of the same.

At the moment of which we are now writing, he was being scolded by both parents at once. This made a brisk engagement. The Pariah was quite dazed. Whenever his mother made an accusation so self-evidently true that to deny it would be folly, his father kept insisting, "Answer your mother, sir"; and whenever she made a statement so inaccurate that the Pariah was stung into stammering. "Why, I—why I—I—why—" his father kept saying, "I forbid you to interrupt your mother, sir"; so, under the circumstances, he felt that there was nothing better for him to do than to melt from the room as imperceptibly as possible; and with this end in view he was squirming a great deal, apparently in contrition, but always towards the door.

He had two more reasons for wanting to be elsewhere. One was that he was most apt to smile when least



passioned review of his own punishment. He knows to a shade what he deserved, and he knows, too, what others deserved,—especially if they do not get it,—and he remembers perfectly when the same delinquencies were passed over in silence and thereby tacitly encouraged. Moreover, when a boy finds out that parental severity is a variable quantity dependent upon moods and atmospheres and conditions of body, he feels as insecure from assault as a frontier town.

With many disturbing knowledges rampant in his mind, the Pariah refused longer to be the innocent scapegrace of his brethren, and as he sped furiously along the lonely road he determined then and there that he would hereafter earn his title to the full, even if he had to work overtime at villainy. He would show the world what a bad boy really was.

At this black crisis he caught a sudden and cheering sight—a river nook filled with pond lilies, odorous white ones, radiantly different from the stumpy yellow things to be found nearer the village. The curse left him. He relaxed his muscles and unclenched his teeth. Off flew the megrims like water from a wet dog. He pushed back his cap and began to whistle. The blessed instincts of divine childhood once more took tumultuous possession of him and, picking up four stones, he shot them in rapid succession at a bird. Not to hit it,—just to see if he could. He felt worlds better.

The pond lilies were forgotten: there was so much else to notice. Though he had stumbled blindly upon this path, he now realized to the full how culpably out of bounds he was, but philosophically aware that the unfortunate had already happened, he determined to find out if there was any "fun" in the vicinity

or not. He sauntered onward instead of turning back. He was not dull with anger now, but keenly alive to the witcheries of the new precinct.

A bend in the road brought him into the very midst of a squatter encampment, and as he strolled by he felt as much an intruder as if he were walking unasked through a strange man's house. He was not so abashed, however, that he could not make good use of his eyes, and he curiously took in the details of the open-air household,—the iron pot hanging over a dead fire, the canvas-covered wagon leaning tipsily against some trees, the bony horse tied to a stake, the calico garments spread to dry upon a barberry bush, and the members of the party loling dejectedly in a clearing made in the underbrush. There were four of them, and they were a listless lot. A red-eyed woman sat indolently upon a log, a man made a half-hearted pretense of patching some dilapidated harness, a very clean baby lay asleep upon a board under a piece of white mosquito netting, and a very dirty wakeful baby sat under a wild crab-apple tree and fretted dismally for the unripe fruit fallen beyond her reach.

The Pariah marveled at the inactivity of these people, for their kind invariably yelled profane witticisms at passing travelers, and generally relieved little boys of cuff-buttons and boots, if they wore them. He passed on all the quicker for the recollection, and was glad when the curving road took him from sight.

Further on he met a little girl, a most slatternly young person, evidently belonging to the people below, for she was red-eyed and listless, too. Moreover, she was red-haired, and wore a red bonnet of a fiercer shade and a red dress of the fiercest



*The Pariah.*

yet. She had red legs and feet, too, which did not seem to be bare on account of being so well coated with dust. She seemed to be picking flowers for the sole purpose of throwing them away again. He wondered at her actions, and reasonably confident of being able to defend his boots against attack, he paused and stared at her.

She promptly put out her tongue, but the insult was involuntary and the result of long habit, for she evidently took no comfort in it. Here was grief of some sort.

"What's the matter?" asked the Pariah, chivalrously. He, too, knew sorrow.

"Our baby's dead," said the girl, and grinned widely.

Not being grown up to uncharitableness, he translated that grin correctly as a wan mixture of misery and embarrassed lack of words. He knew now the reason for the cleanness and stillness of the baby under the mosquito netting.

"I saw it," he whispered. His heart beat painfully with awe. He bent his head and traced patterns in the dust with his boot. She did the same with her big toe. The silence became oppressive. Then:

"What's your name?" she asked, in the don't-care sing-song belonging to that inquiry.

"Cecil," answered the Pariah, and, for a wonder, truthfully. He invariably told strangers, especially of this sex, that his name was Joe—Joe Wheeler. The fictitious title had a martial ring, whereas Cecil had a sissy flavor very distasteful to him.

"And what's yours?"

"Joe," answered the girl.

He shook his head reproachfully.

"'Tis," she assured him. "Josephine: folks call me Joe."

He let it go at that, and felt a spasm

of respect for truth, seeing that it had carried him more safely than falsehood.

"Cecil's a nice name," droned the girl apathetically, eyeing one of her discarded bouquets.

"Why do you throw them away?" asked the boy, ignoring the foolishness of her spoken words.

"Not purty 'nough. I want 'em to put on Baby."

Again the mystery of death awed them into silence and again they traced patterns in the dust. As before, the girl spoke first.

"Ef I could on'y get some purty 'uns—white 'uns; can't you he'p me find none?"

Incited by the quaver in her voice to peer within her sunbonnet, he saw that she was weeping. "Leaking," he would have called it

in a sister. But this was different. There was a quietness about that that was rather awful, and it set his heart to weeping, too, but his brazen little face showed no change.

"Come on," he said, remembering the lilies, "and stop crying." The surprise of his life was to find himself holding her hand. Recalling how he and Angela loathed each other even to the clawing point when forced by circumstances (such as a night return from a circus) to take each other's hands, he expected every minute to drop dead with the novelty of his present predicament, but, oddly enough, the clutch of Joe's skinny fingers awakened in him a sensation no less than that of feeling himself to be an important and protecting personage.

Their retracing steps soon brought them again to the encampment. He dared not look at the Sleeping Baby. The woman never lifted her eyes. The man asked dully:

"Where goin', Joe?"

"Flowers," responded his daughter,



Angela.



*She promptly put out her tongue.*

passing on. The man again bent over the harness.

"Paw's a-goin' to hitch up to take Baby to the buryin' ground this evenin'. Preacher likely 's a-goin' to be there," explained she to her escort. He had no words for this subject and let her gabble on unanswered.

"The babies is twins. It's queer twins should take things so different. Now, Luella, she gits along on them appuls fust rate, but Rowena, now, she died."

So the Sleeping Baby was a twin. That fact seemed to make the tragedy the sadder, though he did not know why. Perhaps it was the mystery of the one being taken and the other left which was tugging at his heart-strings. He was glad when the cheerful host of pond lilies hove into sight.

"Anything the matter with those?" he asked, with a proprietary air.

"Nawthin'," replied she, beamingly. Comfortably accepting the privileges of womanhood, she dropped upon the grassy bank and allowed him to struggle perspiring for the prizes.

"There!" he panted later, triumph-

antly staggering up the bank, his arms full of dripping, long-stalked lilies, which he cast in tribute at her feet, "did you ever see anything lovelier?"

Her toes squirmed repugnantly. "They're purty on top; but them stems 's mighty like snakes."

Trust the eternal Eve to find a snake in every paradise; and look for the eternal Adam to be incited thereby to deeds of helpfulness. The lad rose to the occasion. He produced from his pockets much string—kite-twine, fish-line, and plain, every-day grocery-store string, all hoarded by blind instinct for the needs of the future. Then he opened his knife and was ready for business. What the American boy can do with enough string and a knife puts Robinson Crusoe to the blush. By garroting the lilies and binding them upon sticks he soon produced a solid white cross of no mean beauty.

Bearing it between them, they carried it safely to the camp. Joe's father was stretched flat on his back, his face hidden under his hat. The Sleeping Baby was no longer in sight, but near the board upon which the netting lay in a heap was a wooden box. The woman sat beside it, and her eyes, redder now than before, overflowed completely when she saw the cross.

"Well, I declare, what be that?" she exclaimed, taking it tremblingly and putting it upon the little box.

"We made it,—Cecil an' me," explained Joe, cheerfully. Then she threw herself upon the ground, her various limbs disposed about her like the rays of a star-fish, and went to sleep as immediately as if she had been walking in slumber for hours past and had just fallen. The boy gazed at her astounded. It beat even his prowess in the sleep-going way. The woman never noticed her, but looked woefully at the wakeful baby under the crab-apple tree.

"Jes' hark to her!" she cried, frowningly. "Jes' hark to her, will you? Why can't she let up on that fret for a spell? It cl'ar sets me wild!" Then with no attempt to minister to the living, she crouched again beside the

little coffin and hid her face in the cross.

The boy looked thoughtfully at the three prone figures. They had practically given him his dismissal. The perfume of the lilies was getting upon his nerves and bidding him begone, but he did not have the heart to desert the miserable crab-apple baby; so he went over to it. It was squirming and gasping and sobbing and choking and rubbing dirt into its eyes and struggling for apples, and seeming in worlds of trouble generally.

"Hullo," ventured the boy, gently.

"'Lo," responded the baby, staring and sobbing.

"Are you Luella? What's your name?"

"Name," replied the baby, sobbing less, and in a comforted degree.

"What are you crying for?"

"'Rying fo'," said Luella, with the hint of a smile, a damp one, and giving a long shiver of exquisite delight at having company.

"Why you doggone funny little echo," murmured the boy, lovingly; then with vehemence: "Here! stop that!" for the remaining twin, having captured an apple, particularly rocky, had fastened her few teeth into it. "These apples aren't to eat. These are only good to make into Rory Bory Alices. Shall I show you how to make a Rory Bory Alice?"

"Roar Boar Als," agreed the baby.

At this permission, he introduced her to a game which he and Hugh had invented along the lines suggested by a rayed manifestation which they had once witnessed in the northern heavens, and which had been labeled Rory Bory Alice by some adults who might be expected to know what they were talking about. He stuck an apple full of short twigs until it bristled like a porcupine, then he put it on the end of a sapling, twirled the latter several times around his head, and finally shot the apple giddily into space, where it careened along upon its rimless spokes, a veritable wheel of magic.

"Oh, Roar Boar Als!" chanted Luella rapturously, making frantic attempts to jab spokes into an Alice of

her own. In this fashion he beguiled her into making safe use of the perils surrounding her. While he bestowed upon her, gladly, the wealth of a whole hour's time of sweet summer liberty, he wondered why it was that he felt ready for the grave whenever his mother required him to guard the infant for ten minutes. The wonder grew as he found himself washing away Luella's grime upon his wet handkerchief and lulling her to sleep upon his encircling arm. When she drifted off to that land so strangely like the one to which Rowena had gone, he put her down into a nest of leaves and turned his cap inside out to pillow her tiny cheek against the softness of its lining.

Knowing from hard experience that a baby never goes to sleep until it is time for every one else to wake, he was not in the least surprised to find that the others were now yawning and stretching. "Don't we never eat?" demanded the man. He distributed his sudden anger impartially among the group.



"Mebbe it's done now," said the woman, tardily remembering the stew-pot and slouching over to it. "Fire's gone out," she commented, blowing upon the ashes. She sat down and looked about her vaguely. "I ain't got a match," she murmured. Then she propped her chin in her hand and went on brooding. The man mercifully let her alone and made a step towards the pot as if to attend to it himself. Then he, too, grew distraught and helpless.

"Where d' you reckon them matches is?" he asked frowningly of the boy, who stood interestedly close to his elbow.

"In the wagon," answered he, promptly. Probabilities were on his side, anyhow. "I'll find them. I'll get dinner, too," he promised, not without another thrill of wonder at his own regeneracy. At home, when asked to perform so simple a duty as shutting the door, the Pariah always required to know what door, *why* he was to shut it, why *he* was to shut it, who wanted the door shut, and when it was to be opened again, and, satisfied upon these points, he was not inapt to shut the wrong door after all, and with a slam, too. But he poked intelligently among the wagon's motley contents until he had found not only matches but odds and ends of cold vegetables and bread crusts, to add materially to

the contents of the stew kettle. Whatever he found he put in, even to a handful of flour for thickening purposes, but as this last refused to mix and sailed around upon the top of the stew in independent white lumps, like swans, it was more decorative than useful.

To say that the Pariah was enjoying himself is to state the case inadequately. He was having the one giddy good time of his life. He even served the stew after cooking it, apportioning it thoughtfully according to the need of the consumer, giving the

baby the soaked bread, Joe the vegetables and the grown people the meat. He took a little himself, and it struck his fastidious palate as the divinest thing in food that had ever come that way.

The meal over, a general activity broke out in the party. It was time to hitch up. The man began to harness the horse. Joe pulled a garment from the barberry bush and made an unembarrassed and chatty toilet in the open. The woman arrayed Luella and herself in the remaining garments. The Pariah washed the dishes, using a chip of wood and his elbow.

"Well, come on," called the man, gruffly, when the horse was finally hitched and the wagon made decent for its quiet tenant. He put his hands upon the little box.

"Oh, it don't seem right!" wailed the woman, suddenly. "It don't seem kind to take her this way, with no prayers nor nuthin', like she was a bundle! Folks allus sing to a baby's fun'ral. Oh, she's so pretty and little she ought to have some singin' 'fore she's taken from home! She ought to have some singin'!" The mother's former torpor was all swept away, and she was crying and wringing her hands and throwing herself about in wildest grief. The Pariah put his hand upon her arm to catch her attention.

"I can sing. Would you like me to?" he asked.

The climax had come. At any time in the past, had a boy of his size suggested that he would one day volunteer to sing, the traduced would have knocked the traducer flat. To sing! Sickening disappointment! The Pariah scorned the pastime, and never indulged in it unless he were one of a crowd, as in school, and consequently secure from individual notice. Whenever the teacher wandered down his way, as she often did, to discover the ownership of his particularly good voice, the lad always obeyed a demoniac suggestion to howl through his nose in another key. And now, instead of evading the ordeal of song, he was inviting it.

The woman became calm at his offer





*The melody of the enduring hymn.*

and accepted it by falling into a devoutly listening attitude. The man did the same.

The Pariah was not in doubt as to what he should sing, for he knew only one song, and had learned it in spite of himself from hearing another boy sing it. One of his schoolmates, Bemis McGuffey, a tadpolish sort of chap, all thin legs and wide collars, used to warble "The Holy City" to represent the melodic value of the class to stray visitors. As visitors

were frequent, the room heard "The Holy City" some nine times a week. From constant and contemptuous scrutiny of the self-sacrificing Bemis facing the class from the teacher's platform the Pariah knew even the muscular attitude that belonged to the song, and he now took it.

Spreading his legs a trifle to insure stability of base, clasping his hands behind his back, scowling earnestly at an invisible point of space above and ahead of him, he lifted up his beautiful

young voice in the melody of the enduring hymn.

The common objects about him became oddly transfigured. The moving leaves, the checkered light and shade in the brush, the afternoon shadows on the road, the breath of the pond-lilies, the floating specks of dust, all incorporated themselves into the song to be a part of its sacredness for ever after.

Tone upon tone, verse after verse, the music flowed from him in a golden stream. When he came to the triumphant final phrase, "Hosannah to the Highest!" he struck some clear notes of such impelling beauty, of such tender, solemn promise, that the father and mother of the dead child involuntarily raised their eyes from earth and fixed them, instead, upon the friendly sky.

The song seemed to linger upon the air long after it was finished, and under its quieting influence the man lost his roughness, and in most orderly fashion lifted his children, living and dead, into the wagon which was to take them all to the lonely and distant little burying-ground.

"By, Cecil," called Joe. She was cheerful. A ride's a ride.

Her father wrung the Pariah's hand quite as if the boy were a man. He tried to express gratitude, but all he could muster was, "Young gentleman,

you're all right; you're all right."

The lad choked with surprise, not at the idea, for he had held it privately for years, but that any one would be fair enough to express it.

The man, climbing to the seat of the wagon, was motioning to his wife to mount.

"Come a-here," she said to the Pariah. Then she pushed back his cap and kissed him upon the forehead—only once, but long and tenderly.

The Pariah neither flushed under the caress nor shrank from it, nor resented it, but took it with that queer thump of the

heart which thrills a boy when he looks first upon the dawn, or comes upon grand mountains, or hears the undervoice throbbing from a far-away brass band.

"Git in the wagon along o' me," she said.

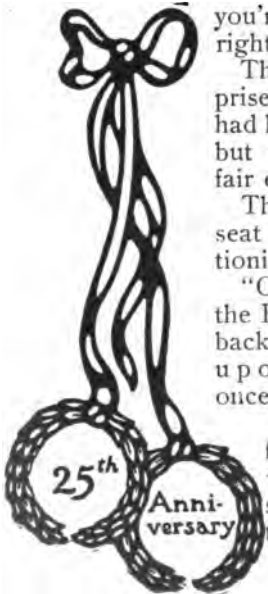
"I have to go home," replied the boy.

"Then tell your maw she's got the bes' lad in all the wide world," said the woman as a parting benediction. In a few moments the wagon had wound creakingly out of sight.

He had to go home. The important necessity for this had only just come to him. And he had to go in a tremendous hurry, too, for the long shadows warned him that the afternoon was very, very old. He therefore sped back to the village in almost as mad a haste as he had left it in the morning. His emotions, though, were far different. He now was at peace with the world and a friend to virtue. After having been unharried for several blissful hours, he felt that if people would simply *let* him be good instead of *telling* him to, he might in time come to take kindly to their society, even if they happened to be his parents.

For the first time in his life this "bes' lad in all the wide world" found himself hungering for his father and mother. He could hardly get home quickly enough. He wanted to tell his tale and win another friendly handshake, another kiss. He felt so good, so large, so happy.

Himself and his emotions dwindled considerably when he reached his immediate neighborhood. He saw his parents on the porch. The whole family was on the porch, every one tidied immaculately for the evening meal. They were waiting supper for him. And they did not look nice about it, either. Pangs and misgivings took the elasticity out of his legs, and he lagged somewhat on his way to the gate. He feared there might be difficulties in the way of explaining that he was the best lad in the wide world. The pangs increased as he looked over the gate and became aware of his own frowsiness





as compared with the fearful propriety of the others. His mother was in flounced lawn, his father was in linen; Hugh was slick as to hair, smug as to face and spotless as to collar. Angela was ruffled to the chin in pink, and the infant was a marvel of starch.

It makes people nervous to wait supper. They expectantly eyed his approach. He stepped within the gate. The garden was fresh from its recent watering, but his appreciation of its beauty was tempered by the accusing knowledge that this should have been his evening for wielding the hose. The flowers had a wonderful perfume. A tall tuberose nodding upon its slender stalk almost seemed to speak to him. Its waxen purity reminded him with such sudden painfulness of the sleeping baby that the first tears of the day rushed crowding to his eyes, and he bent his head.

"Stop skulking and come here, sir!"

peremptorily commanded his father. "Don't handle the plants," warned his mother.

"Who's skulking?" demanded the Pariah, in answer to one parent. "Who's handling the old plants?" in answer to the other. Accompanying this last inquiry with a sweep of the arm in repudiation of the whole plant world, he was thunderstruck to see the hateful tuberose snap itself off its stalk and flop itself upon the path.

The Pariah snorted with panicky rage and deliriously ground the inconsiderate blossom beneath his heel, whereat the family group upon the porch rose at him tumultuously as one,—a domestic wave of wrath destined to swamp and destroy him.

Calling up a fiendish scowl adequate even to the horror to come, and ramming his hands deep into his trouser pockets, the Pariah strode up the path. He was with his own again.



## IN A CANOE

By RICHARD KIRK.

What you thinkin, li'l' moon, li'l' moon?

What you thinkin'?

Up dyah, with the stars a-winkin',

An' a-blinkin'.

Is you lonesome w. y up yondah?

Is you fraid of rain an' thundah,

Li'l' moon, li'l' moon?

Is you cryin', li'l' moon, li'l' moon?

Is you cryin'?

Seems 'at I can heah you lyin'

An' a-sighin'.

S'pose this dewdrop on my fingah

Was a tear 'at wouldn' lingah,

Li'l' moon, li'l' moon?

Don' you listen, li'l' moon, li'l' moon?

Don' you listen?

Jes' to heah the watah swishin',

And a-hissin'?

Heah the frogs a plunkin', chunkin',

An' the li'l' fishes clunkin',

Li'l' moon, li'l' moon?

What you dreamin', li'l' moon, li'l' moon?

What you dreamin'?

Ain' you happy in you' gleamin'

As you's seemin'?

Don' you like the watah fallin'.

An' the old bobwhite a-callin'

Li'l' moon, li'l' moon?



**A**S potent a factor as cotton now is in our national agricultural, industrial and commercial life, it seems a strange fact that, though known for centuries in both hemispheres, for over two hundred years after the discovery of America, cotton was not cultivated in the territory of the present Southern or Cotton Belt States.

Its culture in America was begun in Georgia, then a tiny colony wedged between the Spaniards in Florida and the French Huguenots in South Carolina. Frances Moore, who visited Georgia's only city of that day, Savannah, in 1735, writes:

"At the bottom of a hill, well sheltered from the north wind . . . there was a collection of West India plants and trees, and some coffee, some cocoanuts, cotton, etc."

A few years later the soldiers garrisoned on a nearby sea island cultivated tiny patches of the fleecy staple, which now whitens the fields of fourteen states and brings to its planters annually more than three hundred million dollars. "These soldiers raise cotton and their wives spin it and knit it into stockings," writes a visitor to the struggling colonists, who devoted their energies to the cultivating of silk, indigo and rice, when they might have become rich with the little bushes tended by idle Scotch soldiers. The honor of great inventions makes the names of Fulton, Morse, Whitney and a score of others household words; but who ever heard of Richard Leak, *Gent.*, Planter, of Savannah, in the Province of Georgia? He was the first man to attempt the culture of cotton

on a large scale as a staple crop: He was the first American cotton planter. In 1788 he writes to Col. Thomas Proctor, a Philadelphian:

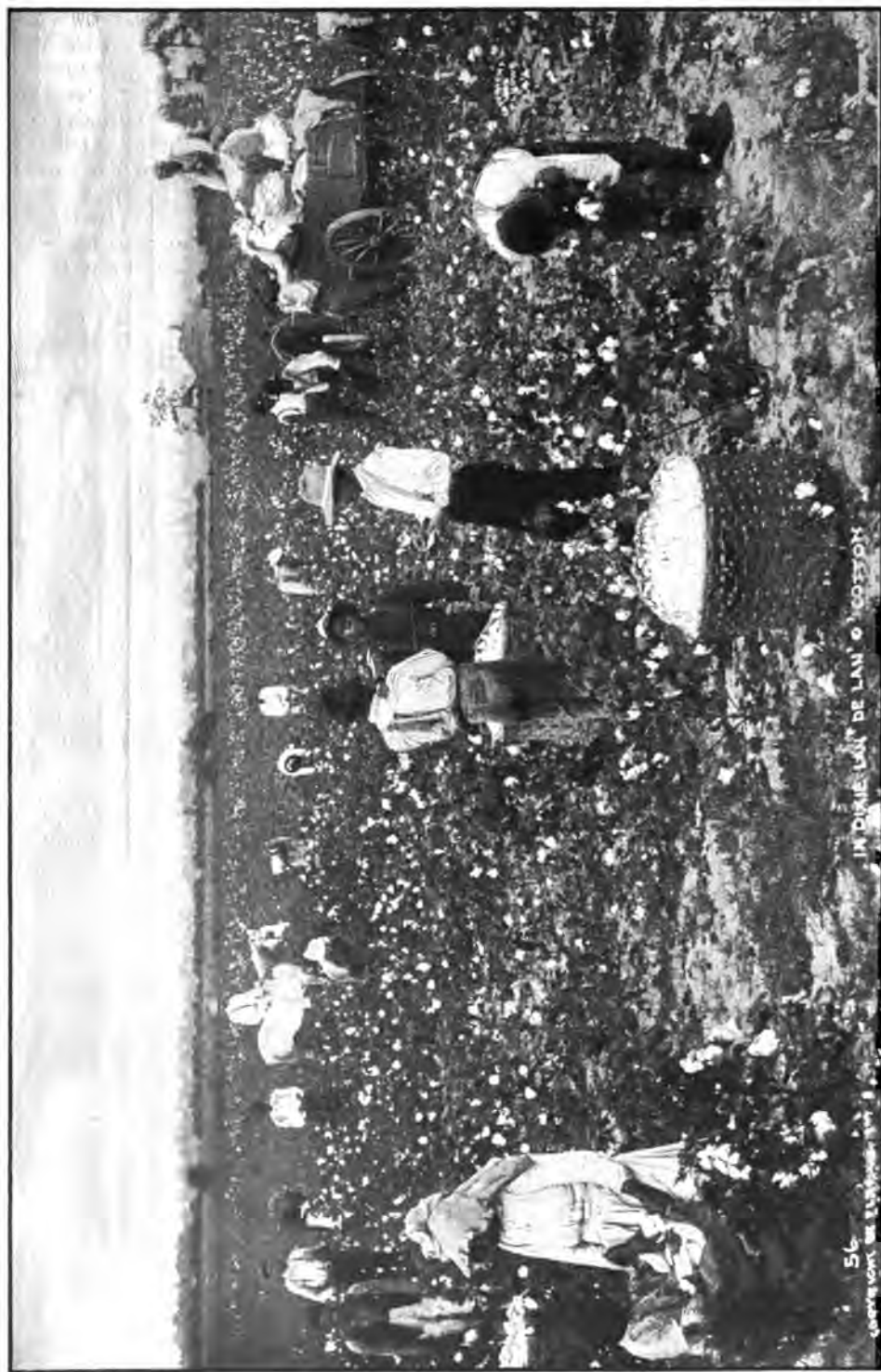
"I have been this year an adventurer and the first that has attempted it on a large scale, in introducing the article of cotton, samples of which I beg leave now to send you. I shall raise about five thousand pounds in the seed from eight acres of land. The principal difficulty lies in cleansing it from the seed, which I am told they do with great dexterity and ease in Philadelphia, with gins and machines made for the purpose. I am told that they make those that will clean thirty to forty pounds of clean cotton in a day."

Leak raised and sold cotton; then other planters tried it. Negro slaves were put to plowing, to planting seed in the furrows, each small bush at an easy interval from its neighbor, thus following the exact method of which the Greek, Theophrastus, says:

"The trees from which the people of India make cloth have a leaf like that of the black mulberry, but the whole plant resembles the dog rose. They set them in plains arranged in rows so as to look like vines at a distance."

Speaking of the antiquity of cotton, it is interesting to know that from fifteen hundred years before the Christian era until only a century ago India was the center of the cotton industry. The cotton cloth which the natives produced with primitive distaffs and looms was not equalled in delicacy until within the last fifty years. Some of their muslins were so delicate and woven to such a degree of fineness that they could be drawn through a finger ring.

Georgians toiled at their cotton furrows, imported more slaves, and in



Copyright by F. L. Howe.

*Picking, gathering, weighing and handling the seed cotton in Mississippi.*



*The short staple cotton plant.*

1789 James Habersham, a merchant prince of early times, exported the first bale of lint cotton to England. So great was the surprise of the merchants at Liverpool that, on seeing these bags of cotton, they declared them to be of Eastern origin and prevailed on the customs officers to make a seizure.

The influence of cotton on American life cannot be overestimated. Stop and consider the culture of this weak little bush. Covered with bright, shining green leaves, standing in rows and soon to be in bloom with dozens of pink and yellow blossoms, quite like those of the old-fashioned hollyhock, it gradually changes into a hard, nut-like pod, which cracks open as the plant withers, dries and dies under the fierce blaze of the September sun. Then the drifting, shaking down and out, of its contents of white, fleecy cotton, to be laboriously picked out by the hands of patient, plodding negroes, has brought into the United States her greatest source of wealth, as well as her most dangerous national issues.

In order to raise cotton, slaves were imported by shiploads from Africa and dumped into the expanding Southern plantations. Their labor produced in 1790 5,000 bales of 400 pounds net weight each. In 1800 the crop rushed to 210,000 bales; 1810, 269,000 bales; while the million mark was first reached in 1825. In 1840, two millions, and ever since the crop has varied between four, five, eight and nine, until ten millions came easily within the last ten years. This year's cotton crop is estimated at ten million bales, which will sell at between eight and ten cents a pound, bringing prosperity to the entire South.

The great wealth of the olden-time Southern planters came from these whitening fields, where gangs of slaves ploughed, planted, picked, ginned, baled and hauled to river and railway the thousands of five-hundred-pound bales which brought easy money to their owners. There you have the germ of the Civil War. During that struggle Southern cotton was carried to Europe on fleet blockade runners, which steamed out of the guarded harbors, eluded the United States fleets and reached British ports to convert their precious bales into gold. The famous Confederate cruiser *Alabama* was purchased with "cotton money." Alexander Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederate States, advocated his government taking all the cotton annually raised, paying the planters in bonds, selling it abroad, and with the proceeds waging more successful war-



*A free cottage furnished by a small mill.*



fare. This, however, was never accomplished.

In 1793 cotton was "ginned," or the half-dozen tiny black seeds in each division of the "boll" or pod removed from the fleecy lint by hand. A negro could "gin" only one pound a day. Eli Whitney, a young Yankee schoolmaster, teaching by day, listened in the evenings to Georgia planters complaining that they could find no suitable mechanical process to gin the cotton grown on their plantations. A genius was this man; he set to work and that very year invented the saw cotton-gin, which remains practically the same machine even to this day, defying improvement, though not perfect.

Richard Leak, pioneer planter, and Eli Whitney, inventor, conferred on Americans the greatest single source of our national wealth. Whitney's gin consists of two rollers, placed parallel, and set at intervals of one and one-half inches with circular saws. Above them is an iron-toothed comb of equal length. Seed cotton is slowly fed by hand into the box surrounding these saws, which, revolving rapidly in opposite directions, tear the seed from



*Seed cotton at the steam gin. Suction pipes emptying wagon.*

the lint and separately deliver each. A modern 60-saw gin will remove the seeds from seven to nine hundred pounds of seed-cotton in a day, thus doing the work of seven to eight hundred negroes. Painful and fatal accidents in a gin house are as frequent as in the threshing field.

The planters were delighted. Whitney's gin was stolen that night; he had then no patent, and before he could construct another dozens were in operation. Suits followed, but he was a mere boy, a stranger, and the judge held that no such thing as a cotton gin existed, yet the busy rattle of a pair next door actually disturbed his court. Outraged, Whitney came back to his home in Connecticut and secured a Government contract to furnish muskets. He invented the interchangeability of parts, or, in other words, he made a thousand locks, stocks and barrels of an exact size and then fitted them together. Prior to that all machinery had been made on



*The main street of a mill village. Each house has its flower garden.*



the Swiss watch principle. Parts of one machine could not be used on another of the same character. Eli Whitney thus sowed the seeds of Southern agricultural wealth, for he gave the planters a machine with which to free their cotton of its useless seeds, as they were then considered, and, on the other hand, he made the beginnings of an industrialism in the New England and Eastern States which has not yet been surpassed by any other section. The Civil War came: the field against the factory. The result was inevitable and is history.

So much for the history of our greatest agricultural crop. Cotton growing in the United States is con-



*An old-fashioned gin house.*

finied to the Southern States. The fleecy fields first greet your eye as you travel southward from Richmond, Virginia, or go into Tennessee, the Carolinas, Arkansas, Indian Territory or Texas, the latter state raising the bulk of the crop. Georgia comes next, with an annual crop of a million bales. Along the Atlantic seaboard and sea-islands, reaching about a hundred miles into the interior, the cotton raised is "long staple," or sea-island, being the finest quality grown in America. It brings 21 cents a pound when ordinary cotton sells at 8 cents. On the price of cotton depends all the financial prosperity of one-third of the population of this country. All the year round it is the absorbing topic of Southern conversation. The schoolboy can go to college—if cotton reaches 8 cents; the family is in debt—if it goes below 6 cents; for that is estimated as the actual cost of raising this vast crop, which requires twelve months of incessant labor afield, in the gin and compress. Early in January the farmers begin to clear up their broad fields and tiny patches; later ploughing progresses slowly, the singing negroes urging patient mules up and down the brown earth. Furrows about three feet apart are laid and enriched with various chemical fertilizers, then covered by a skilful turn of the plow.

The cotton seeds are not sowed broadcast like wheat, but a small wheelbarrow-like "planter" is used, from the box of which pours a stream of cotton seed. These are covered lightly, and soon, during May and June, a thick line of small green plants appear. Armed with heavy hoes, the "hands" set to "chopping cotton," or cutting away two-thirds of the plants, leaving several at intervals in the rows. This is repeated with great dexterity



*A young cotton picker.*

until a single hardy cotton stalk is left quite alone. Then comes the contest with grass, vines and weeds, for cotton is a sun plant that thrives best on bare

"weed," as the early colonists contemptuously dubbed it. The blooms appear, yellow and pink, die and fall, exposing a triple leaf-covered and



*Baled cotton stored in the open air platforms of the compress. Clerk and marker checking up.*

earth under a sun hot enough to scorch a lizard's back. It is doubtful if there is another plant on earth of equal value to the human race as this

"square," from which soon emerges the boll. Inside mature the silky fibers, each with several tiny black seeds firmly attached. To preserve these



seeds nature added the lint; but ingenious men strove to separate the—until recently—useless seed and spin the cleaned lint. This separation is called "ginning," and is done at private and public gins scattered all over the South, where a charge is made for ginning and loosely baling the lint. This baled cotton is in turn sampled and its grade fixed according to the length of the fiber, the color and, above all, the freedom from dust, dirt or leaf. Coarse jute bagging, held in place by six narrow steel hoops or ties encases it until the factories in the fields or those of New England, England or elsewhere are reached. These bales are from four hundred and fifty to five hundred pounds in weight.

Cotton destined for shipment is reduced one-fourth in bulk by compressing in steam presses of great power. It is highly inflammable in a loose state, but less so when baled or compressed. The Southern farmer does not prefer to raise cotton; he is compelled to do so by circumstances, for his position is akin to that of the Virginia colonists, who asked their Governor certain perplexing questions of an ecclesiastical nature, and were told, "D—n your souls, raise tobacco!"



*At the spinning frame.*



*Trucking baled cotton into the mill. Where the negro's usefulness ends.*

After the war the Southern white farmer returned to an utterly devastated land. Out of money, with no mules, implements or provision to sustain him, he resorted to mortgaging his unplanted cotton crop. On that necessity has grown and thriven the blight of the Southland—the lien system. Plainly put, it is this: In recent years the cotton crop has averaged nine to eleven millions of bales, more than two-thirds of the world's most valuable agricultural product, which brings, baled ready for commercial use, over three hundred million dollars. The major portion of this enormous value is produced by tenant farmers, black and white, who eke out an isolated existence on little farms. They are never out of debt, but always ill-clothed, and with no future to enliven their toil. They produce the wealth of an empire and get a bare living.

The poor planter owns a farm, or rents one, but needs fertilizers, supplies, foodstuffs and clothing to support him and his family from January until he can market his cotton in October of the same year. The laws of cotton states provide that he can give mortgages on his cotton not even planted. An average yield is two bales to three acres, though the homely title of "Baleacre" Jones or Brown is often won by progressive planters, whose "first bale of the season" also creates a sensation on the village street and en route to the New York Cotton Exchange, where brokers hold

a noisy auction on the pavement. He makes notes for nearly the value of his prospective crop, on estimates of so many pounds yield of cotton to the acre planted. The small country bank discounts this paper, with a mortgage on his entire portion of the coming crop, at ruinous rates of interest. This is possible where there are banks and he has a credit. Under this plan he has a bare chance to come out a few dollars head. Ordinarily the tenant-farmer goes to a supply store, or dealer, in the nearest village, explains what his acreage will be, gives a lien on the coming crop, and establishes a

arated or "classed" by expert white men, who operate the warehouses. Unchangeable marks upon the bagging indicate precisely who raised the particular bale, thus rendering it an easy matter to trace fraud in packing from the most distant mill to the cabin door. "Classers" receive high salaries, for on their skill depends the integrity of all future trades based on these bales, represented henceforth by the samples drawn by huge gimlets thrust into the heart of the bale through a slash in the bagging. Colored tickets of identification are folded in these fleecy double-handfuls of cotton which are



*The first process in a small mill. Breaking and opening.*

credit for the supplies he must have. For example: He can buy for cash meal at 40 cents a bushel, but on a credit is charged 60 cents, with 8 per cent. interest additional. When the cotton is picked, ginned and baled, the first "share" goes to the owner of the land, usually one-third of all raised. The dealer attends to selling of the remainder on the village streets, where buyers and factors sample, dispute the grade and wrangle over prices current locally and telegraphic quotations of the Liverpool, New York and New Orleans cotton exchanges.

Farmers are done with their precious bales when sold on the village streets, for then the several grades are sep-

placed in serried rows upon blue tables in the blue painted sample-rooms of offices and warehouses. Rubbed, shaken and tossed, these samples shed bits over street and floor, going as the first waste incident to moving the cotton crop. Hacked, torn and frayed, this bagging hangs in shreds and out drops more precious cotton. At the compress some saving is effected by tightening the parcel, but the rough handling of negro stevedores on platforms, Mississippi River landings and at the ports of Gulf and Atlantic have caused so much loss that several systems of "round" bailing are now being introduced. Powerful presses of peculiar construction are set up near the

large ginneries and the lint cotton is packed into two hundred and fifty pound cylinders and encased in coarse cotton cloth. Among the advantages of this method are saving in weight, greater cleanliness, compactness and less liability to fire. One might say that a square bale is a heap and a round bale a package.

Early in August hundreds of buyers, representing great cotton brokerage and export firms, domestic and foreign mills, scatter over the South to make their purchases. All this vast business of buying and selling over and over again three hundred millions of money in cotton is done in about four months, September to December. Telegraphic market quotations set the prices, dickering on the grades up and down from "middlings," the center class to the rest. Sold by sample, portions being sent all over the world, cotton bales are tagged and marked, recorded and accounted for at every move. Is all this care necessary? you think. Packing "strict good middling" on the outside with a core of "dog-tail" is an old trick that this elaborate system has regulated, along with rocks, scrap-iron and sand packing. A Manchester spinner discovered a dead negro boy crushed into a bale, which was traced to a cabin door and the crime fixed on a ginner. Fall River spinners made a

"claim" for false packing, showing a lost iron crow-bar, the theft of which the white ginner had laid upon half the negroes at his gin-house. So accidents in packing do happen sometimes.

The farmer sits on his wagonload of bales and sees the results of his

year's toil sold to satisfy his creditors for under this system he is a bankrupt from the start. Added to his debts are the charge of ginning, baling and heavy transportation rates, interest, commissions of factors and brokers, and the fee for compressing, as transportation is refused to uncompressed bales.

Of course, there are still many large plantations, covering thousands of acres, under one management, ownership and control, where the negroes, hired on yearly wages, work in gangs under white supervision. This system of farming is the survival of the "plantations"



*A skilled hand at picking.*

of slavery times and, strange to say, seems destined to increase. With the coming of the cotton farmers are abandoning their farms to work, with all their families, at spinning frame and loom. Left to themselves, negroes easily become the prey of the village usurer, rapacious supply stores, and annually lose not only their crops, but their mules and agricultural implements as a result of mortgages credulously given in early spring. Pro-



*Crops : where the cotton wages go.*



*Cotton ready to leave for China.*

gressive white farmers with sufficient capital are embarking in the business of operating plantations on a strictly paying basis, and the experience of ten years past shows that their efforts have been crowned with success. Several have started on a few acres, expanded, added stores, gins, compresses, oil-mills, and, in the last year, a small cotton mill, thus actually going from boll to bale, from field to consumer. For the whole is under one ownership on a single plantation and the store sells the negro "hands" cloth manufactured direct from cotton they but lately raised.

In this keen struggle for existence the negro has the advantage. He can, and is willing, to live for less than the white. He cares nothing for the future, for his children's chances in life or any advantage to be gained as the result of years' honest toil. His weapon is cheaper labor, coupled with the fact that he works his entire family, wife, children and babies in a fashion that a white man cannot follow.

Since 1865 the negro has been gradually forcing the white man out of the cotton fields, where the whites were driven by stress of circumstances incident to the devastation wrought by the war. The crisis was reached between

1890 and 1895, when the problem of existence for a white cotton planter narrowed down to a fine point. This refers entirely to the masses of both colored and white planters.

Some relief was afforded when, in the early seventies, the farmers found that the cotton seed had a value, which has since leaped up until it is rapidly approaching that of the cotton. The rise of cottonseed products is the industrial marvel of the century; but many years ago the seed was looked upon as a drag, a useless product, which cost money to gin, and was then thrown on the fields. Hogs and cattle ate it and died. Heaped up, it rotted and polluted the air. Creeks, rivers and the sea were tried as means of being rid of these small black seeds, to which imperfect ginning left adhering a fur of shortened, torn fiber. The seed rotted in the waters.

The farmers never thought that the troublesome seeds were filled with oil which, refined, would rival and finally drive out of the markets the choicest products of the Italian olive groves; that it would add millions to their revenue, give employment to thousands, and actually be exported to Italy.

This valuable by-product of the cotton plant is obtained by gathering the 4,000,000 tons of seed, raised in excess of those reserved for replanting, into "seed houses," placed at convenient points in proximity to the gins. Here the seed shipper pays twelve to eighteen dollars per ton for the raw seed in bulk, just as it comes from the gins. Shoveled into box cars, they are shipped direct to one of the hundreds of large and small cottonseed oil mills which dot the railways of the South. Arriving at the mill, the seeds are transferred from the cars to huge storehouses, properly constructed, and the manipulation is begun by passing them through great revolving perforated cylinders, from which fall the seed, but all impurities, bits of boll, leaves, rags, etc., are retained. The seeds then pass over magnetic plates, planned to retain bits of metal which have gotten in about the gins in transit and handling. The lint adhering to the

seed after passing through the country gins is then cut away, leaving the tiny hulls almost bare, only a close fur, like thin felt, remaining. It does not pay the country ginner to cleanse the seed of the lint, so this valuable short fiber is a loss to the planter. The lint so obtained is drawn out of the gin in rolls, packed in bales precisely like cotton and finds a ready sale at from one-fourth to a half the price of cotton, being used by mattress makers and for wadding generally. A portion of the "linters," as they are called in the trade, have staple of sufficient length to admit of spinning. When re-ginned the seed is passed into a "puller," where revolving knives chop the hulls from the two halves of the seed proper, which resemble coffee beans. These loose meats, or kernels, are separated from the hulls, which are immediately sold in bulk, or tightly baled, to dairymen and farmers for fattening beef cattle. Recent experiments demonstrate that these hulls can be used in making the coarser grades of paper. Rolled, crushed and broken, the meats form a yellowish mass that is cooked by steam, expanding the oil cells they contain and making it possible to press the mass into cakes. These are enveloped in camels' hair cloth, the most expensive part of the equipment, and for which no substitute has been found, slipped into the tall oil presses, about sixteen narrow cakes to the press. Powerful hydraulic pressure is then applied. The oil trickles over the side of these boxes into troughs, where it runs into tanks ready for conversion and refinement. This oil is used for illumination, as a basis for innumerable medicinal compounds, for the manufacture of paints, soap, candles, lard, butterine, cottolene, cooking-oil, to temper steel and for coarse lubricants. Above all, it supplants olive oil. As a proof of its being perfectly palatable, the negro employees dip their bread in the warm, fresh oil as it trickles from the presses.

The cotton oil mills give employment to thousands of negro men, who do all the work, and scores of negro women, who repair the damaged

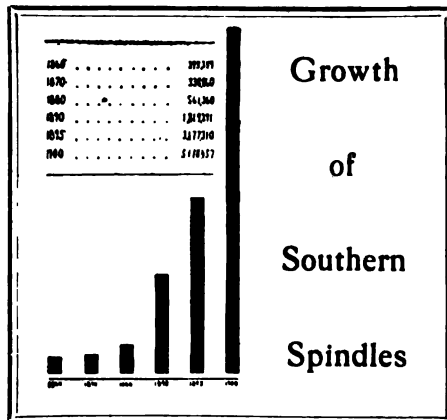
camels' hair press-cloths. Viewed from an industrial standpoint, the negro is, par excellence, the best of cotton farmers, and in the oil mill he is invaluable. At the cotton mill he is useless as an operative, being suited only to handle baled cotton, clear up refuse and do general outside work.

In round figures, there is invested in this business over \$40,000,000, which yields an annual return of something over \$50,000,000. It is estimated that the total value of oil, meal, hulls, linters and fattening of cattle exceeds \$113,000,000 a year or nearly one-half the value of the cotton crop proper.

An average Southern cotton mill consists of 5,000 spindles and 160 looms, making coarse sheetings and drills. Built at a cost of \$140,000, these small mills spring up all over the cotton states.

One of these mills employs about one hundred and fifty white operatives, male and female. The wages are good, hours easy, cottages cheap and comfortable. Free schools are furnished by the mill, which enforces attendance: gymnasiums, libraries and social clubs are encouraged, and in many instances are paid for by the mill corporation.

The stock of these companies is held by men of every class in town and country, with farmers numerically in the majority. No man who desires to subscribe, even to one share, is denied the privilege. Frequently an officer or a stockholder of the mill is a relative of an operative and always a neighbor.





each regarding the other as his friend and co-worker, and recognizing a community of interest in the mill's success.

As money-makers, these cotton mills are the marvel of the decade. Starting out with small capital, under honest though inexperienced management, located right on the spot where the cotton is grown, and thus saving all charges of compressing, brokerage, freights, etc., on their cotton; operated by willing hands, who are, owing to the comparative cheapness of living, more than compensated by the wages paid, which are lower than those of New England, these mills often run night and day and are then quite unable to supply the home mar-

kets, not to speak of the rapidly growing export trade.

The annual earnings of these mills range from fifteen to sixty-two per cent., and are an index of their financial prosperity. The stocks are not listed on any exchanges, rarely for sale and always quoted above par. Dividends in proper proportion are declared at intervals, while good sums are laid by to make additions to the plant, which usually occur every fourth year. Then new shares of stock, representing the value of the improvements, are issued to the delighted stockholders, while those men who stood back and refused to subscribe money to build the mill go off and organize village mill number two.



*A typical southern mill of the progressive type.*

## HIS CAPTAIN.

By W. F. SKERRY

**T**HE whaling brig *Arctic*, Captain Soper, was coming home full of oil after a two years' cruise, when she was overtaken by a southeast gale, eastward of Sable Island. At eight o'clock on the morning of the second day of the gale, while the brig was lying to under a three-reefed foresail, she was swept by a sea that washed five men overboard. Three of them were res-

cued—two by ropes that were thrown to them, and one by means of the fore-boom buoy, that was hanging over the lee side. But the other two, ship-keeper Eben Rich and a little darkey boy, were under the ship's quarter, where it was a most difficult matter to reach them by any of the means at hand. Eben was in no immediate danger of sinking; for his oil-skin jacket was filled out with wind like a balloon, buoying him out of the water



to his waist. But there was imminent danger of another greyback sweeping the ship at any moment, in which case the two castaways would be buried fathoms deep in the smother, never to rise again. If, then, anything was to be done, it had to be done quickly. The captain was the first to act, for he and Eben had been playmates as boys and shipmates as men. He threw them a rope; but the wind caught and carried it in the opposite direction. Then the captain saw another huge wave coming and shouted an alarm. He himself took two hasty half-hitches round his body with the main-peak halyards, leaving a fathom or two of the end free in his hand, and, when the ship's stern plumped down low in the water again, dropped overboard beside Eben as coolly and methodically as if he were going into his own cabin. Even as his feet left the deck he felt it careen to the coming sea, and out of the tail of his eye saw the reeling foremast lean lower and lower till its tiny square of canvas was bellied up on the water. Then ten thousand tons of water rolled over him, but not before he had slipped a turn round Eben with the spare rope's end, to which he clung with both hands like grim death, letting the wave do what it would. They could not have been under water more than two minutes, if so long, but it seemed ten while they felt themselves whirled helplessly about, and stared into the cold, green heart of the waters that over-rode them. How either held any breath in his body through those two minutes no man can tell. When their faces had emerged again to the blessed light of day the ship's bow was under water beyond the foot of the foremast. No sign of bowsprit or jib-boom was visible, and of the cook's galley nothing but the stove-pipe could be seen.

"She's stove a plank in her bottom and is going down head-first," thought the captain.

But she slowly rose, rolling heavily, till the water broke from her sides in roaring rivers, and her jibboom freed itself, pointing skyward again with a defiant fling that tested the strength

of the stays. The boy was never seen again. The remainder of the crew had escaped by taking to the rigging.

After the two men were safely on board and had recovered their powers of speech, Eben, a man of few words, glared at the captain some minutes without opening his lips. But the captain understood and glared back in his fiercest manner. For if either had been betrayed into showing what he felt, he would never have forgiven the other. But not even Eben could wholly restrain his emotion, and that fact made him look more angry than ever.

"It was pretty wet down there, Cap'n," he hoarsely growled.

"Yes, 'twas, Eben; that's a fact," drily replied the captain.

"But, Cap'n?"

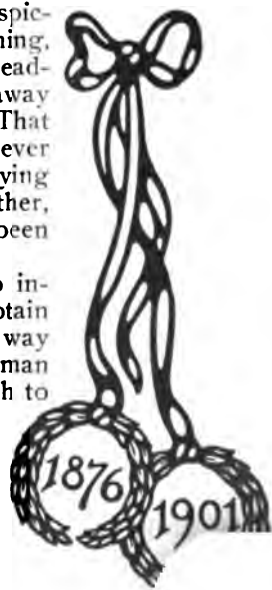
"Well, Eben?"

"Well? No, 'tain't well, nuther, an' you know 'tain't!" exclaimed Eben, growing more angry as it became harder to keep up appearances. "This brig would look fine a-goin' into Provincetown without Bill Soper, an' his wife a stan'in' on the wharf, wouldn't she? If I had any sense I'd show it."

"I guess ye would, Eben; I guess ye would," tartly replied the captain, and with that parting shot hastily disappeared into the cabin, where he smiled affectionately at himself in the glass. Eben listened suspiciously, but, hearing nothing, growled into his spray-headed beard and walked away humming a psalm-tune. That was the nearest they had ever come to openly betraying their liking for each other, and both felt that it had been a narrow escape.

The gale continued to increase in violence till Captain Soper, seeing no other way of saving his ship, sent a man below for axes with which to cut away the masts. But before the man could turn round the wind fell.

"Wait," said the cap-



Five minutes later there was a dead calm, though the sea continued heavy. While they stood staring, astonished and awe-stricken by the sudden silence in sea and sky, their ears caught the sound of a faint, far-away humming in the northeast. The humming became a distinct murmur, that rapidly changed to a dull, heavy booming, and then grew into a fearful roar of many waters; and while the men gazed, terror-stricken, across the heaving, desolate expanse of weird, unearthly silence, in the direction of the unknown, fearfully growing tumult, something that at first looked like a grayish-white swaying, shifting veil let down from the clouds, appeared on the low-circling horizon. As far as they could see it stretched in every direction and drew rapidly nearer, exactly as if the earth were being swiftly rolled together like a scroll.

"Judgment Day, by the laws!" exclaimed Eben. "Well, boys, I don't know but this is as good a place as any fur it to find us."

But though his words proved true for the most of them, they would not bear a too literal interpretation. For the veil was seen to be a twenty-foot wall of flying white water, driven before a northeast hurricane, the irresistible power of which had so suddenly silenced the gale.

"Get in that lee boat, men!" cried the captain. "Bear a hand, now!"

The boat was on the cranes and the tackle-hooks were moused.

"Gi' me your knife, Bill, to cut this mousin'," said Nick Sumner to Billy Holmes.

Billy handed his knife to Nick, but there was no time to use it; and when the wave-front of the hurricane passed neither Nick, Bill nor the boat were to be seen. But neither was anything else visible that ought to have been, for the brig was bottom up. The fates had conspired against her. For had it not been for that sudden

lull of the gale the masts would have been cut away and the hurricane possibly outlived.

For the next three days twenty-six men huddled together over the slimy keel, while Eben, the strongest man aboard, dived into the cabin sixteen times for food without finding a mouthful; and would have made the seventeenth attempt if the captain had not forbidden it.

"Wait till mornin', Eben," said he. "Ye need rest."

During that third night many sank into blissful unconsciousness or fell into a death-like sleep and slipped to their graves without ever waking. The captain and Eben sat side by side with their backs to the keel, each pretending to sleep, and each, in reality, watching over the other.

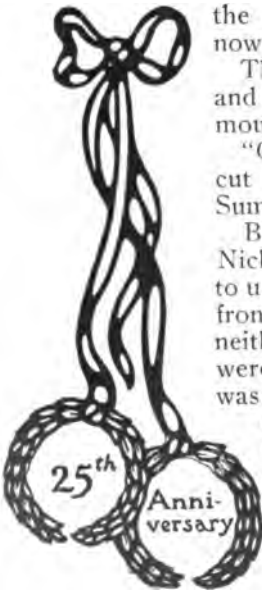
"Gabriel's a-tootin' his horn," said the captain, when dawn revealed their rapidly lessening numbers.

"Yes, Cap'n," solemnly replied Eben. "But," he continued, with the old-time glare of battle in his eyes, "he better save his wind 's fur's we're concerned. Fur you 'n' me ain't a-goin' to pitch by the head this v'y'ge, see if we do."

When day had fairly broken he dived for the seventeenth time and brought up a bag containing about a bushel of hardtack. It had been soaking in salt water for more than seventy hours. But men cried for joy when they saw it and ate as if at a sacramental feast.

On the tenth day they caught a shark and ate some of the less rancid portion of his flesh. But to drink the blood was impossible, for its odor was sickening and its bitterness indescribable. Yet they were dying more from thirst than hunger, notwithstanding several heavy rains. For, having nothing in which to catch a drop of fresh water, their only means of relief consisted in sucking it from their rain-drenched clothes.

On the fifteenth day the last hardtack was taken from the bag, broken into ten pieces and passed round, a mouthful to each man. After that, day succeeded day and night followed





*Drawn by George Varian.*

*On the tenth day they caught a shark.*

night with scarcely a word spoken. Men longed for death and moved not a finger when it came. The stronger ones supported the weaker till drooping arms and mutinous fingers refused utterly to obey, and mind and body alike collapsed.

On the twenty-sixth day five men remained alive. For forty-eight hours Eben had not slept more than five minutes at a time because of the necessity of keeping constant watch over his captain, who had become delirious and wanted to die.

"Sha'n't, though," Eben would mutter. "Who's a-goin' to tell Ann Soper? I won't."

On the afternoon of that day he saw a ship.

"But she's a good ways off, boys," he said.

She appeared so to him because his eyesight was failing. The other four had been blind for several days. He saw a boat lowered, and soon a voice hailed them over the waters. Then all stood up and tried to make themselves heard. But they had been seen and that was enough, and were quickly transferred to the strange vessel, which was an English transport bound from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to Portsmouth, England.

There were two good doctors on board, and each of the survivors had two men told off to watch him,—one for the day, another for the night. For

twelve days they were allowed only the liquid of boiled chicken; and when at length water was given them, it was administered only in carefully counted drops. On their last visit for the night the doctors would say to the watchers: "If you allow these men one more drop than I've told you I'll have you tied up in the rigging and flogged."

It was a month before they could be trusted within reach of water, away from their attendants. The doctor would pour out a glass of water and drink it before them, setting pitcher and glass back in the rack

which stood just over their heads, and say: "Now, men, I'm going on deck, and I'm going to leave this pitcher right where you can reach it. But you mustn't touch it. If you do I shall not trust you again."

And then he would walk away whistling with his hands in his pockets as unconcerned as you or I, but before his heels were out of sight the five would be racing for the pitcher to see who could seize it first. And the first man to grab it would ejaculate something, for the pitcher was always empty; and while they stood looking into it and at each other, pitifully and foolishly, the doctor would pop his head through a skylight and say:

"Ah, men, you see I can't trust you yet!"

\* \* \* \* \*

As soon as they had landed at Portsmouth they went in search of a ship, and were not long in finding an opportunity to work their passage home. Two months afterward they reached the little town on a Sunday morning when nearly every one was at church. For it was an unusual occasion. After months of weary waiting the townspeople had abandoned hope of the *Arctic*, and on that Sunday morning the service was in memory of their dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

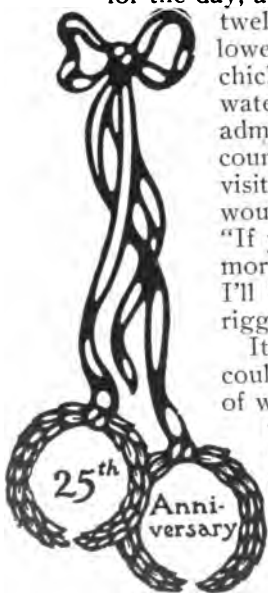
The little church was filled to suffocation; aisles and entry-way were crowded. Through the open window came the songs of birds, and across the double row of mourners in the front pews fell a shaft of golden light. The congregation had just finished singing:—

"No seas again shall sever,  
No desert intervene,"

and the minister had announced his text:—

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

Then the throng about the open



doors parted and voices spoke, first in whispers, then aloud and louder.

The minister looked down the aisle straight ahead of him. The solemn worshippers turned in wonder. The confusion spread; people rose in their seats, and up the shouting aisle

Some of them fainted, and one was Mrs. Captain Soper. But that was for joy.

For, standing giddily there, looking at the foremost advancing figure through thickening mists that rolled like sea waves before her eyes, she



*"It's me, Ann! It's me!"*

walked five of the dead men for whose honor they were that day assembled. A score of pale-faced women in the front pews rose, trembling with hope and fear, afraid to speak the words that came to their lips.

Several of them sat down very white,

heard a voice that she had thought forever stilled, cry:—

"It's me, Ann! It's me!"

And didn't seem to care whether she ever heard anything more in this world or not.

But after a minute, when he had

helped her to recover consciousness Eben said sternly:—

"By the laws, Annie, if I had any sense I'd show it!"

"That's true, Ann. I've told him

so more'n once," said the captain. And then he softly patted her hand; and Ann looked up into his face and believed all that his words meant.

## The Road to Frontenac.\*

By SAMUEL MERWIN.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.



MENARD and the maid stood face to face, looking into each other's eyes, while a long minute dragged by, and the rustling night sounds and the call of the crickets came to their ears.

"No," he said, "I did not know. May I keep the flower, Mademoiselle?"

She bowed her head.

"Good night."

"Good night."

Menard did not awaken Father Claude until long after the time for changing the watch. When he did, he walked up and down the path, holding the priest's arm, and trying to speak. They had rounded the large maple tree three times before he said:

"You did not tell me, Father."

"What, M'sieu?"

The Captain stopped, and drawing the priest around, pointed toward the maid as she slept.

"You did not tell me—why we are taking her to Frontenac."

"No, she asked it. We spoke of it only once,—that night on the river. She was confused, and asked me not to speak. She has not seen him since she was a child."

Menard said nothing.

"It was her father,"

added Father Claude.

"Good night, Father." Menard walked slowly toward the bed on the knoll.

Menard lay awake. He could see the priest sitting by the door. He wondered if the maid were sleeping.

Later still came the buzz of many voices. Dark forms were moving about the council house. Menard raised himself to his elbow and waited until he saw a group approaching on the path, then he joined Father Claude.

The Big Throat led the little band of chiefs to the hut. They stood, half a score of them, in a semi-circle, their blankets drawn close, their faces stern.

"It has pleased the Great Mountain that his voice should be heard in the Long House of the Iroquois," said the Big Throat, in a low, calm voice. "His voice is gentle as the breeze, and yet as strong as the wind. The Great Mountain has before promised many things to the Iroquois. Some of the promises he has broken, some he has kept. But the Onondagas know that there is no man who keeps all his promises. They once thought they knew such a man, but they were mistaken. White man, Indians, all speak at night with a strong voice, in the morning with a weak voice. Each draws his words sometimes off the top of his mind, where the truth and the strong words do not lie. The Onondagas are not children. They know, though he may sometimes fail them, that the Great Mountain is their father."

Menard bowed slowly, facing the

\* Begun March, 1901.







*Drawn by George Varian*

TEN THOUSAND TONS OF WATER ROLLED OVER HIM

*The Captain*



chief with self-control as firm as his own.

"They know," the Big Throat continued, "that the Indian has not always kept the faith with the white man. And then it is that the Great Mountain has been a kind father. If he thinks it right that our brothers, the Senecas, should meet with punishment for breaking the peace promised to the white man by the Long House, the Onondagas are not children to say to their father, 'We care not if our brother has done wrong; we will cut off the hand that holds the whip of punishment.' The Onondagas are men. They say to the father, 'We care not who it is that has done wrong. Though he be our next of blood, let him be punished. This is the word of the Council to the Big Buffalo who speaks with his father's voice.'"

Well, as he knew the Iroquois temperament, Menard could not keep an expression of admiration from his eyes. He knew what this speech meant,—that the Big Throat alone saw into the future, saw that in the conflict between red and white, the red man must eventually lose, unless he crept close under the arm that was raised to strike him. It was no sense of justice that prompted the Big Throat's words; it was the vision of one of the shrewdest statesmen, white or red, who had yet played a part in the struggle for possession of the new world. Greatest of all, only a master could have convinced that hot blooded council that peace was the safest course.

"The Big Buffalo has spoken well to the council. He has told the chiefs that he has not been a traitor to the brothers who have for so long believed that his words were true words. The Big Buffalo is an oak tree, that took root in the lands of the Onondagas many winters ago. From these lands and these waters, and the sun and winds that give life to the corn and the trees of the Onondagas, he drew his sap and his strength. Can we then believe that this oak tree which we planted and which has grown tall and mighty before our eyes, is not an oak

tree at all? When a quick-tongued young brave, who has not known the young tree as we have, comes to the council and says that this Big Buffalo, this oak tree, is not an oak, but an elm with slippery bark, are we to believe him? Are we to drop from our minds what our hearts and eyes have long known, to forget what we have believed? My brothers of the Long House say, No! They know that the oak tree is an oak tree. It may be that in the haze of the distance, oak and elm look alike to the young eyes; but what a chief has seen he has seen; what he has known, he has known. The Big Buffalo speaks the truth of his Onondaga brothers, and with another sun he shall be free to go to his white brothers."

"The Big Throat has a faithful heart," said Menard quietly. "He knows that the voice of Onontio is the voice of right and strength."

"The chiefs of the Onondagas and Cayugas will sit quietly before their houses with their eyes turned toward the lands beyond the Great Lake waiting for the whisper that shall come with the speed of the winds over the forests and waters to tell them that the white man has kept his promise. When the dog who robbed our villages of a hundred brave warriors has been slain, then shall they know that the Big Buffalo is what they have believed him to be,—their brother."

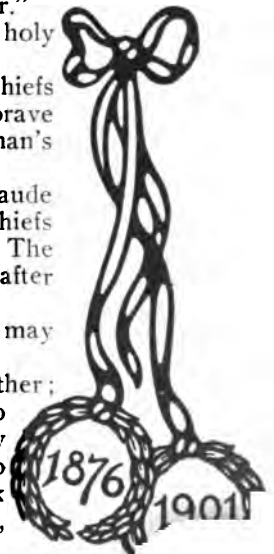
"And the maid and the holy father?"

"They are free. The chiefs are sorry that a foolish brave has captured the white man's squaw."

Menard and Father Claude bowed again, and the chiefs turned and strode away. The priest smiled gently after them.

"And now, M'sieu, we may rest quietly."

"Yes, you lie down, Father; it will not be necessary to watch now. And anyway I am not likely to sleep much." He walked back to the bed on the knoll,



leaving the priest to stretch out on the doorway.

The elder bushes crowded close to the little clearing where Menard lay. Over the noise of the leaves and the trickle of the spring sounded a rustle. It was not loud, but it was a new sound and his eyes sought the bushes. The noise came, and stopped; came, and stopped. Evidently some one was coming slowly toward the hut, but the sound was on the farther side of him, so that he could reach the maid's side before whoever was approaching could cross the clearing.

For a time the noise died altogether. Then after a space, his eyes, sweeping back and forth along the edge of the brush, rested on a bright bit of metal that for an instant caught the light of the sky, probably a weapon or a head ornament. Menard was motionless. Finally an Indian stepped softly out and stood beside a tree. When he began to move forward the Captain recognized Teganouan, and he spoke his name.

The Indian came rapidly over the grass, and laying his musket, hatchet and knife on the ground at Menard's feet stood erect and folded his arms.

"Teganouan will be the eye that sees the trail for the white chief and the Black Gown and the white squaw to pass. His musket will seek the deer and the birds and the ground animals that the white chief may eat as he follows the north star. He will go to the Great Stone Fort with the chief who has brought the voice of Onontio to the Long House."

"Teganouan will go back to the white house of the holy fathers?" asked Menard.

The Indian bowed. Menard rose, and taking up the musket, hatchet, and knife, returned them one at a time. The Indian received them, and with no further words, passed on to the next tree, threw himself on the ground, and went to sleep.

In the early morning,

when the mists were clearing and the birds were calling to the red sun, the little party started on their journey to Frontenac. There would be a few days of walking through the forests, and then would come the rivers and the great lake. Teganouan would get them a canoe.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE ONLY WAY.

It was at noon of a bright day as the canoe slipped from the confines of river and hills and forest out upon Lake Ontario. Each of them, the captain, the maid, the priest, looked over the burnished water, now a fair green or blue sheet, now a space of striped yellow and green and purple, newly marked by every phase of sun and cloud; and to each it meant that the journey was done. The water that bore them outward was the water that touched the walls of Frontenac. As they swung their paddles, the maid with them, their eyes were full of dreams,—all save Teganouan. His eyes were keen and cunning, and when they looked to the north it was not with thoughts of home.

The sun hung low over the lake when at last the canoe touched the beach. They ate their simple meal almost in silence, and then sat near the fire watching the afterglow.

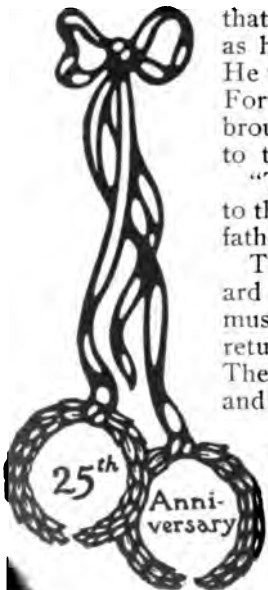
It was late at night when Teganouan touched Menard's shoulder. As he rose on his elbow he could hear plainly the sound of mocassined feet. Then for a long time no sound came, and then, as Menard was on the point of moving forward, a branch cracked sharply not twenty rods away. He called in French:

"Who are you?"

For a moment there was silence, then a rush of feet in his direction. He could hear a number of men bounding through the brush. He cocked his gun and leveled it, shouting, this time in Iroquois:

"Stand, or I fire!"

"I know that voice! Drop your musket!" came in a merry French voice, and in another moment a sturdy





*Drawn by  
H. M. Eaton.*

*Teganouan.*

H.  
M.  
Eaton

figure, half in uniform and half in buckskin, bearded beyond recognition, had come crushing down the slope, throwing his arms around the Captain's neck so wildly that the two went down and rolled on the sand. Before Menard could struggle to his feet three soldiers had followed and stood laughing, forgetting all discipline, and one was saying over and over to the other:

"It is Captain Menard! Don't you know him? It is Captain Menard!"

"You don't know me, Captain; I can see that. I wish I could take the beard off, but I can't. What have you done with my men?"

Now Menard knew. It was Du Peron.

"I left them at La Gallette," he said.

"I haven't seen them—Oh, killed?"

"Yes."

"Come down the beach and tell me about it. What shape are you in? Have you anybody with you?" Before Menard could answer he said to one of the soldiers:

"Go back and tell the sergeant to bring up the canoes."

They walked down the beach, and the other soldiers set about building a new fire.

"Perhaps I'd better begin on you," Menard said. "What are you doing here? And what in the devil do you mean by coming up through the woods like a Mohawk on the war path?"

The Lieutenant laughed.

"My story isn't a long one. I'm cleaning up our base of supplies at La Famine. We've got a small guard there. The main part of the rear guard is back at Frontenac."

"Where is the column?"

"Gone to Niagara, Denonville and all to build a fort. They'll give it to De Troyes, I imagine. It's a sort of triumphal procession through the enemy's country, after rooting up the Seneca villages and fields and stockades until you can't find an able-bodied redskin this side of the Cayugas. Oh, I didn't answer your

other question. What do you think of these?" He held out a foot shod in a moccasin. "You'd never know the Governor's troops, now, Menard. We're wearing anything we can pick up. I've got a dozen canoes a quarter of a league down the lake. I saw your fire and thought it best to reconnoiter before bringing the canoes past." He read the question in Menard's glance. "We are not taking out much time for sleep, I can tell you. It's all day and all night until we get La Famine cleared up. There are only a handful of men there, and we're expecting every day that the Cayugas and Onondagas will sweep down on them."

"They won't bother you," said Menard.

"Maybe not, but we've got to be careful. For my part, I look for trouble. The nations stand pretty closely by each other, you know."

"They won't bother you now."

"How do you know?"

"What did I come down here for?"

"They didn't tell me—Oh, you had a mission to the other nations? But that can't be,—you were captured."

Menard lay on his side and watched the flames go roaring upward as the soldiers piled the logs.

"I could tell you some things, Du Peron," he said, slowly. "I suppose you didn't know,—for that matter you couldn't know,—but when the column was marching on the Senecas, and our rear guard of four hundred men——"

"Four hundred and forty."

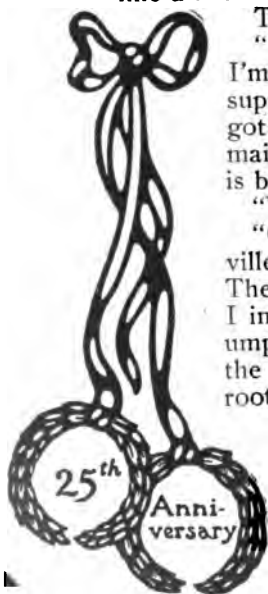
"The same thing. You can't expect the Cayugas to count so sharply as that. At that time the Cayugas and Onondagas held a council to discuss the question of sending a thousand warriors to cut off the rear guard and the Governor's communications."

The Lieutenant slowly whistled.

"How did they know so much about it, Menard?"

"How could they help it? Our good Governor had posted his plans on every tree. You can see what would have happened."

"Why, with the Senecas on his front it would have been——" he paused.



"Well,—you see. But they didn't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because I spoke at that council."

"Yes."

"You spoke—but you were a prisoner, weren't you?"

The Lieutenant sat staring into the fire. Slowly it came to him what it was that the Captain had accomplished.

"Why, Menard," he said, "New France won't be able to hold you, when this gets out. Jove, I envy you! How you must have gone at them. You'll be a major in a week. You're the luckiest man this side of Versailles."

"No, I'm not. And I won't be a major. I'm not on the Governor's pocket list. But I don't care about it. That isn't the reason I did it."

"Why did you do it, then?"

"I—that's the question I've been asking myself for several days."

The Lieutenant was too thoroughly aroused to note the change in the Captain's tone.

"You don't see it clearly now, Menard. Wait till you've reached the Fort and got into some clothes and a good bed, and can shake hands with d'Orvilliers and Provost and the general staff,—maybe with the Governor himself. Then you'll feel different. You're down now. I know how it feels. You're all tired out, and you've got the Onondaga dust rubbed on so thick that you're lost in it. You wait a week."

"Did the Governor have much trouble with the Senecas?"

"Oh, he had to fight for it. He was—My God, Menard, what about the girl? I was so shaken up at meeting you like this that it got away from me. The column had hardly got to the Fort on their way up from Montreal before everyone was asking for you. La Grange had a letter from her father saying that she was with you, and he's been in a bad way. He says that he was to have married her, and that you've got away with her. It serves him right, the beast. One night, at La Famine, he was drunk and he

came around to all of us reading that letter at the top of his voice, and swearing to kill you the moment he sees you. He's been talking a good deal about that."

"She is here, asleep."

"Thank God!"

"Where is La Grange now?"

"He is over at Frontenac. He got into trouble before we left La Famine. He's drinking hard now, you know. He had command of a company that was working on the stockades, and he made such a muss of it that his sergeant had to take hold and run the thing to get the work done at all. You can imagine what bad feeling that made in his company. Played the devil with his discipline. Well, he took it like a child. But that night, when he got a little loose on his legs, he hunted up the sergeant and made him fight. The fellow wouldn't until La Grange came at him with his sword, but then he cracked his head with a musket."

"Hurt him?"

"Yes. They took him up to Frontenac. He's in the hospital now, but it's pretty generally understood that D'Orvilliers won't let him go out until the Governor gets back from Niagara. He's well enough already, they say. It's hard on the sergeant, too; no one blames him."

Du Peron looked around and saw Teganouan lying near.

"Who's this Indian?" he asked in a low tone.

"He is with me. A mission Indian."

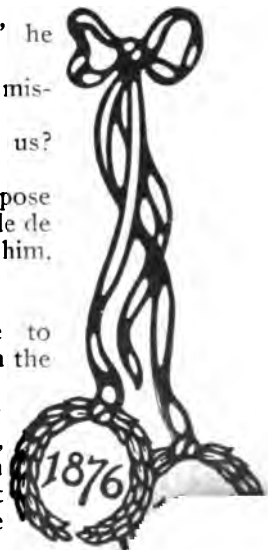
"Has he understood us? Does he know French?"

"I don't know. I suppose so. Here is Father Claude de Casson. You remember him, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed."

The Lieutenant rose to greet the priest, and then the three sat together.

"You asked me about the fight, didn't you, Menard? I don't seem able to hold to a subject very long to-night. We





struck out from La Famine on the morning of the 12th of July. You know the trail that leads south from Irondequoit Bay? We followed that."

Menard smiled at the leaping fire.

"Don't laugh, Menard; that was no worse than what we've done from the start. The Governor never thought but what we'd surprise them as much on that road as on another. And, after all, we won; though it did look bad for a while. There was a time at the beginning of the fight—well, I'm getting ahead of myself again. We were in fairly good order. Callieres had the advance, with the Montreal troops. He threw out La Durantaye, with Tonty and Du Luth,—the *coureurs de bois*, you know,—to feel the way. La Durantaye had the mission Indians from Sault St. Louis and the Montreal Mountain on his left, and the Ottawas and Mackinac tribes on his right."

"How did the Ottawas behave?"

"Wretchedly. They ran at the first fire. I'll come to that. The others weren't so bad, but there was no holding them. They spread through the forest, away out of reach. Perrot had the command, but he could only follow and knock one down now and then."

"The Governor took command of the main force?"

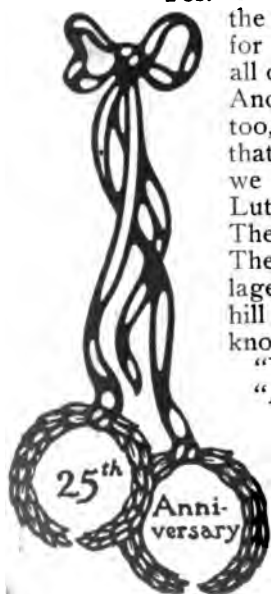
"Yes. And he carried his bale like the worst of us; I'll say that for him. It was hot and we all drooped a bit before night. And he made a good fight, too, if you can forgive him that bungling march. When we bivouacked, some of Du Luth's boys scouted ahead. They got in by sunrise. They'd been to the main village of the Senecas on the hill beyond the marsh. You know it, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And they saw nothing but a few women and a pack of dogs. The Governor was up early—he's not used to sleeping out-doors in the mosquito

country—sitting on a log at the side of the trail, talking with Granville and Berthier. I wasn't five yards behind them, trying to scrape the mud off my boots. You know how that mud sticks, Menard? Well, when the scouts came in with their story, the Governor stood up. 'Take my order to La Durantaye,' he said, 'that he is to move on with all caution, that the surprise may be complete. He will push forward, following the trail. You,' he said to a few aides who stood by, 'will see that the command is aroused as silently as possible.' Well, I didn't know whether to laugh at the Governor or pity myself and the boys. Any man but the crowd of seigneurs that he had about him would have foreseen what was coming. I knew that the devils were waiting for us, probably at one of the ravines where the trail runs through that group of hills just this side of the marsh. You know the place—every one of us knows it. But what could we say? I'd have given a month's pay to have been within earshot of La Durantaye when he got the order. La Valterie told me about it afterwards. 'What's this?' he says; 'follow the trail? I'll go to the devil first. There's a better place for my bones than this pest-ridden country.' He calls to Du Luth: 'Hear this, Du Luth. We're to 'push forward, following the trail.' I can fairly hear him say it, with his eyes looking right through that young aide. 'Not I,' says Du Luth; 'I'm going round the hills and come into the village over the long oak ridge.' 'You can't do it. I have the Governor's order.' And then Du Luth drew himself up, La Valterie says, and looked the aide (who wasn't used to this kind of a soldier, and wished himself back under the Governor's petticoats) up and down till the fellow got as red as a Lower Town girl. 'Tell your commanding officer,' says Du Luth, in his big voice, 'that the advance will "push forward, following the trail," and may God have mercy on our poor souls!'

"Well, Menard, they did it; nine



hundred of them. And we came on a quarter of a league after, with sixteen hundred more. We got into the first ravine, and through it with never a sound. Then I was sure of trouble in the second, but long after the advance had had time to get through, everything was still. There was still the third ravine, just before you reach the marsh, and my head was spinning, waiting for the first shot and wondering where we were to catch it and how many of us were to get out alive. And then all at once it came. You see, the Senecas, three hundred of them at least, were in the brush up on the right slope of the third ravine; and as many more were in the elder thickets and swamp grass ahead and to the left. They let the whole advance get through—fooled every man of Du Luth's scouts—and then came at them from all sides. We heard the noise—I never heard a worse—and started upon the run; and then there was the strangest mess I ever got into. They had surprised the advance, right enough—we could see De Luth and Tonty running about and knocking men down and bellowing out orders to hold their force together—but you see the Senecas never dreamed that a larger force was coming on behind, and we struck them like a whirlwind. Well, for nearly an hour we didn't know what was going on. Our Indians and the Senecas were so mixed together that we dared not shoot to kill. Our own boys, even the regulars, lost their heads and fell into the tangle. It was all yelling and whooping and banging, and running around, with the smoke so thick that you couldn't find the trail, or the hills, or the swamp. I was crowded up to my arms in water and mud for the last part of the time. Once the smoke lifted a little, and I saw what I thought to be a mission Indian not five yards away in the same fix. I called to him to help me, and he turned out to be a Seneca chief. Our muskets were wet—at least mine was, and I saw that he dropped his—so we had it out with knives."

"Did he get at you?"

"Once. A rib stopped it—no harm done. Well, I was tired, but I got out and dodged around through the smoke to find out where our boys were; but they were mixed up worse than ever. I was just in time to save a *courreur* from killing one of our Indians with his own hatchet. Most of the regulars scattered as soon as they lost sight of their officers. And Berthier,—I found him lying under a log, all gone to pieces with fright.

"I didn't know how it was to come out until at last the firing ceased a little, and the smoke thinned out. Then we found that the devils had slipped away, all but a few who had wandered so far into our lines—if you could call them lines—that they couldn't get out. They carried most of their killed, though we picked up a few on the edge of the marsh. It took all the rest of the day to pull things together and find out how we stood."

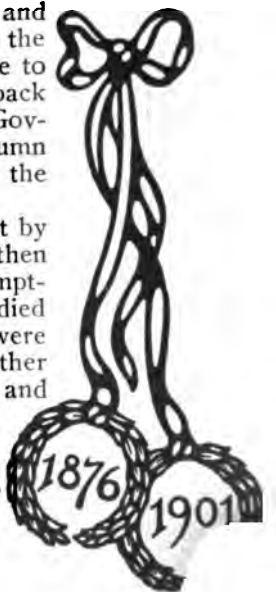
"Heavy loss?"

"No; I don't know how many, but beyond a hundred or so of cuts and flesh wounds like mine we seemed to have a full force. We went on in the morning, after a puffed-out speech by the Governor, and before night reached the village. The Senecas had already burned a part of it, but we finished it, and spent close to ten days cutting their corn and destroying the fort on the big hill, a league or more to the east. Then we came back to La Famine, and the Governor took the whole column to Niagara to complete the parade."

The story told, they sat by the fire, silent at first, then talking as the mood prompted, until the flames had died and the red embers were fading to gray. Father Claude had stretched out and was sleeping.

"I must look about my camp," Du Peron said at length. "Good night."

"Good night," said



Menard; and alone he sat there until the last spark had left the scattered heap of charred wood.

The night was clear and the lake stretched out to a misty somewhere, touching the edge of the sky. He rose and walked toward the water. A figure, muffled in a blanket, stood on the dark, firm sand close to the breaking ripples. He thought it was one of Du Peron's sentries, but a doubt drew him nearer. Then the blanket was thrown aside, and he recognized, in the moonlight, the slender figure of the maid. She was gazing out toward the pole-star, and toward the dim clouds that lay motionless beneath it. He went slowly forward and stood by her side. She looked up into his eyes, then turned to the lake. She had dropped the blanket to the sand, and he placed it again about her shoulders.

"I am not cold," she said.

"I am afraid, Mademoiselle. The air is chill."

They stood for a long time without speaking, while the northern clouds sank slowly beneath the horizon, their tops gleaming white in the moonlight. Once a sharp command rang through the night, and muskets rattled.

"What is that?" she whispered, touching his arm.

"They are changing the guard."

"You will not need to watch to-night, M'sieu?"

"No, not again. We shall have an escort to Frontenac." He paused, then added in an uncertain voice:—

"But perhaps—if Mademoiselle—"

She looked up at him.

"I will watch to-night, and to-morrow night and once again—then there will be no need—we shall be at Frontenac. Yes, I will watch; I will myself keep guard, that Mademoiselle may sleep safely and deep, as she slept at the Long Lake and in the forest of the Cayugas. And perhaps, while she

is sleeping, and the lake lies still, I may dream again as I did then—I will carry on our story to the end, and then—"

He could not say more; he could not look at her. Even at the rustle of her skirt, as she sank to the ground and sat gazing up at him, he did not turn. He was looking dully at the last bright cloud tips, sinking slowly from his sight.

"Frontenac lies there," he said. "I told them I should bring you there. It has been a longer road than we thought—it has been a harder road—and they have said that I broke my trust. Perhaps they were not wrong—I would have broken it—once. But we shall be there in three days. I will keep my promise to the chiefs; and we shall not meet again. It will be better. But I shall keep watch, to-night and twice again. That will be all."

He looked down, and at sight of the mute figure his face softened.

"Forgive me—I should not have spoken. It has been a mad dream—the waking is hard. When I saw you standing there to-night I knew that I had no right to come—and still I came. I have called myself a soldier"—his voice was weary—"see, this is done to soldiers such as I." One frayed strip of an epaulette yet hung from his shoulder; he tore it off and threw it into the lake. A little splash and it was gone. "Good night, Mademoiselle; good night."

He turned away. The maid leaned forward and called. Her voice would not come. She called again, and again. Then he heard, for he stood motionless.

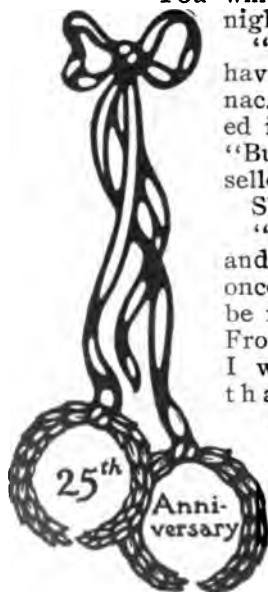
"M'sieu!"

He came back slowly and stood waiting. She was leaning on her hands. Her hair had fallen over her face, and she shook it back, gazing up and trying to speak.

"You said—you said, the end—"

He hesitated as if he dared not meet his thoughts.

"You said—see"—she fumbled hastily at her bosom—"see, I have kept it."



She was holding something up to him. In the dim light he could not make it out. He took it and held it up. It was the dried stem and crumbling blossom of a daisy. For a moment he kept it there, then, while he looked, he reached into his pocket and drew out the other.

"Yes," he said, "yes—" His voice trembled; his hand shook. Her hair had fallen again, and she was trying to fasten it back. He looked at her, almost fiercely; but now her eyes were hidden. "We will go to Frontenac," he said; "we will go to Frontenac, you and I. But they shall not get you." He caught the hands that were braiding her hair and held them in his rough grip. "It is too late. Let them break my sword, if they will, still they shall not get you."

Her head dropped upon his hands, and for the second time since the days at Onondaga he felt her tears. For a moment they were motionless, he erect, looking out to the pole star and over the water that stretched far away to the stone fort, she sobbing and clinging to his scarred hands. Then a desperate look came into his eyes, and he dropped on one knee and caught her shoulders and held her tightly, close against him.

"See," he said, with the old mad ring in his voice, "see what a soldier I am! See how I keep my trust! But now—now it is too late for them all. I am still a soldier, and I can fight, Valérie. And God will be good to us. God grant that we are doing right. There is no other way."

"No," she whispered after him, "there is no other way."

## CHAPTER XV.

### FRONTENAC.

The sun was dropping behind the western forests. From the lodges and cabins of the friendly Indians about the fort rose a hundred thin columns of smoke. Men of the commissary department were carrying boxes and bales from the fort to a cleared space on the beach.

Menard walked across the square

and knocked at the door of Major d'Orvillier's little house.

"Major d'Orvilliers is busy," said the orderly at the door.

"Tell him it is Captain Menard."

In a moment the Major himself appeared in the doorway.

"Come in, Menard. I am to start in an hour or so to meet Governor Denonville, but there is always time for you. I'll start a little late, if necessary."

"The Governor comes from Niagara?"

"Yes. He is two or three days' journey up the lake. I am to escort him back."

They had reached the office in the rear of the house, and the Major brushed a heap of documents and drawings from a chair.

"Sit down, Menard. You have a long story, I take it. You look as if you'd been to the Illinois and back."

"You knew of my capture?"

"Yes. We had about given you up,—and the girl—Mademoiselle St. Denis—"

"She is here."

"Here—at Frontenac?"

"Yes; in Father de Casson's care."

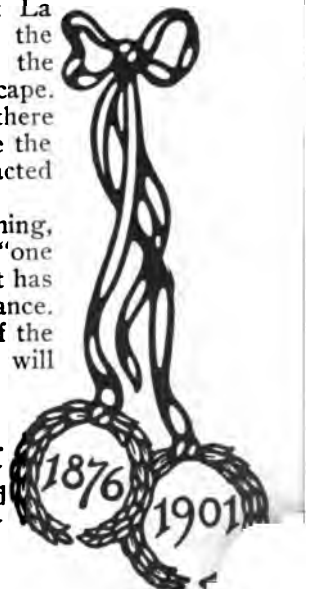
"Thank God! But how did you do it? How did you get her here, and yourself?"

Menard rose and paced up and down the room. As he walked he told the story of the capture at La Gallette, of the days in the Onondaga village, of the council and the escape. When he had finished there was a long silence, while the Major sat with contracted brows.

"You've done a big thing, Menard," he said at last, "one of the biggest things that has been done in New France. But have you thought of the Governor—of how he will take it?"

"Yes."

"It may not be easy. Denonville doesn't know the Iroquois as you and I do. He is elated now



about his victory—he thinks he has settled the question of white supremacy. If I were to tell him to-morrow that he has only made a bitter enemy of the Senecas, and that they will not rest until they can wipe out this defeat, do you suppose he would believe it? You have given a pledge to the Iroquois that is entirely outside of the Governor's view of military precedent. To tell the truth, Menard, I don't believe he will like it."

"Why not?"

"He doesn't know the strength of the Five Nations. He thinks they would all flee before our regulars, just as the Senecas did. Worse than that, he doesn't know the Indian temperament. I'm afraid you can't make him understand that to satisfy their hunger for revenge will serve better than a score of rations and treaties."

"You think he won't touch La Grange?"

"I am almost certain of it."

"Then it rests with me."

"What do you mean?"

"I gave another pledge, d'Orvilliers. If the Governor won't do this—I shall have to do it myself."

Save for a moment's hesitation, Menard's voice was cool and even; he had stopped walking and was looking closely at the commandant.

D'Orvilliers was gazing at the floor.

"What do you mean by that?" he said slowly, and then suddenly he got up. "My God, Menard, you don't mean that you would—"

"Yes."

"That can't be! I can't allow it."

"It may not be necessary. I hope you are mistaken about the Governor."

"I hope I am—but no, he won't help you. He's not in the mood for paying debts to a weakened enemy. And—Menard, sit down. I must talk plainly to you. I can't go on covering things up now. I don't believe you see the matter clearly. If it were a

plain question of your mission to the Onondagas—if it were—well, I want you to tell me in what relation you stand to Mademoiselle St. Denis?"

The Captain was standing by the chair. He rested his arms on the high back, and looked over them at d'Orvilliers.

"She is to be my wife," he said.

D'Orvilliers leaned back and slowly shook his head.

"My dear fellow," he said, "when your story goes to Quebec, when the Chateau learns that you have promised the punishment of La Grange in the name of France, and then of this—of Mademoiselle and her relations to yourself and to La Grange,—do you know what they will do?"

Menard was silent.

"They will laugh—first, and then—"

"I know," said the Captain; "I have thought of all that."

"You have told all this in your report?"

"Yes."

"Yet you would go on with it?"

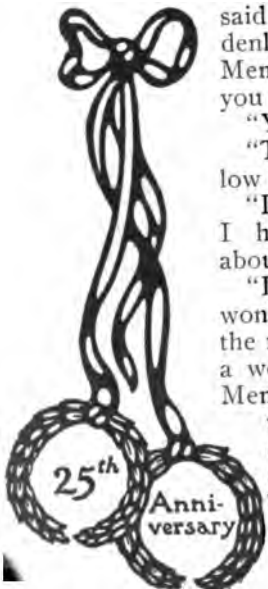
"Yes. I am going on with it. There is nothing else I can do. I couldn't have offered to give myself up, for they already had me. The fault was La Grange's. What I did was the only thing that could have been done to save the column; if you will think it over you will see that. I know what I did—I know I was right—and if my superiors, when I have given my report, choose to see it in another way, I have nothing to say. If they give me my liberty, in the army or out of it, I will find La Grange. If not, I will wait."

"Why not give that up, at least?"

"If I give that up we shall have a war with the Iroquois that will shake New France as she has never been shaken before."

D'Orvilliers started to speak, but checked the words. Menard slung his musket behind his shoulders.

"Wait, Menard,—I don't know what to say. I must have time to think. If you wish, I will not give notice of your arrival to the Governor—I will leave the matter of reporting in your hands." He rose, and fingered the



papers on the table. "You see how it will look—there is the maid—La Grange seeks your life, you seek his—"

Menard drew himself up.

"It shall be pushed to the end, Major. You know me; you know Captain La Grange. There will be excitement, perhaps,—you may find it hard to avoid taking one side or the other. I must ask which side is to be yours."

D'Orvilliers winced, and for a moment stood, biting his lip; then he stepped forward and took both Menard's hands.

"You shouldn't have asked that," he said. "God bless you, Menard, God bless you!"

Menard paused in the door, and turned.

"Shall I need a pass to enter the hospital?"

"Oh, you can't go there. La Grange is there."

"Yes. I will report to him. He shall not say that I have left it to hear-say."

"But he will attack you!"

"No; I will not fight him until I have an answer from the Governor."

"You can't get in now until morning."

"Very well; good night."

It was nearly dark when the Captain returned to the fort and started across the enclosure toward the hut which had been assigned to him. He had reached his own door, when he heard a voice calling, and turned. A dim figure was running across the square toward the sentry. There was a moment of breathless talk,—Menard could not catch the words,—then the sentry shouted. It occurred to Menard that he was now the senior officer at the fort, and he crossed to the hospital. Two privates barred the door, and he was forced to wait until a young lieutenant of the regulars appeared. The lanterns over the door threw a dim light on the Captain.

"What is it?" asked the Lieutenant. "You wished to see me?"

"I am Captain Menard. What is the trouble?"

The Lieutenant looked doubtfully at the dingy, bearded figure, then he motioned the soldiers aside.

"It is Captain La Grange," he said when Menard had entered; "he has been killed."

The Lieutenant spoke in a matter-of-fact tone, but his eyes were shining, and he was breathing rapidly. Menard looked at him for a moment without a word, then he stepped to the door of a back room and looked in. Three flickering candles stood on a low table, and another on a chair at the head of the narrow bed. The light wavered over the log-and-plaster walls. A surgeon was bending over the bed, his assistant was waiting at his elbow with instruments; the two shut off the upper part of the bed from Menard's view. The Lieutenant stood behind the Captain, looking over his shoulder; both were motionless. There was no sound save a low word, at intervals, between the two surgeons, and the creak of a bore-worm that sounded distinctly from a log in the wall.

Menard turned away and walked back to the outer door, the Lieutenant with him. There they stood, silent, as men are who have been brought suddenly face to face with death. At last the Lieutenant began to speak.

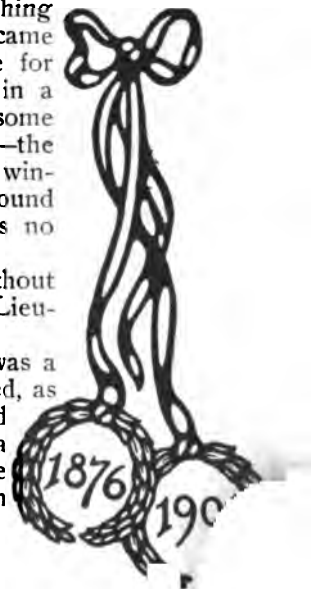
"We only know that it was an Indian. He has been scalped."

"Oh," muttered Menard.

"I think he is still breathing—he was just before you came—but there is no hope for him. He was stabbed in a dozen places. It was some time before we knew—the Indian came in by the window, and must have found him asleep. There was no struggle."

They stood again without speaking, and again the Lieutenant broke the silence.

"It is too bad. He was a good fellow." He paused, as if searching for a kind word for Captain La Grange. "He was the best shot at the fort when he—when—"



"Yes," said Menard. He, too, wished to speak no harsh word. "Is there anything I can do?"

"I think not. There is a strong guard about the fort, but I think the Indian had escaped before we learned of it. I will see you before we take further steps."

"Very well. I shall be at my quarters. Good night."

"Good night."

Menard walked slowly back across the enclosure. He opened his door and stepped over the log threshold, letting the door close after him of its own weight. The hut was dark, with but a square of dim light at the window. He fumbled for the candle and struck a light.

There was a low rustle from the corner. Menard whirled around and peered into the shadows. The candle was blowing; he caught it up and shielded it with his hand. A figure was crouching in the corner, half-hidden behind a cloak that hung there. The Captain sprang forward, holding the candle high, tore down the cloak and discovered Teganouan, the Onondaga, bending over, feeling for his hatchet, which lay on the floor at his feet. Menard caught his shoulders, and, dragging him out of reach of the hatchet, threw him full length on the floor. The candle dropped and rolled on the floor, but before it could go out

Menard snatched it up.

Slowly Teganouan rose to his feet.

"Teganouan comes in a strange manner to the lodge of the white warrior," said Menard, scornfully. "He steals in like a Huron thief, and hides himself in dark corners."

The Indian looked at him defiantly, but did not answer him.

"My Onondaga brother does not wish to show himself in the light. Perhaps there is some trouble on his mind. Perhaps he is governed by an evil Oki who loves the darkness."

While Menard was speaking he was moving quietly toward the door. The Indian saw, but beyond turning slowly so as always to face his captor, made no movement. His face, except for the blazing eyes, was inscrutable. In a moment Menard stood between him and the door. "Perhaps it is best that I should call for the white warriors of the fort. They will be glad to find here the slayer of their brother." His hand was on the latch.

"The Big Buffalo will not call to his brothers." The Indian's voice was calm. Menard looked closely at him. "He has not thought yet. When he has thought he will understand."

"Teganouan speaks like a child."

"If Teganouan is a child, can the Big Buffalo tell why he came to the white man's lodge?"

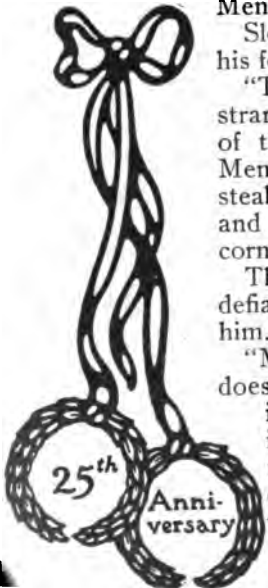
"Because he has slain a great white warrior. He must hide his face, like the outcast dog." Menard pointed to the scalp that hung at his waist. "He has slain a great warrior while the hatchet lies buried in the ground. He has broken the law of the white man and the red man. And so he must hide his face."

"Why did not Teganouan run to the woods? Why did he come to the lodge of the Big Buffalo?"

Menard looked steadily at him. He clearly understood. The shrewd old warrior had chosen the one hiding-place where no searching party would look. Perhaps he had hoped for aid from the Captain, remembering his pledge to bring punishment on La Grange. If so, he should learn his mistake.

"Teganouan's words are idle." Menard moved the latch.

"The Big Buffalo will not open the door. Teganouan has not delivered his message. He is not an enemy to the Big Buffalo. He is his friend. He has come here to his lodge, caring nothing for the safety of his life, that he might give his message. The Big Buffalo will not open the door. He will wait to hear the words of Teganouan;—and then he may call to his brother warriors if he still thinks it would be wise."





Menard waited.

"Speak quickly, Teganouan."

"Teganouan's words are like the wind. He has brought them many leagues, from the lodges of the Onondagas, that he may speak them now. He has brought them from the Long House of the Five Nations, where the fires burn brightly by day and by night, where the greatest chiefs of many thousand warriors are met to hear the Voice of the Great Mountain, the father of white men and red men. The Great Mountain has a strong voice. It is louder than cannon; it wounds deeper than the musket of the white brave. It tells the Onondagas that the Great Mountain is a kind father, that he loves them like his own children and will punish the man who wrongs them, let him be white or red. It tells the Onondagas that the white Captain, who has robbed a hundred Onondaga lodges of their bravest hunters, shall be struck by the strong arm of the Great Mountain, shall be blown to pieces by the Voice that thunders from the great water where the seal are found, to the farthest village of the Five Nations. And the chiefs hear the Voice; they listen with ears that are always open to the counsel of Onontio. They take his promises into their hearts and believe them. They know that he will strike down the dog of a white Captain. They refuse aid to their dying brothers, the Senecas, because they know that the strong arm of Onontio is over them, that it will give them peace."

He paused, gazing with bright eyes at Menard. There was no reply, and he continued:—

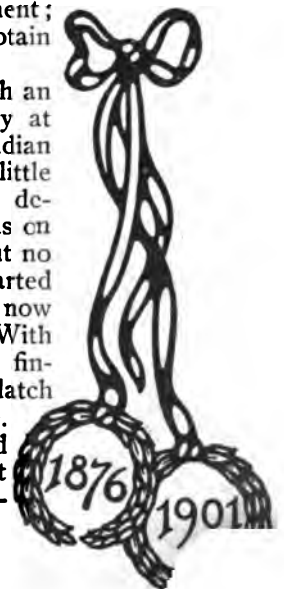
"The Great Mountain has kept his word. The Onondagas shall know, in their council, that Onontio's promise has been kept, that the white brave, who lied to their hunters and sent them in chains across the big water, has gone to a hunting-ground where his musket will not help him, where the buffalo shall trample him and tear his flesh with their horns. Then the Onondagas shall know that the Big Buffalo spoke the truth to the Long House, and this word shall be carried

to the Onondagas by Teganouan. He will go to the council with the scalp in his hand, telling them the white children of Onontio are their brothers. Teganouan sees the Big Buffalo stand with his strong hand at the door. He knows that the Big Buffalo could call his warriors to seize Teganouan, and bind him, and bid him stand before the white men's musket. But Teganouan is not a child. He sees with the eye of the old warrior who has fought a battle for every sun in the year, who has known the white man like the red man. When the Big Buffalo stood in the Long House, Teganouan believed him; Teganouan knew that his words were true. And now the heart of Teganouan is warm with trust. He knows that the Big Buffalo is a wise warrior and that he has an honest heart."

There was a pause, and Menard, his hand still on the latch, stood motionless. He knew what the Indian meant. He had done no more than Menard himself had promised the council, in the name of Governor Denonville, should be done. The lodges of the allies near the fort sheltered many an Iroquois spy; whatever might follow would be known in every Iroquois village before the week had passed. To hold Teganouan for trial meant war.

There was the tramp of feet on the beaten ground without, and a clear voice said: "Wait a moment; I must speak to Captain Menard."

Menard raised the latch an inch then looked sharply at Teganouan. The Indian stood quietly, leaning a little forward, waiting for the decision. The Captain was on the point of speaking, but no word came from his parted lips. The voices were now just outside the door. With a long breath Menard's fingers relaxed, and the latch slipped back into place. Then he motioned toward the wall ladder that reached up into the darkness of the loft.



Teganouan turned, picked up the hatchet and thrust it into his belt, took one quick glance about the room to make sure that no telltale article remained, and slipped up the ladder. There was a loud knock on the door. The Lieutenant came in.

"We have no word yet, Captain," he said. "Every building in the fort has been searched. I have so few men that I could not divide them until this was done, but I am just now sending out searching parties through the Indian village and the forest. No canoe is missing. Have I your approval?"

"Yes."

"You—you have been here since you left the hospital?"

"Yes."

"I think, then, that he must have had time to slip out before we knew of it. There are many Indians here who would help him; but few of them can be trusted, I think, to join the search. Major d'Orvilliers left me with only a handful of men. It will be difficult to accomplish much until he returns. I will post a sentry at the sally port; we shall have to leave the bastions without a guard."

"Very well, Lieutenant."

The Lieutenant saluted and hurried away. Menard closed the door and turned to the table, where were scattered the sheets on which he had been writing his report. He collected them,

and read the report carefully. He removed one leaf, and, rolling it up, lighted it at the candle and held it until it was burned to a cinder. Then he read the other sheets again. The report now told of his capture, of a part of the council at the Long House, and of the escape; but no word was there concerning Captain La Grange. Another hand had disposed of that question. Menard sighed as he laid it down, but soon the lines on his face relaxed. It was not the first time in the history of New France that a report had told but half the truth; and,

after all, the column had been saved.

It was still early in the evening, but the fort was as silent as at midnight. Menard opened the door and walked out a little way. The lamps were all burning, but no soldiers were to be seen. The barrack windows were dark. He stepped back, closed the door, and said, in a low voice:—

"Teganouan."

There was a stir in the loft. In a moment the Indian came down the ladder and stood waiting.

"Teganouan, you heard what the Lieutenant said?"

"Teganouan has ears."

"Very well. I am going to blow out the candle."

The room was dark. The door creaked softly, and a breath of air blew in upon the Captain as he stood by the table. He felt over the table for his tinder-box and struck a light. The door stood open; Teganouan had gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another sun was setting. A single drum was beating loudly, as the little garrison drew up outside the sally port and presented arms. The allies and mission Indians were crowding down upon the beach, silent, inquisitive,—puffing at their short pipes. For half a league from the flat, white beach, out over the rose-tinted water, stretched an irregular black line of canoes and bateaux, all bristling with muskets. The Governor had come.

In the doorway of a hut near the Recollet Chapel stood Menard and Valérie. They watched canoe after canoe glide up and empty its load of rugged soldiers, not speaking as they watched, but thinking each the same thought. At last, when the straggling line was pouring into the fort, and the bugles were screaming and the drum rolling. Valérie slipped her hand through the Captain's arm.

"It was you who brought them here," she said; and then, after a pause, she laughed a breathless little laugh. "It was you," she repeated.

(The end.)



# MARGINALIA

## CUPID'S BONFIRE

### *The Cowboy from the Moon.*

THE morning was young and the sun not yet warm enough to dissipate the dew or quench the liquid, gurgling song of a meadowlark overhead when Tom Marston, manager of the Moon ranch, swung out of town. He pulled his pony to its haunches to avert collision with a woman in a black habit and high hat, her horse at a smart canter. In passing she threw him a sidelong glance. Her cheeks glowed with the warmth of prairie sun and wind, and her scarlet lips were parted in a smile. The impression she left was so fleeting that he was almost persuaded she had been an illusion.

He met her again, but she, apparently, did not see him, which gave him the opportunity to observe that she was beautiful and a superb horsewoman. Several mornings they met, but not again was he favored with her glance, nor did she smile, and the oftener he saw her the more he thought on her, and the more he dreamed of her, until his case was desperate indeed.

One morning they did not meet, and he pursued his way along the road with as much melancholy as a healthy, busy man can take on. He had a sense of irritation also, and felt that the day was already a failure. But after that they met so frequently that a slight mutual recognition came about; her's, a reserved, unsmiling nod; his, a deferential bow.

With the "round-up" the cattle season closed, and for several days Marston was busy shipping his stock to the eastern markets. Then Henning, the cashier of the Oklahoma Stockman's Bank, a very decent fellow and a member of Marston's college society, asked him to dinner. "When we dine," said Henning, "we pretend we are back in New York. It is the only fun my wife has out here."

Marston went to the bottom of his trunk and exhumed his evening clothes. He was not happy in them, but as a conscientious guest he could not bring himself to mar Mrs. Henning's dinner pretension. He stole through the town in the dusk to the house of his host, who met him at the door. Someone was singing softly in the parlor, into which Henning ushered him and said, "Sylvia, this is Mr. Marston." The girl at the piano wheeled about, and her eyes grew wide with wonder.

"Why! It's the cowboy!" she stammered. Henning laughed. "Well, yes," he

said, "it's true in a measure, but a slightly unconventional way of putting it. 'The cowboy from the Moon.' That's not bad. Glad you dropped down."

It was an uncomfortable minute for the girl and Marston, but matters adjusted themselves, and soon they were chatting of their frequent morning meetings on the ranch road.

"As a matter of fact, I hoped to be there to catch your horse, had it run away," he said with mock seriousness. "Not that I wished it to bolt for that purpose, you know, but—"

"O, nothing quite so commonplace as that, *please*," she replied, and thought him rather young and sentimental. Some men manage to destroy favorable first impressions by a word or two; Marston had lost his head along with his heart. But affairs went better after dinner, and he told her about himself, asking less of her; he was near her, which, for the present, was enough. She thoroughly vivisected him psychologically; a cruel amusement enough, because he was so defenceless.

As he was leaving she gave him her hand for the fraction of a second. "Really, I believe I like you better in the role of 'the cowboy from the Moon,'" she said, laughing, whereat he plucked up courage and became offended. He had been of the opinion that he looked particularly well in evening clothes, and it was one of the things he thought on, lying sleepless until it was time to saddle for the ranch. He longed to do something gallant and full of personal danger. If he could only rescue her from imminent peril or make a terrible and lasting sacrifice for her sake, he would be happy—men are much alike in their first serious loving—but nothing turned up.

One day he met her on the street. He was picturesque in his cowboy outfit, and free and graceful, and she looked her approbation.

"You have not called," she said, with feigned severity.

"I—I intend to," he replied, confusedly.

"Then you may walk with me as far as the bank," said she. "Your Oklahoma men stare abominably." She was dressed and crowned in so exquisite a manner, and her beauty was so fresh and sweet and bright that he who had no eyes for her must indeed have been blind or a stoic. This meeting was the beginning of better things for Marston; whether it was that she grew kinder or because he found more courage in his

wooing it would be difficult to say. He called occasionally, and they rode together in the fresh mornings, but when neither was possible they exchanged little notes; polite at first, then friendly, afterward friendlier. A quarrel followed, with so trivial a cause that it is doubtful if an hour afterward either could have said exactly what it was about; but it drove Marston to the ranch, and there he stayed.

On Sylvia's birthday came a box by express. It held dozens of fresh and fragrant roses, such as never grew in Oklahoma, and the card with them bore Marston's name. Shortly afterward he got a faintly scented note, which he kissed. Then he rode into town.

They stood in the hall that evening saying nothing, which was stupid of him. Another man would have seen in her eyes that which would have made him say much. But even Marston saw it at last, for he took Sylvia in his arms and kissed her, and what he said seemed satisfactory, even if it was a trifle foolish and incoherent. Before he

went away she looked at him with sweet, misty eyes and whispered: "I love you, my cowboy, and I shall love you to the end of all things." That was something for a man never to forget.

Properly, the story should end here, but because Marston was so very much in love, it does not. It is sometimes true when a man woos a maid the very excess of his love causes him to lose her, for love breeds a fever, and that a sort of delirium, and his self-command deserts him at the very crisis of the game.

Marston, almost silent, for his content was very great, was listening to Sylvia's happy chatter one afternoon when Henning came in with the post. There were letters and a package for Sylvia. She put the letters aside and opened the package, which contained a book. On the fly-leaf was a superscription, which she read aloud: "With the dearest love of your devoted Jacques."

"Dear old Jacques," she murmured dreamily. "How thoughtful! I wish Jacques were here." Marston's face had grown white and hard, and he was staring through the window.

"I—I think I must go," he said, coldly and curtly. "Good-bye!" Without looking at her he strode out of the house. She saw him leap on his horse and gallop down the street and out on the ranch road. Her face was pale and troubled, but suddenly it lighted, and she laughed softly. "So that is it," she thought. "Well, he will come back," and she went to her desk and wrote:—

"Dear, foolish Cowboy: I did not understand at first. 'Jacques' is only Jacqueline Maitland, my chum. Surely you are not jealous of a girl! Come back. I will wait three days. "Your loving Sylvia."

That night Marston also wrote, and like most men in love, who write in anger, made a mess of it. Among other things he said: "I shall never believe a woman again. Why could you not have told me you had given another man the right to write of his love? But I suppose women are all alike. I wish I had known it sooner, or had never known you at all."

These letters passed one another on the way, but before either reached its destination Marston left the ranch with a drove of cattle, and a week elapsed before he returned to find Sylvia's letter. He tore it open and read greedily, then rushed from the house, and in an hour was in town. Sylvia's sister opened the door in response to his peremptory knock.

"Sylvia?" he gasped, breathlessly.

"She has returned to New York," replied Mrs. Henning, coldly.

"But—she left a message for me?" he cried.



*He pulled his pony to its haunches to avert collision with a woman in a black habit and high hat.*



*He had grown unaccountably reserved and at times almost morose.*

"None," she answered, and he was as a man stunned.

Several days later he stood at the door of a New York house listening dumbly to a servant who was saying: "Miss Sylvia and her father sail for Europe at noon." He looked at his watch; the ship that was bearing Sylvia was already far down the bay.

### ***Heads I Win.***

In the "Saranac," a fashionable apartment house across the street, lived a girl. On quiet mornings I heard her sing joyfully in a high, sweet voice, and often watched her as she cared for and caressed a canary that hung in the window in a cage. I called Marston's attention to her and asked him if he did not think she made a pretty picture, but his glance was indifferent and his praise faint, and, although we are very old friends, I resented his lack of good taste. Since his arrival in New York he had lived with me in my studio. In our college days I had known him for a bold, gay fellow, loving the best in life. But he had grown unaccountably reserved, and at times almost morose, a condition I could not understand.

My easel stood near the window, and one morning I chanced to look at the girl across the way. As usual, she was busy with the canary, and I knew she was talking to it, and that it was answering her with sweet bird calls. Then something happened. I heard a cry of dismay. The door of the

cage was open; the canary had escaped, and was winging its way across the street in short, jerky flights. It came straight toward me, and perched on my window sill, its yellow breast heaving with fright and unaccustomed exertion. The girl was motioning frantically to me to catch the bird. I whistled and cheeped to it, but it regarded me suspiciously with quick sidewise glances, poised ready to spring away at the slightest alarm. I approached it stealthily, and reached out my hand to grasp it, but it eluded me and flew to the fire-escape, where it perched on the rail and sang defiance. I looked across at the girl, who shook her head and disappeared from view.

I climbed out on the fire-escape, bent on catching the canary at all hazards. I was trying to win its confidence with cheeps and encouraging words when I heard a soft and merry laugh, and turned to see the girl.

"You mustn't do that, you will frighten him," she said. "You must say 'tweet!' 'tweet' like that." Then she blushed, for admiration was frankly expressed on my face. When she pursed her lips to say "tweet" she was adorable.

I said "tweet," and put out my hand again, but the canary flew to the platform above and burst into triumphant song, and I climbed the ladder after it.

"Don't 'tweet' so loud," said the girl, coming out on the fire-escape.

"I'm afraid I cannot 'tweet' any softer," said I; "my voice is bass, you know."

"I *didn't* know," said she. Then I remembered that she had not heard me speak before. "But try it again." I tried, but did not catch the bird, which flew a story higher, and I followed.

"Don't be discouraged," called the girl, and I resolved not to be. I followed the canary to the roof, where, finding no higher perch, it allowed itself to be caught. When I placed it in her hands she smiled and said: "Thank you, Mr. Holland. I'm sorry to have taken you from your work. Naughty Dick!"—and she was gone.

Dick is my name. I wondered how she knew. Then I remembered that "Dick" is the generic pet name for canaries. Well, it had been a good morning's work after all. I had seen her face to face, and had heard her voice.

It was not unnatural that I should often look out, or that I should occasionally see the girl across the way. She bowed to me now when our eyes met. I was working on the illustration of a bit of airy persiflage between a pretty girl and a man for *Quips*, a satirical weekly publication. The editor had instructed me to make the girl exceptionally pretty. In "feeling out" my composition I did a daring thing. I drew the girl standing with a canary perched on her finger; she was looking archly at the man, and her face was that of the girl across the way. When it was finished I realized that it was an impertinence, and was about to paint it out





part in it. She had cajoled him into unbosoming himself at my studio supper. Sylvia Garland, her dearest friend, had been in Europe more than a year, and her return was a matter of conjecture.

"Dick," Jacqueline had said one day, "I am going to Newport. I don't know how long I shall be gone. But take care the cat does not get the canary; do not spill beer and tobacco on the rug and be sure Nora does not waste the gas." And now she was coming back with Sylvia! What we were to do with Marston was more than I could comprehend. Probably Jacqueline knew.

Marston was living in a hotel, but he was in the studio several times a week and dined with us every Sunday. He had grown into a cynic and a misogynist, and his society was not cheerful.

Jacqueline returned, bringing Sylvia, as she had said, and in the privacy of our chamber that evening she disclosed to me the whole of her shameful plot.

"Did you suppose I was going to permit poor Tom to ruin his life simply because he loves the girl who loves him?" she asked. "They both are dying of memories and remorse. I learned that Sylvia had returned from abroad, and had gone directly to her aunt in Newport, and thither I went also to persuade her to come to us and be amused. I fancy she will be before she leaves. Simple, isn't it?"

"But she is not aware that you know of her affair with Marston."

"Of course not, silly boy. When she saw Marston's portrait in the studio this morning she gasped. 'Do you know that man?' she asked. 'Certainly,' I calmly answered. 'His name is Marston. He is an old friend of my husband.' She looked into me with those great eyes, but I was as empty as a drum."

"Shameless conspirator," said I, "you have sowed the wind. In what sort of refuge do you expect to escape the whirlwind?"

"Dick, you are depressing. The whirlwind will be one of joy and gratitude. Only bring them together; Cupid will do the rest."

"Well, I wash my hands of it," said I, shrugging my shoulders.

"Then they will never forgive you. No, you must lure Marston to dinner to-morrow night. Remember!" and she spoke as one having authority, "no confidences. Don't be stupidly honest and spoil everything. Whom woman hath brought together let no husband put asunder."

Marston came patiently to the slaughter. As we stepped out of the elevator we heard singing in the studio. Marston stopped to listen. The music ceased and someone laughed and spoke. It was not Jacqueline.

I threw open the door. Sylvia sat at the piano idly running her fingers over the keys.

"Hello!" cried Jacqueline. "Home again? Sylvia, this is Tom Marston, Dick's friend, you know."

"Mr. Marston," murmured Sylvia, shooting a barbed glance at Jacque. Marston bowed, and his hand trembled.

The dinner went off fairly well under the circumstances. Sylvia evinced only the slightest interest in Marston, but she was as witty as she was beautiful. Marston had a black dog on his back, and Jacque devoted herself to him, and was so irresistibly charming that I shuddered when I looked backward a year. When we were in the studio again I braced myself for an old-fashioned, painful reconciliation between our



*His hand closed upon hers and their heads came together.*

guests, but Jacqueline, with a warning glance at me, nonchalantly said: "Children, you must excuse Dick and me for a short time. Poor Stipple is ill in his studio upstairs, with never a woman to worry him with her ministrations. We must be neighborly, you know. You will amuse Mr. Marston until we return, will you not, Sylvia? Allow him to smoke if he wishes. You will find cigars and cigarettes, the kind he likes, on the buffet. Come, Richard!" The man who does not believe a woman's eye can express a whole tragedy in a glance should have seen that which Sylvia shot at my wife.

We spent a capital evening with Stipple, who was at his best. Stipple made better punch than pictures, and was seldom alone.



What happened while we were away from the studio was detailed to me several days later by Jacqueline, who had it from Sylvia.

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"Surely this is not at your instigation," said Sylvia to Marston the moment we had left the room.

"Certainly not," he replied.

"Then it is an opportunity to end a disagreeable affair," said she.

"I am at your service."

"I have returned your ring, and I wish to exchange our letters; that will end it." Here she sighed. "I will bring yours; can you give me mine?" Marston bowed, and she left the room and soon returned with a bundle of letters tied with a blue ribbon. Jacqueline and I smiled over the blue ribbon. She tells me that when a woman ties a blue ribbon around a man's letters it means, in the dictionary of love, that they are interesting reading.

Sylvia was particularly beautiful that night. Her eyes were soft, her round shoulders dazingly white, and her mouth sweet and scornful. These charms conspired to wring the soul of Marston. She flung herself into a chair before the fire and stared at the flames. The package of letters was in her lap. Marston stood behind her chair, and his eyes had a hungry look in them. He had taken from his pocket a bundle held together by a rubber band. The difference in the respective wrappings is one entirely of sensibility.

"Give the letters to me," said Sylvia at last.

"Why not mine first?" asked Marston, with a grim smile. "You proposed the exchange, you know."

"Is that fair?" she said, and he drew a chair beside her's and sat in it. "Give them to me!" she demanded, reaching forth a white and dimpled hand.

"It is very beautiful," said Marston, absently, regarding it with admiration.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed, indignantly, withdrawing it. "You know what I mean."

"As neither seems to trust the other, suppose we compromise," said Marston. "You burn mine; I'll burn yours; letter for letter."

Sylvia was silent, turning her beribboned bundle in her hands. Then with a sigh she exclaimed, "Very well, it is better so! But you must lead; I cannot."

Marston slipped the rubber band from his package and opened the first letter, which breathed a subtle fragrance. He read it aloud:—

"My dear Mr. Marston: Thank you for the roses. Where did you get them? Surely not in Oklahoma! How did you know it was my birthday? Sincerely,

"SYLVIA GARLAND."

He held it in his hand so long, his eyes

fixed on nowhere, that he almost jumped when Sylvia said: "Why don't you burn it?" He looked at her averted face a moment and let the letter flutter from his fingers into the fire.

"How could you?" gasped the girl, and her eyes shone wet. But she recovered herself instantly, and untying her blue ribbon took a letter, which she read. It asked permission to ride with her in the morning, and as she read it she smiled.

"Do you remember that ride?" she asked, as though he had read it with her.

"What ride?"

She threw the letter into the fire, and they watched it burn to an ash. The word "dear" appeared in letters of white on the charred paper.

"Your turn now," said Sylvia, almost gaily.

Marston threw a letter on the flames. It had laughed at him for not seeing her on the street. She burned one in which Marston chided her with a lover's pentleness for not taking her usual morning ride. And so it went through formal correspondence into that which expressed friendship and then love.

"I cannot burn this," cried Sylvia, with a little catch in her voice. "It is the first you wrote to me after we became engaged."

"Burn it," said Marston, coldly. "Why should you care?" She moaned and dropped it into the fire.

So it went to the end, until each held up a letter, like trump cards in a close game.

"This is the last," said Sylvia, "and the cruellest a man ever wrote."

Marston carried the one he held to his lips. "I did not get it until too late," he said. "Then I followed you to the dock's edge to beg your forgiveness, but you had gone. Sylvia, I was mad with love. Can you forgive me? I did not know."

For answer his letter fell from her fingers into the flames and was consumed, and he knew he was forgiven. His hand closed upon hers and their heads came together.

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At this psychological moment I opened the studio door to admit Jacqueline. The heads of our guests were surrounded by a nimbus of firelight.

"Hello!" cried I, cheerily. I could think of nothing more tactful to say.

"Have you succeeded in amusing one another?" asked Jacqueline, naively.

They had started up hand in hand, and faced us. Sylvia was radiant; Marston, the good old chap of long ago.

"What's all this?" I asked, pointing to the heap of charred papers in the grate.

"We've been holding a little reunion, and Cupid celebrated the event with a bonfire," replied Marston.

"Amen!" said I. GRANT RICHARDSON.





# Good Books



**P**ROF. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, whose "Heart of the Ancient Wood" has given him a high position among American men of letters, and whose delightful tale of Hushwing appears in this issue of Leslie's Monthly, has nearly completed a new novel, and has decided to call it "Barbara Ladd." The first title chosen by him was "Mistress Barbara," but his publishers learned that another novel of exactly the same title was to be issued at once, so that the author consented to make the change to "Barbara Ladd."



C. G. D. ROBERTS.

Professor Roberts says that the story will have a large element of a semi-humorous nature, and, as is the case with all of his works, there is much of the lore of forest and sea and of the interpretation of nature.

The romance opens with the flight of Barbara (then a girl of fourteen) by night through the woods to a little lake and down the river in her birch-bark canoe with her little kittens, to escape from the Puritan rigidities of a New England aunt, and throw herself upon the protection of a wild young southern uncle, who has always been her chum, and who understands her gypsy caprices. There is said to be fighting galore, and dancing in Boston and flirting everywhere, with a really novel form of duel, and a daring feat in swimming accomplished by the sweet gypsy, Mistress Barbara Ladd.

\* \* \*

Gelett Burgess has gathered together all his characteristic and original work, and is to present it to the public in one volume.



I've never seen a purple cow—  
I've always longed to see one;  
But I can tell you, anyhow,  
I'd rather see than be one.

with his own illustrations and cover under the title of "The Burgess Nonsense Book."

The original "Purple Cow" and many of her famous companions in the *Lark* will be given here in permanent form. The following is the wording of the title of the book:—

## *The* BURGESS NONSENSE BOOK

Being a complete *Collection* of the Humorous Masterpieces of  
GELETT BURGESS, Esq.

Including the "PURPLE COW," with Forty other *Nonsense Verses*, The "CHEWING-GUM MAN" *Epic*, the "GERRISH" *Ghost Stories*, *Poems of Primary Passion*, *Juvenile Tragedies*, the *Autobiographies of Famous Goops* and a *Myriad Impossibilities*, adorned with less than

*A Million Heart-Rending Illustrations* by the Author.

The *Whole* forming a Book of Blissful Bosh for the *Blasé*, an Amusing *Addition* to the *Gayety of Nations*, a Stimulating *Spur to Thoughtlessness*, and a Restful *Recreation* for the *Super-Civilized*, the *Over-Educated* and the *Hyper-Refined*, Carefully Expurgated of all *Reason, Purpose* or *Verisimilitude* by a Corps of Irresponsible Idiots.

\* \* \*

Dr. Morton Grinnell, of Beaver Brook Farm, Milford, Conn., has completed his "Nature Book," entitled, "Neighbors of Field, Wood and Stream," and the work is to be published at once, with a large number of admirable illustrations from remarkable photographs of wild animals in their natural surroundings.

In his *Preface* to the work Dr. Grinnell writes:—

"Notwithstanding the destroying effect of three hundred years of civilization and of a dense population, an exact enumeration of the birds and quadrupeds still existing about our homes would certainly surprise most people. In the eastern and northern sections of the Connecticut of to-day the region of deserted farms anyone at all skilled in the science of woodcraft is apt to see at times the lynx, the fox, the raccoon, the skunk, the hare, the otter, the mink, the weasel,

occasionally the red deer, and of course the woodchuck, the muskrat and the gray squirrel. Within ten miles of New Haven, during the winter of 1900, I shot as many as nine red foxes, besides a number of minks, skunks and raccoons. Thank to improved game laws, we may still find almost all of the aboriginal game birds in considerable numbers. Of the birds of song and bright plumage, there are not as many as formerly; but it seems in this year of 1901 as if they were on the increase.

"My volume is intended to make known to the younger generation and to all nature-lovers the habits and home life of some of these unseen neighbors of ours."

Dr. Grinnell is an enthusiastic naturalist, and is related to the Audubon family. He is a crack shot and an expert caster of the fly. He gave up the practice of his profession in New York city in order to live the life of the country, which he enjoys to the fullest extent.



SUBURBAN TROPHIES.

George Klinge's poem, "Recompense," contained in her "Make Thy Way Mine," has been in such great demand that various religious societies have printed it in pamphlet form, and have sold it for charitable purposes.

The evident desire for a suitable edition of the poem has induced the publishers of "Make Thy Way Mine," to announce an illustrated and attractively bound little volume presenting "Recompense" in separate form.

"In the Fairyland of America" is the title of a forthcoming volume about the American fairy, or the "Pukwudjie," as he is known to the American Indian.

This is believed to be the first attempt to present a fairy story with an American boy, the Indian fairies and various wild animals and birds of America as the chief characters.

The author is Herbert Quick, of Sioux City, Iowa, and it would appear that he has found a new vein that will prove most profitable to American young people.

The book is to be illustrated with forty engravings, after new drawings by Edwin W. Deming, the well-known delineator of

Indian types. Mr. Deming is thoroughly in sympathy with the story told in the new



THE PUKWUDJIE.

work and thoroughly conversant with all the details involved in working up the tale properly in pictorial form, and his collaboration with the author ought to produce a notable holiday volume for young readers.

\* \* \*

Remarkably favorable notices do not in themselves make a book successful. A recent instance of this has been so noticeable that a New York publishing house has been bewildered between the strength of the praise of a certain book and the weakness of orders for it. In these days of "booming," when every book is supposed to sell in fabulous numbers and when the numerical argument seems to be the one that has the most weight with the dear public, it may be refreshing to learn that the sales of A. E. W. Mason's "Ensign Knightley" have not reached one thousand copies, although it is safe to say that no book issued during the past year has received more praise by the press than this volume of brilliant tales. Nor does a most attractive cover sell a book, as the cover of "Ensign Knightley" is admittedly one of the most unusual of beautiful covers. Nor is lack of advertising the cause of the lack of appreciation of the volume, as it has been well, although not heavily, advertised.

The only solution of the problem puzzling the publishers is that the book is lying dormant, as was the case with many famous successes among books of the past, and that the united prophecy and favor of those learned gentlemen, the critics, must in the end prevail.

\* \* \*

One of the most important of the publications of a serious nature for the coming holidays will be "Naples, Past and Present," by Arthur H. Norway, author of "Highways and By-ways in Devon and Cornwall," "Parson Peter," etc.

In this work, which will be in two volumes, profusely illustrated with photogravures and halftone engravings and richly bound, Mr. Norway has taken up the world of thought and knowledge untouched by the best guide books, and has taken care not to repeat the information given in them. There is a very useful appendix, however, with hints and suggestions which will aid the reader in looking up the more commonplace

works of reference upon one of the most interesting cities of the world. Pompeii, Capri and other places near Naples are given places in this volume.

\* \* \*

A. E. W. Mason has completed his new romance, entitled "Clementina," which has to do with the early part of the eighteenth century, when James Stuart was still a young man and in love with the charming Princess Sobieski.



A. E. W. MASON.

The story opens with Charles Wogan coming upon a traveling carriage on the road to Bologna, whither he is bound with the Pope's procurator for the marriage of the Pretender with the Princess. The occupant turns out to be Lady Featherstone, who has been sent from England to prevent this marriage. Wogan, as a postillion, drives Lady Featherstone to Bologna. On his arrival there he learns of the arrest of the Princess, and he obtains permission from James Stuart to rescue her.

How, in order to accomplish this, he battled his wits against those of the scheming Lady Featherstone; how the Princess fell in love with her champion; how Wogan thwarted the schemes of his adversaries, and how he married his Princess. All this is told in a spirited way that holds the reader a captive until the end.

\* \* \*

The triumphant return of Robert Peary gives a strong, fresh interest to the approaching publication of a delightful biography by Mrs. Peary of her little daughter Marie, who was born in the Polar Circle. "The Snow Baby" is as pretty a tale as children could desire, and nearly all of the pages are to be illustrated by engravings from exceedingly interesting photographs of the little heroine in her Arctic apparel, surroundings and occupations.

The book is to be large in size and is to be bound in an elaborate manner, with a cover showing "Ahnighito" as a child just able to stand, attired in her Eskimo fur garments, surrounding the portrait as a frame. The cover is to show an elaborately-stamped Borealis.

\* \* \*

The design of the frozen North and an Aurora The *Literary Era* contains some observations of Egerton Castle upon his own portrait, so characteristic of the man himself that they deserve repeating beside his latest picture:—

"Some time ago was mooted the question of having a picture painted of this den of mine.

"And the central figure, a musing, writing fellow—obviously given to too much musing and too little writing—was to be brought into harmony with the spirit of the scheme.

"One of the conclusions I came to during those hours in which I sat, still and perforce meditative, was that it must, on the whole, be easier to be a successful painter than a successful teller of tales. (But, naturally, I refrained from communicating the information to the limner.) If the artist has a good knowledge of his technique—and be it noted, technique can be learnt systematically, at Julien's or elsewhere, whereas no rhetorical treatise ever taught a man to write—if he has a correct eye for line and tone, he can be satisfied with being the interpreter of themes ready set for him. But your Romancer, if he is to convince his hearers, must first have been moved himself by some breath of inspiration."

\* \* \*

It is two years now since Mrs. Burnett—it is hard to call her Mrs. Townsend—has given us a story, and it is very good news to hear that her new book, "The Making of a Marchioness," is sure to follow "Little

Lord Fauntleroy" and "A Lady of Quality" along the highroad to success. This new novel has been called a "fairy-story without fairies," and the phrase is a happy one, as every one who has read the book will agree. The scene is laid in an English manor house, where a pleasant nobleman is the storm center of matrimonial interests in a household of English and Americans. The publishers made the book the sincere compliment of issuing a first edition of fifty thousand copies, and the volume itself is as pretty a piece

of workmanship as one often sees.

It is impossible to read the book without feeling anew what a complete example of the Anglo-Saxon Mrs. Burnett is. Her characteristics are English and American mingled.

"I do so love America," she said the other day, "with her energy, initiative and fearlessness. There is something in the atmosphere there that gets into one's blood; something that somehow puts new nerve and ardor into one. I could not be happy if I thought I was never going back again. I love the fearlessness of the people."



MARIE PEARY.



EGERTON CASTLE IN THE SALLE D'ARMES.



The publishers of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly have taken a very genuine pleasure in issuing this special number to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the birth of the periodical. "The happy return of the day," is always a pleasant occasion when it is accompanied by a healthy sense of well-being and

a feeling of hope for the future, but it is peculiarly so in this instance, when we reflect upon the possibilities of a magazine in this country, when it has been found practicable to sell for ten cents a number such as this is. We have no love for boasting, but we may say without too conscious pride, that the man who buys this issue of the Monthly and regrets his ten cents will probably never find a perfectly satisfactory investment.

It is interesting to the publishers to look back to 1876. At that time Frank Leslie, the pioneer of illustrated journalism in America, spared no pains to make his newest and most elaborate publication the best that money and skill could accomplish. And yet, remarkable as was his achievement in those days, the first issue of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly bears to this, its younger brother by a quarter of a century, much the same relation as Stephenson's first engine does to Baldwin's last. It is the ambition of the publishers that this Quarter-Century number of theirs shall look quite as archaic when twenty-five years hence they issue their Half-Century number.

As our friends and readers know, we do not publish books, preferring to give our entire attention to the making of this magazine, but we have long recognized that our field of usefulness might be extended through close association with some book publishing house of high and recognized standing. It is pleasant to be able to announce that this object has been attained by our recent alliance with the well-known firm, Frederick A. Stokes Co. This alliance means larger possibilities for both houses, and new inducements to authors who are not infrequently unwilling to allow their material to be issued serially by one house and in book form by another. It is not out of place to say here that the business of Frederick A. Stokes Company has doubled in size during the last six years, and has been multiplied by more than twenty times since its first year.

Its large list of publications includes works of fiction by such novelists as Robert Barr, Sir Walter Besant, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Agnes and Egerton Castle, Robert

W. Chambers, Stephen Crane, Marie Cor-elli, S. R. Crockett, Harold Frederic, John Oliver Hobbes, Anthony Hope, W. W. Jacobs, Alfred Henry Lewis, Arthur W. Marchmont, A. E. W. Mason, Max Pemberton, Eden Phillpotts, Charles G. D. Roberts, Elizabeth Robins, Charles R. Sherlock and many others.

Familiar names in other fields are those of Frank Bullen, Julian Ralph, Clare Erskine Clement and William O. Stoddard.

Among many important works whose production has involved heavy expenditures are Lieutenant Peary's great work on his arctic explorations, with over eight hundred illustrations; "The Life and Letters of Mil-lais," by his son, with three hundred illustrations; the new "Edinburgh Folio Shakespeare," in forty parts, with portraits; and "Naples Past and Present," with numerous photogravures and halftones.

Among its one hundred and twenty-five children's books are the famous Maud Humphrey books, the "Bunny Stories," that children love, and a large series of successful books by Ruth Ogden, as well as works by S. R. Crockett, Gelett Burgess, George Bird Grinnell, Edwin W. Deming and many others.

Many large and important collections of etchings, photogravures and fac-similes of water-colors have been issued by this company, at prices ranging from \$7.50 to \$250 each, while certain of their series of cheaper gift books have reached sales of nearly half a million copies.



### *The Race for the Pole.*

There've been races with yachts,  
And with horses and wheels,  
With steamships, balloons,  
And with automobiles;  
But over green billows  
That freeze as they roll  
Now the nations are off  
In a race for the Pole.

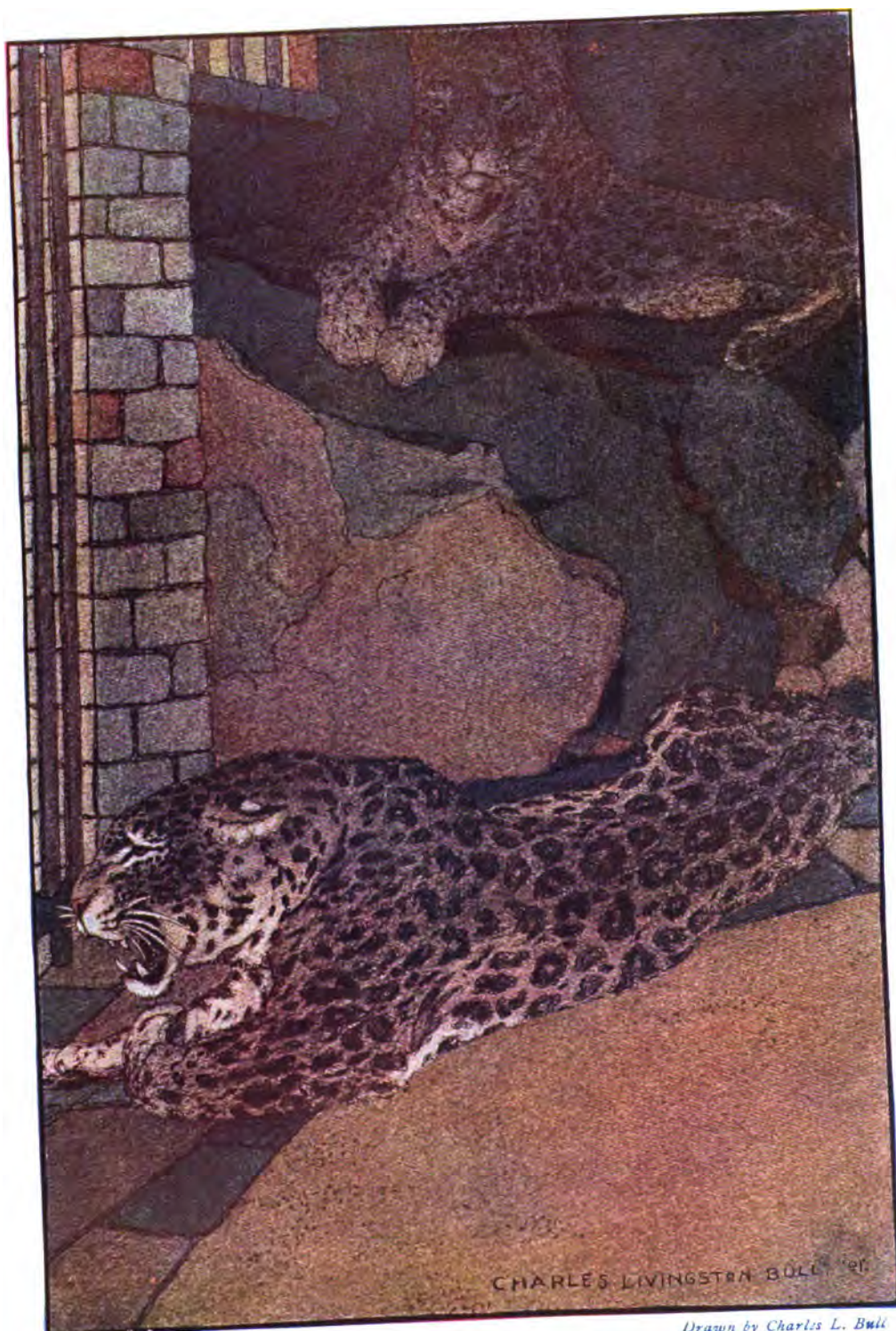
Bold Peary and Baldwin,  
In uniforms blue,  
The Duke of Abruzzi,  
And Bernier, too,  
And a dozen of others  
Are out, every soul,  
For the secret that lies  
At the heart of the Pole.

But let Briton and Germar  
And Russian and Jap  
All enter the lists  
In the great handicap;  
For when they arrive  
They will find at the goal  
Old Glory afloat  
On the top of the Pole.

MINNA IRVING.







## LEOPARDS IN CAPTIVITY

*Drawn by Charles L. Bull*

*The Brute in Captivity*



# FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY

Vol. LIII.

December, 1901.

No. 2.



LYNX.

## THE BRUTE IN CAPTIVITY

By Frank C. Bostock

*Illustrated With Sketches  
From Life by  
CHARLES L. BULL*



["And He gave man dominion over them."—GENESIS.

**I**T has been so appointed by the Creator that some men should be fitted to rule other men and some gifted with the power over beasts. One man makes a bold, careful, courageous leader for an invading army, while another finds his sphere as the master of a group of animals of the forest, and I do not believe that their planes of real value as men are very far apart.

It is peculiar, the power which some people have over animals from the instant they are brought in contact with them, while others never can attain the slightest control. In general, man is master of any animal, but to control it without harm or violence is a far different matter.

If I were to lay down a basic principle I would say, just as my

father did to me the first time he ever gave me a whip and a lion, "First of all, warm up to him." That does not mean to pet him or talk silly nonsense of the affectionate sort, but to treat him with a frank, common sense and a kindly hand and care. There is nothing which so attaches an animal to you as the care you take of him. Learn from his habits what nature has taught him is best for him, and then follow nature's guidance as far as possible.

Once a very fierce old tiger which we had in London, had nearly killed my brother, and her keepers were afraid of her. It happened that she ran a bit of bone into her paw and had a very sorry time of it. I undertook to remove it, and by the use of lashings

and a little patience succeeded. It took four men to help me. When



we were about half way through the operation she got the idea of what we were trying to do for her, and a more docile patient, surgeon never had. though the pain was great, I am sure. The next day I put a poultice on that foot with one keeper standing outside the cage with a prodding iron as a precaution, and ever after that till the day of her death I could enter her cage at any time, without her giving any sign but that of pleasure.

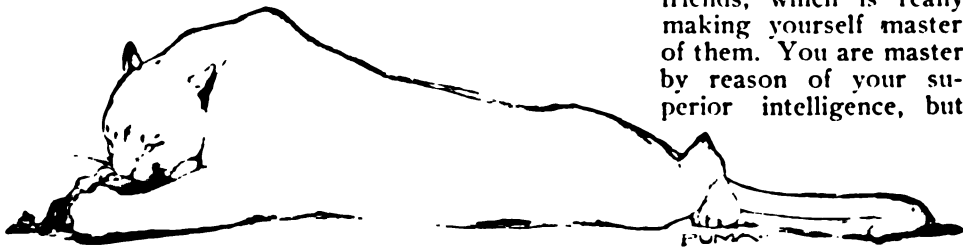


The number of people who are the natural friends of animals is much larger than is supposed. I can stand in front of a cage and out of a row of twenty people leaning against the rail pick four or five who would make excellent trainers. The feeling between them is the same which you see between a dog and master. The lions and tigers are so many big cats, and the bears and wolves so many big dogs. The reader will certainly remember instances where a man has owned a dog which would make better friends with some other man for no seeming reason whatsoever. Then, too, who has not met the man who makes friends with every child or animal he meets. It is a subtle, magnetic force, a superficial

expression of an inner quality which I think any one might be proud to possess. In many years of dealings with men and beasts, I have learned fully to trust a man who is fully trusted by the beasts committed to his keeping.

I once had a trainer, an old Irishman, who had served in a British regiment in India, and who knows the ways of tigers in every detail. He taught three of them to do more work in the show arena than I have ever seen done by tigers. I have seen him sitting down between two of them at rest times during rehearsals, and examining their claws to see if any of them were sore or split. Any one who has ever tried that with even a house cat, knows that it strikes the feline nature as an unwarrantable familiarity, but they never did more than show their teeth and whine, and that in half playfulness. One day he got very drunk. I had never known him to transgress before. Before he was noticed on his return to the cage he had gone in with his tigers and fallen in a heap on the floor. The other keepers tried to take him out of the cage, but to have done so would have meant a bitter and bloody fight with the three striped ones. They guarded him all night in his drunken slumber. The next time he put them to work, however, they balked, and he could neither persuade nor drive them. They had ceased to trust him, or something of that sort, and his usefulness with them was at an end completely.

The training of animals is a science entirely apart from making them your friends, which is really making yourself master of them. You are master by reason of your superior intelligence, but





*Black maned lion and lioness.*

wooing it would be difficult to say. He called occasionally, and they rode together in the fresh mornings, but when neither was possible they exchanged little notes; polite at first, then friendly, afterward friendlier. A quarrel followed, with so trivial a cause that it is doubtful if an hour afterward either could have said exactly what it was about; but it drove Marston to the ranch, and there he stayed.

On Sylvia's birthday came a box by express. It held dozens of fresh and fragrant roses, such as never grew in Oklahoma, and the card with them bore Marston's name. Shortly afterward he got a faintly scented note, which he kissed. Then he rode into town.

They stood in the hall that evening saying nothing, which was stupid of him. Another man would have seen in her eyes that which would have made him say much. But even Marston saw it at last, for he took Sylvia in his arms and kissed her, and what he said seemed satisfactory, even if it was a trifle foolish and incoherent. Before he

went away she looked at him with sweet, misty eyes and whispered: "I love you, my cowboy, and I shall love you to the end of all things." That was something for a man never to forget.

Properly, the story should end here, but because Marston was so very much in love, it does not. It is sometimes true when a man woos a maid the very excess of his love causes him to lose her, for love breeds a fever, and that a sort of delirium, and his self-command deserts him at the very crisis of the game.

Marston, almost silent, for his content was very great, was listening to Sylvia's happy chatter one afternoon when Henning came in with the post. There were letters and a package for Sylvia. She put the letters aside and opened the package, which contained a book. On the fly-leaf was a superscription, which she read aloud: "With the dearest love of your devoted Jacque."

"Dear old Jacque," she murmured dreamily. "How thoughtful! I wish Jacque were here." Marston's face had grown white and hard, and he was staring through the window.

"I—I think I must go," he said, coldly and curtly. "Good-bye!" Without looking at her he strode out of the house. She saw him leap on his horse and gallop down the street and out on the ranch road. Her face was pale and troubled, but suddenly it lighted, and she laughed softly. "So that is it," she thought. "Well, he will come back," and she went to her desk and wrote:—

"Dear, foolish Cowboy: I did not understand at first. 'Jacque' is only Jacqueline Maitland, my chum. Surely you are not jealous of a girl! Come back. I will wait three days. Your loving Sylvia."

That night Marston also wrote, and like most men in love, who write in anger, made a mess of it. Among other things he said: "I shall never believe a woman again. Why could you not have told me you had given another man the right to write of his love? But I suppose women are all alike. I wish I had known it sooner, or had never known you at all."

These letters passed one another on the way, but before either reached its destination Marston left the ranch with a drove of cattle, and a week elapsed before he returned to find Sylvia's letter. He tore it open and read greedily, then rushed from the house, and in an hour was in town. Sylvia's sister opened the door in response to his peremptory knock.

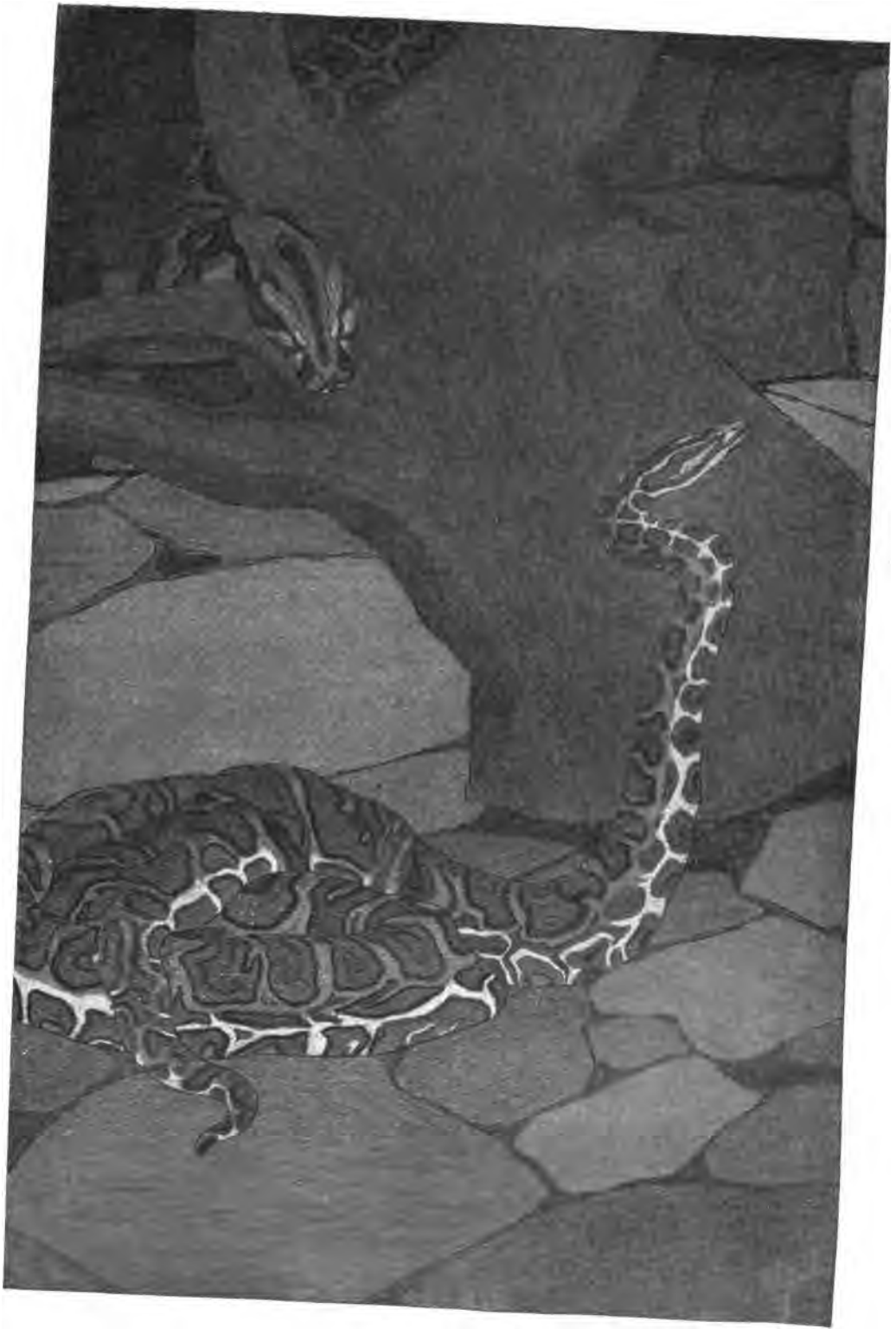
"Sylvia?" he gasped, breathlessly.

"She has returned to New York," replied Mrs. Henning, coldly.

"But—she left a message for me?" he cried.



*He pulled his pony to its haunches to avert collision with a woman in a black habit and high hat.*



*Boa constrictors.*

and do it over again when the editor sent for it. The week that followed was full of misery. What a fool I had been! Of course the girl across the way would resent the peddling of her portrait in a public print.

The picture was published, and when next I saw the girl she did not bow, nor did she even look in my direction. After that I saw her no more at the window.

At a smoker at the "Pot o' Paint" club I was introduced to a chap named Maitland, who bore a fugitive resemblance to someone I knew. We fell naturally into a friendship born of a community of tastes, and before we parted he asked me to drop in on him some evening for a chat.

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"In the 'Saranac,'" he answered.

It came to me instantly. Maitland looked like the girl with the canary. I sat long that night trying to determine whether or not I would call on him. Perhaps, after all, the girl had not seen the picture, and I concluded to go.

"Sorry my sister Jacqueline is not home," said Maitland, as we sat in his room with our pipes. "She is in the country, but you must come over when she returns." I passed a very pleasant evening.

One morning I heard a song across the street. The girl and the canary were at the window. She smiled and bowed to me in the most friendly manner. "Ha! ha!" I shouted, and left my work, capering about the room like an inspired idiot. That night I called on my friend Maitland, and was presented to her. She smiled inscrutably, and I hastened to direct the conversation to the adventure on the fire escape. On a table lay the fatal copy of *Quips*, opened at the picture of the girl with the canary, and I turned my back on it. When Maitland left the room for a minute she pointed to the picture. "Don't you think it was a liberty?" she asked.

I grew hot and cold by turns, and would have escaped. "I—I couldn't help it," I stammered. "You see I did it the day the canary escaped!" surely she would forgive me for the sake of the canary. "and—and—it happened—I don't know how."

She laughed politely at my confusion and the lane scene, and I took it that I was forgiven.

I put my self on my skill at the chafing dish and grill. One evening I gave a studio supper to board of the girl across the way. I asked some painters and writers and fellows who could make music, to meet her. She arrived early with her brother.

"Pardon me to present my friend Mr. Marston," said I. "Marston, Miss Jacqueline Maitland."

They stared at one another for an embarrassing moment. Marston had known me. My duties as a host called me away, but late in the evening I discovered my sister in a divan in a far corner talking earnestly. After that I talked with her, the lobster Neuburg

was spoiled, the kidneys charred, the music discordant and the laughter hollow.

"I'm going to call on Miss Maitland," said Marston one evening. After he was gone I sat looking at their silhouettes on the window blind across the way. Their heads were not far apart and they seemed to be deeply engaged. Then I knew that I loved the girl with the canary, and had loved her from the first. My heart was wrung with a pang I had not thought it possible to endure. But, thought I, why should not Marston love her also, and why should not she be interested in him? He was handsome, clever, rich—everything I was not. I rushed out into the night, and when I had exorcised the devil of jealousy within me it was dawn, and in the east the sky was red, a harbinger of fair hopes for my love. A few hours of sleep and a tub of cold water revived me, and I was resolved to put my fate to the touch. I took a coin from my pocket and spun it into the air. "Heads, I ask her to marry me; tails, I don't," I said. The coin stopped rolling with the head uppermost.

Jacqueline, in apron and cap, was dusting the parlor ornaments when I burst in upon her.

"How would you like to live in a studio?" I blurted, staring at her.

"H—m; is it a conundrum?" she asked, pausing in her work.

"No, no!" I cried. "In my studio. Ah, Jacqueline, I love you; you know I do."

She nodded her head gravely as one who had long known all about it. "I really believe I would like to live in a studio, and preferably your studio. That is if I thought you would be fond and indulgent to the canary. Dick, behave yourself, you'll make me drop this vase!"

### Fresh Fuel on an Old Flame.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

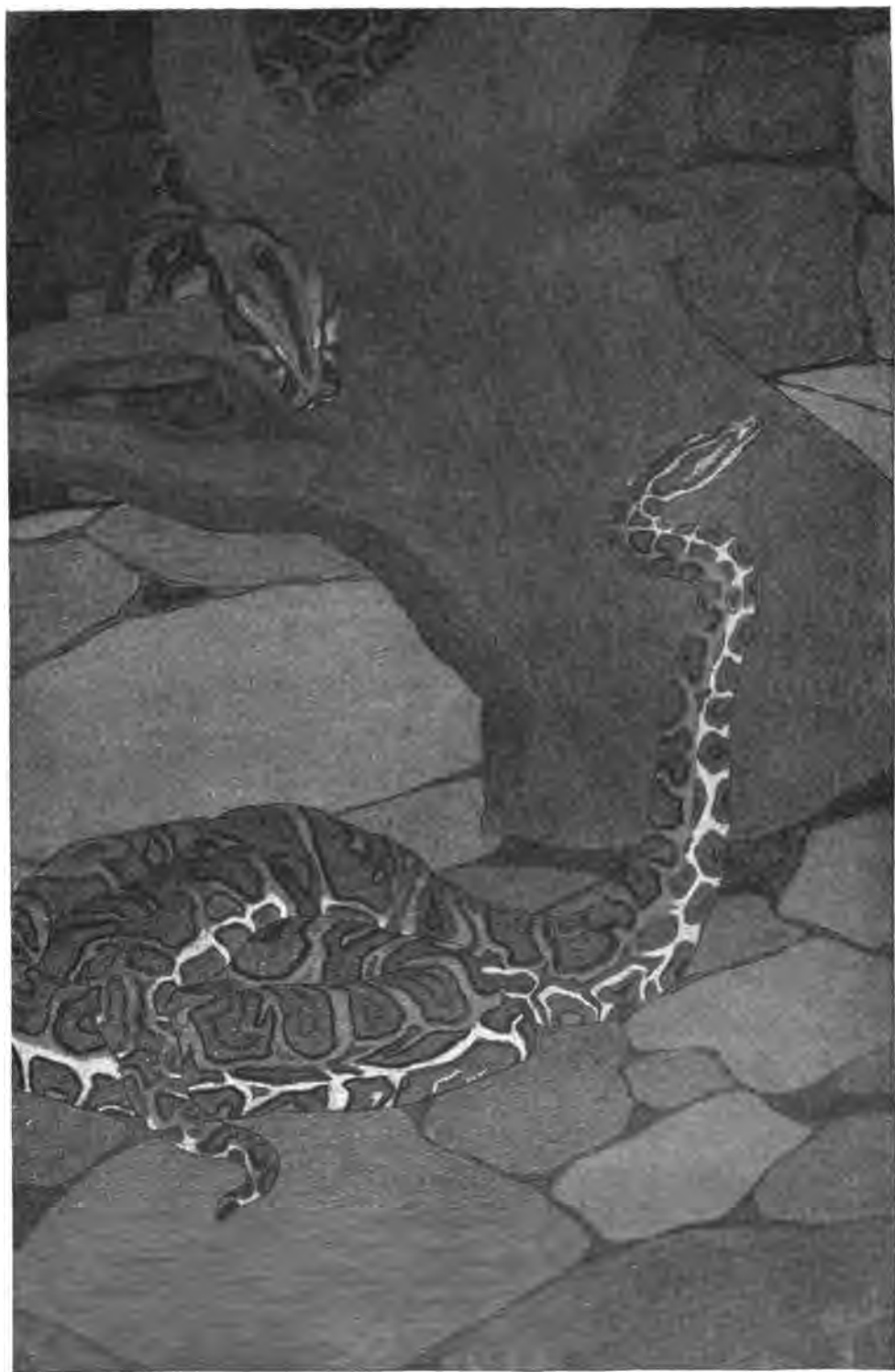
DAY AND NIGHT IN AMERICA, CANADA, AND TO ALL THE WORLD.

RECEIVED 10:00 AM 10/11/11

Home	transmission	Syllable	is	coming
Love	with	me	Say	with
to	be	about	it	please
member	not	to		
Jacqueline				

OF READ THE NOTICE AND AGREEMENT ON PAGE 121

"Extravagant woman! She might have kept her message within ten words. 'To him about it' is superfluous. It would be as much as my life is worth to mention her. Now how the deuce did Jacqueline come upon her?" These were my thoughts on receiving my wife's telegram, wherein I detected a ring of triumphant laughter. We had been married a year, in which she had told me all about Marston's unhappy love affair and her own innocent, yet disastrous,



*Boa constrictors.*





you. In training them, which is persuading them to employ your ideas, the one essential thing is to get the idea into their heads of what you want them to do, and the other is to overcome their natural laziness, not forgetting to distinguish between illness and indolence, for few animals in captivity are altogether healthy. A jaguar protests against mounting a ladder more because he is lazy than because he dislikes your making him do it.

The transmission of the idea demands infinite care and patience. One of the first things is to get the subject to understand words of command and manners of authority as meaning something directed toward him. Then he ponders it all over. If he likes you he is perfectly willing to do as you wish just so that it is not too much trouble for him. He will get up much more slowly than he will lie down, and the getting of an animal up on a pedestal is the first really important step in his training.

Some animals, especially elephants, learn to mount pedestals entirely through imitation, while others take months of a trainers time. It is not infrequently the case that we start a tiger or a wolf in the training school by placing him on a pedestal, six by six, on top, and each day thereafter saw away a small piece before he gets up, till at the end of the time he will mount a pedestal twelve inches by twelve. Nearly all fresh animals we teach first to clamber on to a half dozen pedestals



you are permitted to exercise that intelligence in directing them only because you have made them to like and consider

set close together, and as they progress we take them away one by one till at last the beast understands that he is wanted to sit or stand on a single piece.

Many readers have doubtless seen bears standing on a rolling ball and maintaining their balance perfectly while rolling it about the arena. I have a bear who delights to do the trick. He can scarcely wait for his time to come to perform. He was taught, as they are all taught, by joggling his pedestal while he tried to keep from being jostled off. Gradually the pedestal was substituted for a ball with many flat places on it, and this was followed by a perfect sphere. He has been performing two years now, and I have never known him to slip and fall off.

There are eccentricities in character in animals just as there are in men, and every now and then you will find a very funny beast. He is a foolish idiot, and he knows it, and will do one funny thing after the other in sport and fun-making which will convulse everybody about with laughter. A brother of the



bear who is so expert with the ball is a born comedian of this sort. When the training school is working in the mornings, or on Sundays, he is in some mischief constantly, or doing some droll pantomime that is side-splitting to witness. One of his favorite endeavors is to behave like a camel in kneeling and rising, and he does it to perfection, even to chewing in the mournful fashion. Give him an empty bottle and let him play drunken man, and he will give a performance, if he is in the spirit, which will put almost any vaudeville artist to shame.

I had a very ill-natured hyena, this species of animals being very foolish and capable of little education, and into the curmudgeon's cage I put this comedian bear to see if I could not mollify the hyena's disposition.

For a few hours all was quiet. Each





*Boa constrictors.*





was afraid of the other, and stuck close to his corner. This

was much too dull for the bear, and ere long he sauntered over in the hyena's

direction, only to be met with a quick rush and a nasty bite in the shoulder.

He was taken decidedly aback, and retired to meditate. Satisfied that he had destroyed all possibilities of attack from the bear, the hyena lay down to sleep after an hour or more of quiet. No sooner was the bear satisfied of the hyena's somnolent condition, than deftly and silently he began to scrape all the saw-dust in the cage into a pile in the center. The pile made, he knelt down behind it, folding his paws inward, and using his hind legs to push himself with, he made one quick scoot toward the sleeping hyena, and covered his head with the choking stuff. The hyena had a dreadful time of it, and I am sure that bear was laughing as he sat in his corner watching his enemy's frantic endeavors to clear his eyes, ears and mouth. After that the bear made life a burden for the hyena until finally the ill-natured beast's spirit seemed to break, and now he is a really good show animal.

It is a magnificent sight to see a dozen lions at play, as they are sometimes in the early morning in the training school. A lion who



never plays will bear watching. I have one, a big black-maned fellow named Denver, who never makes a step that he does not need to or is not driven to, and he is the most dangerous beast of his sort I have ever handled. Four times he has attempted the life of Captain Bonavita, his trainer, and it has only been saved by the quick rush of the other keepers, though once the keepers were not needed,—he was saved by his favorite, Diana. It was early this season, and we were breaking in a large number of lions just imported from London, to replace those lost in the Baltimore fire. One morning in the school Bonavita attempted to get Denver up into his proper place in the pyramid of lions which he forms. Denver sprang on him and bore him to the floor, his jaws fastened on Bonavita's forearm. The latch on the arena door did not open quickly, and the other keepers could not get in. Diana was on her pedestal twenty feet away.



She took in the situation at a glance, and with a wonderful bound landed squarely against Denver's side. The force and suddenness of her attack made Denver loose his hold, and he did not return.

Of course in the training of animals the different species require different treatments, and the work is very much like that of a school teacher with very stupid and very clever pupils.

An elephant is the most intelligent of all animals. He is an observer and a reasoner from babyhood. He sees a thing happen before his eyes, and thereafter studies it all out. His memory is absolutely faultless. I have known an elephant to recognize a man whom he had not seen for twenty years. Every now and then I have ele-

phants brought over from London whom I knew when a boy, and they recognize me at once. Captain Maitland, who went through several Hindustan and border campaigns, was well acquainted with the famous old war elephant, Rustum Singh. He was attached to the Captain's command on several occasions. This year I received a cablegram from London saying that a monster elephant had been shipped to me, and that his description would follow by post. When he arrived and I found he stood twelve feet and over in height, and was undoubtedly the largest animal in captivity, I christened him Jumbo II. One day Captain Maitland was on his way to his office with a quantity of business mail, and stopped to see if the carpenters were putting in the new elephant's home properly.

The instant he appeared the monstrous old fellow, chained by all four feet and with his tusks sawed off and bound down to prevent his adding new casualties to his list of eighteen men killed, not counting those in war, set up an awful trumpeting. His little eyes gleamed. He seemed overjoyed by the sight of the Captain, who recognized in him at once Rustum Singh.

A few days later the post brought me full information. The old elephant, with something over one hundred years to his credit, had been

in the keeping of a Maharajah who chanced to need money, and had sold him to an agent of my brother's for



\$10,000. It was not wise to let it be known that so famous an English war elephant was in a showman's hands, and so my brother sent him to me incognito. So far I have not been able to allow him the the use of even his trunk, as he would demolish everything about him in short order.

The fiercest animal we handle is the Cape lion, the black-maned fellow who comes from South America. The mildest lions are the Himalayan maneless lions. The only one in this country is Emerson, who is the tallest lion I ever saw. With his head erect, he stands five feet two. Owing to the rigors of the climate in Buffalo, as compared with that of his native home, he contracted pneumonia there early in the fall, and I am afraid it has developed into consumption. He will probably live less than a year if such is the case.

The bear is a careless animal. He likes one man about as well as another, and would as soon fight as play. He enjoys a joke and does not get ravenous when he is hungry, as other animals do. He is sociable and lazy, and finds an apt companion in such a man as the Herculean Desbeck, who played when a boy with German bears and wrestled with them, till now he can do terrific feats of strength. It is not at all unusual for him to wrestle with a giant grizzly named Frank, and to best him in falls. I have seen him pick Frank up and hold him high in the air, though the bear weighs over nine hundred pounds. In the arena every day he places Frank and a big polar bear in wooden swings with an iron bar



running between the swings, and getting the bar over his shoulders he will lift them both up and hold them there.

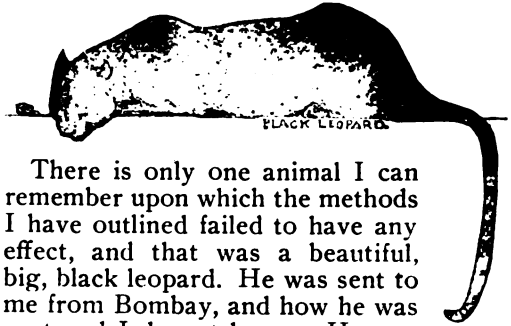
Snakes have never appealed to me greatly. It seems to require a woman to handle them. Nearly all of them will strike at a stranger, but after you get familiar with them and they understand that you mean no harm, the most dangerous snakes are not vicious. I have a Hindu girl who seems to be able to do anything with them that a mother could do with a child, and it is really weird and uncanny to see her late at



night, sitting with her bare feet in their box, while they crawl all about her and she talks to them in her strange, soft dialect. She has a nasty

temper, and is disliked by most of the people about her, but none dare offend her, for they remember the time when a brute of a porter struck her, and she went directly to her snake box, returning with a boa constrictor, which made every effort to get itself fastened about him at her bidding. He fled ignominiously.

Wild animals do not like children, and a child has little control over them. My own little daughter will play all day long with the lion, bear and tiger cubs, but by the time they are a few months old they cease to care to be with children, and ever after that it takes strong men or strong natured women to handle them.



There is only one animal I can remember upon which the methods I have outlined failed to have any effect, and that was a beautiful, big, black leopard. He was sent to me from Bombay, and how he was captured I do not know. He was the wildest devil I have ever seen, and though I had him two years he never tamed a bit, and the most daring keepers always paid dearly for their temerity, but the brute was so beautiful that I could never make up my mind to part with him. The question was solved for me.

He came to his end at the time of the Baltimore fire. His cage was burned open, and he was liberated in the burning building. One of the last men out was Manager Rollins of my staff, and he saw the death of Satan, as we called him. Satan ran leaping and writhing about the burning floor, uttering awful screams of agony. A beam fell in from the roof, one end remaining held. With a leap fully twenty feet into the air Satan caught it, and though it was bright red coals and flames its whole length, he climbed to the top. By this time the hair on his body was on fire all over. Just as he was about to reach the outer air, and a possible chance of escape, the portion of the roof which supported him fell in, and Satan was buried deep below the vast mass of debris and burned to ashes.



*Knowledge is power.*

# "Little Nozzle" of Hooks No. 9.



## A CHRISTMAS STORY

By CHARLES REGINALD SHERLOCK,  
Author of "Your Uncle Lew"

**T**HE newspapers said next morning in recounting the story, that the accident was bound to have occurred sooner or later. Poor Parkson's life paid forfeit to the expectation. He had just knocked off from work in the building yonder, and was passing Hooks No. 9 on his way home just around the corner in the flat-iron block—which covered the heads of so many others like him—when the tap of the gong within the engine house told that a fire had been discovered. The horses, no less keen for a run than their masters, once loosened from their stalls scampered to their places; the men jumped with accustomed swiftness and true to habit to positions assigned them; in a trice the last snaffle had been snapped, the heavy doors swung round on their hinges and out into the dusk of October the great, lumbering truck rolled, dispatched to succor,—but in this case to overpower and lay cold in death, the wayfaring citizen, who, arrested by the clang of the bell, had hesitated a moment too long in the path of the ponderous machine.

Poor Parkson's death made a paragraph for the papers, with an incidental note that there was a widow and a child. Thousands of people went to and fro in front of No. 9's quarters the next day and the next, even before the victim's burial, without think-

ing of the spot as the scene of a tragedy. The blood stains, to which the firemen pointed when an acquaintance stopped, were still visible, though a torrent from the hydrant had been poured upon the planking.

The firemen stopped playing checkers about the heater for a few days and hoped the rumor was not true that the widow's case had been taken up by a smart lawyer, who would "make the city sweat for its carelessness."

"God knows," said Alf Abbott, the tillerman, one evening ten days after, the dismal incident having been revived by a loungee who happened in, "Tom Croker is sore enough, without lugging the thing into the courts, to have it picked apart for a jury. It was tough all round, and nobody's half as sorry as Tom; and he's no more to blame than me, and I never see'd the feller till the hind wheels went plumb over him."

The boys were moping these days, and it was clear that they felt the awfulness of their experience. Men used, like these hardy fellows, to saving lives, looked on death of their doing with hearts as soft as childhood love. But they were beginning to grow out of their melancholy, and actually had courage to take down the checker boards when Little Nozzle came to them as a reminder of the grimmest day in all their lives.

Stricter rules than had ever been in

force before were issued by the Chief Engineer the day after Parkson was killed, prohibiting loitering in front of the engine house, and holding the captains of the companies responsible for disobedience or violation of the rule.

Small boys, with the innate love of mystery and excitement which finds its fondest realization at an engine house, would persist, as they had done for years before, in flattening their noses against the narrow panes of the door, while they peeped in and wondered in their little minds if in the Providence of things they would ever be firemen.

Captain Frank McAllister, of Hooks No. 9, had a tender spot for boyhood, for as a father bereft of a little hopeful with blue eyes and a curly head, whose image he took through many a scene as thick as smoke with peril, he felt that not an urchin drew the breath of life but responded somewhere to affection. But Captain McAllister made the chaps of the neighborhood think he was the veritable gory monster of fairyland, when he knitted his brows and routed them all in a scurry from the door.

One day he came on them unawares.

"Get out of this, you young rascals," he cried, in a voice which had led his men through fire and flame a hundred times, "don't you know you're liable to be killed at any moment? I'm after ye."

And off the pack darted on their tiptoes as if the catastrophe threatened was at their heels. All except one.

He, the tiny wisp of a boy, unusually pale, but sweet in expression, a lock of his tow head drooping over his forehead, stood his ground. The captain, whose mouth had relaxed into a smile as he turned to go in, nearly stumbled over the youngster.

"Hello, there!" said the captain, "clear off too, or I'll feed the horses in there with you."

But my brave little hero never budged.

"How many times have I got to fire you ragamuffins out; tell me that, you young tramp?"

All this while, and it was not long, the boy stood knocking his toes on the walk to warm them, waiting with a tremor of alarm, for the tirade of the captain bold to end.

"I ain't a bit afraid of you, like the other boys; for my mamma told me you were a real nice man and didn't kill my papa," was the child's remark in a lisping tone.

"She did, eh? And didn't your mother tell you to keep away from here? And if she didn't, she ought to. Now clear out before a house falls on you."

Then the captain tried to look savage, and made a mess of it.

The quick eye of the boy, a mere child as he was, was not deceived.

"Yes, sir," he went on, "my mamma said you sent her flowers for my papa, when they put him in the ground, and she said I might come over and thank you; and she was crying. My mamma cries all the time now, my mamma does."

"Cries all the time, eh? Well, I'm sorry, my little man. Come in and we will find out who you are," and the brawny hand took the little one, and in they went.

Before he had thrown off his big coat, McAllister jocularly remarked to the men about that they need never fear their captain again, for here was a baby boy who had no fright in him.

"He wouldn't run away when I drove a crowd of 'em away just now, and he says his mamma says I am a real nice man. Didn't you, sonny?"

"Yes, sir," said little tow-head, rather more demurely in the presence of the other men.

"Guess it's a mash, captain," remarked one. "Now, who's your mamma?"

"Mrs. Parkson is my mamma."

The checkers rolled off the board, which two men were holding across their laps. The laughter on the lips of all died into a sigh which heaved in every heart in the room. The man who had just twitted his captain sidled off in the shadow of the big truck, as if he had committed a felony.

Captain McAllister stooped, and,



looking into the child's face, tried to frame words into a question.

"Was the man—are you—is your mother—my poor little fellow, where—where do you live? Don't be afraid."

Then the child told what the captain and his men would fain not have heard, but with an innocence which softened the blow. This was the orphan of poor Parkson. The boys knew where he lived with his mother, but he minutely described the simpler surroundings of his home in the fourth front of the tenement around the corner, within so short a distance of Hooks No. 9 that a steamer could throw a stream to it.

It had been drawn from the boy that he had been able to identify Captain McAllister, as the benefactor of his mother, by the cry of alarm sent up by the others crowded about the doors when they were sent off in a hurry. As he talked on the boys also heard from his lips an assurance that the widow harbored no blame toward them, but had kept the bunch of roses their money had bought on the day of the funeral. By this time the author of the sad jest at the expense of his captain had gone and returned with a package of candies for the child, who, thus cajoled, became quite at home with his new-found friends. Captain McAllister himself walked around the block with the youngster, when it was time to go, and pressed him to call on Hooks No. 9 whenever his mother would let him.

The friendship between the boy and Hooks No. 9 ripened into a very tender and very close relationship as the weeks wore on.

Little Nozzle was the pet name the men had for him. And he came fairly by it. The air of the engine house had for him a curious charm, hung as were its walls with old prints of flaming fires and men in red shirts running about in attitudes only seen in pictorial and melo-dramatic art; its mighty juggernaut of a machine, glittering with burnished brass; the stables in the rear, in the duress of which were such horses as boyhood mounts his heroes on; the clanging bells and electrical devices; and a world of accoutrements in which brave men arm themselves to

battle with the flames;—all these things struck the active fancies of the boy with fervid wonder, and set his imagination running at a breakneck pace.

Curiosity took hold of him from the start, and his most inquisitive suggestions found ready response. The nozzle carried on the truck in case of emergency, gave him a delight that the boys could never understand, but which he himself seemed to connect with the career of a fire laddie more intimately than any other implement or accessory owned by Hooks No. 9, be it axe, lantern, helmet or rubber coat.

Little Nozzle was more pleased than can be guessed when he found all his new playmates—they were indeed so—calling him by the odd name. They told him he must call them "the boys"—everybody else did—if all was to be well. So the bargain was made. It became "Little Nozzle" and "the boys."

"Boys," the youngster would say to the big men who were his sworn friends, "my mamma says I may come over to see you, and she says I may stay an hour."

And that hour would be a merry one. The boys had not much notion of how his mother looked, and they rather feared the consequences of her coming, as Little Nozzle promised some day she would. But when the year rolled round, and the anniversary of poor Parkson's death arrived—an event they knew was marked in Little Nozzle's home, because he himself mentioned it the day before—the florist on the square had orders from Hooks No. 9 to send a basket of his choicest roses to the fourth floor front of the flat-iron block. Little Nozzle did not visit the boys that day, although he had counted on a call, but when he came the next he brought a little note, the pages of which were not unstained with tears. The mother was a needlewoman, the boys had learned from Little Nozzle, who worked sometimes late into the night. They put their heads together and thought of a better remembrance than the garden afforded next time.

All this while Little Nozzle had been becoming the most frantic fireman in

the service, and he often entertained the boys, describing in innocent prattle, how his mother fought with him to go to bed when the bells rang out at night. What he had not learned of the department in general and Hooks No. 9 in particular the statistician could not teach him. This sagacious child knew what street crossing the boys of Hooks No. 9 ought to reach ahead of other companies when called from certain boxes, and shared the mortification of his friends if a clumsy hitch or other mishap delayed them in making the record. The envy of the urchins of his own age, who were amazed to find him on such easy terms with the firemen, was simply indescribable. Not until the Chief Engineer himself, of whom Little Nozzle had been in something of awe—probably from the fact that the boys seemed to owe that functionary unusual deference—spoke pleasantly to him, was his happiness complete.

Nor was Little Nozzle's face unknown in other branches of the department outside of Hooks No. 9. Standing on the curb in front of the flat-iron, he was often hailed by a passing captain or assistant on his rounds.

"Ah, there, Nozzle," they would shout, "what was the matter with Hooks No. 9 the other day? The Chemical beat them to the creek. Tell the boys to wake up."

And the scoffer, laughing the while, would drive on before the little defender of Hooks No. 9 could say what misfortune it was which had intervened. O, yes, he knew; none better.

Then came inspection day, and Little Nozzle was actually to ride on the big truck, over which he had crept many a time, as it stood in its house. The boys had promised him this distinction, provided his mother consented, and the answer he brought was the woman herself, a meek person who stammered her gratitude to the men for their kindness to her boy, and, being assured that no danger was in the exploit proposed, was willing he should go. A reporter got an inkling of Little Nozzle's story, and made him famous by a pretty description of his fascina-

tion for the fire service. A firemen's periodical sent a week after for a photograph of Little Nozzle to be engraved as the picture of the youngest fireman in active service in the world.

Any other boy's head would have been turned by these attentions. But Little Nozzle counted them all as love tokens of the boys who shared his affection in twenty charming ways. There was no vanity in him, not even with the chaps ostracized by the regulations of the department from the society and intimacy he enjoyed.

"Mayn't I bring Nickie Leslie in here, boys?" Little Nozzle asked one day, "he says you don't want him to come in; and Mary Timmins told my mamma that I told Captain McAllister to keep her brother Tom out of here. And I didn't, did I?"

The refusal to give him the privilege of introducing his friends, gentle though it was, might have worried this sensitive boy, had not the Chief been blamed for the harshness of the rule.

"And Mary Timmins says I ain't a fireman at all," said Little Nozzle.

"But you know you are, don't you, Nozzle?" replied Alf Abbott.

"Yes, sir, if the boys say so."

"And the boys say so, Nozzle, you bet; don't you, boys?"

Those of the company who heard the question shouted in chorus:

"You bet, Nozzle."

"But Mary Timmins says the only reason you let me in is because my papa was killed by Hooks No. 9."

"What did you tell her, when she said that," Captain McAllister asked with a solemnity which made the men about him shudder, for they all wanted to know how their pet really felt.

"Mamma heard her say that, and told her she was a wicked little girl. I guess she ain't real wicked, but she tells lies! That was one, I know," and Little Nozzle took his place between McAllister's knees and looked lovingly into the honest face of the stout captain.

"You tell Mary Timpkins, or whatever her name is, that she's a saucy dunce, and that I say you are a fireman as much as I am. Tell her that,



Drawn by W. Glacens.

Nozzle. You're one of the boys, Nozzle, and don't mind what they say."

"No, sir," said Little Nozzle, briskly; "no, sir, I won't mind a bit."

"And you tell her, too, Nozzle, that you are going to have a truck like Hooks No. 9 for your own self," and the seared hands of the rugged captain were flattened against the rosy cheeks. "Honest?"

"Yes, honest; ain't he, boys?"

"For sure," and "No mistake," and "Bet your life," were the responses.

"You know Christmas is coming," McAllister went on, "and if old Santa Clause does not give you a truck, the boys will. Mind that."

As big as saucers Little Nozzle's eyes bulged out as he turned to survey the proportions of Hooks No. 9's machine, ready at a moment's warning to go to the rescue.

"And then I'll be a real fireman, won't I, boys?" he finally said, as the importance of the matter struck home.

All the boys assured him that he was already a real fireman.

"Mrs. Parkson is my mamma."

"I've got a real helmet, anyway."

"Yes, you have, Nozzle," put in McAllister.

"And an axe, just like this," pointing to the truck.

"Yes, that's just what you've got."

"And a lantern, that will light up?"

"To be sure, Nozzle. Don't you let 'em make you believe you ain't a real fireman."

And, indeed, this gallant crew had made the boy think so.

But they were not long in finding that the Christmas gift they had hinted at was to be a source of trouble such as they had not bargained for. Santa Clause was in the mind of this child an omnipotent being, all-powerful in capacity, and whose mysterious sorcery on house-tops at the midnight hour, was confined by no ordinary bounds. The good genius of the merry holiday had not been a frequent visitor where Little Nozzle lived, but he had observed the custom of the time, and regarded such trifling gifts as the first blushes of Christmas morn found in his

stocking as the result of supernatural agency in the chimney.

The boys at Hooks No. 9 had three weeks to contemplate the mischief they had done, for it soon became evident that the toy apparatus they had ordered of the dealer, though they said they wanted something handsome, was not exactly what Little Nozzle expected. It was plain that he had fixed his expectations on a truck like the very one they ran with, and though they used the cleverest devices and remarked disingenuously that they wished their machine was a toy, they failed to disabuse the mind of their protégé.

"We're in a pickle, dead sure," remarked McAllister one day about this time, "and unless we can make him believe our ten-dollar toy is better than the truck itself, we'll break the child's heart. I'm mighty sorry we're in it."

Not long after Hooks No. 9 thought they discovered a way out of the dilemma, when they came back from a run to the suburbs, with a wheel disabled. Little Nozzle was on hand to commiserate with the boys on the misfortune, and the most was made of the fact that one of the laddermen, John Gallagher, had been thrown off when the truck collided with the stone pile. Gallagher had barked his shins pretty badly, and was laid off duty for a few days, but by advice of his embarrassed associates pretended injuries he never had, when Little Nozzle went to see him. The ladder man said the size of the truck was the cause of the accident, and before his sympathizer left had worked a conviction in the active little mind that perhaps something smaller would be better.

The day after Little Nozzle failed to come to the house. Three days succeeding came and went, and as yet the pet of the boys was missing.

"Gallagher has gone and put his foot in it with Nozzle," blurted Abbott, the tillerman. "The boy's found out that we ain't going to give him no big truck and it has broken his heart. That's what's the matter."

"I guess he's hoodooed us, sure enough," was the rejoinder of Jack Brier. "It's a pity he didn't break his

blamed neck when he struck the stone pile."

"Let Gallagher alone," said Captain McAllister, "and you go over to the flat-iron and see what's become of the chap, anyway."

The messenger came back wearing a long face. Little Nozzle was by no means well, indeed was so out of sorts that his mother had taken a neighbor's advice and called in a doctor. The boy was asleep when Abbott called, and could not be seen, and it was evident, the fireman said, that something the doctor had said had upset the widow.

Captain McAllister said he would go around at tea time to see for himself, but that evening the department had a roaring fire in a factory, and it was not until the next day that he called. The doctor was there before the captain, and of him McAllister learned that the child was threatened with one of the fevers.

"Doctor," the captain said, a few minutes later on the curbstone, "that boy's mother ain't rich, and medicines and that sort of thing costs money, but the boy's to have what he wants. Charge it to me; charge it to Hooks No. 9. Never mind what it costs, if you have to call ten times a day, get him out of this fix."

The doctor nodded acquiescence and said he would report progress in the case at least once a day to Hooks No. 9. The boys heard their captain's report with silence. More than one shed tears. And they all said, in endorsement of the captain's promises to the doctor, that nothing was too good for Little Nozzle.

Gloomy stories came from the flat-iron block to Hooks No. 9. The child, the doctor reported, had a virulent attack of typhoid fever, a thing so unusual in one of his years that he could not pretend to say that his life could be saved.

The boys were cast down, and their grim fears of the worst were not forgotten when their Christmas toy arrived from New York, packed in a neat box. It was really a remarkably pretty miniature of a hook and ladder truck, rigged with lanterns and axes and

buckets, a swiveled hoisting ladder and a tool chest. It was taken to the paint shop to be lettered "Hooks No. 9."

Christmas was no less than a week away. Little Nozzle had not improved, and the doctor said chances of recovery had diminished because of the development of organic troubles which had not before shown themselves in the child. Captain McAllister had been permitted to go into the bedroom, and as big and strong as he was, had burst into tears when he beheld the little fellow, wasted by disease, the wan face angelic in its sweetness, and the small, white hands clutching the coverlid where they lay.

Little Nozzle seemed to know his caller, and his pinched features lighted up a moment as the stalwart captain stooped to press his hand. A flash of joy flitted across the features of the child, and said to his old friend unutterable things, for the tongue was powerless. The anxious mother told the captain between sobs that when her darling slept, he dreamed, for in these moments of relief from bodily suffering he talked. Awake, he never said a word.

"He talks of you, sir," the widow said, under her breath, "and of the boys—he calls you the boys—at Hooks No. 9. Last night I think he dreamt he was going to a fire, sir, for he said the horses were not going fast enough, and seemed to be giving orders himself. I got afraid, sir, and woke him up. Then he dozed off again, and talked of the boys again; and then I heard him say: 'Ain't it a big one?' and he laughed; poor little darling!"

The mother fell to caressing her child's hand in the ecstasy of her grief. McAllister brushed the parched lips of the child with his beard, and warning Mrs. Parkson to call on him, for anything, stole quietly out.

After hearing this the boys of Hooks No. 9 said they had not the heart to see the child, even were that privilege allowable.

Christmas eve was there, and the toy truck had come back from the paint shop a perfect model. The news that afternoon from the flat-iron block had

been without a tinge of hope. The men in Hooks No. 9's house had decided that they would not send the toy to their pet, until—and they looked askance at one another, as soldiers do on the verge of battle—until Little Nozzle was better.

"These doctors don't know everything, boys," said Gallagher, who had recently been in medical hands. "The boy may live after all; next door to me!"

And he related a case to the total discredit of the healing profession.

But every man who answered roll-call that night in Hooks No. 9 took a lump of lead to his bunk instead of a heart.

It was a gruesome night before Christmas.

Far and wide throughout the city, in ten thousand happy homes, children were that night put asleep with stories of things eerie and things wonderful.

Ill-attuned to such a night was the scene in the tenement, where a loving mother kept vigil over the couch of a boy burning up with fever. If the muffled patrolman on the beat below noted the flickering light in the window of the fourth floor, front, it gave him no concern. Perhaps he knew the story.

The clocks in the steeples had tolled the midnight hour. Christmas had come.

Hooks No. 9, ever ready, had masked their woe in a base counterfeit of death, save the man on watch, who nodded in his chair, lulled into wakeful sleep by the uncanny silence of the long winter's night.

A half hour later and a summons came. Through the chill air the bell in the overtopping tower was sending in its dreadful alarm.

One, two, three.

(A pause.)

One, two.

Fifteen men, like so many automations, were, in a mere twinkling, at their posts. Down from the floor above they came like demons in the pantomime, as one after another in quick succession they alighted by the rod of polished brass.

The horses were already champing

at their bits and pawing the floor in their eagerness to be afoot.

"Thirty-two; right around the corner," the man on watch cried, while the hitch was being completed and the company was mounting to the truck. Hardly another word passed the lips of the men as they waited for the word.

"All right," sung out the rotund voice of McAllister.

That instant the doors were open and the next the truck was grinding the snow into the cobbles beneath it. It was a short run. One block and a turn into the main street brought the firemen face to face with their foe. Rising and falling with the variations of the wind was a sheet of flame which seemed to claim an area round about it for its prey.

"Good God, boys," Captain McAllister yelled, "it's the flat-iron," and without thought of personal safety leaped from his place on the truck. Over the beaten snow he outran the horses to the spot. The truck halted in the street in front of the stairway which led to the floors above.

McAllister was first to the door, but was repulsed by a gust of smoke, which rushed out upon the street. Hooks No. 9 never seemed so helpless, for though nobody had ventured to say it, every stout heart knew that Little Nozzle was up there.

"The extension," cried McAllister, convinced that the stairway was inaccessible. "Quick, boys, for your lives. The fourth story—light in the window—keep your heads. Damn the horses, Abbott; help at the crank."

No time was to be lost. The trained eye of the captain had the situation in his head in an instant. Tenements had burned before. He saw that doom had lighted on this one with an awful certainty of consequences which he had no opportunity to speculate upon.

The sheet of flame above the roof had found its way across the skylight from the place of origin, and was winding a course through the building from the roof downwards. Already it had cut off retreat for half the tenants by clouding the halls and staircases

with dense, impenetrable smoke. Fanned by the wind the fire had dislodged the tin covering of the roof, and shaking it viciously between its jaws of flame, sounded a dismal dirge.

Engines were arriving, and from main streets and side streets, from cracks and crevices, no one knows where, people emerged out of the darkness and began to line the sidewalks for blocks, to their imminent peril. Windows were thrown up and blank dismay on whitened, spectral faces stared out into the biting night. A staircase at the other end of the building had been found available and down it came the weird figures of men, women and children, turned out of bed by the cries of fire repeated again and again outside their doors. Blanched faces looked upward to the open windows, from which heads were now thrust, but as the flames were not visible except from the street, the tenants had not yet appreciated their own jeopardy.

One by one the imprisoned tenants in the doomed building realized the horror of the situation. Some of them had opened their doors to find the halls impassable on account of the smoke, and these poor wretches were soon wildly gesticulating from their windows and asking piteously for help in incoherent words.

The firemen of Hooks No. 9, and of other companies which had been coming up at full gallop and been assigned duty, had not been idle.

McAllister had tried again to push his way up the stairway, trusting to the ladder when it had been raised for rescue, but had come back, more dead than alive, his face grimy with smoke.

"No use, boys," he said, staggering to the truck, "we've got to take 'em out with the ladder. D—n those wires."

The ladder had been going up higher and higher, until it reached the maze of wires strung along the street and had caught in them for an instant. The next instant McAllister was scaling the rounds with the agility of a cat and with an axe, snatched from its fastenings, was slashing the intercepting strands.



"Grind away, boys, for Heaven's sake; never mind me," was his command, as he looked up and saw that a vast cyclone of lurid fire was now coming over the overhanging cornice, breaking into a spray like the billows on the sea coast, and consuming the woodwork as if it were mere tissue paper.

sides, and by excited men leaning far out crying for aid, McAllister was besought to extend a means of rescue, but he was deaf to their entreaties, and in a firm voice shouted:

"Higher, and be quick! Be quick!"

The crowds on the sidewalk looked at this spectacle chilled to the marrow, for the fire was now crowning the



Drawn by W. Gluckens.

*The small white hands clutching the coverlid.*

All this while the room on the fourth floor front showed nothing but the flickering lamp. A thousand conjectures swept through the captain's mind in the next minutes, during which he remained clinging to the top of the ladder, as it went up into the air to the propulsion of the crank manned by willing hands.

From windows lower down by women with children crouching at their

whole structure and at the other end had burst out of the upper tier of windows. Smoke trickled out of the crevices of those left unopened, and the unrescued inmates elsewhere were obliged to lean out to catch their breath.

"Too high," somebody below found voice in his amazement to cry, and the people within sight of the ladder and its solitary passenger, repeated the

warning, more in the tone, however, of a rebuke.

At this instant McAllister's order was heard by every one in the street: "High enough. Swing her round and drop her."

"Look out, captain," was an admonitory word from below. "You'll be jarred off. Better come down."

"Drop her, I tell you, drop," was the impetuous response, which rang out above the roar of the flames.

As the ladder moved on the turntable below and inclined with a plunge toward the window sill, those who witnessed the scene stood aghast, for life was cheap up there.

But McAllister, with his legs twisted about the rungs, held fast and, with his hands thus free, poised the axe above his head. As the end of the ladder gripped the stone sill, the glass and frame of the window were splintered by a vicious blow.

As if to test the firemen's intrepidity the bellowing flames above curled downward toward the ladder, and would have enveloped him in a winding sheet of fire, had he not nimbly leaped into the opening he had made.

Up from the street there was a cry of dismay and then wonderment seized everybody, for not a sign of life had shown itself at that particular window, when below many were full of perishing human beings.

Before McAllister appeared at the window two men of his company had followed up the ladder and from the windows from which the affrighted inmates stretched forth appealing hands had safely taken every living soul.

As the cloud of smoke, which had gushed out of the broken window through which McAllister had disappeared, cleared for a moment, eyes strained toward that spot, saw the figure of the captain sustaining in his grasp, two figures; one the limp form of a woman, whose pallid face was lit up by the overleaping light; the other a white-robed child, held so tenderly in that outstretched arm.

McAllister had found the mother overcome, more by fatigue than smoke,

senseless in her chair by the invalid's pillow.

A ladderman was quickly at the top, and dodging the intermittent descent of the flames, took from his captain's arm Little Nozzle's mother.

"I knew you'd come, captain," said a faint voice in McAllister's ear as he held his precious burden to his breast, nestling the head next his own.

Even there, hanging between an awful fate and death at hand, the fireman stopped, riveted where he stood within reach of the raging fire, held by the sweetness of the tone and trembling at the horror of his situation.

"I kept telling mamma you'd come, you and the boys," the captain heard Little Nozzle say, though the consuming building crackled, as with an alert movement he cleared the sill and quickly descended the ladder. Poor little chap, his mind was wandering.

Captain McAllister will never know how loud the crowd cheered. Claspings the rescued boy close to him he went down the ladder and alighted on the turntable which carried it.

"It's Christmas and you's brought it to me; the boys remembered Nozzle, didn't they? And ain't it a big one! Now I'm a real fireman and belong to Hooks No. 9. Mamma, look at me answer the alarm."

McAllister, oblivious of all else, was holding the child in his firm hands, while he stared into the little face, now radiant with ineffable joy, though no longer as he first knew it the outward token of boyish health. McAllister had not descended to the ground, but transfixed with mortal dread, cried aloud to find the child wriggling from his fond embrace and standing erect on the machine, a glorified image of calm and sweetness, in that tempestuous scene and misery.

All the pain had faded from the haggard face, the eyes were lustrous and a smile was on the lips.

"Mamma, look! This is mine," was all he said, and before the fireman could clasp the boy again to his heart Little Nozzle had answered the still alarm sounded by angels from on high.



*Drawn by W. J. Glackens.*

*"Ain't it a big one!"*

## A CHRISTMAS MASQUE.

By Clinton Scollard.

### FIRST KING.

I am the monarch Melchior,  
Mighty alike in peace and war.

### SECOND KING.

I am the sovereign Balthasar;  
A myriad fold my liegemen are.

### THIRD KING.

The royal ruler Jasper, I,  
Lord of a spacious empery.

### FIRST KING.

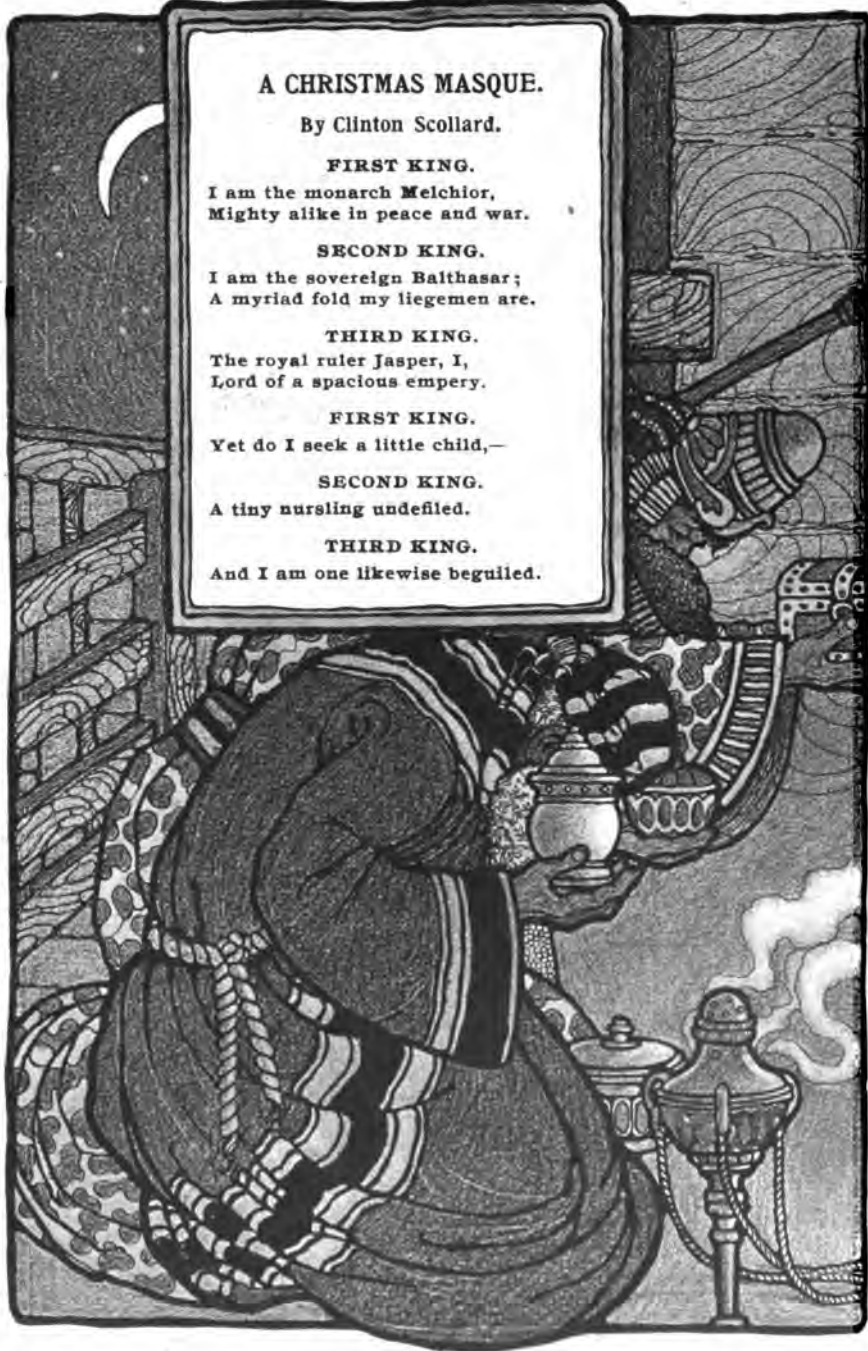
Yet do I seek a little child,—

### SECOND KING.

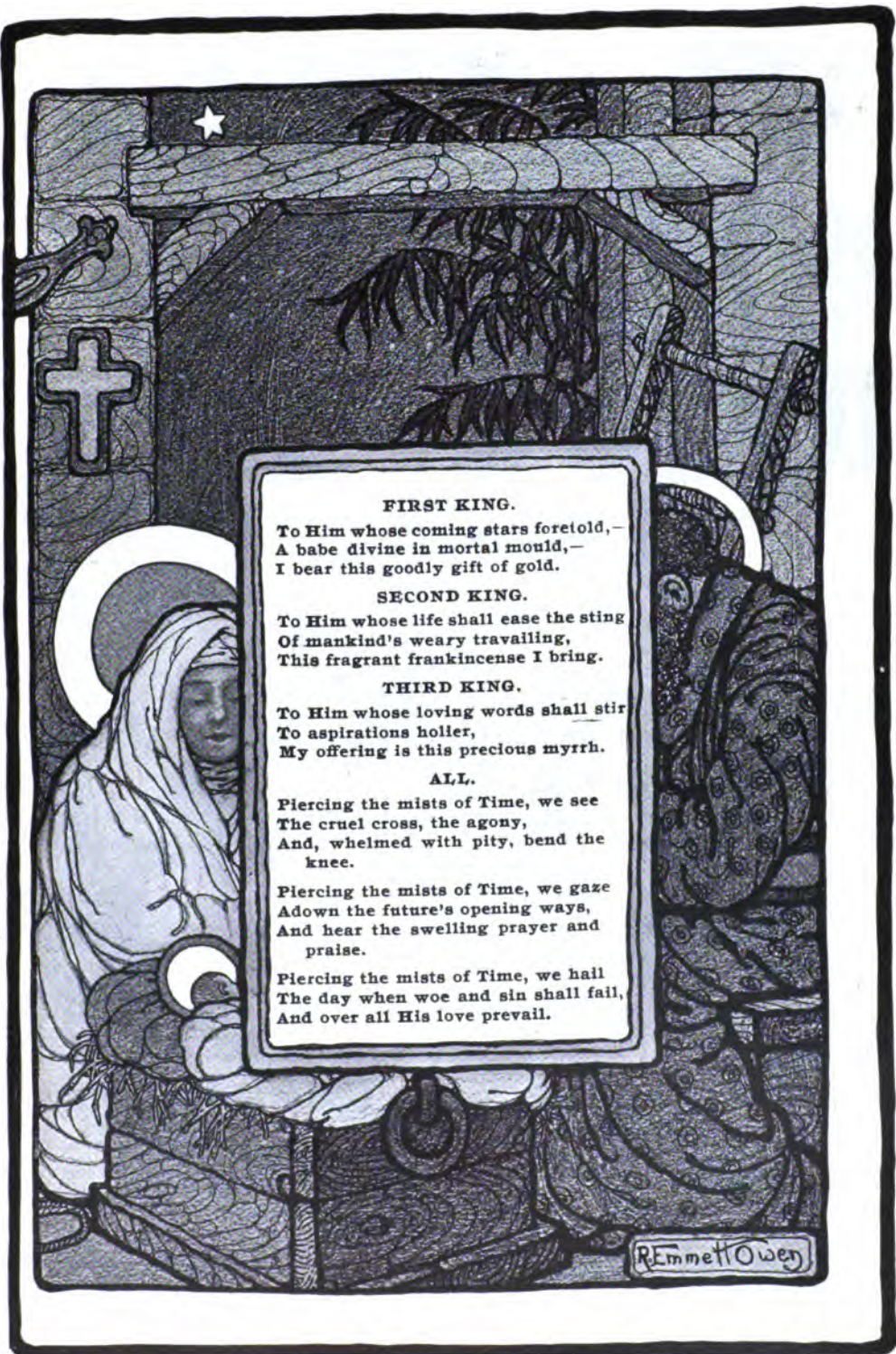
A tiny nursling undefiled.

### THIRD KING.

And I am one likewise beguiled.







**FIRST KING.**

To Him whose coming stars foretold,—  
A babe divine in mortal mould,—  
I bear this goodly gift of gold.

**SECOND KING.**

To Him whose life shall ease the sting  
Of mankind's weary travelling,  
This fragrant frankincense I bring.

**THIRD KING.**

To Him whose loving words shall stir  
To aspirations holier,  
My offering is this precious myrrh.

**ALL.**

Piercing the mists of Time, we see  
The cruel cross, the agony,  
And, whelmed with pity, bend the  
knee.

Piercing the mists of Time, we gaze  
Adown the future's opening ways,  
And hear the swelling prayer and  
praise.

Piercing the mists of Time, we hail  
The day when woe and sin shall fail,  
And over all His love prevail.

Emmett Owen



# THE AMERICAN DIARY OF A JAPANESE GIRL

With Illustrations by Genjiro Yeto.

**D**ECEMBER 3d.—We start to-morrow for Los Angeles of Southern California. Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler have invited us to spend some weeks with them.

The gentleman was a former consul at Yokohama. My uncle is his intimate friend.

My new trunk was brought in from the store. It bears my name in Roman of commanding type.

Doesn't "Miss Morning Glory" suggest that the owner is a charming young lady?

My little smile smiled, as I thought that it would, of course.

South bound train, 4th—I was lavish of my art of "bothering." My poor uncle—my eternally poor uncle—was the victim. His face scowled as I bored him with successive questions.

I thought his irritated face fascinating.

I twisted an edge of newspaper into a roll. I thrust it into his ear.

"Bikkuri shita!" he exclaimed.

My opening question to uncle was, "What's the derivation of damn?"

Imperialism was my last.

I have a high regard for the people dignified by using the personal pronoun, but if I were the President I should not wish to be addressed with that unromantic "Mr."

The cartoonists making sport of the President shocked me.

How big-hearted the President is!

"Those devils" would be beheaded in the Orient.

Los Angeles, 5th—No one bangs the door at Schuyler's.

A well-bred atmosphere circulates.

Mr. Schuyler grasped my hand so hard. His manner was courteously boyish. His body is erect like a redwood. A Jap after fifty is capped with "retired," but the work of the American gentleman is only finished when he dies.

Great 'Merican Jin!

Mr. Schuyler shows more civility to his servants than to his wife.

Here I can study the typical household of America's best class.

6th—"Anata Donata?"

I rubbed my dreamy eyes scanning my room. Who was the Japanese speaker?

I crept to the door and opened it slightly. Not a soul was there.

"Gokigen Ikaga?" I was addressed again by the same voice.

I inspected my slippers. I tugged at the drawers. I tumbled every blanket, I pried in the pitcher.

I sat on the bed wrapped in fog.

The blind rustled. I rolled it up.

"Oya, oya!" There was a parrot perching in a cage by my window.

"Anata Donata?" he repeated.

"Morning Glory is my insignificant name, sir," I replied.

"Nihonjin, desu."

"I am also a Jap," I muttered.

He was the most profound Japanese scholar, Mrs. Schuyler said, in all Los Angeles. Mr. Schuyler, Jr., brought him from Kobe last spring.

I told her the incident of this morning. She laughed and said she expected it. Bad mother Schuyler!

8th.—Is there any more gratifying word than dinner?





*I always think every gentleman I meet falls in love with me.*

I had a "hipp goo" dinner. (Permit a Chinese-English expression for once.

Its inviting heaviness was like an honorable poem by Milton.

Schuyler's house has a Miltonic presence.

Electric light is too imposing.

Candelabra are like a moon whose beams are a lenitive song.

The nude shoulders of Mrs. Schuyler, Jr., crimsoned in the rays from the candelabra.

The exposure of some parts of the skin is the highest order of art. How to show it is just as serious a study as how to clothe it.

If I had such supreme shoulders I would not pause before displaying them. What falling shoulders are mine! The slope of the shoulders is prized in Japan. Ameriky is another country, you know.

I appeared at the dinner in my native gown.

I am growing to love American food.

I am glad that I don't see any musty pudding at Schuyler's. It is a sight that makes me ten years older.

How pleased I was to see a "chabu chabu" of shallow water in my finger bowl.

Our taciturn butler retired from the dining-room with graceful dignity.

The butler has ceased to be a common servant. He has advanced, I suppose, to the rank of an ornament of the 'Merican household.

The sister of Mother Schuyler and her husband dined with us.

The funniest thing about her was that she kept a few long hairs on her cheek. They grew from a mole. It may be good luck to preserve them.

13th.—A Bishop visited and lunched with us.

Bishop! How I desired to meet one!

My Bishop had a holy face.

"Who is this good man who is staring at me," I said to myself.

A young churchman is unnatural.

I was glad he was not thin. Ho, ho, ho! He ate meat like anybody else.

He would seem holier if he merely bit a crust of bread and sipped three spoonfuls of tea.

After luncheon we strolled through the garden, arm in arm.

Not a bit I blushed. I was as completely at ease with him as with my papa.

He told me of the beauty of Christ. His soft voice was as from a faraway forest.

I plucked a few stems of violets. I fitted them to his buttonhole. Such a little thing pleased him immensely.

Dear, simple Bishop!

I digested what he spoke. I declared that Christianity was the sun while Buddhism was the moon. The sun is day and light while the moon is night and rest.

How can we live without the sun? The moon is poetry.

18th.—Mother Schuyler took me to church. Such a heathen me! I felt that I was sitting on needles when I slipped into the 'Merican church without glancing at even one page of the Bible. The service hadn't begun. Many ladies were introduced to me. They talked about—what?—anything but religion.

The ladies seemed to regard church as another drawing-room parlor.

A Japanese church is ever so sad-faced. No woman under thirty is seen there. I laughed at the thought of an "incense-smelling" young girl.

Isn't it strange that 'Merican girls love the church?

Is it because they cannot marry without it?

How classically the bald head of the minister shone!

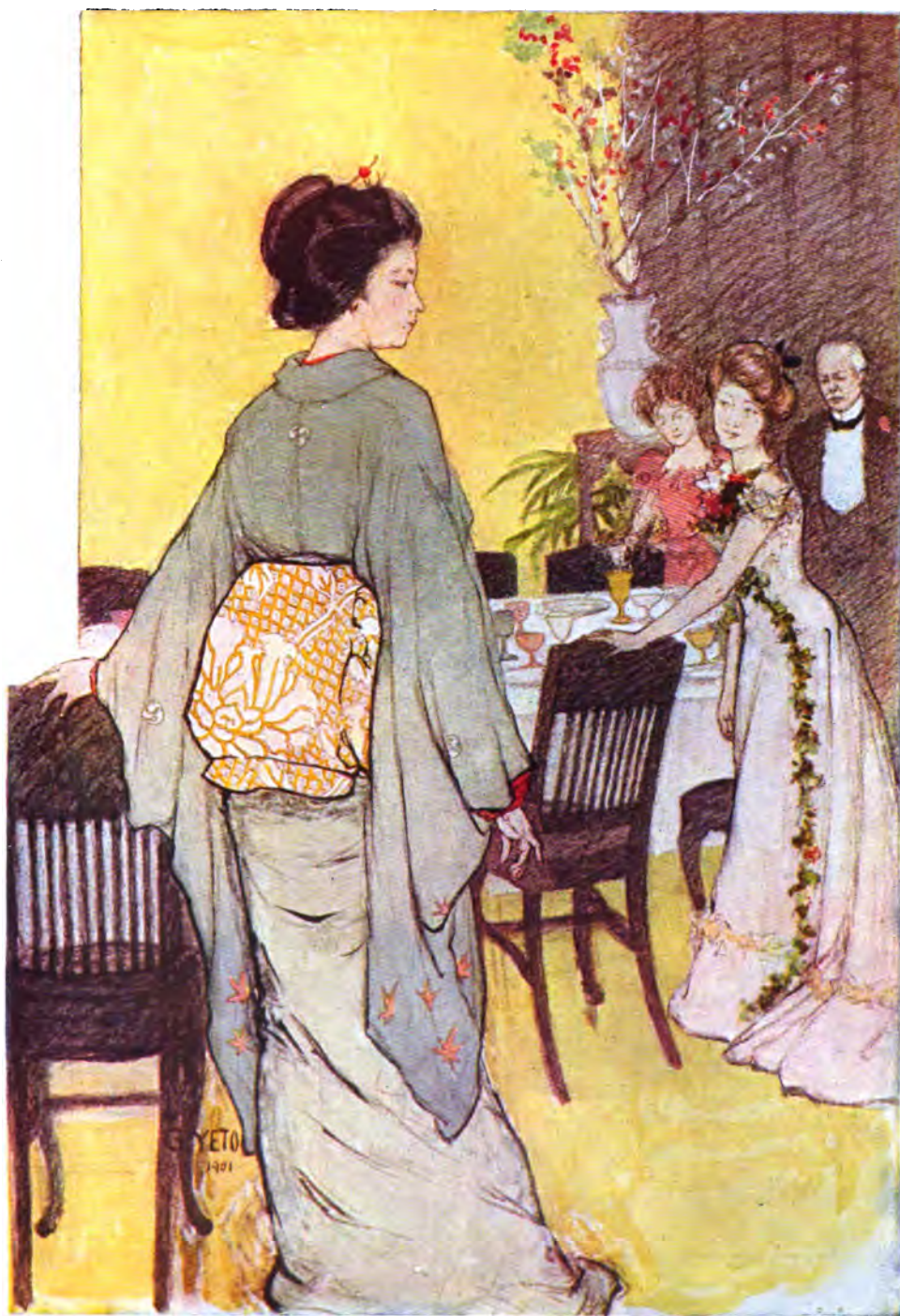
But my mind strayed, wondering why all those ladies were so homely.

I snatched my hat off, wishing to be different from the rest. I fancied their hats were eternally glued to their heads because their hair was never in first rate order for exhibition.

Many years ago I used to steal into a Buddha temple and tap an idol's shoulder, saying: "How are you getting along, Hotoke Sama?"

21st.—Without a nephew Mother Schuyler wouldn't be a complete old dear.

She has one, fortunately. He is a promising artist.



THE GUEST OF HONOR

Drawn by Genjiro Yeto

*The American Diary of a Japanese Girl*

20



Artist? Doesn't an artist affect boorish hair?

I was anxious to know how his hair was, for I hated anything long, except a frock coat.

I finished my imaginary sketch of his face before we intruded into his studio.

He was a comely young man. What gratified me most about him was his shapely shoes well polished.

I was instantly put on unceremonious terms.

How beautifully he once slipped "Miss" in addressing me! His gracefully sounding "Pardon me, I mean Miss Morning Glory!" pleased me enormously.

I told him it was a regular humbug to be particular.

"I will call you Oscar, shall I?" I said, winking.

I felt some fervid water oozing down my cheek. I was blushing.

"Will you let me paint you?" he requested.

"Am I beautiful enough?" I said, dropping my eyelids.

"Only too charming," he said, bravely.

I always think every gentleman I meet falls in love with me.

I regarded Mr. Oscar Ellis already as an adorer.

Oh, sentimental Morning Glory!

22nd.—Mrs. Ellis invited me to dinner.

The evening was fragrant. After dinner we slipped out to the garden. It was dusky.

By and by twenty Japanese lanterns were candled among the trees in my honor.

I was whispering a little Jap song when Oscar led out two donkeys. His sister Olive sprang upon the back of one in gracious audacity.

"Jump, Morning Glory," she exclaimed.

I was wavering about my action when I felt Oscar's firm arms around my waist. My small body was lifted up to the donkey by his careless gallantry. What a sensation ran through me! It was the first occasion to put me into contact with a 'Merican young man.

My skirt was caught by the saddle. I made a whole exhibition of my leg.

But I was glad the stocking was beautiful.

My donkey acted awfully. Did he take it as a degradation to be whipped by a Jap?

I should have been pitifully thrown off if my arm had not seized Oscar's neck. I looked apologetically at him. He turned his delighted face. I could not stay a minute longer.

When I got me off from the donkey I observed the new moon over my left shoulder. "Good luck!" Olive San said.

December 25th.—Merry Christmas, all of you!

26th.—It rains. I implored Mother Schuyler to select a book for my library. All the literature was packed in there, beginning with Socrates, sane as a silver dollar.

The fashion is to buy books for their covers. The authors have degenerated to the place of upholsterers.

Mrs. Schuyler picked out for me "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."

My uncle said: "American woman can't keep away from Omar and chicken salad." I began to peruse it.

I thumped the book on the floor and exclaimed, "Mr. Khayyam! Rubaiyat is a menace against civilization. Americanism is nothing but the delight in life and the world."

I wonder why the wise government in Washington does not oppose its pagan circulation. It is leprosy.

January 3d.—The sayonara dinner was given.

Mr. Oscar set his depressive look on me. I wasn't brave enough to encounter it.

I slid away from confronting him.

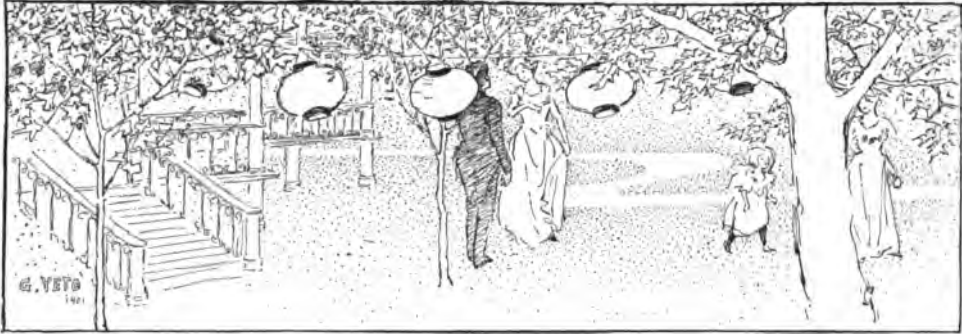
I felt awfully sorry in leaving such an agreeable company.

"Fold your tents like the Arabs  
And silently steal away."

How sad!

Overland train, March 4th.—"Madam Butterfly" lay by me, appealing to be read.

"No, iya, I'll never open! I erred in buying you," I said.



I dislike that "Madam." It sounds indecent ever since the "gentleman" Loti spoiled it with his "Madam Chrysanthemum."

The honorable author of "Madam Butterfly" is Mr. Wrong. (Do you know that Japanese have no boundary between L and R?)

Undoubtedly he is qualified to be a Wrong.

Authorship is nothing at all nowadays, since authors are thick as Chinese laundries. Well, still, it can be honorable, if it is honorable.

5th.—Can you fancy a Japanese city without soldiers.

American soldiers?

I am sorry to say that I have met no soldier in my four months at the Pacific.

I presume that the practical 'Merican jins can't bear to see such a useless ornamentation. Soldiers are degenerating to the rank of a fireplace on a hot summer day.

6th.—Everything in California is made just for a woman.

California gentleman isn't privileged to raise one question against a lady. He is provided with all sorts of exclamations to please the women. If he should ever miss one dinner from his wife he would be divorced to-morrow.

Uncle says the Eastern gentlemen are not so devoted to ladies.

If it be true!

Am I now entering the city of Man? How sad!

Chicago, 7th.—Chicago water is a perfect horror.

Gomenyo! That's no way to begin.

I never waver in saying that California girls borrow their fairness from

the water.

There is no question in my mind why the Chicago women are barren in their complexion.

I grieve over my contact with such a city. It is no place for a lady. It is just the place for a man.

No show marked "only for a man" is respectable, I dare say.

They are not sensitive about their hats in the hotel elevator. I cannot blame their black finger nails, as they live in smoke.

Even the 'Frisco smoke hindered my breath at my opening moment in America. I should have died if it had been Chicago.

Bodily cleanliness is the first chapter in the whitening of the soul. How many mortals are there here with a clear soul?

Chicago is Mr. Nobody without the smoke, like Japan without a fan. "The prosperity of a modern city is measured by the bulk of its smoke, Morning Glory," my uncle said.

A driver carried us from the station as if we were pigs.

Mind you, this is Chicago, illustrious for its hams.

I barred my ears with my hands in the carriage. The thunderous noise menaced me so. Do roses bloom well in the turbulent air?

I have no doubt that Chicago has no poet.

"Cook County fosters three thousand poets, one paper says, my young woman," uncle said in laughter.

As soon as I established myself in the hotel I inscribed, with the longest anologetical ojiji to Mr. Shelley—as follows:





"Hell is a city much like Chicago—  
A populous and a smoky city."

8th.—Chicago is the city of man  
(whatever that means.)

No drones whatever.

My uncle was going out sight-seeing  
in his silk hat.

Plug hat doesn't suit informal Chi-  
cago. He changed his frock coat for  
a sack coat. "Now, uncle, you look  
more like a Chicago gentleman," I  
said.

Even the policeman shows no chiv-  
alry.

I was sorry that the color of his suit  
was bitterly faded.

Isn't Chicago rich enough to furnish  
a new one?

I suppose many dogs must be hang-  
ing around here, because the police-  
man arms himself with a piece of wood  
for chasing them off.

We went to observe the Lake of  
Michigan from Lincoln Park.

I scoffed at my absurdity in being  
ready with the first line of my poem on  
the lake. If you knew that "O Min-  
strel of Heaven and Truth!" was the  
beginning you would laugh, surely.  
The lake wasn't a huge singer like the  
Pacific Ocean at all.

"Uncle, please count how many  
stories in that building," I begged.

Chicago structures crush my little  
liver completely. Did I ever dream  
that I would eye such pillars of the  
sky in my life? When I returned to  
my hotel I declared that I would not  
open my trunk because my everyday  
dress was good enough for Chicago.  
I regret to say that the gentlemen are  
so homely.

10th.—My uncle wanted me to join

him in visiting a stockyard to see the  
doomed pigs groaning Fu, fu, fu.

I declined. Uncle started off alone.

There was some time before I heard  
some one fisting on my door.

"A Japanese gentleman wishes to see  
your husband, madam."

"Good God! My husband?" I cried.  
Satemo!

How could any porter be such an  
ignoramus as not to distinguish be-  
tween Mrs. and Miss? Possibly he es-  
teemed me modern enough to marry an  
old man for money's sake.

Oya, he was Mr. Consul, of Chicago.

"Walk in, sir. Uchino Hito will re-  
turn within an hour or so."

Then I explained.

We both laughed. There is nothing  
more pleasing when in an alien coun-  
try than a chit-chat in our native becha  
becha.

Japanese speech! Such a beautifully  
indefinite, poetically untidy language.  
I love it.

11th.—It will be too much of a risk  
of one's life to stay in Chicago.

Flowerless, birdless city, Sayonara!

Buffalo, 12th.—Niagara Falls was a  
disappointment.

A red brick chimney spoils the whole  
affair, I do think.

My uncle was cross, saying that he  
had eaten the toughest beef of his life.

He seized two Canadian dimes and a  
bogus half dollar in an hour. "Poor  
uncle. Isn't this Buffalo town awful?"  
I said.

New York, March 13th.—Miss  
Morning Glory has stepped into Great-  
er New York at last.

Today will be the special day of my  
family history.



*Woman loves an absent-minded man once in a while, but never on the car.*

The train stole gracefully into the city at early morn. The sky was distinct, like the Lake of Biwa. The respectable face of the city accepted us charmingly.

I bounced my little body in my happy thought of another chapter of life.

I felt like Dante crawled out of darkest hall, after the torture of the terrible show. Oh, Chicago!

I saw a horse car trotting.

It encouraged me to think that even an ignorant Jap girl might earn her own living here since such an old-fashioned thing exists perfectly.

Our carriage rolled up Fifth avenue to Central Park.

"Pray let me off, to smell the smell of the New York breeze," I exclaimed.

Hudson River! It is a dear old acquaintance, introduced by the ever so pleasing Mr. Irving.

See its classical profundity before my face!

Where is Sleepy Hollow, I wonder?

14th.—Oh, snow, yukiya fure, fure!

The season of the city is still within the fence of winter.

I was grateful to my fate that conveyed me here to overtake my loving snow.

I settled me by my window in absorption with the snow view of Hudson gawa.

"Oji san, let us go to the Park for snow viewing. I advise you to till a bit more poetry in yourself, uncle," I announced.

15th.—We went to the famous Brooklyn Bridge.

Verily New York gentlemen are interested with their papers in the car. Newspapers, oh, newspapers! There is no doubt that they would die without the sight of their newspapers. They forget neatly to offer their seats to a lady. Woman loves an absent-minded man once in a while, but never on the car, I do say.

I suppose every woman of this city has to be rich.

Must I equip a carriage?

How I wished to fabric an every-inch a Japanese mansion on Fifth avenue and welcome a thousand tojins to hear my Jap song on Sunday!

"Is this bridge built for Americans or Europeans, uncle? People crossing here use no English," I said.

Liberty Statue! I will let the Beauty Statue hail from the Bay of Yeddo when I am wealthy enough to afford it.

We walked down Broadway. We came to a graveyard.

Tombstones in the midst of commerce! O romantic New York!

I wondered how Wall street gentlemen would be struck glancing at them.

What a soft silence hovered!

The old Gothic church was my own ideal.

"Uncle, let us fall in and rest," I cried.

The morning service was proceeding.

Alas and alas!

Not once soul was there.

Is this a religious city?

16th.—It seems to me a recent style of New York ladies to discard their babies, to leave them in the hands of European immigrants, and themselves

accompany a dog with mighty affection.

Oh, my dear "Chin" that I left at home! Shall I call it to Ameriky? Little loyal thing, pathetic, clinging! I am sure it would beat any other in a dog contest.

18th.—Mr. Consul, an old man who sips the grayness of celibacy, never strays out from his official duty. He calls society and novels two recent pieces of foolery.

Last night I sketched an adventure of enlisting in the band of domestics. Capital idea to examine a New York household, I said, when I left my breakfast table. I humbled myself to a newspaper office with the following shame-faced advertisement:

"Jap girl, 19, good-looking, longs for a place in a family of the first rank."

I used every kind of oratory to bring my uncle to agree to my two weeks of freedom.

19th.—Two letters were waiting me. One from 296 of a certain part, and the other was from Fifth avenue.

Parlor maid.

Twelve dollars for a month.

Fifth avenue is the proper quarter for seeing the high-toned New Yorkers. I shall accept it. I feel already a servant feeling.

"Domestic girl has no right, I think, to sit with Messrs. Consul and Secretary," I said, moving my plate to the kitchen table.

Morning Glory, isn't it time you changed the book of your Diary? Really, sir!

Let me close now with a ceremonious bow.

My next book shall be entitled, "The Diary of a Parlor Maid."



# MARGOT

By ONOTO WATANNA



*Drawn by Margaret Fernie.*

**A** LITTLE snapping-eyed artist, with a huge pinafore covering her natty shirt waist and short walking skirt, dropped her palette on the ground and turned to the sleepy, lounging camp with an exclamation that startled them.

"For all the world, look! Here comes Maude Muller in the flesh!"

A young girl of perhaps fourteen or fifteen years climbed the fence which divided the farm lands from the forest, and approached the artists' camp with timid confidence. She laid her pail of fresh milk and butter and eggs on the grass, smilingly inviting them to buy.

"Nectar for the gods!" said one young fellow quaffing a tin cup of the rich milk. "Thank thee, thou fair maiden, and what may thy name be?"

"Now quit your fooling, Bud!" said the sharp-eyed little woman, with a reproving glance at her irrepressible brother. Then turning to the girl she said with a gracious smile:

"We should like very much to have you bring us these good things every day, if possible. We spend the summer here. Do you live far away?"

The girl shook her head. "Only five miles!"

"Only! And do you walk it?" glancing apprehensively at the little bare feet.

"Why, that's not far! I like it!"

"Take your sun-bonnet off, won't you? Stay just as you are now. Did you ever see such hair!"

"What are you going to do?" said the girl, growing suddenly abashed

and conscious of the curious eyes turned upon her.

"Sketch you, my dear child."

After that first encounter the little girl came down to the camp regularly every day. They painted her in every conceivable attitude; sometimes with her wistful eyes peering out large and wondering from the depths of her old sun-bonnet; sometimes with her tawny bronze hair blowing in the winds about her. They copied her little faded cotton gown, worn at the elbows and ragged at the edges, and reproduced with loving exactness her little bare feet and tanned legs. But all their labor could not do justice to the child's mobile face, which reflected a thousand inconstant moods that puzzled the artists. Now it was stormy and discontented, now sad and wistful; now vitally awake with feeling and interest; now sombre and hopeless; always rippling into the sunny glow of a child's sunny soul.

There came a day when the artists waited in vain for Margot, and the landscape lost its charm for them. They had become strongly attached to the queer, brooding, reticent little waif who had come each day among them, listening eagerly to their chatter, and smiling happily when they addressed her, though seldom speaking herself. A delegation of eight started out from camp to find her.

She must have seen them approaching the house, for she ran down to meet them.

"Thou fair but false one," began Bud, but the others cut him off ruthlessly.

Margot led them proudly into the old-fashioned and stuffy room which served as a "parlor." Beyond this room they could see the expanse of a large kitchen and living-room, glowing with comfort and cleanliness.

"Why have you not been down to the camp lately, Margot?"

"Mother got a baby!" announced the girl, with shining, dancing eyes.

The artists relieved themselves with exclamations indicative of amused exasperation. This would mean perhaps the prolonged absence

from the camp of Margot, who would doubtless be transformed into a nurse-girl.

"Look here! Where did you get these, Margot?" and one of the artists picked up some sheets of music. The girl flushed proudly.

"They are mine!" she said "I bought them."

"But for heaven's sake—"

"I play!" she said, with a sharp tone to her voice, as though she expected to be disputed.

"You play! Not these? Why look here—Chopin—Von Bulow—"

The girl went to a corner of the room, and drew from under an old stuffed sofa a dingy violin case. With a new pride in her flushed face and parted lips, she threw her head back, and, tucking the violin under her chin, commenced to play.

The guests sat in amazed silence. She was playing one of Chopin's nocturnes without time or music, but with correct note and with the strangest feeling and expression. It was weird and uncanny, but despite the crudity of its execution they recognized with startled wonder the genius of the player. When she laid the violin down there was absolute silence for a time in the little parlor. Then Kemp Evans, a long-legged Englishman, strode over to her, and laid his hand with nervous excitement on her shoulder.

"Who on earth, Margot, taught you to play like that?"

"Nobody. Only daddy and the hired man taught me the notes. Daddy gave me his old fiddle for keeps last Christmas. I saved up till I had enough to send for the best music to the big stores in New York. They sent me those."

"And you learned without instruction to play them all?"

"I knowed the notes already. They were hard at first, but—I loved them. I like Mr. Von Bulow best. I have read all about him too. I have named our baby for him. Only his name was so long, I just call him 'Von' for short!"

A great change now took place in the life of Margot. Upon the discov-



ery of the child's genius Kemp Evans, who was something of a musician himself as well as an artist, undertook to give the little girl lessons on the violin, whilst his wife, the kindly, bright-eyed little woman who first accosted Margot, endeavored to improve her education. The camp, one and all interested in Margot, contributed in various ways to her education and development. In return, the child patiently posed for them, either alone or with the baby, little Von, in her arms, heroically refusing to take the "rests," on which the artists insisted.

The mellow summer began

to lose its light, and the campers with sighs of regret folded their tents and returned once more to the noise and distraction of the city's life.

All through the bleak winter days when the snow clouds descended on the land white and gentle as a benediction, Margot read and studied and practiced with her violin, drawing from its precious strings all the melody



*Drawn by Margaret Fernie.*

of joy and bewilderment and sudden awakening that had come into her life. Restless as a caged nightingale, with a new ambition beating in her little brain and heart, the child could find solace in nothing but the music which had become her very



soul. Sometimes with her face pressed against the tiny pane, Margot looked out into the great snowy world that bounded her horizon, and insensibly her face grew luminous with tenderness and hope. And so the heart of the little girl quieted its beating, and her soul found a source of comfort in her music, and the vague but vivid fancies of her imagination. The two successive summers following brought back her friends, and the girl's dreams fluttered into life.

"It is time now," said her benefactors, and a little fund was raised among them. Margot went out from her home of beauty and love to a great peopled city, full of hustling men and women, thrilling with life and hope and feeling, but incomparably lonelier than the silence of her mountain home.

Her artist friends had written to the Conservatory of Music, at which Margot was to study, requesting them to meet her, and if possible to secure a home for her in some house where other pupils of the Conservatory lived. The officers had complied with the request, and Margot, who had never been beyond a few miles of her mountains had now a tiny room on the top floor of a huge New York boarding house, especially recommended as it permitted its boarders to practice on their sundry musical instruments.

As Margot took her seat at the long table down whose length eleven pairs of girlish critical eyes were turned on her the morning after her arrival, she said "Good morning" with a nervous little smile to the tall blonde who graced the seat next to her. She was rewarded by a cold stare from a pair of glassy blue eyes, and an irrepressible titter shivered around the table. There were amused smiles; heads tilted; one of the girls looked coolly at Margot with a prolonged scrutiny, and then deliberately winked across the table at her neighbor.

All her uncertainty and timidity vanished as by a shock, and she sat up stiff and straight, her hands clenched, her face flushed and her great dark eyes stormy and defiant.

After that awful breakfast, Margot flashed into a comprehension of the difference between herself and those about her, and with the same marvelous quickness with which she had studied in the mountains her music and her books, she now studied the art of dressing after a certain law called fashion, and guarding her speech and actions in such manner that to these tittering fashionables, studying to cultivate and manufacture an imaginary talent, she proved both a sphinx and an irritation. She came and went among them with a silence that was absolute and a dignity and coolness of demeanor that disturbed their equanimity.

One particular Sunday morning, as Gene Manning, one of the boarders, came up from breakfast, he ran, accidentally, against Margot, who was coming down the dark stairway. He apologized for the encounter and paused a moment to exchange a few pleasantries with her, marveling and amused at the girl's painful shyness, for the suddenness of the encounter had surprised her out of her customary reserve, and she blushed and stammered under the young man's quizzing eyes. Meanwhile the tall blonde looked over the banisters and stared at the couple on the stairs. She had been waiting for Manning herself and had grown impatient. Among the students, and particularly to herself, he was considered her personal property. She sauntered slowly into the parlor and with amused contempt mentioned that she had just caught Gene flirting with that freak on the stairs. Wasn't it too droll for anything? When the young man joined them he was greeted by a storm of jeers and laughter. That night a plot was hatched.

Margot was in love! At first it was a rose that had boldly knocked at the door of her heart. She found it on her dressing table one night after an unusually depressing dinner. Someone must have laid it there. The rose was but the forerunner of other slight, though sweet, favors that steadily found their way to her lonely heart.

And then one day she discovered his name badly erased from the title page of a volume of love lyrics that had accompanied a little bunch of violets.

After all, the pretty tokens could have come from no one else, for he was the only one in the house with whom she was on terms of even slight intimacy. From the day they had met on the stairs, Manning, with good-natured scorn of the teasing of the girl-students, had made it a point always to stop and speak to Margot. She met his overtures with a gladness that touched the young man.

Margot wore the violets in her hair that night, and she smiled with dreamy happiness as she passed Gene Manning's table. When she took her place in her customary seat at the long table, however, her face grew stiff and cold again, for a cynical smile was reflected on the faces of the students. She ate her dinner in silence, but she lingered in the hall after it was finished. Gene Manning passed her with a cheerful "Good evening," but did not stay to speak to her. She climbed the four flights of stairs wearily, and there was a pitiful and puzzled expression in her face, as she took the flowers from her hair, and began to sob on her violin.

There was a knock at her door and a confused noise outside. Margot laid her violin down quickly and opened the door. There was no one there, but a note had been thrust underneath the door. With trembling hands and beating heart the girl carried it to the light under the gas jet, tore it open and began to read. When she had finished, she sat down on the floor, and with her chin resting on her arms, she stared out at the quiet moon which had stolen over the high buildings and was smiling in on her.

"It is too good to be true," she said dreamily, and then "Oh, dear God, how good you are to me!"

One of the sheets of the letter fell from her fingers. She picked it up quickly, and with a sudden passion covered it with kisses, then with the letter pressed against her face, she walked back and forth in the tiny room.

She paused at her dressing table and smiled at herself in the mirror, she smiled at her violin and she smiled out into the quiet night, and up at the pageantry of the heavens with its diamond bursts of stars and the sweet moon. The whole world had become changed for her. Suddenly she drew out her little desk and began to write.

When Gene Manning read Margot's letter, he sat staring at it in stupefied amazement before he could fully grasp its meaning. Then he threw his head back and laughed. Only for a moment, however, for the sinister aspect of the situation suddenly struck him, and despite his irritation and chagrin, he grew quite alarmed. So he went directly to her. She must have been waiting for him, for she opened the door at once. She was visibly trembling though her eyes were shining. He dashed into his subject with brutal disregard.

"I have just got your letter. I am awfully sorry, but really there is some absurd mistake somewhere. Someone has been playing a joke on us, you see. I never wrote to you at all, and as for sending you flowers and gifts, why—" He stopped there. He found it impossible to proceed.

The girl was standing as if petrified, her great dark eyes staring at him with a dumb expression of horror and anguish. He stuttered and stammered, and endeavored to say something more, but the stony misery which had settled in a gray shadow on the girl's face robbed him of speech.

"Perhaps I had better go—" he finally said. "I assure you I am sorry to have hurt—awfully sorry. If even I can do anything—You see a fellow doesn't—Good-night!"

He went out quickly, taking with him her letter. Once alone in his room, Margot's face came back to his vision, haunting him with its startled expression of anguish.

"If you can but read my love in these few incoherent helpless words!" she had written in her letter.

The day after the clever invention of the students of the Conservatory and its bitter results, Margot came to

ucking the violin under her chin commenced to play—



fearfully, and hesitated outside her closed door, his face indecisive and uncertain. Out upon the silence of the dingy hall a long plaintive note stole, so weirdly strange that instinctively he held his breath in an agony of feeling. Margot was speaking to him on her violin. He

stood outside her door, motionless and silent. When the last thrilling note had quivered away, he groped his way down the dark passage into the lighted hall above the banisters and went back into his room. Once more he drew out her passionate letter. "In love I am only a crude little girl, without diplomacy or art." "Poor, crude, little girl!" he said softly.

the table with a face that baffled them. One of the girls said "Good morning" to her, but Margot stared at her with a haughtiness that her blonde neighbor might have been glad to emulate. That day she asked the landlady to remove her seat to another table.

Margot passed Manning in the hall with a studiously averted head, and when he spoke to her she did not reply. He went up to his room and took a crumpled letter out from his pocket, and read it over very slowly and carefully. He smiled and whistled as he dressed.

A few nights later, he made his second pilgrimage to the top flight of the boarding house. At the end of the long, narrow, dark hall was Margot's little room. He approached it almost

The great concert hall blazed with light. The audience was opulent and enthusiastic. They sat back in their seats chattering and fanning themselves, discussing the quaint history of the new artist whom they had come to hear and see, this stripling girl from their own mountains. The painful shyness and reserve of the girl which had caused her to ignore blindly the wheedling of those who had elected themselves her patrons and managers and to refuse to be "interviewed" or "reviewed" by anyone and everyone, pleased her audience. They were her admirers before they had even seen or heard her. They expected much.

It was past eight o'clock and the audience was beginning to look speculative. Fifteen minutes passed and they became restive. At eight-thirty

they were whispering impatiently and visibly annoyed. Some youths started clapping by way of encouragement, but no response rewarded their efforts.

It was approaching nine o'clock when a nervous man, in evening dress, came to the front of the curtain. He mopped his perspiring brow with his handkerchief and his voice trembled nervously as he addressed the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen, a most untoward and lamentable accident prevents us from hearing the young artist expected this evening. When about to enter her carriage she slipped and fell on the pavement, and while it is believed she is not fatally hurt, it is feared that she has injured her right hand. It is with deepest emotion that I am forced to the painful duty of announcing this tragic accident—tragic when it is realized what the loss of the artist's magic fingers may mean to her and to all true lovers of music."

The most profound silence reigned over the great concert hall during the disjointed though dramatic speech of the manager. When he bowed himself off the stage, a subdued murmur, like the roar of the surf on a melancholy shore, rose and fell all over the house.

Up in her little room Margot was lying on the bed, her languid eyes closed, her poor little mangled arm lying outside the coverlet. A nurse tiptoed about the room.

All over the boarding house a hubbub of whispering was going on, for those who had not gone to the concert hall had heard of the accident, and some of them had seen the slight form carried in through the door, limp and helpless in the pretty finery in which they had decked her.

In the wide lengths of his rooms on the first floor Manning was striding up and down. Now and then he would sink into a chair, groaning and shuddering, only to spring to his feet again with impatient pain.

He had waited in the chill coldness of the February night for Margot to pass into the carriage. When she came out of the house with two of her

artist friends, Manning sprang out of the shadow of the porch on to the stoop and with impetuous haste rushed down the steps toward the carriage, throwing the door open for Margot. When he turned aside for her to pass into the carriage, he saw her trembling and swaying with a strange somnambulistic expression in her eyes. She must have fallen immediately, for when he put forth his hand to assist her, he saw nothing save the dim, sinuous outlines of the white figure fallen like a lily whipped by a brutal wind at his feet. The horses, cold and impatient, tossed their heads and stamped their feet. One of the wheels turned. It touched and crushed a little outstretched white arm.

It was Manning who had carried her indoors, and it was Manning whom her friends were reviling and holding responsible for the accident. In her state of excitement and nervousness, the sudden shock of the appearance of the man emerging from the porch had startled her so that she had fainted.

A few days later Margot was taken back to her mountain home.

March was gamboling and playing its pranks more boldly than ever in the mountains. The roads were trackless, but a certain traveler who had come as far as possible by stage and then by horseback still plodded on and stubbornly kept going ahead. When he came within sight of Margot's home he gave a slight cheer and urged his horse to a quicker speed.

And it was Margot herself who met him at the door, and stood there in the glistening sunlight reflected from the snow-clad hills.

"Margot!" was all he said, and stood with uncovered head.

"Is it you?"

"Yes, I had to come to you—since you were gone from me."

"Come indoors," she said mechanically, and he followed her into the glowing warmth of the farmhouse kitchen.

He stood by the stove and warmed his hands, watching the girl's dazed face tenderly.



"Hell is a city much like Chicago—  
A populous and a smoky city."

8th.—Chicago is the city of man  
(whatever that means.)

No drones whatever.

My uncle was going out sight-seeing  
in his silk hat.

Plug hat doesn't suit informal Chi-  
cago. He changed his frock coat for  
a sack coat. "Now, uncle, you look  
more like a Chicago gentleman," I  
said.

Even the policeman shows no chiv-  
alry.

I was sorry that the color of his suit  
was bitterly faded.

Isn't Chicago rich enough to furnish  
a new one?

I suppose many dogs must be hang-  
ing around here, because the police-  
man arms himself with a piece of wood  
for chasing them off.

We went to observe the Lake of  
Michigan from Lincoln Park.

I scoffed at my absurdity in being  
ready with the first line of my poem on  
the lake. If you knew that "O Min-  
strel of Heaven and Truth!" was the  
beginning you would laugh, surely.  
The lake wasn't a huge singer like the  
Pacific Ocean at all.

"Uncle, please count how many  
stories in that building," I begged.

Chicago structures crush my little  
liver completely. Did I ever dream  
that I would eye such pillars of the  
sky in my life? When I returned to  
my hotel I declared that I would not  
open my trunk because my everyday  
dress was good enough for Chicago.  
I regret to say that the gentlemen are  
so homely.

10th.—My uncle wanted me

him in visiting a stockyard to see the  
doomed pigs groaning Fu, fu, fu.

I declined. Uncle started off alone.

There was some time before I heard  
some one fisting on my door.

"A Japanese gentleman wishes to see  
your husband, madam."

"Good God! My husband?" I cried.  
Satemo!

How could any porter be such an  
ignoramus as not to distinguish be-  
tween Mrs. and Miss? Possibly he es-  
teemed me modern enough to marry an  
old man for money's sake.

Oya, he was Mr. Consul, of Chicago.

"Walk in, sir. Uchino Hito will re-  
turn within an hour or so."

Then I explained.

We both laughed. There is nothing  
more pleasing when in an alien coun-  
try than a chit-chat in our native becha  
becha.

Japanese speech! Such a beautifully  
indefinite, poetically untidy language.  
I love it.

11th.—It will be too much of a risk  
of one's life to stay in Chicago.

Flowerless, birdless city, Sayonara!

Buffalo, 12th.—Niagara Falls was a  
disappointment.

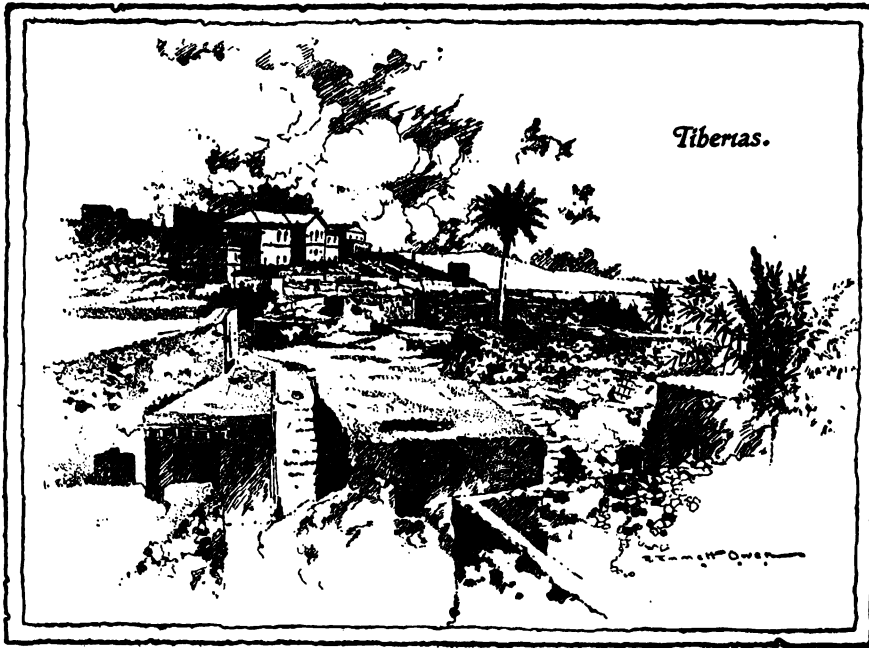
A red brick chimney spoils the whole  
affair, I do think.

My uncle was cross, saying that he  
had caten the toughest beef of his life.

He seized two Canadian dimes and a  
bogus half dollar in an hour. "Poor  
uncle. Isn't this Buffalo town awful?"  
I said.

New York, March 13th.—Miss  
Morning Glory has stepped into Great-  
er New York at last.

Today will be the special day of my  
history.



## The Redemption of Palestine by the Jews

By ISRAEL ZANGWILL

"He that owns no land is no man."—THE TALMUD.

**A**NTI-SEMITISM, which formerly figured as religious prejudice and now appears mainly as commercial jealousy, is at root an expression of the universal tyranny of majorities, and the dislike for all that is unlike. Instead of regarding its Jews as part of the nation and their wealth as part of the national wealth, every nation regards them as aliens and invasive and triumphant rivals. As if a country were a huge gambling den in which the gains of some of the inhabitants necessarily meant the loss of all the others! Even in America—that conglomerate of peoples—this distorted view has been imported by its European constituents. And everywhere the Jew is contrasted not with his actual neighbors, but with an idealized Frenchman, Briton, Teuton, etc. Bill Sykes is not "the Eng-

lishman," but Fagin is always "the Jew."

Against the complex evils that threaten the Jew in the modern world—persecution without and disintegration within—what remedy, the Christian may wonder, has the Jew sought—the Jew of legend with millions of money, the press at his beck and cabinets at his call? Alas, such power as Israel truly owns, he has been too timid or too anti-Semitic to use. The Jews have been lucky indeed when Jewish politicians and journalists have not worked against them. As for the great financial houses, they have only intermarried their money-bags for family profit. Profusely charitable, they have had no glimmering of a national policy beyond passing on the problems to posterity and Providence. The history of Israel in Exile is the rambling story of a race without leaders, in cir-



cumstances which would have taxed Moses himself.

"No master-spirit, no determined road,  
But equally a want of books and men."

Had Disraeli remained in the Ghetto he might have applied his unifying intellect to Israel instead of to the British Empire, as sprawling and incoherent in his day as Israel in ours. Till the appearance of Dr. Herzl one could say with Isaiah: "There is none to guide her among all thy sons whom she hath brought forth."

It was not indeed till 1860 that Israel seems even to have become conscious that a polity is essential to a people. In that year the Alliance Israelite Universelle was created. Let us review briefly this and the other embryonic organizations, vaguely traveling towards the Herzlian idea, though against their own wills. Their history shows how Providence shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.

Shocked by the Mortara case,—the forced baptism of a stolen boy in the Papal States, seven Parisian Jews (naturally not men of importance in their community) founded amid infinite opposition from Jews and Jewish journals, a body to defend the honor of the Jewish name, wherever attacked, encourage handicrafts, and emancipate

the Jews from ignorance and vice as well as from external disabilities. They professedly ignored the Jew's political or religious opinions and were thus sub-consciously a racial, national body. Dumas fils and Jules Simon were among their sympathizing subscribers. Narrowly escaping being broken up into branches for each country—for the Jews were still uneasy at this development of a brain-centre—the Alliance has remained a unique international influence, which being under no Government has intervened successfully with all. Of its central committee, twenty-three members are drawn from Paris, the other thirty-nine from the United States and every European country except Russia and the Balkan States, with an odd extension to Curaçoa. Its best work was done in 1882 in sifting 20,000 Russian refugees for the United States, but it still nobly influences Jewish life throughout the world, organizing industries, schools, and agricultural colonies. It is supplemented for the British Empire by the Anglo-Jewish Association, formed in 1871 (when it was thought the Alliance would be split in two by the Franco-German feud), and possessing twenty-one branches in England, fourteen in the Colonies and one in India. Lord Pirbright (Baron de Worms) and Sir



*The Jerusalem of to-day.*

Julius Goldsmid have been among the presidents of this British Alliance. Two special committees sprang from it—the Roumanian (which promoted the Mansion House meeting of 1872), and the Russo-Jewish (in the black days of 1882). The Israelitische Allianz zu Wien, formed in 1873, limits its diplomatic and other activities to Austria. And this very year a German Alliance for work in the Orient has been founded on the lines of the French.

But the compulsory limitations of these and other minor bodies are painfully obvious. They have moral power but no might to back it with. They have not even warrant to speak on behalf of Israel: they are self-constituted bodies, bureaus of philanthropy, which pauperize Israel politically. Most Jews are scarcely aware of their activities. Their financial backing is scant. The income of the Anglo-Jewish for 1900 was £6,470, and even the Alliance had a deficit of 97,000 francs. But how can any organization interfere all over the world? It is the labor of Tantalus. Much more practical were it for the Jews of all the world to protect the oppressed concentrated into Palestine. How fantastic of the Alliance to publish a prayer-book in Ethiopian for the Falashas, the Jews of Abyssinia! The Alliance is at best the embryo of a political organism. These bodies have not even the skill to utilize their diplomatic opportunities. The Russo-Jewish Committee in its negotiations with Russia had at one moment the thick end of the stick. It held certain evidence of barbarities which Russia did not wish published. Russia promised to let the Jews out of the "Pale" if the committee would keep their revelations in their drawer. The committee agreed, and the Jews are still in the "Pale." II.

Now, even as these institutions created in Israel a rudimentary political consciousness, so has there been an embryonic evolution (which is really a retrogression) towards the old pastoral life. Here again the pioneers of the transformation did not dream of national life in Palestine. But all roads lead to Zion.

It was Alexander I. and Nicholas who within the last century turned Russian Jews into agriculturists; with the result that despite "the May Laws," which drove fifty thousand Jews back from the villages, about a hundred thousand, massed in 278 colonies, or in private farms, are now engaged in gardening, dairying, vine-rearing, bee-keeping, tobacco-growing.

From Russia the road to Zion led straight. It was under the influence of Russian Rabbis that the Alliance reluctantly created the Agricultural School near Jaffa, which has been the foster-mother of Palestinian colonization, while the establishment of the Chovevi Zion Society with that direct object was Russian Jewry's reply to the "May Laws." Founded in 1882 secretly, the Chovevi Zion received the sanction of the Government in 1890. From Russia the movement spread to Austria, Germany, America, and though not professedly national, evoked a revival of Hebrew literature. But the funds of the society were small, the sites chosen often unsuitable and the land which had lain fallow for nearly the whole Christian Era was a desert. Devoid of tools, the poor Russian immigrants often tore up the ground with their fingers. Starving and half naked, they clung to the Holy Soil, fever putting them under it, till at last the Redeeming Angel passed by in the guise of Baron Edmond de Rothschild on his honeymoon.

This immortal philanthropist, who had no sympathy with the national idea, but merely desired to help these poor creatures as well as to prove that the Jew could be restored to the soil, became the mainstay of the old colonies and the founder of new ones. He planted eucalyptus trees to mitigate malaria, imported machinery, built a great wine-cellar. What did he not do? But in the final reckoning, despite a show-colony or two, he was no more successful than the Chovevi Zion. After a whole generation of laborers, and an ocean of tears, after all the work of two millionaires and a host of societies, how stands the account?

Twenty-four colonies (hardly any



*Israel Zangwill.*

paying), covering 62,500 acres (not a hundred square miles), supporting (with heavy convention) five thousand souls. The raisins of Rosh Pinah find no market, the wine accumulates in the celebrated cellar of Rishon-le-Zion, and is sold off under cost price; the vines, smitten by phylloxera, have had to be replaced by American vines, which bear a grape of another color, needing other treatment, and the great wine-cellar may have to be shifted. Baron Edmond has retired, a voice of weeping and complaining goes up from the colonies he so long subsidized, and many of the laborers, robbed of their ancient dream of becoming peasant-proprietors, are flying; 305 colonists of the "Gate of Hope" were assisted back through that gate last year. "Hasten, hasten, brethren," cries the zealous manager of the Beni-Judah, a colony that the English branch of the Chovevi Zion has striven desperately to rear, "Hasten, let it not break down, it could never set itself up again. O the heart-ache to see so noble a tree that had already begun to bear fruit, so early laid low!" The colonies of the Odessa branch are in like despair, while Artouf, a Bulgarian colony, is living on charity.

Baron Rothschild has transferred his colonies to the Jewish Colonization Association, called for short the Ica.

What is this Ica into which the long chain of destiny has now brought the fate of Palestinian colonies?

The Ica was founded by an Austrian anti-Zionist and millionaire, Baron Hirsch. His wife, the great-hearted Baroness Clara, was the only other shareholder. Desiring to break up the Jewish congestion, he sent Colonel Goldsmid, of the British army, and the Chovevi Zion to organize agricultural colonies in the Argentine. But droughts and distances from railways and markets brought discontent and desertion. If Palestine with all its magnetism could not produce paying colonies, how could the raw Argentine? The solemn reports of these costly colonies—weighed against the sum of Jewish misery—read like a burlesque. Moiseville supports 825 souls,

all told. Mauricio 1,045. From Entre Rios last year 560 families fled in despair, and even the recent more optimistic forecast of the *Frankfurter-Zeitung* cannot cover the breakdown of the general scheme. Baron Hirsch also tried Canada and established Hirsch, undeterred by the fate of Moosomin (subsidized by the Mansion House Committee in 1884), the colonists of which threw up their farms as soon as the term of subsidy ended. Exactly the same thing happened at Hirsch when the first demand for repayment of loans was made. The run-aways were replaced by the inhabitants of Red Deer, a Chicago-assisted colony of Russian Jews, which had broken down on its own account. Oxbow and Wapella, self-made colonies, still flourish, though they are very tiny and only valuable as proving the Jew *can* live by agriculture.

Even blacker reads the record of the Baron's or other people's settlements in the United States. Failure after failure, misfortune after misfortune, floods and droughts and desertions, a heart-breaking history, tempered only by gleams of hope in New Jersey. Failure in Louisiana, and failure in Dakota, failure in Colorado, and failure in Oregon, failure in Kansas and failure in Michigan, failure in Virginia and failure in Connecticut. In vain were the settlements called Palestine, Hebron, Beersheba. There was no balm even in Gilead (Kansas).

### III.

Baron de Hirsh is dead, but the Ica, after paying over a million and a half pounds in legacy duty to the British Government, goes gaily on its prodigal way; a centipede, trying to walk with every leg stepping out in different directions; and overhead flutter and fluster the benevolent busybodies, the Anglo-Jewish Association and the Alliance Universelle. The Allianz zu Wien sends "the Wandering Jew" (who comes from Roumania) to Rotterdam; there the Montefiore Association forwards him to New York, whence the B'nai B'rith Order and the Hirsch Fund Committee distribute him



about the States—a golden chain of philanthropy and futility. Millions flow into a bottomless bucket, and the Jewish misery is greater and the Jewish honor less than when the Alliance started. Heavens! It was in this very Paris, birthplace of the Alliance, that *Mort aux Juifs* was scribbled on the walls. And just as the Alliance can effect nothing politically, so can the Ica, with its mocking millions effect nothing practically so long as either continues to overlook the first principle of action—concentration. Even when many forces are concentrated on one spot, there is no concentration of policy, and regeneration is replaced by pauperization.

In the pauperization of Palestine, the following societies have supplemented the immortal Chalukah or pious toll, paid by believers the wide world over: Chovevi Zion, Alliance with its Viennese and now its German rival, Committee for Education of Jewish Orphans in Palestine, Lemaan Zion, of Frankfurt, Ezra of Munich, Yishoob Ertz Yisroile of Paris, Danish Colonization Society, several Swedish Societies, and the Ahavath Zion (international). It was not till the other day that these bodies met in common council, and then Herr Bambus, of Berlin, read a paper in which he denied that the bulk of the forty to sixty thousand

Jews of Jerusalem lived on charity. Probably not more than half came under the influence of the Chalukah!

But a country must be built up, not propped up.

"A people must redeem itself," said Dr. Herzl.

#### IV.

Dr. Herzl's movement is a movement for the integration of the scattered

forces of Israel, and the expression of this unity by a national, politically guaranteed home in Palestine, that may serve as a shelter for the homeless and oppressed, and a beacon for those prosperously sheltered elsewhere.

Like so many other agents in this fateful, epical drama, Dr. Herzl started with no partiality for Palestine. His book,



*Dr. Herzl, originator of the Zionist movement.*

"Der Judenstaat," published in 1887, which was intended to be his sole contribution to the national migration it preached, is willing to accept the Argentine equally. But he, too, has been set on the road to Zion, even as he has been transformed willy-nilly from a writer into a man of action of the first order. It is the best sign of the progress of his cause that his book is already obsolete. Yet in a sense all his ideas have become realities. The annual Congress is the embryo of a National Parliament. The Jewish company of the brochure is the Jewish

Colonial Trust of realty, while its Consultative Council represents the projected "Society of Jews." In a brief five years he has piloted his scheme through storms of abuse and hostility from every class of Jews, till the vaporings of a visionary have become a political possibility, discussed at four great international congresses, approved by the German Emperor, not disapproved by the Czar, favorably considered by the Sultan of Turkey, the Ruler of Palestine, worked for by societies throughout Europe and America, and South Africa, capitalized by a hundred and thirty thousand shareholders, and constituting the greatest Jewish movement since the foundation of Christianity. The Federation of American Zionists embraces some one hundred and fifty societies, including one in Manila, and sent twenty-four delegates, two of them ladies, to the last congress, which boldly invaded London; while the notorious American formula "America is our Palestine, Washington is our Zion," begins to lose its gloss. The Rev. Stephen S. Wise is starting a new American magazine to destroy it utterly. Professor Gottlieb, of Columbia College, is president of the American Zionists, Mr. Clarence I. De Sola of the Canadian societies. The president of the French Federation is Dr. Alexander Marmorek, of the Pasteur Institute, the discoverer of the anti-streptococcic serum, the stock remedy in severe erysipelas and puerperal fever. The famous oculist, Mandelstamm, is the leader for Russia. In England the best-known workers are Dr. Gaster and Sir Francis Montefiore. But by far the most powerful personality in the Zionist party, after Herzl, is Max Nordau, who has become the great orator of the movement. Yet that it remains after all, a poor man's movement, despised and feared by the prosperous, is shown by the fact that the Trust is only now able to contemplate becoming an effective legal instrument. Famines and crises in Russia and the war in South Africa have retarded the already slow accumulation of the quarter of a million pounds necessary. Very romantic be-

neath all the prose with which anti-Zionists charge Zionism—for anti-Zionists find it in the same breath too prosaic and too poetic—is the office in the shadow of the Mansion House, where the "shekels" arrive with communications in every language under the sun. "The biggest company on earth," the Trust has been styled by Mr. J. de Haas, a talented young Zionist of apostolic fervor, and indeed its documents will necessitate a room in Somerset House all to themselves. But the Trust will not start operations in Palestine till it obtains a charter giving it at least the status with which the Chartered Companies of India, Hudson's Bay, or South Africa have started.

The task to which Israel is thus called is of an originality congruous with his unique history. Motherlands have always created colonies. Here, colonies are to create motherland, or rather recreate her. It is not essential that all her daughters shall return to her skirts. Long before Titus conquered Jerusalem, Jewish settlers had followed in the wake of Tyrian and Phoenician commerce. The problem is simply to set up a center of Jewish life and concentrate all one's labors on it. Gradually it would become the magnet of the race.

The task is difficult—more difficult, perhaps, than any in human history, beset with more theological and political man-traps—unique in its problem of migration. But the very greatness of the task should stimulate the most maligned of races to break the desolate monotony of this brutal modern world by the splendor of an antique idealism.

Palestine is a country without a people, the Jews are a people without a country. The regeneration of the soil would bring the regeneration of the people. It is marvelous that the country should have remained comparatively empty for eighteen hundred years, but it cannot remain unexploited much longer. The age of electricity is upon us, and the problem of Asia. Now or never is Israel's opportunity. Another generation and Palestine will be populated by Uitlanders and dominated by



Germany. Another generation and the Western Jew will have lost the warmth of Jewish sentiment. In the Jew as in Palestine there have been more changes during the last generation than during all the centuries of the Christian era. Neither the Jew nor Palestine can wait longer. The Red Sea was divided for Israel's first exodus; it is united to the Mediterranean for the second. The Suez Canal has brought the world to the door-step of Palestine. And Palestine is the center of the world.

But without railways and telegraph wires radiating from it, it could not be a nerve-center. These are now being provided. The Jaffa-Jerusalem railway glides picturesquely between the mountains and, though it does not pay as yet, a harbor at Jaffa would work miracles in its balance-sheet. "The movement for attracting the Jews to Palestine may ultimately benefit this enterprise," says the consular report for Constantinople. The French Beyrout-Damascus line runs through the magnificent panorama of anti-Lebanon and Mount Hermon, and the old black basaltic towns respond to the living note of the red-tiled stations. Despite this line's opposition to the projected British Haiffa line, there will ere long be connection with the Persian Gulf,

the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris, one of the richest in the world, will be opened up and Mesopotamia become indeed a blessed word. The Sultan's scheme to connect Damascus with the Holy Places of Islam means an extension down Arabia to Mecca, and as the Musselmans of the world are subscribing and the contract for rails has been placed with a Belgian firm, the project is likely to materialize. Persia has already begun to have railways,

which must ultimately extend till they meet those of India. Thus switched into connection with the world's markets, there is no reason why Palestine with its 11 thousand square miles, including the Lebanon district, should not support even all the eleven million Jews, who are scattered through the world.

V.

But, it may be asked, if the failure of the Jewish colonies in

Palestine is so marked, what hope is there for the Herzl scheme?

But the Jewish colonies have not so much failed as sown their wild oats. They have garnered a plentiful crop of experience and the Zionists have Baron Edmond to thank for paying the prentices' premium. The colonists never learnt to swim because they had the cork-jacket of his capital to recline on. The privation of publicity brought other evils and scandals. An absentee philanthropist is as bad as an absentee



*Clarence I. De Sola, President of the Canadian Federation of Zionist Societies.*

landlord, and the Baron was both. Palestine was governed from Paris: the Gallicization of the colonists was the least of the evils. The motto of the French Jews of the days before Dreyfus was "France is our Zion." The motto of the colonists was "Zion is our France." Their wines even imitated Medoc. And Rothschild himself could not obtain full legal security of title. Sometimes the Turkish officials expelled the colonists, always they hampered their activities. At Petach Tikwah the old drainage works became choked; the Government forbade them to be re-opened, and a third of the colonists promptly died. Baron Edmond offered to buy from the Government the neighboring malarial marshes in order to plant them with eucalyptus trees, but was told his offer could not even be submitted unless he paid heavy bribes. Nobody is allowed to build a house without Government authority. But a stable may be built. Hence many colonists had to live in little huts, put up ostensibly as stables. 'Tis a poor sort of Zionism that has to progress by dodges.

Short of some great national aim and with far stronger legal guarantees, it were madness to colonize Palestine. The Chovevi Zion Society in disavowing Zionism and professing only to create Jewish agricultural settlements in Zion is like a mountain determined to produce nothing but a mouse—and with the cat waiting! It was a mark of Herzl's political genius to say at once: till we get our charter not a single Jew shall enter Palestine. What! Shall we redeem Palestine and enrich the Turkish revenue only to find ourselves as we were; with no "legally-assured home," having achieved only the irony of becoming strangers in our own house! Already there is a tendency for one Jewish colonist to employ two Arab charateen and thus be outnumbered on his own soil. *Sic vos non vobis* has been Israel's motto long enough. Wherefore the Sultan's reply to the first Zionist Congress—the shutting of Palestine to any more Jews, though paralyzing to the Chovevi Zion, simply played into Herzl's hands. The two

millions, at which Herzl from the first placed the capital of the Trust and which, after his interview with the Sultan, he declared to be immediately necessary, would not be used to "buy Palestine," as people have crudely imagined. It is not desirable to anticipate the statements on this head that the great Zionist leader may make at the fifth Congress at Basle, the day after Christmas.

## VI.

Had there been a little more of the business-like spirit of Jeremiah in the first colonists of Palestine, the prospects of Zionism would be brighter. Baron Edmond was a conceptualist—he wished to create the Jewish peasant, and he will not allow his peasant to take part in the sale of his own wines. In America the only gleam of success appeared when at Woodbine the Hirsch trustees began to temper the bucolic Idyllism by industries and factories. In Palestine the last thing thought of seems to have been the market. The Zichron Jacob in Samaria is the show-colony. It rears wheat, silkworms, bees, boasts in all some two thousand inhabitants who walk in paved streets, read in a library, lie sick in a hospital—in brief, a model colony. Yet, to judge by the report of two inhabitants, writing in *Die Welt*, the organ of Zionism, it is not so much a model colony as a colony made on a model. They doubt whether wine should have been the staple product at all. The best wines, they point out, come from the temperate middle of France and Germany, not from the tropic South. And apart from the immense competition of these European districts, the colonists have not even the field to themselves in Turkey and Egypt, Germany sending in wine in 1898 to the tune of 50,000 marks. Hence an annual production of forty to fifty thousand hectolitres of wine for three or four years left the cellars of Rishon-le-Zion and Zichron Jacob, as well as the depot at Hamburg, full to overflowing. These critics therefore recommend concentration upon table-grapes, and especially upon raisins, the raisin-producing zone in the world being far more



*The most beautiful colony in Palestine, Rosch Pina, near Mount Hermon.*

restricted than the wine-producing. Es-Salt (the ancient Ramoth-Gilead or perhaps Mizpah), a tiny corner cultivated by the Arabs, exports four to five million kilogrammes of raisins, while California itself only exports forty millions. True, Rosh Pinah does produce raisins and cannot sell half, but this is because of the attempt to plant Malaga muscatels. From the land of Israel raisins go out in chests decorated with dashing toreros, and beautiful Andalusian maidens. Meantime the native raisins, though anonymous, are delicious and there is a considerable Arab population, mainly vegetarian, waiting for them.

#### VII.

No less a transformation must the Jew's land undergo. For, as in the vision of Jeremiah, the fruitful place is a wilderness and all the cities thereof broken down. "The land flowing with milk and honey" is a stony desolation, relieved only by the Jewish colonies or an occasional Arab oasis. Like a deserted house or a forsaken fane, Palestine has gone to ruin. There are no olives on the mount of Olives. The country around Jerusalem is a dreary stretch of stone, roadless, hopeless.

But all this can be set as of yore. The old wells can be dug up, the old aqueducts repaired, the old trees replanted, the still-terraced hills reclaimed. In Egypt the Bahr-Yusuf still testifies to the engineering genius of Joseph: his descendants, if they constructed no such great canal, at any rate eked out the water-supply and "the former and the latter rain,"

by an artificial system of channels and gutters. It is to such great public works that the money of the Trust would be applied, not to pauperizing private persons. In Egypt Sir William Garstin's irrigation works have cost seven million pounds, but already the cotton crop has been doubled, which means an annual gain of £5,000,000. The new Nile dams, when finished, will add 2,500 square miles to the cultivable area. If Egypt can be raised from insolvency to prosperity, why not Palestine? Nay, the prosperity of Egypt must needs overflow into Palestine and thus make tardy amends for Pharaoh's oppression of the Children of Israel. By the creation of railways, roads, harbors and national and industrial enterprises, and the development of its mineral resources, the coal and iron, Palestine will be prepared for its rôle in the evolution of Asia and of civilization.

A brief review of the present position of Palestine will show that there is nothing chimerical in the scheme of making her habitable by the Jews. On every hand there are signs that she is shaking off the slumber of ages. The exports for 1900 were of the value of £264,950, the wine figuring at £21,840, the imports cost £382,405. Besides wine, Palestine exports maize, olive-oil, sesame, soap, wool, oranges, colocynth, beans, lupines, bones, water-melons, etc. The official statistics neglect the objects, literally "of bigotry and virtue" the flowers pressed cruciform, the carven mother o' pearl shells, the rosaries, the pictorial paper-cut-



ters, taken away by the 3,000 tourists and the 4,500 pious pilgrims whose entertainment must form a considerable source of profit, and together with the inflowing streams of charity account for the difference between imports and exports. Salt-farming could be carried on at the Dead Sea. Good hotels and tea-gardens for Americans may make Palestine as popular a resort as Egypt. Already people are beginning to tire of Cairo. And there are sulphur baths at Tiberias. The hot season may doubtless be tropical, and the cold season frigid, yet the mean of the hottest points registered at Jerusalem for fifteen years is  $84^{\circ}$  F., and of the coldest  $44.4^{\circ}$ . The rain-fall of twenty inches is distributed over about fifty days.

Palestine is not destined to be simply a pastoral country. The suburbs of Jerusalem and Jaffa are increasing at such a rate that one almost foresees the time when Jerry-building will be traced to Jericho. The bulk of the Jews live in towns in Jerusalem, in Tiberias, in Safed, and for these Jews urban industries must be created—olive-wood carving, embroidery, ready-made clothes, straw-plaiting, basket-making, soap and glass manufacture, jam-making—all were suggested at a recent conference of the Colonization Societies, now at last awake to the actualities of the problem. The Ica has set up a weaving-room in Jerusalem, the wool and silk of which are placed in Palestine and

Egypt. A dyeing-factory and a lace-factory are in preparation.

Meantime the Turkish Government itself starts a work which the Baroness Burdett-Coutts could not carry through at her own expense. The terribly inadequate water supply of Jerusalem is to be improved. Assuredly the waters of life are quickening Jerusalem.

#### IX.

Jerusalem is again a Jewish city. But what a city! Lepers, beggars, ophthalmia, stink, starvation make her a worthy capital of Judea; the metropolis of misery. Rent by the fierce schism of Sephardi and Ashkenazi, she likewise typifies the disunion of Israel.

Zionism will change all that. We have seen the failure of every other prescription, we have followed the largely unconscious evolution by which—even against his will—Israel's feet have been turned Zionwards at the very moment in history in which it is possible for him to re-occupy the country for the world's benefit and his own. Our examination has been purposely confined to those practical aspects without which the noblest dreams are a form of opium-eating. But the dullest imagination must feel what a world of romance and spiritual hope, what a ferment of religious revival and literary and artistic activity must attend and follow the home-coming of the Wandering Jew.



*Typical Jewish Colonists.*

# The Winning of Miss Jimmie Tolliver

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS '64

By WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE



HE supple, lithe figure of the girl, dark-haired, dark-eyed, head thrown back defiantly, stood out in relief against the lattice where the honey-suckle climbed riotously to the piazza above. The lieutenant in blue who strode up to the great house with clanking spurs thought her a charming figure, proud as a Greek goddess and full of fire to the finger-tips. The audacity of her rage touched his imagination.

"Your ruffians may trample down our co'n, they may burn up our fences, they may eat right spang up the meat in our smoke-house, but I won't have them abuse the niggers on the place," the young rebel was telling Capt. Charles Berry, Company D, Seventeenth Ohio Volunteers, with as much assurance as if she had at hand a regiment to quell these hated turbulent "Yanks."

"If you can point out the man"—began the captain humbly.

The girl stamped her little foot impatiently.

"How can I tell the man? Find out who he is!" she stormed.

"Dey-all am the mos' shif'les', ornery, no-'caount Linkum Erpublican po' white trash I evah did see. 'Pears like de enjurin' time they-all up to some meanness. I yent have no truck with them. Yo' heah me?" added Aunt Becky, who stood behind her young mistress with arms akimbo, the flame of battle shining in her dusky face and the shrill voice carrying half a mile.

The captain's merry Irish eyes twinkled.

"Yes, I hear you, Mammy. Your voice is so soft and low it hardly

reaches me, but I manage to get the drift of your remarks. This unsolicited testimonial as to the character of my men"—

"G'lang! Hit p'intedly does jes' natchelly give me the misery tuh see sech like romancin' roun'. Hit air a plumb scan'lous sight ter see."

"That will do, Aunt Becky," interrupted Miss Jimmie Tolliver. "You may go back to the kitchen. I reckon I c'n make out to say what needs be said!"

"I guess you can, Miss," agreed the captain admiringly, with a swift look at Lieutenant Allyn out of the tail of his eye. "Shouldn't wonder if it would do you a heap of good to free your mind about us for once. Now"—he stopped a moment to listen to a whispered message from an orderly—"I'm unfortunately called away on particular business, but if you have anything you'd like to say, you just speak it right out in meeting to this officer and he'll attend to it. Miss Tolliver, this is Lieut. Fordyce Allyn. Lieutenant Allyn—Miss Tolliver. Don't you be afraid of hurting his feelings, Miss Tolliver. He's only a Yank."

And Captain Berry went away chuckling at the situation in which he had contrived to leave his subordinate. It appeared that Miss Tolliver had a good deal to say that she had been saving up for the first Union officer that chanced to cross her path, and Fordyce Allyn got the benefit of it. He judged she could not be more than eighteen, but she was a very Katherine the Shrew in a modern way. He was told things about himself and his motives it is not often given a man to hear from such adorable lips at first ac-

quaintance. Curiously enough, he found the situation more than tolerable. The angry, scornful eyes, the bare full pulsing throat, the great mass of blue-black hair, fascinated the young Federal, and he thought it quite natural that this young Arkansas beauty should think unkindly of the men that were fighting her kinsmen and destroying their property.

Her anger was stirred at the patient admiration of this enemy of the cause she loved, even though he were a handsome boyish young fellow with waving chestnut hair and a manner of almost jaunty cheerfulness—perhaps the more on that account. How dared he take the liberty to admire her! What arrant insolence! Presently there slipped out the worst anathema in her vocabulary.

"A Black Republican! A Yankee Abolitionist!"

Fordyce Allyn smiled. "You're wrong again, Miss Tolliver. As it happens, I've always been a Democrat—that is, before the war began, and in those days I was certainly not an abolitionist."

"At all events you are now. Yo' cayn't deny it. Why are yo' fighting to rob us of our property, then?" she retorted, very erect, very haughty, a fair, slim representative of the daughters of the race of cavaliers so soon to be extinct.

He said something about the principles that animated the North.

"Principles!" she echoed scornfully. "What sort of principle is it that incites those men to trample down our co'n and our cotton?" She swept round a hand to include the Federal camp. "I reckon it was principle that made them beat up old Dan because be w'udn't bring them whiskey."

The girl waited for no answer, but turning swiftly on her heel, marched with chin in air up the steps, through the "gallery," and into the house.

Lieutenant Allyn followed the young patrician with his eyes, a rueful smile twitching at his lips. "Guess she's all rebel," he was thinking. "Hates Yankees worse than snakes. My word, how she did walk into me! But what

eyes—and what a wonderful voice!

Company D spent several days on the Tolliver plantation, but Fordyce Allyn made it a point to see that his men cut their own timber from the post oak land that ran near their camp, and that they did not wantonly destroy the corn or the cotton. Small thanks he got for his pains from Miss Jimmie Tolliver, for when he chanced to meet her about the place My Lady Disdain gathered her patched skirt closer for fear of contamination and passed him with the coolest cut imaginable.

Cache swamp bordered the edge of the plantation, and through the slough ran a corduroy road toward the little town of Jacksonport. Along this road the remnant of the Tolliver household watched with undisguised relief the Federal soldiers ride away one day.

"What a God-forsaken country this is, Allyn!" cried Second Lieutenant Hooper in a sudden energy of homesickness, after they had entered the swamp.

Disgust was writ large on his face. His eyes wandered discontentedly over the scene of semi-tropical luxuriant verdure that stretched away on either hand. Cache bottom was a blaze of beautiful variegated color. The white dogwood blossoms, the yellow water lilies and the jasmine, the flame of scarlet buckeyes, together with a score of other color effects, ran rampant in wild splashes against the green background of moss-covered cypress roots, of leafing gum and hickory, or sprouting cane-brake. The effect was gorgeous enough to have suited a taste the most critical, but the very prodigality of this untamed Southern beauty wearied Hooper. He was thinking of a brown-eyed girl he had left in tears among the apple-blossoms of an orchard in the rolling hills of Ohio.

Fordyce Allyn laughed gaily. Nearly always there was a ripple of laughter in his manner.

"It isn't half bad. Did you ever see anything finer than that outlook to the left?"

"I'm not looking for scenery," grunted Hooper. "I haven't lost any myself. The whole place is alive with



malaria and fever. Look at the sallow faces of the people who live here."

"My son, when you've been campaigning as long as Charley Berry

the water up to your mouth—Hello! Who the deuce is this scarecrow?"

A ragged tatterdemalion in what had once been a uniform of Confeder-



*My Lady Disdain gathered her patched skirt closer.*

you'll know when you're well off," said the captain placidly to Hooper. "If you had to sleep in that swamp with

ate gray rode rapidly along a trail through the swamp to intersect them. He came galloping up and pulled his

horse to a halt in front of Captain Berry.

"Be you-all the Yanks that have be'n a-campin' at the Tolliver place?" he demanded.

Berry nodded quietly, a hand resting on his pistol in his holster.

"Then I 'low tuh tell you-uns that the graybacks\* air attackin' the plantation right neow."

"You mean the guerrillas?"

"Tha's what I mean—Shep Dyson's jayhawkers."

"How do you know?" asked Berry sharply.

"I be'n one uv them till this evening [afternoon], but I'm durned if I stand by an' see Shep do Miss Jimmie a turrible meanness jes' because her brother Hal Tolliver whopped him oncet. Seems tha's a lot of money be'n hid summers araound the house

\*It must be borne in mind that the graybacks were guerrillas, not Confederates.



*Strode through the sorghum.*

by Tolliver to buy supplies an' Shep he got word uv it. Blame hit all, Miss Jimmie toted fixin's tuh Sis when she were dumb-chillin', an' I jes' natcherally cayn't let Shep do her ary harm, dod burn his hide. Naw, by thunder, I cayn't."

Captain Berry slewed round his head and barked out his orders curtly:

"Allyn, take two dozen troopers, ride to the plantation, and give the graybacks hell. If you capture any of them, hang the scoundrels on the spot."

Fordyce Allyn had learnt his riding at the Point, but he had never taken a ride before to compare with this wild rush over the rotten corduroy road which crumbled beneath the hoofs of his flying horse. Many a hole they missed by the fraction of an inch. More than once his horse went staggering, but just saved itself from a fall. Crane-brake and hickory lead, slough, bayou, and swamp, flashed past unheeded. He knew nothing but the mad desire to get back in time to save Jimmie Tolliver. Good God! If he should be too late, if that devil, Dyson, should have murdered her before he reached her. The guerrilla's long record of crime and murder rose up to appal the young man. The horror of it mounted to his brain, and he drove the spurs in fiercely against the bleeding sides of his willing horse. When he broke from the forest he rode alone, his men hopelessly in the rear. Through dead cotton stalks and across a field of young corn he dashed, lifting his mount at the fences like a hunter. Long before he reached the house he heard scattering shots, followed by a sinister silence.

The lieutenant flung himself from the animal and strode through the sorghum patch toward the house. From the cedars at one end of the gallery there came to him the sound of a voice, an ominous, wicked voice, vindictive, with the rasp of a sullen threat to it.

"An' so I swore I'd git even with Mist' Hal Tolliver, an' by Gawd I 'low tuh do hit. When Shep Dyson says he'll do a thing he allus makes out tuh do hit. Ain't that right, Batt? He neveh rues back. We've got yo',

brother where the wool is short, an' I 'low Miss Jimmie, we'll hafter skin ye uoter that money yo' brother left here."

"I tell you he didn't leave any money."

There was a note of appeal in the voice that went to Allyn's heart, but he noticed with an odd little thrill of pride that the words fell firm and clear. The girl was gray as ashes, but her brave eyes never wavered.

"Shucks? Tha' isn't ary sense a-talkin' that er way. You speak right out now, Miss Jimmie, an' we-all won't devil you' ary bit. I'd hate turrible tuh do you-all ary meanness, but in co'se business is business."

The sentinel of the jaywhackers caught sight of the blue-coated officer striding forward through the sorghum. He gave a yell of warning and fired at random. Next moment Allyn cut him down with his cavalry sabre. The guerrillas, startled, caught sight of the troopers as they came riding out of the woods. They broke for their horses with a wild dash. Allyn flung himself forward, pistol in hand. Some scattering shots flew past him, and one, better aimed, stung his shoulder. Next moment he threw himself on Dyson, who struggled desperately to escape and reach his horse. The two men went down together locked in each other's arms, swaying to and fro in their struggles.

When Lieutenant Hooper came upon them after his return from the pursuit of the graybacks he found Allyn astride the leader of the guerillas, with a pistol at his head, and the face the young officer turned to Hooper

*Next moment he threw*

*himself on Dyson.*

looked like the day of judgment come to earth.

II.

"Chris'mas gif', stranger!"

She that made the appeal was a sad-eyed young woman in homespun, and she pressed a sallow baby to her sunken breast. From between her lips the inevitable twig of the snuff-chewer projected, sign-manual of the Southern woman of her class.

Allyn, ready to mount, was standing by his horse with one hand resting on the horn of his saddle. He was a little surprised that a white woman should ask to be remembered, but his hand dived into his pocket for some small change. The woman came nearer and began speaking in a low, hurried voice.

"If you-all air the Yank that had Shep Dyson strung up fer jayhawkin' I 'low you better light a shuck outer this yere place. The guerrillas air a-layin' fer you-all tuh kill you. They-uns air aimin' tuh waylay you-all the yon side uv Cache bottom. Bat Snellings an' his graybacks done swore tuh git even with you-all. I 'low you better burn the wind back tuh Newport.

The young cavalryman looked down at her in doubt. He knew that the guerrillas had been looking for a chance to kill him from ambush. Probably they had a spy to keep them informed of his whereabouts. In all likelihood the woman's story was true; still it might be a trap. He stood balancing a half-dollar in his hand, pretending—for the benefit of any spy that might be loafing in front of the store—to be tormenting her before he handed over the silver.



The woman appeared to read his doubts.

"Do you-all recomember Bud Sutherland—the man that warned you-uns that the guerrillas were attackin' the Tolliver place? The graybacks toled him into the slough and killed him up next week. I'm the Widow Sutherland, an' I'd walk barefoot through hell tuh git even with Bat Snellings."

The fierce gleam of deadly hatred in her eyes was convincing. Allyn doubted no longer. It was quite plain she hated the guerrillas and their leader with the memory of an injured woman who never forgets.

"The trouble is that I've got to go. My busines will not wait," he said aloud, more to himself than to her.

"Then take the swamp road an' split the wind fer fair, for if they-uns cotch ye they'll roast ye alive."

He dropped the silver into her hand and turned away with an easy simulated laugh. As far as the wood he followed the upper road, then under the shadow of the timber cut across to the swamp trail. His mind was full of uneasy misgivings. Every crouching cypress knee to his alert and excited vision was a jaywhacker on the watch for him. At every rustling twig he slewed his head round, a pistol lying ready in his hand. So far as the eye could reach the brake extended, a dismal waste of overflow out of which rose cypress trees, thick-trunked to the water line, and gaunt tupelo-gums. A monochrome of utter dreariness prevailed. A paralysis of nerve-will began to creep over him. From behind any tree he might be picked off and thrown to rot in the horrible green waters of the swamp. For hours he rode along the corduroy road through squatting cypress knees, which hunched uncannily from the slough in the dim light like leering gnomes. He could have cried out with joy when at last the ground rose and the forest opened to the Tolliver plantation.

Half a dozen hounds came yelping down the path to meet him as he rode forward. Aunt Becky appeared on the piazza to call them back.

"Come yere, yo' Caesar. Haint yo'

got no sense, Jeff Davis? Whaffer yo' go traipsing daown tuh devil eve'y strangah that comes?" Then she caught sight of the blue uniform. "Hm! A biggity Linkum man!" she snorted contemptuously, and disappeared at once into the kitchen.

It was Christmas day of the year '64, and still the war dragged wearily on, though the end had long been inevitable. Even the Southern fire-eaters knew they were fighting against hope for a lost cause. Arkansas was in the hands of the Federals, and the beaten Confederates had retreated sullenly to join Johnson or Bragg. Typical of the state, the plantation looked utterly desolate. Rotting fences, burnt cotton gins, untilled fields, and roofless cabins confronted Allyn on every side. The great house itself was charred at one end where a company of Northern cavalry had fired it but had been in too great a hurry to complete their work. Roving bands from first one army and then the other had come foraging for food, cattle, and horses till none were left. A little patch of ragged corn and a few hills of sweet potatoes had alone been under cultivation this year.

A young girl came out of the gallery and down the steps to welcome Allyn. The sun was in her eyes and she did not recognize him for a moment.

"Won't you light? Here, Jim, take the gentleman's horse!"

The sweet Southern intonation that is less an accent than a drawl thrilled the young officer. He rejoiced in her splendid youth, her free carriage, the little familiar turn of the head. Nothing about her graceful, impulsive manner escaped him. Even the old-fashioned, faded, much-patched dress appealed subtly to his heart-strings.

"It's your Black Republican come back to quarter himself on the enemy," laughed Allyn as he dismounted.

The eager sparkle that came into her luminous eyes he thought adorable.

"On Christmas day you're welcome, no matter who you are," she told him.

"No exceptions at all? Not even a Yankee abolitionist?" he asked gaily.

"I reckon we c'n find a place even for him to-day." Then she added mis-

chievously: "I'm expecting Brother Hal and some of his friends to join us. He'll be right glad to meet you."

"Afraid I can't wait long enough to see them. If you'll fix me up a snack I'll be moving on," he laughed. Much as he admired Miss Tolliver, Allyn felt that he could pay too great a price for the pleasure of an hour with her. He had no fancy for a year in a Southern military prison. Hal Tolliver would have to wait till the war was over for the pleasure of his acquaintance.

While Allyn was eating the lunch which Miss Jimmie Tolliver had set before him Aunt Becky burst into the room.

"De graybacks done comin', Miss Jimmie. Dey sho' is. I 'low they-uns a-gwine t' kill we-uns. Oh, Lordy, yere dey is!"

There came to them the noise of many feet trampling through the hall. The door was burst open and a motley crew stood in the room, threatening, storming, cursing. Unkempt, unshaven, and ragged they were, the villainous offscouring of the countryside, too vile to be tolerated by either army. At their head was Bat Snellings. He took off his slouch hat with an awkward attempt at a bow.

"Is this yere Lieutenant Allyn?" he asked, a note of cruel suavity in his voice.

Fordyce Allyn inclined his head slightly in stern silence. It was as if an infusion of starch had stiffened him suddenly. He knew that no concession he might make would save his life, and he resolved to show these scoundrels that an officer of the United States army would not stoop to ask mercy of them.

"Air you-all the same Allyn that hanged Shep Dyson?" the guerrilla leader asked with an ugly smile.

Again the lieutenant bowed.

A suggestion of triumph began to creep into the manner of the ruffian. His eyes glittered evilly.

"Mought I ask huccome you-all tuh hang Shep without ary trial?"

Allyn's face was as uncompromising as Ohio granite.

"I had him hanged because he was a murdering villian taken in the act—just as I should hang you if I captured you," the young officer finished grimly.

"Jes' so." Bat still smiled, but the smile was not good to see. The devil's grin so when they wreak their malice on victims delivered to them. The guerrilla's sallow hand rasped slowly back and forth along the side of his unshaven cheek. "Jes' so. Tha' too bad—too bad. Durned if hit ain't, because"—His cruel beady eyes circled round the room to include his men in the jest. "because we-uns hev got a little program arranged tuh entertain you-all, Lieutenant; mought be called a sorter barbecue, I reckon."

The girl's troubled eyes went from the jaywhacker to the white stern face of the young soldier. It needed no divination to tell her of something tragic in the situation, even though there was still a wheedling, obsequious note in the voice of Snellings. The manner of Fordyce Allyn stirred the depths of her admiration. His simple manly words affected her as nothing ever had before. Here was a brave man going quietly to his death like a soldier without either fear or bravado. Through all her desperate terror for him there ran the thrill of pride at his contempt for them. She felt the blood surge in rapid beats at her temples even while her mind groped wildly for some hope of escape.

"We-all air right glad tuh meet up with you-all. Durned if we ain't. We be'n a-lookin' forward to this yere pleasant evenin' fer a right smart time, fer true. 'Pears like we cudn't wait ary longer, consequence is we drapped in kinder friendly-like tuh welcome you-all to our midst. We be'n cravin' tuh give you-all a *warm* welcome, an' dad burn my hide we 'low tuh do hit."

"You're not going to—to—hurt him?" asked the girl tensely, with dilated eyes.

The low, fiendish laugh of the guerrilla echoed through the room and made the girl shudder. It was a saying in the country that when Bat Snellings laughed somebody else was due to



*The forest opened to the Tolliver plantation.*

groan, and there was reason for it.

"We aim tuh devil him some."

Jimmie Tolliver's eyes went back to Fordyce Allyn—to the man she loved. She admitted it to herself now, even though he were thrice a Yankee, and her heart cried out wildly in protest against the impending murder. To Bat Snellings and his men she pleaded with a gray face for the life she could not see put out.

"Naw, by Gawd, we 'low tuh be shet uv him. He ain't got no sense nohow. Huccome he tuh be yere without ary escort? I'low he air a plumb idjit not wuth savin'. I ain't nevah hearn tell that Yanks are so durned seldom nohow. You-all c'n git another sweet-heart summers, I reckon."

Fordyce Allyn stood erect and unflinching with folded arms, a strange, eager, almost triumphant, light of victory shining in his face. The uplift and the thrill that oftentimes come to men in deadly peril were surging through him.

"You have done your best for me, Miss Tolliver, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart; God knows how much. But it is quite useless to ask mercy of these men. I think you had better leave the house," he told her with an almost smiling gentleness of manner.

"I reckon we-uns won't inconvenience the lady. If you-all air quite ready we'll be a-puttin' out fer the slough, Lieutenant. In co'se I hate tuh interrupt you' dinnah, 'cause it's the last yo' liable tuh eat fer a while, onless ha'nts (ghosts) eat like we-all, but if yo' quite ready"—

"May I have a word with Miss Tolliver?" asked the young man with an even voice.

"Toby shore. This yere train stops fer good-byes uv the dear departed. We plumb cayn't do enough fer you-all, we-uns air so fair petted on yo'," said Bat jocosely. Then, a minute later: "But I'll have tuh ask yo' tuh git a move on yo'. We-uns have got tuh be skedadlin' right along."

"Reckon you bettah wait a minute, Bat."

The drawling voice fell like a splash of icy water on the guerrilla. He wheeled round with a face grown suddenly gray to see a figure standing at the door—the easy, graceful, nonchalant figure of a Confederate officer lounging against the side of the doorway. He held a pistol negligently in his hand, but he had not taken the trouble to cock it.

"Captain Hal Tolliver!" cried one of the graybacks, his chin falling.

"At your service. What can I do for you—before I hang you?" drawled the gentle voice. Allyn noticed even then that it had the same quality of caressing softness as his sister's had. "No, I wouldn't shoot if I were you, Bat. You see I happen to have a troop of soldiers with me in and about the house. Reckon I've sorter got the dead wood on you. Maybe you bettah drop those guns; keep you from doing anything rash. Yes, sir! Right on the floor. That's good. Now we know they won't go off accidental like."

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MISS JIMMIE TOLLIVER

Drawn by John Cecil Eddy

*The Winning of Miss Jimmie Tolliver*

14



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"Yes? Well, I'm not. That's the difference between us, you infernal scoundrel," answered Tolliver composedly.

"I know you-all air a gen'elman uv

take this fellow out to the slash and hang him at once. You may hold the rest pending an investigation. Tha' ain't no use wheedling me, Bat. You got to the end of your rope in mo'e ways than one. I allow to give this caounty a rest from you and your gang of beauties. Happy to meet you, Lieutenant Allyn. Sister Jim was writing me how you-all fixed up the gray-



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"Quite right, Bat. It w'ud be a plumb waste of time, so I'm going to hang you right away to a sour apple tree, as the Yanks say," agreed the young Confederate cheerfully. "Casey

backs when they bothered her before. Glad I got here in time to keep that damned scoundrel—Excuse me, sister, I cleah forgot you were here—that blanked scoundrel from devilin' you. Hope you'll pardon me if I leave you for a minute while I attend to locking up the rest of them."

Fordyce Allyn found himself alone with Miss Tolliver. During the last

quaintance. Curiously enough, he found the situation more than tolerable. The angry, scornful eyes, the bare full pulsing throat, the great mass of blue-black hair, fascinated the young Federal, and he thought it quite natural that this young Arkansas beauty should think unkindly of the men that were fighting her kinsmen and destroying their property.

Her anger was stirred at the patient admiration of this enemy of the cause she loved, even though he were a handsome boyish young fellow with waving chestnut hair and a manner of almost jaunty cheerfulness—perhaps the more on that account. How dared he take the liberty to admire her! What arrant insolence! Presently there slipped out the worst anathema in her vocabulary.

"A Black Republican! A Yankee Abolitionist!"

Fordyce Allyn smiled. "You're wrong again, Miss Tolliver. As it happens, I've always been a Democrat—that is, before the war began, and in those days I was certainly not an abolitionist."

"At all events you are now. Yo' cayn't deny it. Why are yo' fighting to rob us of our property, then?" she retorted, very erect, very haughty, a fair, slim representative of the daughters of the race of cavaliers so soon to be extinct.

He said something about the principles that animated the North.

"Principles!" she echoed scornfully. "What sort of principle is it that incites those men to trample down our co'n and our cotton?" She swept round a hand to include the Federal camp. "I reckon it was principle that made them beat up old Dan because he w'udn't bring them whiskey."

The girl waited for no answer, but turning swiftly on her heel, marched with chin in air up the steps, through the "gallery," and into the house.

Lieutenant Allyn followed the young patrician with his eyes, a rueful smile twitching at his lips. "Guess she's all rebel," he was thinking. "Hates Yankees worse than snakes. My word, how she did walk into me! But what

eyes—and what a wonderful voice!

Company D spent several days on the Tolliver plantation, but Fordyce Allyn made it a point to see that his men cut their own timber from the post oak land that ran near their camp, and that they did not wantonly destroy the corn or the cotton. Small thanks he got for his pains from Miss Jimmie Tolliver, for when he chanced to meet her about the place My Lady Disdain gathered her patched skirt closer for fear of contamination and passed him with the coolest cut imaginable.

Cache swamp bordered the edge of the plantation, and through the slough ran a corduroy road toward the little town of Jacksonport. Along this road the remnant of the Tolliver household watched with undisguised relief the Federal soldiers ride away one day.

"What a God-forsaken country this is, Allyn!" cried Second Lieutenant Hooper in a sudden energy of homesickness, after they had entered the swamp.

Disgust was writ large on his face. His eyes wandered discontentedly over the scene of semi-tropical luxuriant verdure that stretched away on either hand. Cache bottom was a blaze of beautiful variegated color. The white dogwood blossoms, the yellow water lilies and the jasmine, the flame of scarlet buckeyes, together with a score of other color effects, ran rampant in wild splashes against the green background of moss-covered cypress roots, of leafing gum and hickory, or sprouting cane-brake. The effect was gorgeous enough to have suited a taste the most critical, but the very prodigality of this untamed Southern beauty wearied Hooper. He was thinking of a brown-eyed girl he had left in tears among the apple-blossoms of an orchard in the rolling hills of Ohio.

Fordyce Allyn laughed gaily. Nearly always there was a ripple of laughter in his manner.

"It isn't half bad. Did you ever see anything finer than that outlook to the left?"

"I'm not looking for scenery," grunted Hooper. "I haven't lost any myself. The whole place is alive with

malaria and fever. Look at the sallow faces of the people who live here."

"My son, when you've been campaigning as long as Charley Berry

the water up to your mouth—Hello! Who the deuce is this scarecrow?"

A ragged tatterdemalion in what had once been a uniform of Confeder-



*My Lady Disdain gathered her patched skirt closer.*

you'll know when you're well off," said the captain placidly to Hooper. "If you had to sleep in that swamp with

ate gray rode rapidly along a trail through the swamp to intersect them. He came galloping up and pulled his

horse to a halt in front of Captain Berry.

"Be you-all the Yanks that have be'n a-campin' at the Tolliver place?" he demanded.

Berry nodded quietly, a hand resting on his pistol in his holster.

"Then I 'low tuh tell you-uns that the graybacks\* air attackin' the plantation right neow."

"You mean the guerrillas?"

"Tha's what I mean—Shep Dyson's jayhawkers."

"How do you know?" asked Berry sharply.

"I be'n one uv them till this evening [afternoon], but I'm durned if I stand by an' see Shep do Miss Jimmie a turrible meanness jes' because her brother Hal Tolliver whopped him oncet. Seems tha's a lot of money be'n hid summers araound the house

\*It must be borne in mind that the graybacks were guerrillas, not Confederates.



*Strode through the sorghum.*

by Tolliver to buy supplies an' Shep he got word uv it. Blame hit all, Miss Jimmie toted fixin's tuh Sis when she were dumb-chillin', an' I jes' natcherally cayn't let Shep do her ary harm, dod burn his hide. Naw, by thunder, I cayn't."

Captain Berry slewed round his head and barked out his orders curtly:

"Allyn, take two dozen troopers, ride to the plantation, and give the graybacks hell. If you capture any of them, hang the scoundrels on the spot."

Fordyce Allyn had learnt his riding at the Point, but he had never taken a ride before to compare with this wild rush over the rotten corduroy road which crumbled beneath the hoofs of his flying horse. Many a hole they missed by the fraction of an inch. More than once his horse went staggering, but just saved itself from a fall. Crane-brake and hickory lead, slough, bayou, and swamp, flashed past unheeded. He knew nothing but the mad desire to get back in time to save Jimmie Tolliver. Good God! If he should be too late, if that devil, Dyson, should have murdered her before he reached her. The guerrilla's long record of crime and murder rose up to appal the young man. The horror of it mounted to his brain, and he drove the spurs in fiercely against the bleeding sides of his willing horse. When he broke from the forest he rode alone, his men hopelessly in the rear. Through dead cotton stalks and across a field of young corn he dashed, lifting his mount at the fences like a hunter. Long before he reached the house he heard scattering shots, followed by a sinister silence.

The lieutenant flung himself from the animal and strode through the sorghum patch toward the house. From the cedars at one end of the gallery there came to him the sound of a voice, an ominous, wicked voice, vindictive, with the rasp of a sullen threat to it.

"An' so I swore I'd git even with Mist' Hal Tolliver, an' by Gawd I 'low tuh do hit. When Shep Dyson says he'll do a thing he allus makes out tuh do hit. Ain't that right, Batt? He neveh rues back. We've got yo',



brother where the wool is short, an' I 'low Miss Jimmie, we'll hafter skin ye uoter that money yo' brother left here."

"I tell you he didn't leave any money."

There was a note of appeal in the voice that went to Allyn's heart, but he noticed with an odd little thrill of pride that the words fell firm and clear. The girl was gray as ashes, but her brave eyes never wavered.

"Shucks? Tha' isn't ary sense a-talkin' that er way. You speak right out now, Miss Jimmie, an' we-all won't devil you' ary bit. I'd hate turrible tuh do you-all ary meanness, but in co'se business is business."

The sentinel of the jaywhackers caught sight of the blue-coated officer striding forward through the sorghum. He gave a yell of warning and fired at random. Next moment Allyn cut him down with his cavalry sabre. The guerrillas, startled, caught sight of the troopers as they came riding out of the woods. They broke for their horses with a wild dash. Allyn flung himself forward, pistol in hand. Some scattering shots flew past him, and one, better aimed, stung his shoulder. Next moment he threw himself on Dyson, who struggled desperately to escape and reach his horse. The two men went down together locked in each other's arms, swaying to and fro in their struggles.

When Lieutenant Hooper came upon them after his return from the pursuit of the graybacks he found Allyn astride the leader of the guerillas, with a pistol at his head, and the face the young officer turned to Hooper

*Next moment he threw*

*himself on Dyson.*

looked like the day of judgment come to earth.

II.

"Chris'mas gif', stranger!"

She that made the appeal was a sad-eyed young woman in homespun, and she pressed a sallow baby to her sunken breast. From between her lips the inevitable twig of the snuff-chewer projected, sign-manual of the Southern woman of her class.

Allyn, ready to mount, was standing by his horse with one hand resting on the horn of his saddle. He was a little surprised that a white woman should ask to be remembered, but his hand dived into his pocket for some small change. The woman came nearer and began speaking in a low, hurried voice.

"If you-all air the Yank that had Shep Dyson strung up fer jayhawkin' I 'low you better light a shuck outer this yere place. The guerrillas air a-layin' fer you-all tuh kill you. They-uns air aimin' tuh waylay you-all the yon side uv Cache bottom. Bat Snellings an' his graybacks done swore tuh git even with you-all. I 'low you better burn the wind back tuh Newport.

The young cavalryman looked down at her in doubt. He knew that the guerrillas had been looking for a chance to kill him from ambush. Probably they had a spy to keep them informed of his whereabouts. In all likelihood the woman's story was true; still it might be a trap. He stood balancing a half-dollar in his hand, pretending—for the benefit of any spy that might be loafing in front of the store—to be tormenting her before he handed over the silver.



The woman appeared to read his doubts.

"Do you-all recomember Bud Sutherland—the man that warned you-uns that the guerrillas were attackin' the Tolliver place? The graybacks toled him into the slough and killed him up next week. I'm the Widow Sutherland, an' I'd walk barefoot through hell tuh git even with Bat Snellings."

The fierce gleam of deadly hatred in her eyes was convincing. Allyn doubted no longer. It was quite plain she hated the guerrillas and their leader with the memory of an injured woman who never forgets.

"The trouble is that I've got to go. My busines will not wait," he said aloud, more to himself than to her.

"Then take the swamp road an' split the wind fer fair, for if they-uns cotch ye they'll roast ye alive."

He dropped the silver into her hand and turned away with an easy simulated laugh. As far as the wood he followed the upper road, then under the shadow of the timber cut across to the swamp trail. His mind was full of uneasy misgivings. Every crouching cypress knee to his alert and excited vision was a jaywhacker on the watch for him. At every rustling twig he slewed his head round, a pistol lying ready in his hand. So far as the eye could reach the brake extended, a dismal waste of overflow out of which rose cypress trees, thick-trunked to the water line, and gaunt tupelo-gums. A monochrome of utter dreariness prevailed. A paralysis of nerve-will began to creep over him. From behind any tree he might be picked off and thrown to rot in the horrible green waters of the swamp. For hours he rode along the corduroy road through squatting cypress knees, which hunched uncannily from the slough in the dim light like leering gnomes. He could have cried out with joy when at last the ground rose and the forest opened to the Tolliver plantation.

Half a dozen hounds came yelping down the path to meet him as he rode forward. Aunt Becky appeared on the piazza to call them back.

"Come yere, yo' Caesar. Haint yo'

got no sense, Jeff Davis? Whaffer yo' go traipsing daown tuh devil eve'y strangah that comes?" Then she caught sight of the blue uniform. "Hm! A biggity Linkum man!" she snorted contemptuously, and disappeared at once into the kitchen.

It was Christmas day of the year '64, and still the war dragged wearily on, though the end had long been inevitable. Even the Southern fire-eaters knew they were fighting against hope for a lost cause. Arkansas was in the hands of the Federals, and the beaten Confederates had retreated sullenly to join Johnson or Bragg. Typical of the state, the plantation looked utterly desolate. Rotting fences, burnt cotton gins, untilled fields, and roofless cabins confronted Allyn on every side. The great house itself was charred at one end where a company of Northern cavalry had fired it but had been in too great a hurry to complete their work. Roving bands from first one army and then the other had come foraging for food, cattle, and horses till none were left. A little patch of ragged corn and a few hills of sweet potatoes had alone been under cultivation this year.

A young girl came out of the gallery and down the steps to welcome Allyn. The sun was in her eyes and she did not recognize him for a moment.

"Won't you light? Here, Jim, take the gentleman's horse!"

The sweet Southern intonation that is less an accent than a drawl thrilled the young officer. He rejoiced in her splendid youth, her free carriage, the little familiar turn of the head. Nothing about her graceful, impulsive manner escaped him. Even the old-fashioned, faded, much-patched dress appealed subtly to his heart-strings.

"It's your Black Republican come back to quarter himself on the enemy," laughed Allyn as he dismounted.

The eager sparkle that came into her luminous eyes he thought adorable.

"On Christmas day you're welcome, no matter who you are," she told him.

"No exceptions at all? Not even a Yankee abolitionist?" he asked gaily.

"I reckon we c'n find a place even for him to-day." Then she added mis-

chievously: "I'm expecting Brother Hal and some of his friends to join us. He'll be right glad to meet you."

"Afraid I can't wait long enough to see them. If you'll fix me up a snack I'll be moving on," he laughed. Much as he admired Miss Tolliver, Allyn felt that he could pay too great a price for the pleasure of an hour with her. He had no fancy for a year in a Southern military prison. Hal Tolliver would have to wait till the war was over for the pleasure of his acquaintance.

While Allyn was eating the lunch which Miss Jimmie Tolliver had set before him Aunt Becky burst into the room.

"De graybacks done comin', Miss Jimmie. Dey sho' is. I 'low they-uns a-gwine t' kill we-uns. Oh, Lordy, yere dey is!"

There came to them the noise of many feet trampling through the hall. The door was burst open and a motley crew stood in the room, threatening, storming, cursing. Unkempt, unshaven, and ragged they were, the villainous offscouring of the countryside, too vile to be tolerated by either army. At their head was Bat Snellings. He took off his slouch hat with an awkward attempt at a bow.

"Is this yere Lieutenant Allyn?" he asked, a note of cruel suavity in his voice.

Fordyce Allyn inclined his head slightly in stern silence. It was as if an infusion of starch had stiffened him suddenly. He knew that no concession he might make would save his life, and he resolved to show these scoundrels that an officer of the United States army would not stoop to ask mercy of them.

"Air you-all the same Allyn that hanged Shep Dyson?" the guerrilla leader asked with an ugly smile.

Again the lieutenant bowed.

A suggestion of triumph began to creep into the manner of the ruffian. His eyes glittered evilly.

"Mought I ask huccome you-all tuh hang Shep without ary trial?"

Allyn's face was as uncompromising as Ohio granite.

"I had him hanged because he was a murdering villian taken in the act—just as I should hang you if I captured you," the young officer finished grimly.

"Jes' so." Bat still smiled, but the smile was not good to see. The devils grin so when they wreak their malice on victims delivered to them. The guerrilla's sallow hand rasped slowly back and forth along the side of his unshaven cheek. "Jes' so. Tha' too bad—too bad. Durned if hit ain't, because"—His cruel beady eyes circled round the room to include his men in the jest. "because we-uns hev got a little program arranged tuh entertain you-all, Lieutenant; mought be called a sorter barbecue, I reckon."

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"At your service. What can I do for you—before I hang you?" drawled the gentle voice. Allyn noticed even then that it had the same quality of caressing softness as his sister's had. "No, I wouldn't shoot if I were you, Bat. You see I happen to have a troop of soldiers with me in and about the house. Reckon I've sorter got the dead wood on you. Maybe you bettah drop those guns; keep you from doing anything rash. Yes, sir! Right on the floor. That's good. Now we know they won't go off accidental like."

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Fordyce Allyn found himself alone with Miss Tolliver. During the last

half hour he had been face to face with death, and in that time the veil of conventionality and of differing beliefs had been rent asunder. His eyes had looked love into hers, and she had flashed the message back to him. She had pleaded for his life as for the life of one she loved. But now that the stress of the crisis was past the memory of her words lashed her. What would he think? How could she justify herself.

The young man, grown suddenly timid, shifted uneasily in his place. He could not get back readily to trivialities, nor did he want to let the favorable moment slip away. Presently he crossed the room and shyly took her hand. The long curving lashes drooped over her averted eyes.

"I've come for my Christmas gift."

The color flared into her cheeks, and Fordyce, greatly daring, let a hand fall on her shoulder. She let it rest there.

"I—do—not—understand."

"Oh, yes, you do, Jimmie. I'm offer-

ing an exchange of gifts. The one I offer is a poor enough one, but it is all yours if you will have it. I love you, dear. I've been loving you all this time. Didn't you know that?"

"How could I? You never said anything."

So softly the words fell they scarce reached him. He smiled ever so little.

"No, you didn't give me much chance, you know."

The pink and white chased each other with bewitching confusion through her cheeks. Fordyce Allyn's heart began to sing "Hallelujahs." He turned her face toward him with a gentle boldness.

"May I kiss you, Jimmie?"

No answer in words, but Miss Tolliver inclined her head almost imperceptibly toward him. Allyn touched the beautiful oval of her cheek with his lips.

"You are my Christmas gift, sweetheart," he said.

Jimmie flashed radiant eyes on him.



## FOLLY'S FOOL

By LAWRENCE PORCHER HEXT.

Love a-calling went one day,  
Loitered at a lassie's heart;  
Begged to be allowed to stay,  
But was told he must depart;  
"For," said she, "I'm childish yet;  
Come back in a year or two."  
Truth to tell, her heart was let—  
Tenanted by Folly's crew.

In a fleeting year or two  
She became a winsome maid.  
Love came back again to woo,  
But, this time, she sweetly said:  
"Call again some other day,  
I am yet a debutante;  
Call when life is not so gay,  
Then your wishes I will grant."

In another year or two  
She had grown to womanhood;  
Love came not again to woo,  
As she thought he surely would.  
Folly whispered, "Do not weep,  
Love will find thee out some day;  
He will come thy heart to keep,  
Nevermore to go away."

Years have past; Love comes no more.  
She is wrinkled, bent and gray.  
Folly sometimes nears the door  
Of her heart, but turns away.  
Beauty long has left her face;  
She is withered now, and old;  
In her heart there is a place  
Empty, desolate and cold.

# THE LAST SPIKE

By CY WARMAN



HEN there is nothing against him but his poverty?"

"And general appearance."

"He's the handsomest man in America."

"Yes, that is against him, and the fact that he is always in America. He appears to be afraid to get out."

"He's the bravest boy in the world," she replied, her face still to the window. "He risked his life to drag me from under the ice," she added, with a girl's loyalty to her hero and a woman's pride in the man she loves.

"Well, I must own he has nerve," her father added, "or he never would have accepted my conditions."

"And what were these conditions, pray?" the young woman asked, turning and facing her father, who sat watching her every move and gesture.

"First of all, he must do something; and do off his own bat. His old father spent his last dollar to educate this young rascal, to equip him for the battle of life, and his sole achievement is a curve that nobody can find. Now I insist he shall do something, and I have given him five years for the work."

"Five years!" she gasped, as she lost herself in a big chair.

"He is to have time to forget you, and you are to have ample opportunity to forget him, which you will doubtless do, for you are not to meet or communicate with each other during this period of probation."

"Did he promise this?"

"Upon his honor."

"And if he break that promise?"

"Ah, then he would be without honor, and you would not marry him." A moment's silence followed, broken by a long, deep sigh that ended in little quivering waves, like the faint rip-

ples that reach the shore,—the whispered echoes of the sobbing sea.

"O father, it is cruel! cruel! cruel!" she said, raising a tearful face to him.

It is justice, stern justice; to you, my dear, to myself and this fine young fellow who has stolen your heart. Let him show himself worthy of you, and you have my blessing and my fortune."

"Is he going soon?"

"He is gone."

The young woman knelt by her father's chair and bowed her head upon his knee, quivering with grief.

This stern man, who had humped himself and made a million, put a hand on her head and said:

"Ma-Mary—" and then choked up.

## II.

The tent boy put a small white card down on General Dodge's desk one morning, upon which was printed:

J. BRADFORD, C. E.

The General, who was at that time chief engineer in charge of the construction of the first Pacific Railroad, turned the bit of pasteboard over. It seemed so short and simple. He ran his eyes over a printed list, alphabetically arranged, of directors, promoters, statesmen, capitalists and others who were in the habit of signing "letters of recommendation" for young men who wanted to do something and begin well up the ladder.

There were no Bradfords. Burgess and Blodgett were the only B's., and the General was glad. His desk was constantly littered with the "letters" of tenderfeet, and his office-tent filled with their portmanteaus, holding dress suits and fine linen.

Here was a curiosity—a man with no press notices, no character, only one initial and two closers.

"Show him in," said the General, addressing the one luxury his hogan held. A few moments later the chief engineer was looking into the eye of a young man, who returned the look and asked frankly, and without embarrassment, for work with the engineers.

"Impossible, young man,—full up," was the brief answer.

"Now," thought the General, "he'll begin to beat his breast and haul out his 'pull.'" The young man only smiled sadly, and said, "I'm sorry. I saw an 'ad' for men in the *Bee* yesterday, and hoped to be in time," he added, rising.

"Men! Yes we want men to drive mules and stakes, to grade, lay track and fight Indians—but engineers? We've got 'em to use for cross-ties."

"I am able and willing to do any of these things—except the Indians—and I'll tackle that if nothing else offers."

"There's a man for you," said the General to his assistant as Bradford went out with a note to Jack Casement, who was handling the graders, teamsters and Indian fighters. "No influential friends, no baggage, no character, just a man, able to stand alone,—a real man in corduroys and flannels."

Coming up to the gang, Bradford singled out the man who was swearing loudest and delivered the note. "Fall in," said the straw boss, and Bradford got busy. He could handle one end of a thirty-foot rail with ease, and before night, without exciting the other workmen or making any show of superiority, he had quietly, almost unconsciously, become the leader of the track-laying gang. The foreman called Casement's attention to the new man, and Casement watched him for five minutes.

Two days later a big teamster, having found a bottle of fire-water, became separated from his reasoning faculties, crowded under an old dump-cart and fell asleep.

"Say, young fellow," said the foreman, panting up the grade to where Bradford was placing a rail, "can you skin mules?"

"I can drive a team, if that's what you mean," was the reply.

"How many?"

"Well," said Bradford, with his quiet smile, "when I was a boy I used to drive six on the Mount Pelier stage."

So he took the eight-mule team and amazed the multitude by hauling heavier loads than any other team, because he knew how to handle his whip and lines, and because he was careful and determined to succeed. Whatever he did he did it with both hands, backed up by all the enthusiasm of youth and the unconscious strength of an absolutely faultless physique, and directed by a remarkably clear brain. When the timekeeper got killed, Bradford took his place, for he could "read writin'," an accomplishment rare among the laborers. When the bookkeeper got drunk he kept the books, working overtime at night.

In the rush and roar of the fight General Dodge had forgotten the young man in corduroys, until General Casement called his attention to the young man's work. The engineers wanted Bradford, and Casement had kicked, and, fearing defeat, had appealed to the chief. They sent for Bradford. Yes, he was an engineer, he said, and when he said it they knew it was true. He was quite willing to remain in the store department until he could be relieved, but, naturally, he would prefer field work.

He got it, and at once. Also, he got some Indian fighting. In less than a year he was assigned to the task of locating a section of the line west of the Platte. Coming in on a construction train to make his first report, the train was held up, robbed and burned by a band of Sioux. Bradford and the train crew were rescued by General Dodge himself, who happened to be following them with his "arsenal" car, and who heard at Plumb Creek of the fight and of the last stand that Bradford and his handful of men were making in the way car, which they had detached and pushed back from the burning train. Such cool heroism as Bradford displayed here could not escape the notice of so trained an Indian fighter as General Dodge. Bradford was not only complimented, but was invited into the General's private car. The Gen-

eral's admiration for the young pathfinder grew as he received a detailed and comprehensive report of the work being done out on the pathless plains. He knew the worth of this work, because he knew the country, for he had spent whole months together exploring it while in command of that territory, where he had been purposely placed by General Sherman, without whose encouragement the West could not have been known at that time, and without whose help as commander-in-chief of the United States army the road could not have been built. As pathfinders neared the Rockies the troops had to guard them constantly. The engineers reconnoitered, surveyed, located and built inside the picket lines. The men marched to work to the tap of the drum, stacked arms on the dump, and were ready at a moment's notice to fall in and fight. Many of the graders were old soldiers, and a little fight only rested them. Indeed there was more military air about this work than had been or has since been about the building of a railroad in this country. It was one big battle, from the first stake west of Omaha to the last spike at Promontory—a battle that lasted five long years, and if the men had marked the graves of those who fell in that fierce fight their monuments, properly distributed, might have served as mileposts on the great overland route to-day. But the mounds were unmarked, most of them, and many there were who had no mounds, and whose home names were never known even to their comrades. If this thing had been done on British soil, and all the heroic deeds had been recorded and rewarded, a small foundry could have been kept busy beating out V. C.'s. They could not know, these silent heroes fighting far out in the wilderness, what a glorious country they were conquering—what an empire they were opening for all the people of the land. Occasionally there came to the men at the front old, worn newspapers, telling wild stories of the failure of the enterprise. At other times they heard of changes in the Board of Directors, the election of a new President, tales of jobs and loot-

ing, but they concerned themselves only with the work in hand. No breath of scandal ever reached these pioneer trail-makers, or, if it did, it failed to find a lodging place, but blew by. Ample opportunity they had to plunder, to sell supplies to the Indians or the Mormons, but no one of the men who did the actual work of bridging the continent has ever been accused of a selfish or dishonest act.

During his second winter of service Bradford slept away out in the Rockies, studying the snow slides and drifts. For three winters they did this, and in summer they set stakes, keeping one eye out for Indians and the other for washouts, and when, after untold hardships, privation and youth-destroying labor, they had located a piece of road, out of the path of the slide and the washout, a well-groomed son of a politician would come up from the Capital, and, in the capacity of Government expert, condemn it all. Then strong men would eat their whiskers and the weaker ones would grow blasphemous and curse the country that afforded no facilities for sorrow-drowning.

Once, at the end of a long, hard winter, when spring and the Sioux came, they found Bradford and a handful of helpers just breaking camp in a sheltered hollow in the hills. Hiding in the crags, the warriors waited until Bradford went out alone to try to shoot a deer, and incidentally to sound a drift, and then they surrounded him. He fought until his gun was unloaded, and then emptied his revolver, but ever dodging and crouching from tree to rock, the red men, whose country he and his companions had invaded, came nearer and nearer. In a little while the fight was hand to hand. There was not the faintest show for escape; to be taken alive was to be tortured to death, so he fought on, clubbing his revolver until a well-directed blow from a war club caught the gun, sent it whirling through the top of a nearby cedar and left the pathfinder empty-handed. The chief sprang forward and lifted his hatchet that had caused more than one pale face to bite the dust. For the faintest fraction of a second it stood

poised above Bradford's head, then out shot the engineer's strong right arm, and the Indian lay flat six feet away.

For a moment the warriors seemed helpless with mingled awe and admiration, but when Bradford stooped to grab his empty rifle they came out of their trance. A dull blow, a sense of whirling round swiftly, a sudden sunset, stars—darkness, and all pain had gone!

### III.

When Bradford came to they were fixing him for the fun. His back was to a tree, his feet pinioned and his elbows held secure by a rawhide rope. He knew what it meant. He knew by the look of joy on the freshly-smeared faces at his waking, by the pitch-pine wood that had been brought up and by the fagots at his feet. The big chief who had felt his fist came up, grinning, and jabbed a buckhorn cactus against the engineer's thigh, and when the latter tried to move out of reach they all grunted and danced with delight. They had been uneasy lest the white man might not wake.

The sun, sailing westward in a burnished sea of blue, seemed to stand still for a moment and then dropped down behind the range, as if to escape from the hellish scene. The shadows served only to increase the gloom in the heart of the captive. Glancing over his shoulder toward the East, he observed that his captors had brought him down near to the edge of the plain. Having satisfied themselves that their victim had plenty of life left in him, the Indians began to arrange the fuel. With the return of consciousness came an inexpressible longing to live. Suddenly his iron will asserted itself, and, appealing to his great strength, he surged until the rawhide ropes were buried in his flesh. Not for a moment while he stood on his feet and fought them on the morning of that day had hope entirely deserted him. Four years of hardship, of privation and adventure had so strengthened his courage that to give up was to die.

Presently, when he had exhausted his strength and sat quietly, the Indians went on with the preliminaries. The

gold in the west grew deeper, the shadows in the foothills darker as the moments sped. Swiftly the captive's mind ran over the events of the past four years. This was his first failure, and this was the end of it all; of the years of working and waiting.

Clenching his fists, he lifted his hot face to the dumb sky, but no sound escaped from his parched and parted lips. Suddenly a light shone on the semi-circle of feather-framed faces in front of him, and he heard the familiar crackling of burning boughs. Glancing toward the ground he saw that the fagots were on fire. He felt the hot breath of flame, and then for the first time realized what torture meant. Again he surged, and surged again, the cedars crackled, the red fiends danced. Another effort, the rawhide parted and he stood erect. With both hands freed he felt new strength, new hope. He tried to free himself from the pyre, but his feet were fettered, and he fell among his captors. Two or three of them seized him, but he shook them off and stood up again.

But it was useless. From every side the Indians rushed upon him and bore him to the ground. Still he fought and struggled, and as he fought the air seemed full of strange, wild sounds, of shouts and shots and hoof-beating on the dry, hard earth. He seemed to see, as through a veil, scores of Indians, Indians afoot and on horseback, naked Indians and Indians in soldier clothes. Once he thought he saw a white face gleam just as he got to his feet, but at that moment the big chief stood before him, his battle-axe uplifted. The engineer's head was whirling. Instinctively he tried to use the strong right arm, but it had lost its cunning. The roar of battle grew apace, the axe descended, the left arm went up and took the blow of the handle, but the edge of the weapon reached over and split the white man's chin. As he fell heavily to the earth the light went out again.

Save for the stars that stood above him it was still dark when Bradford woke. He felt blankets beneath him, and asked in a whisper: "Who's here?"

"Major North, me call him," said the



Pawnee scout, who was watching over the wounded man.

A moment later the gallant Major was leaning over Bradford, encouraging him, assuring him that he was all right, but warning him of the danger of making the least bit of noise.

#### IV.

With all his strength and pluck, it took time for Bradford to recuperate. His next work was in Washington, where, with notes and maps, his strong personality and logical arguments, he caused the Government to overrule an expert who wanted to change an important piece of road, and who had arbitrarily fixed the meeting of the mountains and plains far up in the front hills.

When Bradford returned to the West he found that the whole country had suddenly taken a great and growing interest in the transcontinental line. Many of the leading newspapers had dug up their old war correspondents and sent them out to the front.

These gifted prevaricators found the plain, unvarnished story of each day's work as much as they cared to send in at night, for the builders were now putting down four and five miles of road every working day. Such road building the world had never seen, and news of it now ran round the earth. At night these tireless story-tellers listened to the strange tales told by the trail-makers, then stole away to their tents and wrote them out for the people at home, while the heroes of the stories slept.

The track-layers were now climbing up over the crest of the continent, the locaters were dropping down the Pacific slope, with the prowling pathfinders peeping over into the Utah Valley. Before the road reached Salt Lake City the builders were made aware of the presence, power and opposition of Brigham Young. The head of the church had decreed that the road must pass to the south of the lake, and as the Central Pacific had surveyed a line that way, and General Dodge had declared in favor of the northern route, the Mormons threw their powerful influence to

the Southern. The Union Pacific was boycotted, and all good Mormons forbidden to aid the road in any way.

Here, again, the chief engineer brought Bradford's diplomacy to bear on Brigham and won him over.

While the Union Pacific was building west, the Central Pacific had been building east, and here, in the Salt Lake basin, the advance forces of the two companies met. The United States Congress directed that the rails should be joined wherever the two came together, but the bonus (\$32,000 to the mile) left a good margin to the builders in the valley, so, instead of joining the rails, the pathfinders only said "Howdy do!" and then "Good-bye!" and kept going. The graders followed close upon the heels of the engineers, so that by the time the track-layers met the two grades paralleled each other for a distance of two hundred miles. When the rails actually met, the Government compelled the two roads to couple up. It had been a friendly contest that left no bad blood. Indeed they were all willing to stop, for the iron trail was open from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

#### V.

The tenth day of May, 1869, was the date fixed for the driving of the last spike, and the official opening of the line. Special trains, carrying prominent railway and Government officials, were hurrying out from the East, while up from the Golden Gate came another train bringing the flower of 'Frisco to witness, and some of them to take an active part in the celebration. The day was like twenty-nine other May days that month in the Salt Lake Valley, fair and warm, but with a cool breeze blowing over the sagebrush. The dusty army of trailmakers had been resting for two days, waiting for the people to come in clean store clothes, to make speeches, to eat and drink and drive the golden spike. Some Chinese laborers had opened a temporary laundry near the camp, and were coining money washing faded blue overalls for their white comrades. Many of the engineers and foremen had dressed up that morning, and a few had fished out

NOTE.—The subsidy from the Government was sixteen thousand dollars a mile on the plains, and forty-eight thousand dollars a mile in the mountains.

a white shirt. Judah and Strawbridge, of the Central, had little chips of straw hats that had been harvested in the summer of '65. Here and there you saw a sombrero, the wide hat of the cowboy, and the big, soft, shapeless head cover of the Mormon, with a little bunch of whiskers on his chin. General Dodge came from his arsenal car, that stood on an improvised spur, in a bright, new uniform. Of the special trains, that of Governor Stanford's was first to arrive, with its straight-stacked locomotive and Celestial servants. Then the U. P. engine panted up, with its burnished bands and balloon stack, that reminded you of the skirts the women wore, save that it funneled down. When the ladies began to jump down, the cayuse of the cowboys began to snort and side-step, for they had seen nothing like these tents the women stood up in.

Elaborate arrangements had been made for transmitting the news of the celebration to the world. All the important telegraph offices of the country were connected with Promontory, Utah, that day, so that the blow of the hammer driving the last spike was communicated by the click of the instrument to every office reached by the wires. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the people were rejoicing and celebrating the event, but the worn heroes who had dreamed it over and over for five years, while they lay in their blankets with only the dry, hard earth beneath them, seemed unable to realize that the work was really done and that they could now go home, those who had homes to go to, eat soft bread and sleep between sheets.

Out under an awning, made by stretching a blanket between a couple of dump-carts, Bradford lay, reading a 'Frisco paper that had come by Governor Stanford's special; but even that failed to hold his thoughts. His heart was away out on the Atlantic coast, and he would be hurrying that way on the morrow, the guest of the chief engineer. He had lost his mother when a boy, and his father just a year previous to his banishment, but he had never lost faith in the one woman he

had loved, and he had loved her all his life, for they had been playmates. Now all this fuss about driving the last spike was of no importance to him. The one thing he longed for, lived for, was to get back to "God's country." He heard the speeches by Governor Stanford for the Central, and General Dodge for the Union Pacific; heard the prayer offered up by the Rev. Dr. Todd, of Pittsfield; heard the General dictate to the operator:

"All ready," and presently the operator sang out the reply from the far East:

"All ready here!" and then the silver hammer began beating the golden spike into the laurel tie, which bore a silver plate, upon which was engraved:

"The Last Tie  
Laid in the Completion of the Pacific  
Railroads.  
May 10, 1869."

After the ceremony there was handshaking among the men and some kissing among the women, as the two parties—one from either coast—mingled, and then the General's tent boy came under the blanket to call Bradford, for the General wanted him at once. Somehow Bradford's mind flew back to his first meeting with this boy. He caught the boy by the arms, held him off and looked at him. "Say, boy," he asked, "have I changed as much as you have? Why, only the other day you were a freckled beauty in high-water trousers. You're a man now, with whiskers and a busted lip. Say, have I changed, too?"

"Naw; you're just the same," said the boy. "Come now, the Gen's waitin'."

"Judge Manning," said General Dodge, in his strong, clear voice, "you have been calling us 'heroes;' now I want to introduce the one hero of all this heroic band—the man who has given of muscle and brain all that a magnificent and brilliant young man could give, and who deserves the first place on the roll of honor among the great engineers of our time."

As the General pronounced the Judge's name Bradford involuntarily clenched his fists and stepped back.

The Judge turned slowly, looking all the while at the General, thrilled by his eloquent earnestness, and catching something of the General's admiration for so eminent a man.

"Mr. Bradford," the General concluded, "this is Judge Manning, of Boston, who came to our rescue financially and helped us to complete this great work to which you have so bravely and loyally contributed."

"Mr. *Bradford*, did you say?"

"Well, yes. He's only Jim Bradford out here, where we are in a hurry, but he'll be Mr. Bradford in Boston, and

the biggest man in town when he gets back."

All nervousness had gone from Bradford, and he looked steadily into the strong face before him.

"Jim Bradford," the millionaire repeated, still holding the engineer's hand.

"Yes, Judge Manning, I'm Jim Bradford," said the bearded pathfinder, trying to smile and appear natural.

Suddenly realizing that some explanation was due the General, the Judge turned and said, but without releasing the engineer's hand: "Why, I know



Drawn by T. V. Chominaki.

"Oh, father, it is cruel, cruel, cruel!"

this young man—knew his father. We were friends from boyhood."

Slowly he returned his glance to Bradford. "Will you come into my car in an hour from now?" he asked.

"Thank you," said Bradford, nodding, and with a quick, simultaneous

beard always now, not because a handsome beard makes a handsome man handsomer, but because it covered and hid the hideous scar in his chin that had been carved there by the Sioux chief.

When the black porter bowed and



*Drawn by Louis Belts.*

*The last spike.*

pressure of hands the two men parted.

## VI.

Bradford has often since felt grateful to the Judge for that five years' sentence, but never has he forgotten the happy thought that prompted the capitalist to give him this last hour, in which to get into a fresh suit and have his beard trimmed. Bradford wore a

pressure of hands the two men parted. Late car, the pleasure of their late meeting and the Judge's kindly greeting vanished instantly. It was all submerged and swept away, obliterated and forgotten in the great wave of inexpressible joy that now filled and thrilled his throbbing heart, for it was Mary Manning who came forward to greet him. For nearly an hour she and

her father had been listening to the wonderful story of the last five years of the engineer's life. When the wily General caught the drift of the young lady's mind, and had been informed of the conditional engagement of the young people, he left nothing unsaid that would add to the fame and glory of the trailmaker. With radiant face she heard of his heroism, tireless industry and wonderful engineering feats; but when the narrator came to tell how he had been captured and held and tortured by the Indians, she slipped her trembling hand into the hand of her father, and when he saw her hot tears falling he lifted the hand and kissed it, leaving upon it tears of his own.

The Judge now produced his cigar-case, and the General, bowing to the young lady, followed the great financier to the other end of the car, leaving Mary alone, for they had seen Bradford coming up the track.

The dew of her sweet sorrow was still upon her face when Bradford entered, but the sunshine of her smile soon dried it up. The hands he reached for escaped him. They were about his face; then their great joy and the tears it brought blinded them, and the wild beating of their happy hearts drowned their voices so that they could neither see nor hear, and neither has ever been able to say just what happened.

On the day following this happy meeting, when the consolidated special was rolling eastward, while the Judge and the General smoked in the latter's car, the tent boy brought a telegram book to the happy pair. It was delivered to Miss Manning, and she read it aloud:—

"WASHINGTON, May 11, 1869.

"GENERAL C. M. DODGE:

"In common with millions I sat yesterday and heard the mystic taps of the telegraph battery announce the nailing of the last spike in the Great Pacific Road. All honor to you, to Durant, to Jack and Dan Case-ment, to Reed and the thousands of brave followers who have wrought out this glorious problem, spite of changes, storms and even doubts of the incredulous, and all the obstacles you have now happily surmounted!

"W. T. SHERMAN,  
"General."

"Well!" she exclaimed, letting her hands and the telegram fall in her lap,

"he doesn't even mention my hero."

"Oh, yes, he does, my dear," said Bradford, laughing. "I'm one of the 'thousands of brave fellows'."

Then they both laughed and forgot it, for they were too happy to bother with trifles.



*They could neither see nor hear.*

# THE PERSONAL APPEAL OF THE VOLUNTEERS

By GEN. BALLINGTON BOOTH

**I**T is impossible to realize—unless one comes into actual contact with it—the misery that exists right here in New York City. A large portion of it is on the East Side—that cauldron of much that is sad and more that is sinful in this teeming city of ours.

The main cause of this wretchedness is drink. Grog-shops abound and are well patronized—even when their habitués have no money to spend on the necessities of life for their families. But sometimes trouble seems to come without cause, and we, as "Volunteer Tenement Workers" come upon many instances where real worth has been overshadowed by an apparently remorseless Nemesis. One case that I now recall is that of a German waiter, who—with his wife and four little children—was found in an East Side tenement house last year. The father fell ill with typhoid fever, and upon his recovery found it impossible to secure any regular employment. The few odd jobs he was able to get were insufficient for his needs, and—one by one—articles of furniture, and even



*General Ballington Booth.*

*Drawn by Ch. Wackerly.*

of clothing disappeared from the two little rooms that the family called "home." As the winter came on things grew worse, rather than better. The husband vainly endeavored to obtain a steady situation, and the wife began to do washing to try and get food for the children, with the result that her physical strength began to fail under the combined strain and hard labor on the one hand, and of lack of proper nourishment on the other.

Then there came a day—a long, weary day—when there was no bread for anyone, and the suffering of the children for lack of food was much less than the agony of the mother who watched them, unable to supply their needs. That she could not supply her own was to her a comparatively unimportant matter.

But the next day was like the first—indeed worse! There seemed to be no help in sight, nor the possibility of any coming—and the end of the second day found the outlook black. But even then, things were not at their worst. Next morning came a dispossession notice. As there was no money for food,



the payment of rent was an impossibility, and the weakened and distracted mother could see nothing before her and her children but starvation—and that in the street!

When the dispossession notice was served, she felt that in that blue paper was the end of all hope! She had struggled and slaved, and starved, but all to no purpose. What was there left?

There seemed but one conclusion.

Nothing in the future could possibly be worse than the present, and if there were any truth in what she had learned in her youth about the great God, He would probably show her more mercy than human beings had here on earth. So she formed her plan. When night fell, she would take the children out for a walk—down towards the river, and when there were no passers-by—they could find a quiet end to their suffering.

But man's extremity is God's opportunity. God had not really forgotten that mother and her children, however much appearances might make it seem that He had.

On that very afternoon, Colonel Pattie Watkins-Lindsay, of the Volunteers, knocked at the door of the room—just as she had knocked at the doors of every other room in the building. In response to their knock, a faint voice bade her enter. Colonel Lindsay was accompanied by another Volunteer officer, and together they passed into that abode of sorrow and despair.

The mother had never before received any such visitors, but it was not long before she had poured most of her troubles into their sympathetic ears.

So far as food was concerned, that was speedily procured, and a physician was summoned to attend to the needs of a seven-months'-old baby, whose system had rebelled against a diet of black coffee.

As to the dispossession notice—neither landlord nor agent could be found that day, but the next morning, Friday, when the mother appeared in court, the agent consented to allow her to remain in her rooms until Monday.

On that day Colonel Pattie went round to the tenement to see what was

happening. On the sidewalk were the mother and three of the children guarding a few sticks of furniture, while a pitiless rain fell on the poor creatures and their little belongings. The baby was up in the otherwise empty room, lying on an old mattress.

The Volunteer officers thereupon found another room for the family to go into—supplied them with food for their immediate needs, and succeeded in securing a position for the husband, where he has remained ever since.

Several such pathetic cases, where the sufferers were equally deserving, have come under our notice within the past few months, and there are hundreds of others that are not discovered until the head-lines in the morning papers tell of the shooting or drowning of some such "unfortunate."

A man who was recently rescued by the "Volunteers" from his life of vice, tells of his fierce conflict with his good and evil genius, and how the former finally conquered:

"One Sunday evening, about three years ago, I was sitting in a downtown saloon with a friend. We had been there for some time, when I said: 'Let's get out of here. I'm tired of this place.' So, as my friend acquiesced, we left the bar room, and found ourselves walking aimlessly along the sidewalk. Finally my companion suggested that we go to the Cooper Union and hear Colonel Pattie Watkins sing and talk. He explained who she was and what the 'Volunteers' were, and I thought I might enjoy the music anyway—so I went.

"I hadn't been to church for years, but I had, nevertheless, always felt a good deal of respect for religion, my mother having given me good instruction and advice in my early days; although I was raised among saloon men and gamblers, and one of the very first things that I remembered being taught was how to mix a drink.

"I have lived for forty years a saloon-keeper and gambler, but during all that time my conscience was awake, and I had qualms of conscience every time I served a man with a drink. I never had any love for the business,

and more than once I have walked out of a saloon belonging to me, telling the bartender he could have everything in the place, and have left the town for good.

"I remember once owning a saloon that I felt ashamed to go to, and I never did visit it, except when I went every Monday to get the \$250 promised by the pugilist whom I had put in to run it. How much more he made, or what he did in the place, I never cared to ask.

Every once in awhile I would have a spasm of goodness, and resolve to quit the liquor business and all its attachments. This would have been all the easier for me to do because I had a good trade. I was a first-class diamond setter, and readily found employment whenever I wanted it.

"I went frequently to the Cooper Union after my first visit. I liked what was said and sung, and believed in the people who held the meetings.

"Colonel Watkins-Lindsay was moved to Philadelphia, and although I did not go to the meetings as often as before, the effects of those I had attended remained with me. When she returned to New York I began going to hear her again. She frequently spoke to me after the meetings, but my desire to hold on to my interest in a certain 'game' kept me from listening to my conscience. For the last three months the conflict in my mind about this matter has been fierce. I have spent hours in walking up and down the street arguing the matter with my conscience, but unable to bring myself to the point of letting all that was wrong go, and trusting God to provide my daily bread. At length, however, I did determine to trust God for this world as well as for the next, and cut myself off entirely from my old life. He has never failed me and has supplied all my needs.

"Not long ago I met one of my gambling friends of former days, and I said to him: 'I suppose you and the other boys are having a great laugh over me these days.' 'Not a laugh,' said he. 'We've been watching you ever since you started to be religious,

and we are satisfied that you are living just what you profess to live.'"

So was a brand snatched from the blazing pile that keeps the cauldron seething.

Irving Place is one of the favorite stands of the "Volunteers" for their open-air meetings, and a few months ago a man who was decidedly "down on his luck"—in passing along Fourteenth street became interested in seeing the Stars and Stripes forming the nucleus about which a religious service was being held. He drew nearer, and was further interested by the words of hope and cheer that were spoken to the crowd. When the street service was over, an invitation was given for the indoor meeting at the headquarters building in Cooper Square—and this man, with some others, accepted it.

He had been brought down very low by evil courses, and the condition of his clothes bore testimony to this. When he reached the hall, however, he was greatly astonished at being grasped warmly by the hand as he entered—assured that he was heartily welcome—and shown to a comfortable seat.

It had been such a long time since any human being had manifested the slightest pleasure, or even interest, at meeting him, that his reception here put him into a frame of mind which made him very susceptible to all that he heard from the platform that evening.

He resolved to lead a different life—and said so; and one of the first visible results of this resolve was his acceptance of a position as dish-washer at five dollars per week—his field of action being a very hot kitchen, and his working hours from seven o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night—but he never complained.

Although forty years old, he had never possessed a Bible until he obtained one from his "Volunteer" friends.

He has a wife and little son in a distant city, from whom his evil courses had separated him. Now, the "Volunteers" enforce duty to man as



*Captain Pattie Watkins-Lindsay.*

Saint Mary Magdalene;" so Percival thrust up his chin, and sang:

Now, Winter, go away,  
And hide thy white array,  
*Gratia Magdalene!*

Thy pelt is all too rude  
To drape her melting mood—  
*Dominæ Laus amœnæ!*

Come, April, thou with showers,  
Bring daffodils, wind-flowers,  
*Gratia Mvgdalene;*

Bring in the young lamb's bleat,  
Soft rain, and gentle heat,  
*Domina Laus amœnæ!*

Let me go clothed in wet,  
Tears be my carcanet,  
*Gratia Magdalene;*

Silver my extern part,  
Deep red about my heart,  
*Dominæ Laus amœnæ!*

Lady of sweet unrest,  
Should I not love her best,  
*Gratia Magdalene?*

(To be continued.)



### In Frill and Furbelow.

In frill and furbelow  
I see my lady go  
To earlie Mass on Sabbath morns demurlie;  
She lookes to lefte nor righte,

Unquiet go I, unkist,  
Her starvèd rhapsodist—  
*Dominæ Laus amœnæ!*

"Thus women sing women, but not men women," said Smith the mariner to his wife. "Here we have for certain old Brazentop's *mye*."

"What hast thou to do with that since I am with thee, sweetheart?" asked she.

"More than Saints' love went to the making of that song, young gentleman," was the judgment of Dan Costard, the bony old priest from Ambresbury.

"We needs must love as we are able, sir," Percival replied. "And, for my part," I hope Saint Mary Mawdleyne will heed my crying, and give me good comfort in the end."

"Comfort is the man's part in crying matters," says the shipman; "and comfort I have in my pocket for thee."

And though I'm captured quite,  
She does not knowe she holdes mye hearte securlie.

A Sinner sure I be—  
She will not glance at me  
Who never hie me to ye Churche on Sundaye;  
And so, to win her grace,  
Methought I'd take mye Place  
Among ye Saintes, and rose and wente there one daye.

In frill and furbelow  
I sawe mye Ladye go  
A-stepping up ye Aisle, advancing slowlie;  
She tooke her silent place,  
And soone, amid her Lace,  
I sawe her heade droop downe in Prayer most holie.

And through ye Service there  
Mye Ladye knelt in prayer,  
All buried in her furbelow and laces;  
And I, who wente to see  
This Mayde of high degree,  
Cried in my hearte, "I wonder where her face is!"

Ye Moral seems to be:  
Churche is no place to see  
Ye Ladyes, but go out upon ye Highwaye.  
Finde out which Roade they take,  
And then be sure to make  
That Path your own—at least, that shall be mye waye!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

sight of the Prioress's stirrup boy, naked, about to bathe. Why, thinks the Captain, should not Percival become page to the Prioress? Seizing the naked boy, he binds him hand and foot, and borrowing his clothes, makes for the Abbey. There he is in the act of telling the sad story of the boy's death when a messenger from the Lord Abbott suddenly enters the chamber.

### CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

It was wonderful to see the change in Captain Brazenhead upon the arrival of the messenger. The Usher of Woe no more, there stood erect as keen a man of affairs as ever you saw in your life. "Your pardon, my reverend brothers, I had taken this good father for your Lord Abbot. Conduct me, brother, to his Grace. Unless I gravely mistake, I have sad news for his most cherished guest."

"Do you mean—?" the Prior began.

Captain Brazenhead laid a finger to his mouth.

"I do mean—" he began to answer.

"Take these with you, Brother Harmonius," said the Prior; so the Captain with his tokens was led away to the Abbot's parlor.

In this very stately apartment of black oak and silver sconces and a statue of the Blessed Virgin, he saw all that he wanted. The Lord Abbot was there, a shaggy-browed, portly man, enthroned. On his right hand sat the Prioress of Ambresbury, majestic, ox-eyed, slow-moving, with the remains of beauty carefully husbanded; next to her a yellow old nun with a few teeth, next to her again the undoubted Mawdley Touchett of Percival Perceforest's handling, a fine die-away girl, with a creamy skin, bountiful shape by no means concealed in a dress of white cloth, and a pair of brimming brown eyes which, his experience told him, would go through a diaphragm quicker than a knife through butter. Upon her further side was another nun, of mild, repining countenance, whose head mostly inclined to one side, and who as she talked drew her breath inwards. This must be Sister Petronilla, who loved Percival a little. Other guests there were, of whom this history has nothing to report. Supper was over: the Abbot dal-

ied with a sop in wine, the Prioress with a silver toothpick; Mawdley Touchett, who seemed in a melting mood, rather tumbled and very tired, played with her fingers in her lap. A couple of minstrels half kneeled on the floor, and strummed their strings to deaf ears. Captain Brazenhead was a diversion, a healthy gale in a close garden; the singers stopped of their own accord in the middle of an heroic couplet about,

Sire Simons de Rochefort

N'i porta pas banière a tort,

and Captain Brazenhead came lightly to the point.

"By your leave, my Lord Abbot," he said: then turned nobly to the Prioress. "Madame, I bring this sorrowful testimony of the too early demise of one of your servants. A young boy, Madame, whose privilege and hope it was to serve by your foot, seeking the solace of the water, has found eternal solace in the bosom of our Lady (whom let us bless forever!). I found these clothes by the water, Madame; the tender boy I found not." The Prioress removed the toothpick, as she said, "I recognize the color of my livery, Sir, but do not call to mind the wearer. It may be very true, what you tell me."

"It is most woundily true, Madame," says the Captain, with a glimpse at Mawdley's brown eyes.

"I do not doubt you, Sir," returned the Prioress; "but I suppose I can find boys enough in Winchester. Meantime, I am very much obliged to you for your labors."

"Madame," says the Captain, "my labors as you are pleased to call what I protest to be delights, are but begun, if (as I assume) your Ladyship needs a new stirrup-boy. I hope I know what is due from a man of my degree to a lady of yours. We chevaliers, Madame, are sworn to the succour of ladies; and I should never dare look again into the face of my friend, the Duke of Milan (who dubbed me knight), if I were false to that oath. Madame, I found the husk, let me find a kernel; I found the poor weeds, let me find the sprouting bud."

"I confess that I do not altogether understand your desires," said the Princess with some hesitation; "but if the Duke's Grace of Milan——"

"Yes, yes," put in the Abbot, "if the Duke's Grace of Milan——"

"Would to God, dear Madame," cried the Captain with real feeling; "would to God, my Lord Abbot, I could supply you with the kind of lads that flower in my good friend's court! Hey, the bloom, the glitter, the Cupid's limbs of these dextrous youths! They will tie you a shoe, pommel you a cushion, they will trim you a wimple, swing you to a horse, dance, sing, cap verses, tell tales, like young gods at play of an evening. I cannot, in this homely land, perform the impossible, alack! But I can get you a very handy youngster of my own retinue, and warrant him no lick-pot neither—if that will serve your Ladyship's turn."

This was a delicate moment, if you please, for the Captain; directly he had offered he knew that he had offered too much and too soon; but there was no withdrawing. The Abbot spoke first, leaning back in his chair; plainly he was weary of the thing; "This appears to be a business for my sister of Ambresbury to consider more with her Seneschal than with her host. Yet the gentleman's pains merits some courtesy at our hands. "Sir," he said to the Captain, "a cup of wine with you."

"My Lord," said Captain Brazenhead, "there spoke a prelate."

The wine was brought, Captain Brazenhead drank deep. After that he began to talk, and the minstrel's office was at an end. He spoke first of his travels in remote and marvelous parts of the world—of the desert between the Church of Saint Catherine and Jerusalem; of the Dry Tree; and of how Roses first came into the world. The City of Calamye and its lamentable law of marriage engaged him next; also the evil custom of the Isle of Lamiary, and concerning the Palace of the King of the Isles of Java. He told of trees that bear meal, honey, wine and venom; of the herb Edelfla which is said to resemble a woman; of the realms of Tharse, of the Devil's

head in the Valley Perilous, and of Pismires and their hills of gold. By a transition as easy as it was abrupt, he passed to Natural Science, in which he showed himself learned without pedantry. He spoke of the nine eyes of the lamprey, and reasoned boldly for the common opinion of the ostrich, which conceives that it digesteth iron. This he said he had himself proved, though he must be excused from telling them how. I wish you could have heard him upon the vexed question of whether hares are indeed hermaphrodites: he was dexterous in handling, fertile in parallels, discreet, subtle, provocative of thought. And he carried his hearers with him. Not so, however, in the matter of mandrakes, to whom he denied the virtue of shrieking when pulled by night. Of this the Prioress of Ambresbury was positive: equally constant was the Abbot of Hyde in the assertion that they have thighs. The Captain laughed off his obstinacy.

He spoke next of perils; painted in battle-pieces with a broad brush as he went. He took his hearers with him to stately foreign courts, to Venice, to Rimini, to Florence, back again to his dear Milan. They beheld him head a sortie at the Siege of Rhodes; when the Barbary Corsairs chained him naked to a galley, they crisped their hands, until he picked up with his toes the half of a file: then while his escape was in the framing, while the file (wetted with spittle) ground through the hot still nights,—ah, how they held their breath! He whirled them off with him into the Low Countries, and bade them wait while he cut the dykes and flooded a whole country side. He turned the Pucelle of Orleans before their dilating eyes; and owned with natural blushes that it was himself who (for reasons then found good) so nearly broke the marriage-treaty between King Harry's Grace and the daughter of King René of Anjou. In a word, by these his accounts of wide experiences, of patient, curious research, of gestes and feats of arms, rapidly delivered, copiously illustrated, and exceedingly untrue, he had his auditory between his finger and thumb; and not



even a little misadventure with Mawd-  
leyn midway of his oration could throw  
him off his balance. The fact is, the  
Captain greatly admired this fine girl,  
and paid her the tribute of his looks  
and speech a little more than he need,  
or was prudent. This, while it escaped  
the Prioress, by no means escaped the  
vigilance of the sour old nun who sat  
at her left hand, and who deliberately  
brought up the girl's blue riding-cloak  
from the back of her chair, and pulled  
the hood over her head so as to cover  
her eyes. Thus hooded like a hawk  
the poor girl remained: yet, while the  
Captain not so much as paused in his  
discourse at the cruel act, he was care-  
ful to see the gentler nun on the other  
side wince at it, and (good husband-  
man) made that serve his turn, as you  
will discover. The end of all was that he  
won over the Prioress of Ambresbury,  
who, on rising from the table begged  
his company for a further private  
conversation. By this time she had  
been led to believe that Captain Bra-  
zenhead had nearly lost his life in the  
effort to save her stirrup-boy's, that he  
had provided interment at his own  
charges and written gentlemanly letters  
(enclosing a sum of money) to the  
parents. Such are the effects of the  
art of suggestion in rapid narrative.

At the going out, which was done  
with great ceremony of ushers, a  
chaplain, and waiting women, the gen-  
tle nun fluttered near Captain Brazen-  
head, wishful, but not daring, to speak.  
The Captain encouraged her with the  
sort of eye that takes you more than  
half way.

"Oh, Sir," said this palpitating crea-  
ture, "Oh, Sir, forgive my Sister Guis-  
carda. She hath our charge greatly  
on her conscience."

"Dear Madam," replied the Captain,  
soothingly, "say no more. She hath a  
fine heart, I am sure, and a lofty, great  
soul."

"She is too severe," said the good  
nun. "Gentleness may lead when harsh  
dealing may never, never drive." Cap-  
tain Brazenhead took her hand and  
whispered over it.

"You share the qualities of the bless-  
ed angels, dear Madam," he said. "Be

now an angel indeed, a pious messen-  
ger. Hist! Come close. You are a  
friend of our fair prisoner? You are,  
I know it; say no more."

The nun quailed to hear him.

"I love the dear child——"

"You do! And she loves—and she  
is loved—and she suffers—we suffer—  
they suffer—'na!"

"Oh, Sir——"

"You have a red heart, Madam.  
Quick, quick. Take this writing—'tis  
for her—a balsam for a bruised little  
heart. Hearts go bleeding—staunch  
the wound. Deliver it as you can—  
while I hold the old lady. I dare no  
more. Oh, sacred bond between you



*He spoke first of his travels in remote parts of the world.*

and me!" He thrust into Sister Petronilla's trembling hand Percival Perceforest's love letter. Before she could protest or implore, he was gone, had stepped after the Prioress's people, and was in the thick of new oratory. Here I cannot ask you to follow him; but from what you know of his powers already displayed you must judge the end of the adventure. He enlisted Master Perceforest, in the name of his sister's son, Piers Thrustwood (you mark the disguise), into the place and breeches of the youth who lay gagged and naked in a ditch in Winchester Meads, hard by a clump of early forget-me-nots. By this time corroborative testimony had been brought home by the second stirrup-boy, the birdsnester.

That night Mawdley Touchett wrote as follows:—

"O heart! Sister Petronilla delivered me your paper after supper. Now it is, you know where, well kissed. I would I had you there. They pulled my hood over my face because your soldier looked at me. I saw your face the better. *I will not see you to-morrow*, as you bid me; and yet, O shall I not see you?"

"Good night, good night, good night!"

"Your pledged, MAWDLEYN."

Outside this she dared to write, unable to resist the look of the words—"To my bosom's lord, P. P. give this—M. T. dardant desyr;" and coaxed Sister Petronilla into delivering it to the Captain.

That same night Captain Brazenhead lay on his back upon the Abbot's good flock; Percival moaned in his half-slumber and rolled about upon the beaten floor of the Common Hall; and Sister Petronilla, having Mawdley's happy cheek against her bosom, tried to believe herself justified by faith, not works.

#### CHAPTER IV.

HOW PERCIVAL PROSPERED AND THE CAPTAIN FELT JUSTIFIED.

"The humble supplication of Lance-lot Corbet, citizen and scrivener of London, Richard Smith, mariner, of the country of the town of Kingston-Upon-Hull, of Gundrith, his wife, native of Norroway, and of Giles Cruttenden, of Mereworth in the county of Kent, yeoman," was presented in the

morning early to "the Reverend Mother, their Good Ladyship, the Prioress of Ambresbury;" and was to the effect that her orators, devoutly disposed by motions of their spiritual parts in nowise to be mistaken, were bounden upon the pilgrimage of Saint Thomas; but because of the disturbed state of the road, owing to these unhappy times of discord and the far purposes of Almighty God (not to be discerned by men alone), they went in peril of their lives and substance, "being but poor folk unfriendly of any"; their prayer was that they might be allowed to join the retinue of the Prioress, and be friends of her friends, foes of her foes; whereby they could not doubt that Saint Thomas would be favorable to them, and the Prioress profit by the added prayers of very grateful persons. Also her petitioners, as in duty bound, would ever pray.

The Prioress was inclined to admit these honest people to her company; but Captain Brazenhead, who enjoyed some authority with her, said: "Pass the mariner and his (apparently) heathen wife, pass Cruttenden into Kent; but leave me to deal with Corbet the scrivener, for I know him of old for a shortfaced snarling rogue." It was true that Captain Brazenhead knew him for his acquaintance of yesterday in the Church of Saint Swithun. When, therefore, the shortfaced man came pacing towards the gates of Hyde, cloaked, strapped and well-embalmed, the Captain met him with a short "Ha, Scrivener, dismount. None enter here."

"By your leave, sir," says the scrivener.

"You have no leave of mine," said the Captain in reply; "therefore, come down or I give you number three." He touched his pommel.

When the scrivener, after multitudinous unstrappings, was on firm ground, Captain Brazenhead put on a very wise face and said: "A word will be enough in your ear. We carry with us a person of consequence. You love Y—k." The scrivener went as white as a favored rose.

"Who—what—how!"

"Precisely," replied the Captain, you answer yourself. Say no more. Finger on lips, eyes on the ground, ears wide—pass in." The scrivener went slowly in. Captain Brazenhead, his luck still holding, had spoken wiser than he knew.

At this point you may see, if you will, Percival Perceforest demurely habited in the murrey jacket and breeches, the worsted stockings, greasy cap and shoes of the Prioress's stirrup-boy; you may guess what glint lay behind Mawdleyne Touchett's dewy

eyes; with what clouded white and opening red she flushed and paled as each moment of a wondrous day brought up its alarms, to melt them suddenly in rewards; how the heart of Sister Petronilla (thick in the plot) played postman at her ribs; how greatly Captain Brazenhead behaved, flourishing the party forward out of Hants; how often his cap was in his hand to the Prioress of Ambresbury, how often her ear at his tongue's command. I cannot stay longer in Winton or I would tell you myself. It shall suffice to say that Percival pleased. The Prioress liked handsome persons about her: Percival, whose nerves made him vivid, looked very handsome in his meekness, eagerness-on-the-leash, and high colors. They had not gone very far before a chance outburst of his in the French tongue—he sang from a full heart and quite unconsciously—gave his mistress a hint that, if the new lad was deficient in stable knowledge, he had other lore.

This happened when they were no further on their way than the two miles of deep descent and gentle rise which bring you to Headborne Worthy and its miraculous Rood, which the curious may still see, beaten, dumb, blind, but portentous in the sacristy of that weathered shrine—a maimed Titan guarded by heroes. Sister Guiscarda had vowed a candle to this image should she be delivered from the face ache of the previous day. She was delivered. Captain Brazenhead judged it wise to put a prayer out to usury. Mawdleyne in this heyday of heart must needs praise the kindly Saints. But the Prioress sat her saddle, and Percival, seeing his true love depart, took such joy in her mere carriage of the head, had such exuberant



*He helped his beloved to the saddle.*

of his case that within a short half-hour of his rising he was pommelling that other groom, that other him again, as if all his future bliss were staked upon it. Battle was cried and delivered in the inn-yard, where Captain Brazenhead, his first flagon on his knee, sunned himself and enjoyed the game. Discretion was no part of that great man's equipment, boldness was all. "Stick in your right, Piers—at him again! Now, now, now, land him on the ear! Ah, foul blow! Swing round, boy—paff! Now let drive." Such were his vociferous comments on the scuffling youths. In less time than it has taken me to write this exordium Percival had a black eye, his colleague a mouth full of red teeth, many of which he was forced to discard. The air was thick with eyes and alarms; Mawdley Touchett strained in anguish from an upper window, provocatively dishevelled; Sister Petronilla watched through a chink in the shutter; the Prioress in awful majesty descended to the yard and required the truth. The real stirrup-boy, whose name was Jenkin, said: "This fellow called me a black liar;" snorting yet, Percival added: "And that art thou, my man." The truth being demanded, Captain Brazenhead struck in with many a courtly bow.

"Dear Reverend Madam," he said, "now we may well discern the truth of the vulgar saw, *Blood will out*. I speak not of this knave's blood, which is a very disgusting topic, not to be entered on so early in the day; but rather of that secret fount of our life which we call a man's blood: meaning his strain—that essence, that quick ichor, that imparted jet, that spring, that far-descended well, which wanders from the navel of the world down the declivities of time, searching for (but when to find?) the Sea of Eternity. In truth, Reverend Madam, my nephew is something lowly placed in your service. For, look now, had he been where Nature, that wise parent, had designed, he had had a dagger in his girdle to insinuate under that other's girdle—ah, he had carried a sword! Then there had been no rough and tumble

of fisticuffs, Madam: no, but a slick-out and a slick-in, and a dead knave to bury. I hope I make my meaning plain. This lout angered my nephew as he was loyally (O likeness of Apollo!) serving Queen Admeta—dear Madam, forgive an old latinist, incorrigible dog. My nephew says, 'You lie, knave,' meaning that what he dared say of your ladyship was far from the truth—no less. My nephew ups and smacks him on the chops; head down, fists in the air, lick-pot comes on to his doom. One, two—one, two—my nephew lands him in the teeth: up again! down again! Sola! My nephew, at the cost of an eye, Madam, vindicates his own lineage and his dear mistress's nobility; at the cost of one eye, observe. I hope I explain myself, dear Reverend Madam." Thus the Captain, while Percival tried to temper his breath, and Jenkins tested tooth after tooth.

The Prioress looked gravely from one to another—regardless alike of her niece at the upper window and her household at the gate—at the engaging candor of Captain Brazenhead, whose explanatory hands still showed her their palms, at Percival's flushed cheeks and heaving chest, at Jenkin's preoccupation with the ruin of his teeth. Mostly she looked at Captain Brazenhead—not because she liked him the best; for Percival was handsome and master of the Romaunt de la Rose, whereas the Captain was neither; no, but because he was her chief justification for what she was about to do. The Captain put his lineage very high, assumed lightly certain privileges which she held dear. If this personable, scholarly youth were the Captain's nephew—and who proposed to deny it?—then she was acting Admetus to Apollo indeed. Piers had played a gentleman's part without a gentleman's weapon; he had a soft voice, and knew the Romaunt de la Rose. She must reward Piers—and she did.

"Piers," she said, "go into the house and have your eye dressed. Sister Petronilla will see to it. You say that you have acted rightly: I am sure I

hope so. I will talk to you presently. As for you, Jenkin, I shall leave you to the care of Dan Costard!—Dan Costard was the Prioress's chaplain, a fine disciplinarian—"but I hope that before you see him you will clean yourself. Captain Brazenhead, I am very much obliged to you for your timely interposition." The Captain bowed. He held the lady in conversation for some half an hour, while Percival was having his eye dressed, not by Sister Petronilla. His own lineage, and by implication Percival's, lent him topics. It was exceedingly distinguished. Assurbanipal, King of Syria, by his union with Blandamira, daughter of the Prince of the Kurds, was the root of his title. Those two valiant Knights-errant, Sir Partenopex, of Blois, and Sir Tyrant the White, figured later on, about the time of King Uther Pendragon (inextinguishable enemy of the Brazenheads); and Duke Regnier, of Genoa, one of the twelve Peers of Charlemagne, was a collateral. Magnificent as this pedigree was, the Captain frankly admitted the irregularity of the tie which bound the exalted pair from whom it sprang; but attributed it to the loose state of manners prevailing in their times, the darkness all over the moral state, and the inexplicably tardy approach of the Christian dispensation. "All this," said he, "I know as well as your ladyship, and as heartily deplore it. But who are we to judge the practices of ancient kings? My ancestor of Syria, burdened with many lawful wives (another deplorable custom of his age), was hard pressed, what with his domestic and politic engagements. There may not have been a priest handy in Kurdistan at the time he fell on loving Madam Blandamira—it is probable that there was not. And it would ill become me or my nephew, Thrustwood, to impeach an union of hearts, of whose passionate commingling we ourselves are the late, pale flowers. With all this," he concluded, "I vex your ladyship's good ears, that your ladyship may see how ill-suited my nephew must be in a stable jacket, reduced to double his two fists into

cudgels for lack of a fine sword to grip. I make bold to add, Advance my nephew, you do honor to the imperial seed of Assurbanipal and the noble (if erring) Blandamira!" The Prioress, who appeared to be very much impressed with this long recital, after thanking Captain Brazenhead, returned thoughtfully to the house, but not in time to see the balm which Mawdley Touchett was applying to the eye of the Syrian imp.

In this simple manner Percival Perceforest was advanced from stirrugroom to secretary, although he could lend no more testimony than a fine color to his kinsman's account of his ancestry. This, however, he lent liberally, with a modesty so becoming that the Prioress gave him a chain of fine gold for his neck. Alresford furnished forth a suit of brown velvet; he now rode the horse which formerly he had curried, and had the boy in his service with whose teeth he had littered the yard. Thus the Fortunate Gods seemed to favor him, or rather his fistic ability. His place was now by the side of his mistress, between her and Mawdley Touchett.

The day was still young when they left the town, and had need to be, for they were to reach Waverly that night, and hoped to pass the heat of noon at Alton. Again, as they went, they began with minstrelsy, which Percival (out of a full heart) could pour in a flood. And now the lad was more daring than he had been. "If it do not displease your ladyship," he said, "I shall sing you a ballade of my own making, which is in honor of Saint Mary Magdalene—my patroness," he added with a thankful, tell-tale sigh. Mawdley Touchett, knowing that song of old, looked scared; Sister Petronilla turned up her eyes; and Captain Brazenhead thought it prudent to change the conversation.

"The conversion which I wrought by means of that blissful Saint is very dear in my mind," he began. "The Bashaw Korouc, I remember, met me in the rocky defiles above Ascalon"—but the Prioress said: "Sing, Piers, of

Saint Mary Magdalene;" so Percival thrust up his chin, and sang:

Now, Winter, go away,  
And hide thy white array,  
*Gratia Magdalene!*

Thy pelt is all too rude  
To drape her melting mood—  
*Domina Laus amœna!*

Come, April, thou with showers,  
Bring daffodils, wind-flowers,  
*Gratia Magdalene;*

Bring in the young lamb's bleat,  
Soft rain, and gentle heat,  
*Domina Laus amœna!*

Let me go clothed in wet,  
Tears be my carcanet,  
*Gratia Magdalene;*

Silver my extern part,  
Deep red about my heart,  
*Domina Laus amœna!*

Lady of sweet unrest,  
Should I not love her best,  
*Gratia Magdalene?*

(To be continued.)



### In Frill and Furbelow.

In frill and furbelow  
I see my lady go  
To earlie Mass on Sabbath morns demurлие;  
She looks to lefte nor righte,

Unquiet go I, unkist,  
Her starvèd rhapsodist—  
*Domina Laus amœna!*

"Thus women sing women, but not men women," said Smith the mariner to his wife. "Here we have for certain old Brazentop's *mye*."

"What hast thou to do with that since I am with thee, sweetheart?" asked she.

"More than Saints' love went to the making of that song, young gentleman," was the judgment of Dan Costard, the bony old priest from Ambresbury.

"We needs must love as we are able, sir," Percival replied. "And, for my part," I hope Saint Mary Mawdleyn will heed my crying, and give me good comfort in the end."

"Comfort is the man's part in crying matters," says the shipman; "and comfort I have in my pocket for thee."

And though I'm captured quite,  
She does not knowe she holdes mye hearte securlie.

A Sinner sure I be—  
She will not glance at me  
Who never hie me to ye Church on Sundaye;  
And so, to win her grace,  
Methought I'd take mye Place  
Among ye Saintes, and rose and wente there one daye.

In frill and furbelow  
I sawe mye Ladye go  
A-stepping up ye Aisle, advancing slowlie;  
She tooke her silent place,  
And soone, amid her Lace,  
I sawe her heade droop downe in Prayer most holie.

And through ye Service there  
Mye Ladye knelt in prayer,  
All buried in her furbelow and laces;  
And I, who wente to see  
This Mayde of high degree,  
Cried in my hearte, "I wonder where her face is!"

Ye Moral seems to be:  
Church is no place to see  
Ye Ladyes, but go out upon ye Highwaye.  
Finde out which Roade they take,  
And then be sure to make  
That Path your own—at least, that shall be mye waye!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.



# PHOEBE OF THE THREE PIGEONS

By SEWELL FORD

*With illustrations by H. M. Eaton*



**T**HE landlord of The Three Pigeons stood in the doorway watching the rainbow which marked the recent retreat of a June shower. The beat of hoofs drew his gaze from the eastern sky and he turned to look down the high road which stretched away to the south. As the rider approached a frown appeared on the landlord's florid face.

"Good day to you, Neighbor Tunsten," was the cheery salutation of the young man as he alighted under the swinging sign.

"Huh," grunted the landlord, "You ride as if good horses were as plenty as worthless dragoons."

"Neither horse nor man is spared in the service of the Continental Government," returned the rider, a touch of anger in his tone. "But the beast is well blown," he continued more pleasantly. "I counted on exchanging her here for a fresh mount."

"So? Then you made a miscount of it, Master Wade."

"But my business presses. You well know this quarter is not safe for such as I these days."

"Then such as you should stay away. If you had, my stable would not now be empty."

"How? Have the raiders paid you a visit? I am ill pleased to hear it, Neighbor Tunsten, but I fear some of our patriots have little respect for those who hold Tory sentiments."

"I am neither Tory nor rebel," growled Tunsten.

"Well, well," replied Wade, "be it so. I shall have to risk an hour's stay with you. There's grain in your bins yet, I hope?"

"Help yourself; that's what the others do."

When the dragoon returned from the stable he sank with a sigh of satisfaction into a chair by a table and asked: "And how is it with Mistress Phoebe?"

"You need not concern yourself with Mistress Phoebe, Master Wade. Her interests are not with roving rebels."

"Perhaps not; but I'll wager there's one she's not forgotten."

"Think you so? We will see. Do you intend to sup?"

"Why, yes, I think my purse can afford something modest."

"Phoebe! Phoebe!" called the landlord.

Saint Mary Magdalene;" so Percival thrust up his chin, and sang:

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"Perhaps not; but I'll wager there's one she's not forgotten."

"Think you so? We will see. Do you intend to sup?"

"Why, yes, I think my purse can afford something modest."

"Phoebe! Phoebe!" called the landlord.

The young woman came in with downcast eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Well, well, Mistress Phoebe. It is good to see you again," said Wade as he arose and stretched out his hand.

"There are cakes and cold meat pie, sir," said Phoebe without looking up.

For a moment Wade looked blankly from father to daughter and then gave his order in sullen tones. The landlord, who had watched them both keenly, smiled grimly.

From time to time as he ate, the dragoon glanced nervously at the door. When he had finished he left the landlord silently smoking his pipe in the rear of the tap-room and went outside where, from the green-bowered doorway, he could command a view of the road for a quarter of a mile to the south. He had stood there but a few moments when he heard a rustling on the other side of the trellis.

"Nathan!" whispered a voice almost in his ear.

"What! Phoebe?" he exclaimed, and made a movement to go around the screen of vines.

"Sh-h-h-h," whispered the voice. "Stay where you are. Here—here's my hand," and a plump pink hand was pushed through the leaves. Wade grasped and kissed it.

"Stop, stop, Nathan, and listen. Why are you here?"

"First tell me why you are there?"

"Because I am disobeying my father."

"Then let me disobey him, too, and come around with you."

"No, no. He would miss you and suspect me. Stay there and answer."

"Then he has not wholly made a Tory of you yet?"

"Nathan, I am going if you do not answer. Why are you here?"

"Because I cannot go on until my horse is rested."

"Go on where?"

"To Tappan."

"Then you rode from the south?"

"Yes, would you have me ride to the south?"

"But you did. Why?"

"Because I was sent, Phoebe."

"Into the British lines?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Nathan, what if you had been caught?"

"But I was not, Phoebe."

"No, but if you had? Oh, I wish I knew when or how!"—

The sentence died unfinished on her lips. In the distance, far down the road where the evening shadows merged into darkness, they could hear the approaching clatter of horses hard ridden.

"Oh, they are coming! They will find you! Run!"

"Perhaps they'll pass," said Wade coolly.

"No, no, they'll surely stop. Come, quickly now," and, stepping out from her hiding place, she drew the dragoon after her and softly opened the door which led into the big front room adjoining the tap-room.

"Now you must hide until after they are gone," she said, half in command, half pleadingly.

"Wait until I see from whom I am hiding," said Wade.

"No, no. Come now," she insisted.

But Wade was obstinate and stood looking out of the window until he saw a squad of red-coated troopers draw rein before the tavern.

"Quick, follow me," said Phoebe, and she led the way to the big kitchen in the rear as the landlord withdrew his long stemmed pipe from his lips to move reluctantly to the door of the tap-room.

"Stay here until I see what is their errand," she said, and went to stand behind her father.

"Did a rebel dragoon pass by but now?" asked one of the troopers.

"None such passed here," answered Tunsten.

"Then he stopped?"

"I keep a public tavern; he might."

"He is here now, you say?"

"That I said not. You have eyes of your own."

"Search the house," ordered the spokesman.

While the troopers were securing their horses Phoebe sped to the kitchen.

"They're going to search the house."



*"Did a rebel dragoon pass by?"*

They're coming! You're lost!"

"What is their number?" asked he.

"Six."

"There'll be two less in a moment. Good-bye, Phoebe," and he gently pushed her towards the door.

"No, no, you must not. I have it. Quick—the oven—you'll be safe there," and she swung open the big door of the cavernous brick oven which flanked the great fireplace.

"No, Phoebe, I am no rat to run to my hole."

"Then give me a pistol, too."

Wade read determination in the clear eyes and pale, tightly shut lips.

"No," he said. Then, putting up his pistols, he silently climbed into the oven, the door of which Phoebe left slightly ajar.

Two of the troopers were guarding the tap-room door with drawn pistols, two were exploring the front room and the other two could be heard tramping about above stairs, their spurs jingling menacingly as they stamped around. She found her father sitting in his accustomed place, smoking his pipe as stolidly as if nothing out of the ordinary were occurring.

"Father," she began tremblingly, "if they should find him, what"—

"Stop," said Tunsten sternly, "the affair is not ours. What were you doing in the kitchen a moment ago?"

"I—I was putting something in the oven."

The landlord fastened his sharp eyes on hers, leaned forward and asked meaningly:

"To bake?"

"Yes-e-es."

"Then attend well to your fire."

Phoebe returned to the kitchen, took the cloth cover from a large tin of dough that had been put by the settle to rise for the next day's baking, and placed it in the front part of the oven. As she did so she whispered:

"I must stir up the fire but the flue damper is turned so that little heat will reach you. Can you breathe with the door thus?"

"Oh, yes, I am very comfortable," said Wade. "I needed a little heat anyway, to dry my clothes."

Then Phoebe lighted the candles and sat down with her knitting. A moment later two troopers came in, looked around the bare room, peered up the wide-mouthed fireplace and went back into the tap-room. The others had been equally unsuccessful. The six held a council of war and then the spokesman addressed the landlord:

"Look you, Master Innkeeper, you have a rebel dragoon hidden about your premises."

"I have hidden no one," returned Tunsten. "If he be here he has hidden himself."

"Be that as it may, you must find him for us. If you fail we shall burn him out whether you are loyalist or no."

"Have you made your search thorough?"

"Aye, that we have."

"Then you looked in the bake oven?"

"Oh, ho! the clever rascal," exclaimed one of the troopers who had visited the kitchen, as he started again in that direction.

"Hold, come back," ordered the captain of the squad.

Then he drew them into a corner of the room. A low-toned consultation was held which ended in a roar of laughter from the troop.

"We wronged you, Master Innkeeper," said the captain when they had ended their confab. "You are a worthy subject of King George and we would have you drink with us to his Majesty. Give us your best Hollands."

After drinking the toast Tunsten went to the kitchen and ordered Phoebe to go to her chamber. She had taken up her candle to obey when her father stopped her.

"See here, young mistress. Is this the manner in which you leave your dampers for baking?"

"I—I forgot," she faltered.

"Then turn them as they should be turned."

The hand in which Phoebe held the candle trembled for an instant. Then it steadied and she turned to her father.

"I will not."



"What!" thundered the astonished landlord.

Without making reply Phoebe left the room and ascended the stairs.

Muttering an oath under his breath, Tunsten turned the dampers himself, threw a fresh log on the fire and returned to the tap-room, where the troopers, pistols in hand, sat in a semi-circle facing the kitchen door. From their position they could see plainly the big door of the oven behind which lay the dragoon. Their perfect command of the situation moved them to coarse jests. They spoke of "baked Yankee" and "roast rebel," and roared as they spoke.

"About what length of time does it require to bring your oven to the baking point, Master Innkeeper?" asked the captain of the squad after they had sat thus for some twenty minutes.

"A full three quarters of an hour, at least," said Tunsten.

"Then the fox must soon leave his hole, eh?"

"Think you he's a salamander?" and the landlord grinned grimly.

Thus with cheerful badinage the time slipped on. But the oven door moved not.

"These cursed rebels are as green as swamp saplings," said a trooper. "Stir up your fire man, we cannot spend a night roasting one dragoon."

"Why not shut the oven door?" suggested another as Tunsten moved to obey the order.

"No, that would finish him too quickly and spoil the sport," said the captain. "He will soon be crawling out and begging for quarter."

"Heard you that noise?" suddenly asked a trooper.

The group listened intently.

"It was the horses stamping without," said the captain.

But soldiers dislike to play at a waiting game.

"I'm for taking the rebel half baked," said one.

"And I," said another.

"Well, haul him out," agreed the captain, "but beware or you will burn your fingers."

Leaving Tunsten in the tap-room the

six formed a group around the oven door.

"Come now, Master Rebel. Think you've cooked enough?" called one.

There was no answer.

"What, you'd rather bake than fight? Well, we'll take you half done," and he flung open the door.

"How now, landlord? Here's treachery! The rascal's gone!" shouted a trooper.

"Gone?" echoed the rest.

"Gone!" exclaimed Tunsten in a tone of evident astonishment. "It's out of reason."

"Out of treason, more likely," snarled the captain. "There's a hole in the rear of your oven, you old blockhead. I can see the stars through it."

Not until he had stuck his head into the oven could Tunsten be convinced.

"By the king's crown, gentlemen, but this puzzles me sore," he said, turning to the angry troopers with a bewildered air.

"Aye, and well it may," put in the captain.

"I helped lay the bricks for that oven myself," continued the landlord. "It was a score of years ago, and there were three courses of the best bricks made in New Barbadoes. I'll swear no man could put his boot through that wall."

"But he has, you see, and followed it. Come, let's view it from the rear. Bring a lanthorn," and the captain led the way.

"Ho! Ho! He had help from without," said a trooper. "See there!" He pointed to a four-pound sledge and a short crowbar which lay beneath the breach in the rear wall, the oven being fashioned in the style of the day as a sort of projecting addition to the chimney.

"And petticoat help at that," added the captain, holding the lanthorn close to the ground. "The foot that left those tracks was no man's."

Phoebe's deserted chamber told the rest of the tale.

"To horse, men, and after them," cried the captain.

But of the six horses which at dusk

had been tied before the stable they found only a trail of hoof prints. These, which could be followed plainly by the eye, led out to the high road and then turned towards the north — towards Tappen — where Light Horse Harry and his gallant dragoons kept camp.

Thus it was that as evening drew

on six pillage laden but surly troopers skulked southward and in the night toward Paulus Hook where the British lay in camp, while in the cosy chimney corner of The Three Pigeons a wretched Tory sat,—bound and gagged,—glowering into the ashes of the fireplace, which were still brightly smouldering.



## HIS CHRISTMAS FOLKS

By FRANK L. STANTON

### I.

I likes my fr'en's in Springtime w'en we plows de furrow long,  
En de mockin'bird is primpin' in de peach tree fer a song,  
En de larks is des a-skimmin' er de co'nfiel's eas' en wes',  
But I likin' en I lovin' er my Chris'mus folks de bes'!

### II.

I knows w'en Chris'mus comin',—'taint de fros' dat's on de shed,  
De crisp road ter de cabin, or de holly-berries red,  
Or de singin' er de fiddle, w'en de white san's on de flo',  
Wid de niggers in de cabin des a-flingin' heel en toe;

### III.

En de roof en rafters rockin'!—'taint dat sorter thing at all,  
Or de barkin' er de squerrill w'en de roun', ripe apples fall;  
But dey's somepin' makes me know it what is fur beyon' my guess,  
En my Chris'mus folks, I tells you, is de folks I loves de bes'!



Drawn by Hugh M. Edgton

IN THE TAP ROOM

*Phoebe of the Three Pigeons*

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## IV.

Den it's "Come up ter de big house, whar dey hez de big ter-do;  
De Chris'mus drain's a-sp'ilin' in de frosty jug fer you!  
Come, all you f'um de cabins, en han's roun' in de ring,  
En give de double-shuffle, en swing yo' pardners,—swing!

## V.

Den watch de niggers *sashay*, en fling dey foots ez free  
Ez ef de rheumatism never boddered you en me!  
Come in, de whole plantation, en don't you miss yo' chance,  
En shake de whole creation wid de go-roun' in de dance!

## VI.

En heah come ole Br'er Rufus!—he been a-hoein' co'n  
Sence we'n dey say de stars felled—'fo' de bes' er us wuz bo'n!  
He take his dram, en thanky, he th'ow his stick away,  
En "Look out! I a-comin', en Lawd bless Chris'mus Day!"

## VII.

Oh, dey ain't no time dats like it! Come in heah, one en all,  
En take de white folks Chris'mus des up en down de hall!  
De jimmyjohn is ready, en de ol'-time fiddle's des  
A-sayin' en a-singin': "Aint yo' Chris'mus folks de bes'?"







"I hold hees fin 'n make heem go 'round 'n 'round in circles."



## BOB-TAILED BEN, THE SALARIED SHARK

A True Story, Which Clears Up Much Misinformation About  
Sharks in General. By Walter Russell.

*Decorations by the Author.*

**S**ANTOS should write a book about sharks, if for no other reason than to contradict the base fabrications which have been afloat for centuries concerning this extremely useful servant of nature

Santos is by birth a Portuguese, by adoption an American, by profession diver, pearl fisher, coral collector, sponge gatherer, whale hunter, ship's cook, and "fishin' master fo' de swell yachts roun' in de Gulf."

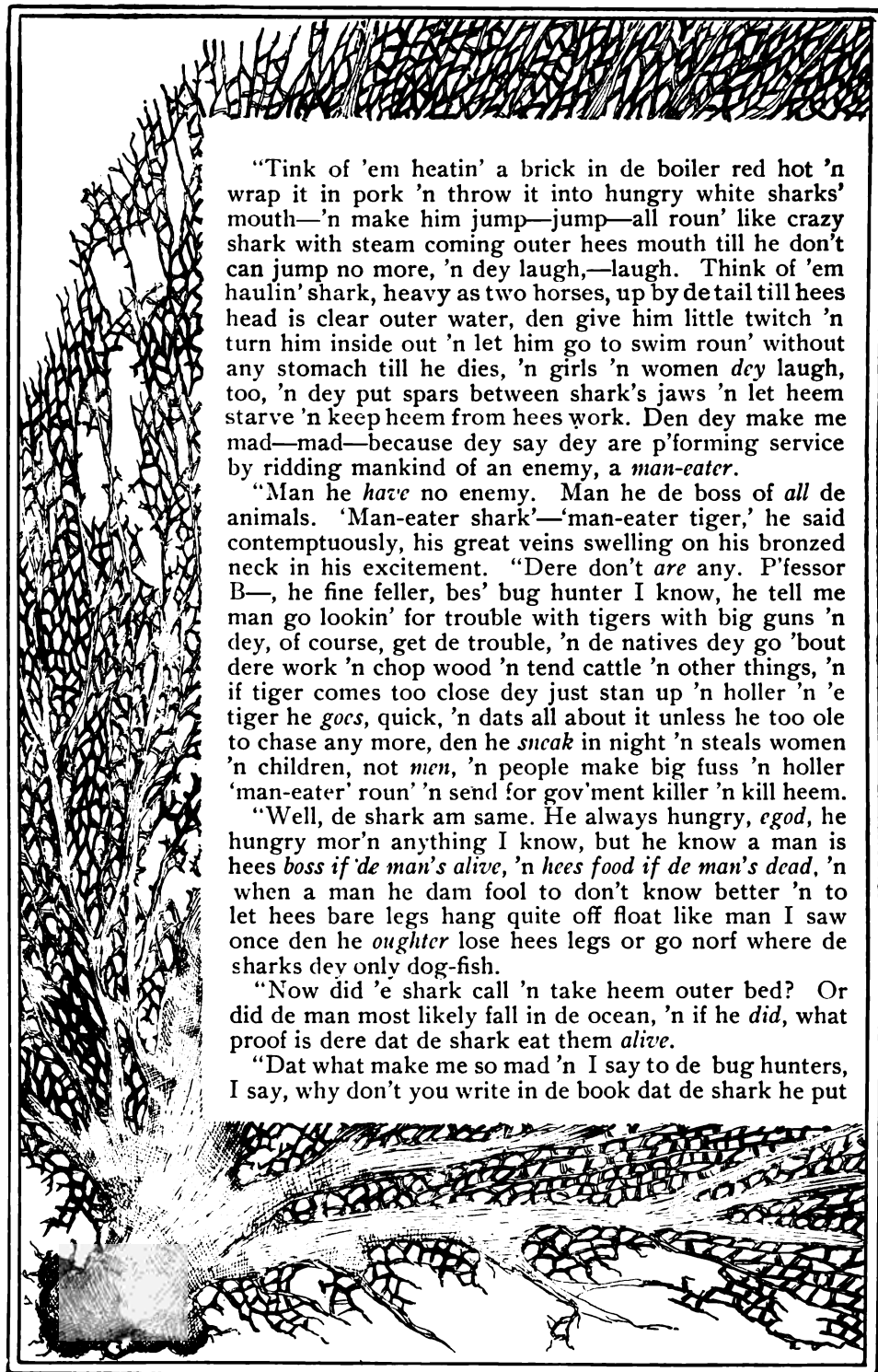
His life and his father's before him, have been as closely associated with sharks as a farmer's is with his cattle, and if you do not happen to be a "bug hunter," as he terms all naturalists, he will talk "shark" to you as long as you care to listen to him.

One day while looking through his water glass, a bucket with the bottom knocked out and replaced by a disc of glass, he spied some "mermaid's purses," and brought them up on the end of his sponge fork.

"Shark's eggs, Santos?" I asked.

"Yes, de white sharks, dey born in eggs. Not so de blue sharks 'n hammer heads 'n baskin' sharks. De white shark is de hero of all de bug hunters 'n ign'rant sailors' lies. De eggs cling to weeds near shore till de purty little feller he come out 'n den perhaps he escape all de big mouths 'n grows up to work for hees boss, man, 'n git no thanks for it, 'n perhaps some of dem swells come down 'n cut off hees tail, like poor ole Bob-tail Ben, 'n laugh about it.—laugh wen dey see him suffer; 'n what makes me mad is because de bug hunters tell such lies in de books about sharks bein' 'man-eaters,' 'n dey swallow em all 'n come down here 'n want to kill every shark in de seas, 'n torture 'em too."






"Tink of 'em heatin' a brick in de boiler red hot 'n wrap it in pork 'n throw it into hungry white sharks' mouth—'n make him jump—jump—all roun' like crazy shark with steam coming outer hees mouth till he don't can jump no more, 'n dey laugh,—laugh. Think of 'em haulin' shark, heavy as two horses, up by detail till hees head is clear outer water, den give him little twitch 'n turn him inside out 'n let him go to swim roun' without any stomach till he dies, 'n girls 'n women dey laugh, too, 'n dey put spars between shark's jaws 'n let heem starve 'n keep heem from hees work. Den dey make me mad—mad—because dey say dey are p'forming service by ridding mankind of an enemy, a *man-eater*.

"Man he *have* no enemy. Man he de boss of *all* de animals. 'Man-eater shark'—'man-eater tiger,' he said contemptuously, his great veins swelling on his bronzed neck in his excitement. "Dere don't *are* any. P'fessor B—, he fine feller, bes' bug hunter I know, he tell me man go lookin' for trouble with tigers with big guns 'n dey, of course, get de trouble, 'n de natives dey go 'bout dere work 'n chop wood 'n tend cattle 'n other things, 'n if tiger comes too close dey just stan up 'n holler 'n 'e tiger he *gocs*, quick, 'n dats all about it unless he too ole to chase any more, den he *sneak* in night 'n steals women 'n children, not *men*, 'n people make big fuss 'n holler 'man-eater' roun' 'n send for gov'ment killer 'n kill heem.

"Well, de shark am same. He always hungry, *egod*, he hungry mor'n anything I know, but he know a man is hees boss *if de man's alive*, 'n hees food *if de man's dead*, 'n when a man he dam fool to don't know better 'n to let hees bare legs hang quite off float like man I saw once den he *oughter* lose hees legs or go norf where de sharks dey only dog-fish.

"Now did 'e shark call 'n take heem outer bed? Or did de man most likely fall in de ocean, 'n if he *did*, what proof is dere dat de shark eat them *alive*.

"Dat what make me so mad 'n I say to de bug hunters, I say, why don't you write in de book dat de shark he put

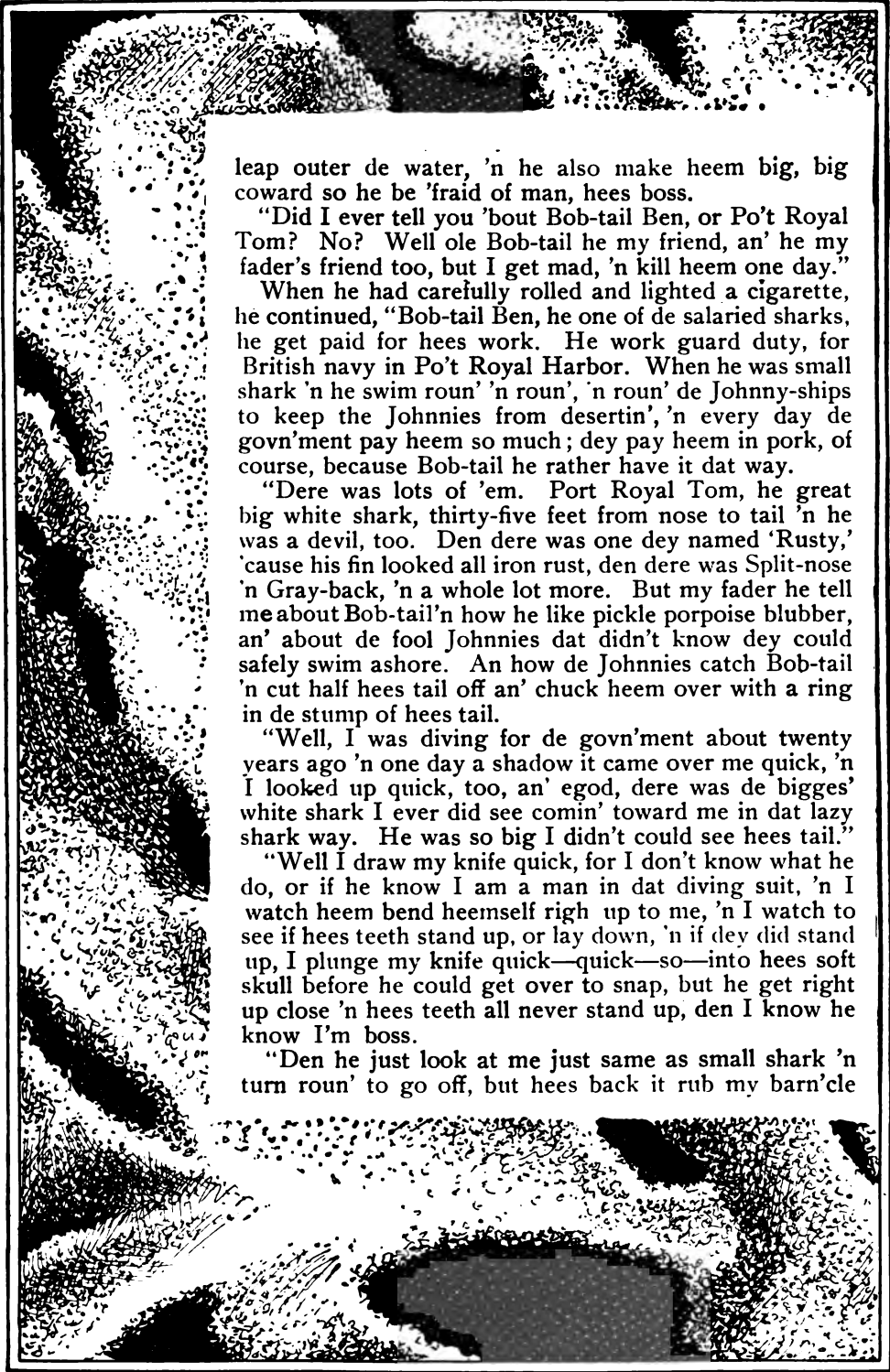


here to do great work for man, 'n if de sharks dey don't were here de tropics would be one big grave, 'n pest'lance 'n death would kill everybody. De great God he know dat 'n he put de little crab on de bottom of de sea to eat de little dead stuff 'n de big shark on de top of de sea to eat de big dead stuff, 'n he made de white shark 'n de blue shark for de dead animals, 'n de baskin' shark for de dead veg'tables 'n all to keep de ocean 'n de air pure, same as buzzards on de shore do, 'n de law protects de buzzards which don't is fair to de shark, 'n dese men tink dey know more den de great God 'n want to kill 'em all, but dey don't can.

"I tell dat bug hunter, Mr. A., he don't stop to tink dat here its hot 'n tings have got to go quick 'n God puts big hungry sharks here dat am always hungry so dey can eat all day great big lumps; 'n a big whale who weigh eighty tons would make big trouble here if he don't was eat up quicker'n two days, while up norf its cool, 'n tings go slow 'n God He puts little dog-fish up dere 'n never a shark till man sends scows of veg'tables out in ocean 'n den He sends de baskin' shark to work for hees boss—man,—'n man hollers 'man-eater' 'n kills de veg'table shark for makin' Atlantic City 'n other beaches healthy for dere children, instead of smell bad.

"One bug hunter he say to me, 'Santos,' he say, 'do a white shark really jump himself outer de water fo' a man?' At first I think I string heem, den I don't thinks so, an' I take heem out where I knew I find old Saw-fin an' I hold a string with pork on end of it, on water 'till ole Saw-fin he see it 'n come up, egod, he come up a flying, I tell you, 'n den I grab it up 'bout so high, 'n ole Saw-fin he jus' stretch himself to reach it 'n turn over to git hees mouth tor'ard it 'n fall, flump, down in de water again. 'No, sir,' say I, 'Mr. Bug hunter, de only way a shark could ever get anything outer de water is to leap way up high over it 'n fall down on de top of it, an' dat a shark don't can do. God he made heem slow 'n sluggish to chase only dead things, 'n he don't can

WALTER RUSSELL



leap outer de water, 'n he also make heem big, big coward so he be 'fraid of man, hees boss.

"Did I ever tell you 'bout Bob-tail Ben, or Po't Royal Tom? No? Well ole Bob-tail he my friend, an' he my fader's friend too, but I get mad, 'n kill heem one day."

When he had carefully rolled and lighted a cigarette, he continued, "Bob-tail Ben, he one of de salaried sharks, he get paid for hees work. He work guard duty, for British navy in Po't Royal Harbor. When he was small shark 'n he swim roun' 'n roun', 'n roun' de Johnny-ships to keep the Johnnies from desertin', 'n every day de gov'nment pay heem so much; dey pay heem in pork, of course, because Bob-tail he rather have it dat way.

"Dere was lots of 'em. Port Royal Tom, he great big white shark, thirty-five feet from nose to tail 'n he was a devil, too. Den dere was one dey named 'Rusty,' 'cause his fin looked all iron rust, den dere was Split-nose 'n Gray-back, 'n a whole lot more. But my fader he tell me about Bob-tail 'n how he like pickle porpoise blubber, an' about de fool Johnnies dat didn't know dey could safely swim ashore. An how de Johnnies catch Bob-tail 'n cut half hees tail off an' chuck heem over with a ring in de stump of hees tail.

"Well, I was diving for de gov'nment about twenty years ago 'n one day a shadow it came over me quick, 'n I looked up quick, too, an' egod, dere was de bigges' white shark I ever did see comin' toward me in dat lazy shark way. He was so big I didn't could see hees tail."

"Well I draw my knife quick, for I don't know what he do, or if he know I am a man in dat diving suit, 'n I watch heem bend heemself righ up to me, 'n I watch to see if hees teeth stand up, or lay down, 'n if dey did stand up, I plunge my knife quick—quick—so—into hees soft skull before he could get over to snap, but he get right up close 'n hees teeth all never stand up, den I know he know I'm boss.

"Den he just look at me just same as small shark 'n turn roun' to go off, but hees back it rub my barn'cle



scraper in my belt 'n he like dat so much he swim roun' like a cat to rub other way. 'n I take barn'cle scraper 'n rub it on hees old back, 'n he like it just like itchy pig.

"Den hees tail, it jus' switch by 'n I see it half lopped off 'n a ring in it. Den I know heem, an' I scratch heem till he got enough. Poor ole Bob-tail, I say, you don't can swim fast with half your tail. Barn'cles grow all on your skin, 'n suckers fasten on you, 'n shark bugs burrow in you, so I scratch dem off for you.

"Well, you laugh, but poor ole Bob-tail, he come every day, 'n I scratch heem 'n he watch me work. Den I finish de job 'n don't see heem again for whole year.

"Den Mexican he come 'n want big shark liver. Say he going to start shark liver oil business. He want big shark liver, no smaller than one ton, 'n he pay well.

"I go with tree men to look for big baskin' shark, 'n wait two, tree days, den ole Bob-tail he come 'n rub hard on bottom of boat. Now dat's one thing no one don't allow. Dat is dangerous. Dat man Lawler, dat went from Boston to Europe in fifteen foot boat, had dat happen to heem, 'n he lit a patent quarter-minute fuse, rolled it in paper, 'n fed it to de hungry fool.

"Well, Bob-tail was longer dan our boat 'n I reach over 'n try to stick heem, but he get on other side of boat so I think it go over 'n I jump 'n grab hees fin.

"Den de fun commences. He turn over 'n over 'n over like a blue shark windin' a fish line round heem, 'n I stick heem deep, 'n hold on 'n go roun' with heem till I must breathe, den he *scoot*,—fast as any scared ole shark with *all* hees tail.

"I hold hees fin 'n make heem go roun' roun' 'n roun in circles and I see hees six rows of teeth all standin' up ready for me, but I keep stickin' heem all de time till he tries to turn back. Den I give heem one hard one, deep, in hees soft skull 'n he dies, shivering hard.

"We hook heem den, 'n cut out hees liver, 'n den I feel sorry for heem 'cause he so old, 'n a friend of my fader's, 'n I wish I had wait for baskin' shark instead."

# MARGINALIA

## TWO OF THEM.

DO I interrupt?" he asked as he dropped to the sand beside her camp stool.

"It's trash," she said in answer, shutting her book.

"I'm better then, than trash?"

"Now and then," she answered, indolently, but her eyes flashed a sideways smile—a trick of her's he knew, well enough to expect at the right moment—finished in its coquetry, but always of a power to charm.

"I shall make hay then while the sun shines."

"If you are greedy you will have to hurry. We have to-morrow."

He looked heartbroken. "And you can say it as if it were nothing! Indifferently!"

"Oh, but with a difference!"

"You are—" he began and paused.

"Yes?"

"No." He shook his head.

"Tell me, please!"

"Don't ask me," he entreated with sorrowful eyes.

"I insist you tell me what you said."

"What I didn't say," he corrected.

"Well?"

"I said 'you are a—coquette.'"

"Because I'm indifferent to you?"

"No, because you are different."

"You mean I'm nicer to you than I am to others?"

"When you are not unkind," he reminded her sadly.

She smiled to herself.

"Now the question is, have I ever been as nice as I've been unkind?"

"Shall I answer that candidly—or as you would like me to?"

"As I would like you to?" she repeated.

He nodded. "You know there's a way you'd prefer."

"I do not," she said with a little heat. "You must answer the way you think."

For a moment he considered; then murmured resignedly: "You've been, of course, most unkind."

She drew in her breath with a little burlesque sigh of relief.

"You are honest," she complimented him.

"As the day!"

"Or, perhaps, as the night—when there's a moon!"

"If the moon's you."

"I don't appreciate comparison with the moon—it's deceitful."

"And deceiving!"



*"I won't bore you if I go to see you when you are in town!"*

Again her sideways glance mocked him.

"Men are as deceptive as women."

"But they don't succeed in deceiving as well."

He watched a boat coming slowly in with the tide.

"That's because they are such bunglers," she said cheerfully and unexpectedly.

"Ah—!"

"If they find they're playing a losing game—"

"They snuff the candle so they can play better."

"You know they don't. They try to put it out, and in the melee pretend they've won."

"Oh, you know us," he sighed "If you didn't perhaps I wouldn't be so miserable now."

"Are you miserable? How foolish!"

"Isn't it wise to have a heart for you to break?"

"I can recommend the most charming cement—she's much prettier than I am."

"Don't," he protested. "I don't want you to be comfortable—at my expense. I shall prefer to show you the pieces."



"I'm afraid it will be troublesome to you to keep it in bits," she suggested.

"To rouse your conscience," he explained.

"What is that?"

"It's something," he defined, "that makes you see things you like upside down, and things you don't, right side up."

"Thank you," she demurely murmured. "If I only had a memorandum book!"

"It's equally easy to forget me, and what I say," he reproached her.

"Oh, no! You say such interesting things."

"Then why not think I'm interesting," he begged, an amused light in his eyes discreetly turned seaward.

She considered.

"Well, because you pretend—"

"That I'm interesting," he hastily put it.

She paused a few seconds.

"That you're interested," she declared.

His eyes caught her's dexterously, and in each pair, amusement met the other half way.

"If I were as interesting as I'm interested—" he asseverated.

She shook her head.

"And you? If you were as interested as you are interesting—" his voice dropped sadly.

"We could pretend I was interested," she suggested, looking down.

He sat up abruptly. "May I?" he desired anxiously.

"I think," she said amusedly, "each of us is as interested as the other."

He rose and regarded her with a discouraged air.

"You keep it up beautifully, though," she consolingly assured him.

"You can't know how much I keep down."

"No, I can't" she pondered. "Isn't it like this:—

'I will not for thy glory  
Go down when all is o'er.  
My dear, this same old story,  
Befell me once before:'"

She finished her quotation with a wicked little laugh, in which, after an effort, he joined.

"You're unjust to me," he deprecated.

"If I am," she considerably allowed, "it isn't because you're uninteresting."

Enjoyment of this clause brought his laughter again.

"And I won't bore you if I go to see you when you are in town?" he asked as she rose, and he gathered up her impediments of book and camp stool.

"I shall look forward to seeing you often."

"You mean it—really?"

"Just as usual—I mean when you're amusing."

"And interested," he insisted.

"No," she corrected, "when you're interesting."

MAY HARRIS.

## A Strange Confession.

The Doctor examined the bowl of his pipe and leaned back in his chair.

"Well," he said, "You shall have the story, Courtney. It has always remained a puzzle to me. I will see what you make of it."

"When I settled in Silvertown the place was new, showy, typically western. The great man of the town was Arnold J. Whitman, mine-owner, banker and philanthropist. He had built a fine public school, endowed the Silvertown Library, founded the Miners' Home, was interested in a dozen different enterprises, and labored unweariedly in his efforts as prison reform. Whitman had scores of times declared that he hated no creature in the wide world except his half brother, a poor, miserly creature whose wretched shanty stood at the edge of town."

"Early one spring the town was much excited over two sensations, Arnold Whitman's mine, the 'Little Fairy,' was reported to be failing, and Ira Whitman, the miser, had been found dead in his cabin, with his head battered in. Hawke-eye Johnson, a notorious rough, was arrested for the murder."

"Hawke-eye vehemently protested his innocence, but circumstances were against him. He had been seen last in the neighborhood of the hovel, tracks of his shoes were found under the window, when arrested he had in his possession a considerable sum of money, and lastly, the bloody axe found in the bushes was positively identified as his. Hawke-eye explained with tears in his eyes that he had only had a friendly chat with old Ira under his window, and that his axe had been stolen from him the day before the murder. He had not been seen in town on the night in question, so could not prove an alibi, but swore that he had been in bed with the toothache. He could not satisfactorily account for the money."

"It was a clear case against the fellow, and little sympathy was manifested for him, he having already figured in some two dozen cutting and shooting scrapes. Arnold Whitman, however, worked hard to save Hawke-eyes, and when the jury brought in a unanimous verdict of guilty, was much more perturbed than when he had viewed his brother's dead body."

"Hawke-eye was sentenced to hang and was given three weeks to prepare for death."

"On the day after the trial Arnold Whitman was taken ill, and I was called in to attend him. Something seemed to be constantly troubling him, and he did not improve."

"Hawke-eye Johnson was to be executed on Herring Hill, which was in plain view of the Whitman house. One still summer afternoon the sound of hammer and saw floated in to the sick man, and he inquired

what they were building, and was told that it was the gallows for Hawke-eye Johnson. He ordered his bed wheeled to the window, and watched the window with fascinated eyes.

"All that afternoon and the next day he looked on, despite the persuasions of the old woman who was his nurse, and grew more and more restless and excited, until at last the old woman dispatched a messenger for me. I at once ordered the bed moved from the window, but the evil had already been wrought, the patient was in a state of nervous excitement not easily to be controlled. He strained his ears to catch the sound of the hammering, and looked at me with strange anguished eyes. I remained with him several hours, and returned again in the evening, but he grew rapidly worse. Towards midnight he began to sink, and I knew the end was not far away. He must have read this in my face, for he struggled up on his elbow and panted:—

"Am I going to die, Doctor? Tell me the truth, is there no hope?"

"There is always hope, Mr. Whitman," I began, but he twisted his head impatiently, and I bent to hear him whisper:—

"No professional lies, if you please, Doctor. I will be a dead man by morning. Am I right, yes or no? Give me a plain answer, Doctor."

"Yes," I answered, as gently as I could.

"He lay silent for some moments, then he said:—

"Doctor, take that pen and write what I tell you, and Jennie, stand here and listen closely. Hawke-eye Johnson must be set free. He is innocent, he did not kill Ira. I killed him, I am the murderer—" The old woman cried out and I dropped the pen.

"Write, write! There is no time to lose, and the man must be saved. There, that's right, set it down. I always hated Ira. He had money, and I needed it to save the 'Fairy.' He was only a burden on the earth, the town was well rid of him, very well rid of him."

"His voice came in gasps but his eyes commanded me to go on, and I wrote what he dictated.

"It is a terrible confession to make—now

—but I do it to save a life—and a soul. The other life cannot—be given back. May God forgive me! I took Hawke-eye's axe that night, it was just inside the window. It was about three o'clock in the morning—when I reached Ira's house. I crawled in at the window; Ira was asleep. I struck him on the head with the axe. Then I looked for the money, but could not find it. I was afraid some one would come. I threw the

axe in the bushes. Then I went home."

"Again he raised himself.

"You have it all! Then let me sign it. Hold me, Jennie. There!"

"By a supreme effort he signed his name, firmly and legibly, then he fell back utterly exhausted. I raised him on the pillow, but his lips moved, and he pointed to the table. I understood, and rapidly attached my signature to the paper and bade Jennie do the same. He never took his eyes from the paper until Jennie had finished her laborious scrawl, then he lay quiet and satisfied. After a while he said:—

"I could not die in peace. Tell Hawke-eye he must be a better man when he is free. He must not go back to his old ways. Tell

him that I said so."

"A boy came to call me to see a sick child, and as my patient was resting somewhat easier, I left him. The father of the child happened to be the Commonwealth's attorney in the Whitman case, and to him I delivered the confession and related the circumstances attending it.

"When in the gray early morning I returned to Whitman's bedside I was amazed to find him sleeping quietly, naturally. The old nurse told me that he had been sleeping for an hour. I knew that it meant life, and cautioned her on no account to disturb him.

"When next I saw my patient, about noon, I knew that his recovery was only a matter of time. The long sleep, consequent upon the ease of mind produced by his confession, and coming at the crisis of the disease, had saved his life.

"He did recover, and was arrested for the murder of Ira Whitman, but was immediately released on bond. Hawke-eye was still confined in the jail, but confidently expected to be cleared at the trial. Whitman, however, had no notion of allowing his confession to stand.



*He signed his name.*

"On the opening day the courtroom was densely packed, and men twisted their necks to see the two principals in this strange drama, the man accused by the people and the man accused by himself.

"Then began a bitter fight for life between the two men.

"There was only circumstantial evidence to convict Hawke-eye; there was his own confession to establish Whitman's guilt. Temporary insanity was Whitman's explanation of his confession. I testified that he was of sound mind and perfectly lucid while dictating and signing the confession. Jennie Watson, his nurse, reluctantly admitted that my testimony was true so far as she could judge.

"Whitman's attorneys pulled the confession to pieces, it was the hallucination of a dying man; it was caused by the sight of the gallows, the sound of the hammers, the excitement of the trial working on a diseased brain, causing an abnormal imagination, a temporary insanity. Celebrated authorities on the subject gave their opinions in favor of this supposition.

"It was shown that Whitman's father had at one time been insane. Then again, what could have been the motive for the crime? Whitman's mine, the 'Little Fairy,' was at that time failing, but he had a dozen other resources. Money could not have been the object. Hawke-eye stated that his axe had been stolen the day before the murder. Whitman's confession said that he took it from inside the window that night.

"Whitman stated on the stand that, believing himself to be a dying man, he thought to save Hawke-eye and perhaps win him to a better life, by a confession which could injure nothing but the name of a dead man. He did not believe in capital punishment, and Hawke-eye's guilt had been established on circumstantial evidence only. Had he been in good health he would never have made such a false statement, therefore his brain must have been affected.

"Whitman's appearance while testifying was not calculated to inspire one with confidence in the man. He seemed to have lost all the dignity of bearing that had formerly distinguished him, and stood trembling, aged, irresolute, yet with a fierce love of life written plainly on his drawn features.

"The attorneys dwelt most emphatically upon the difference between the two men, upon Hawke-eye's record of bloodshed and brutality, and upon Whitman's noble, upright character, his benevolence, his generosity, his kindness. They made out a very strong case. Nevertheless, the jury, after long wrangling, found Whitman guilty.

"The case was appealed and carried into the higher courts, and was there fought stubbornly step by step to the end. It cost Whitman a fortune, but at last the law declared him to be an innocent man, and he was free. Hawke-eye Johnson was hanged for the murder just two years after the

crime had been committed at Silvertown."

The Doctor paused.

"By all the powers, that shows what money will do," cried Courtney. "In the name of reason and common sense, of course Whitman was the"—

The Doctor quietly filled his pipe.

"Wait a moment," he said. "I haven't finished yet. Just before Hawke-eye mounted the scaffold he confessed that he had killed Ira Whitman. He told where he had buried the money, and it was unearthed by the Sheriff an hour after the hanging."

VENITA SIBERT.



## THE PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER.

By GELETT BURGESS.

(With many illustrations by the author.)



I.

A Plumber, on returning home one night,  
Once met a very, very pretty Princess;  
It was a flagrant case of Love-at-Sight,  
Where ardor and sincerity convinces.

II.

She blushed and said, "I'd love to be your wife!  
A Plumber must be terribly romantic!"  
She'd never seen mechanic in her life,  
And so you mustn't think her too romantic.



III.

"But still," she said, "I fear you're pretty poor;  
I have a most aristocratic father;  
But as you are accomplished, to be sure,  
Perhaps you'll win." The Plumber muttered, "rather!"

## IV.

The King received the two with kindly word,  
And asked the happy man to stay to dinner.  
The Plumber's table manners were absurd,  
The Princess feared that he would never win her.



## V.

The King, demanding coffee and liqueur,  
Presented to his guest a large Perfecto;  
Then said, "Now tell me what's your title,  
sir?  
That is the only thing I might object to!"

## VI.

"I am a Proletarian, you know,"  
The Plumber said, "but I'm a Knight of Labor!"  
The King replied, "That title doesn't go!  
I hardly care to have you for a neighbor!"



## VII.

The Princess feared her royal father's ire,  
And knew too well what probably was coming.  
"Let's use him while he's here," she told her sire,  
"The kitchen sink is quite in need of plumbing!"

## VIII.

The monarch gayly led him to the sink;  
The Princess went along and held the candle.  
"He plumbs divinely, pa, I really think!"  
She murmured, when his tools he 'gan to handle.



## IX.

At last the man arose, and then the King }  
In hesitating accents asked his prices.  
The Plumber said, "Oh, that's a little thing,  
Exorbitance is not one of my vices!"

## X.

The Monarch and his daughter dared not speak;  
The Plumber sat him down beside a table  
And figured at the items for a week,  
Then added them as well as he was able.



## XI.

But when at last he gave the King the bill,  
The sovereign said, "Why really you *have*  
talents!  
Just kindly take the Princess, if you will,  
And when I can, I'll pay you off the balance!"

## XII.

And so the pretty Princess had her way,  
(The Monarch never knew quite what it  
all meant.)  
The Plumber and his bride still live, they  
say,  
In ease upon their annual instalment!





## MEN, WOMEN AND BOOKS

**C**APRI is one of the four islands, scattered about the globe, on which Robert Barr did his five years of work on "The Victors." During his stay in Capri, Mr. Barr's portrait was painted by B. R.

Stoddard, and we are able to give a reproduction of the painting which is, we think, the first copy of this portrait of the author to be presented to the American public.

"The Victors" has received more care from Mr. Barr than any of his preceding novels, and he speaks of it as having required as much labor as any three other books that he has written. Its title is taken from William L. Marcy's famous words, "To the victors belong the spoils," and, as it happened, the novel became a feature of some importance in the recent political campaign between Tammany Hall and its opponents.

The chief character in the story is the political leader in his party, and is a frank and unscrupulous exponent of the spoils system.

Parts of the story bearing on the government of the metropolis are those describing the clubbing of Monro, the black-mailing of the great department store of McAllister, Monro & Company, the theft of an election by the future "Boss" of the city and his purchase of a Fifth Avenue palace with part of his "spoils."



Robert Barr.

The *New York World* devoted an entire page to the novel, calling it "A tale of intense and virile American life—the life of the great metropolis, political, commercial and social. As such it deals with the juggling of big franchises, the man-

agement of great department stores and of Tammany Hall—not a Tammany to be villified and abused *per se*—but as a great political organization, growing naturally out of our great hotbed of prosperity, political and social as well as economic. Mr. Barr comes to his task well qualified."

B. West Clinedinst, in his frontispiece for the novel, has depicted the scene where the "Boss" is purchasing his residence, saying: "I'll take this shanty just as she stands."

\* \* \*



"I'll take the shanty just as she stands."—From the *Victors*.

There has been a good deal of speculation in New York newspaper circles recently as to who is the author of the new novel, "The Great God Success," by John Graham, which has just been published, and which deals with "Yellow Journalism" and life along Park Row. It is so true to life, shows such an exact knowledge of all the facts regarding journalism, and is written with such a practiced hand that it is evident that only an experienced and successful journalist could be the author.

There have been many guesses as to who "John Graham" is, but all seem to be wide of the mark.

\* \* \*

**I**N these notes last month we made mention of Mr. Egerton Castle's musings upon a certain portrait of an English-

man, painted in his den. Our readers may be interested in the portrait, which we now reproduce. In this connection it is apt to quote from T. P. O'Connor's unique periodical, entitled, *Mainly About People* (or M. A. P.).

Mr. O'Connor says, editorially:—



Egerton Castle in his Den.



"Tall and well set up, with thick-set shoulders that promise strength, and with graceful movements that show a trained command over it, Egerton Castle impresses you at first with a touch of the best breed of foreigner, and the lightest note of an accent not our own accentuates this passing impression. But in five minutes you find the Englishman. A hundred years ago his courtesy of speech and action, which so pleasantly recalls a more impressionable and sympathetic clime, would not have made its mark, perhaps, so suddenly upon the new acquaintance. But to-day, when old-time courtesy has almost passed away, it is a pleasant thing to meet a man whose natural elegance is a part of his own temperament and personality.

There is a supple gesture as of wrist and forearm in Mr. Castle's conversation, a rapidity and yet an intensity in his glance, that suggest the rapier. As a matter of fact that great master of fence, the courtly Angelo himself, could desire no better reincarnation. But Egerton Castle is as wide in his views of fencing as in the outlook upon a life that has never been restricted either to insular experience, or to the civilian education of Cambridge. And now that he has put aside the sword for the pen, his novels run as trippingly as your contre-quarte with its riposte and flashing hit. That duel in the French courtyard, for instance, in 'Marshfield the Observer'—who but Castle had the verve, the knowledge, and the scholarship that such a scene demands in combination? No wonder that 'Young April,' that pulsing incarnation of the spring of youth and love, has well-nigh reached its 'fiftieth thousand.'

Agnes Castle, the brilliant wife of Egerton Castle, is, Mr. Castle says, his constant collaborator in his literary work. Her name is joined with his on the title-pages of "The Secret Orchard," "The Bath Comedy," "The House of Romance" and "The Pride of Jennico."

The latest novel written by this admirable pair is by far more dramatic than any of their other works, of fiction, with a most

exciting crisis and a tremendous climax.

Of the book the *New York Tribune* says:—"The rapidity of movement is one of the best qualities of 'The Secret Orchard', which is, in essence, dramatic, the obvious intention being to let the events of the plot speak for themselves, and this they do with admirable effect. In taking a new departure Mr. and Mrs. Castle have demonstrated once more their inventive resource, their literary skill." \* \* \*

The unusual beauty of the dress of Frances Hodgson Burnett's (Mrs. Stephen Townesend's) new novel, "The Making of a Marchioness," has attracted widespread attention, and has evidently given pleasure to the author, as is attested by the following cablegram received from her by the publishers:—

Stokes, N. Y.:—"The making of the book is charming." Frances Hodgson Burnett.

The illustrations for the book are after paintings in oil done by Charles D. Williams, while the cover design, the title-page and the numerous decorations throughout the volume are the work of A. Kay Womrath.

We are enabled to give, in miniature size, a copy of one of the full-page engravings.

\* \* \*

Stephen Townesend, F.R.C.S., the author of "A Thoroughbred Mongrel," is a man of great versatility. In addition to the literary ability shown in his book, Mr. Townesend has histrionic talents of a high order, and has marked skill in other directions known to his intimate friends.

Of his book some one has said that it is as good a dog comedy as "Bob, Son of Battle" is a dog tragedy. The story is supposed to be told by a black squire,—Mrs. Hett. She says of human beings that "they have their good points and their bad points (some of them have no points at all), but they mean well, and are the most intelligent animals we have."

The *New York Times* characterizes the book as "a tender, graceful, sunny little story, with an undertone of serious thought and deep feeling." It has a remarkable



An Episode in the Life of a Thoroughbred Mongrel.



Mrs. Burnett.





Stephen Townsend.

number of illustrations, largely humorous in character, and executed by the famous English artist, J. A. Shepperd. Under thin disguises, many of the human characters in the volume are readily recognized as important personages in the literary world.

\* \* \*

We are willing to believe the publishers of "The Compleat Bachelor" when they state that they have some difficulty in making people believe that OLIVER ONIONS is the real name of the author of that sparkling little book.

Gelett Burgess, who is an intimate friend of Mr. Onions, comments in a characteristic way on the author of "The Compleat Bachelor," as follows:—

"But if you knew Oliver Onions! The first time you hear his name you will laugh, and make some cheap joke; but, I warn you, you will never forget the patronymic. But, if you had known him as I knew him, in Chelsea; if you had talked with him for hours at a time, in my garret in Paradise Row, opposite the Royal Hospital, where the red-coated pensioners sit in the sun all day; if you had discussed the American girl (a revelation to Oliver till Kitty Carmine came to London) until the last Fulham 'bus had gone, and he had to walk home three miles in the rain; and if, above all, you had eaten a steak fried on the open fire at his little flat—then you would laugh to think of him writing society dialogues for *The Queen*, the most aristocratic of the ladies' weeklies in London.

"Where did he get his experience with clubmen, with smart young married women and girl-bachelors? Perhaps it was when he lived on a scholarship in Kensington. What, in Heaven's name, does he know of afternoon teas? You might know him a year and never find out. Yet, he did know, down to the very latest affectation of the tricks of the managing mamma, and the wiles of the confirmed flirt. His mind was a garden, where, if you dropped a hint, it grew like a seed, and blossomed splendidly."

\* \* \*

In these days of notable and comely books, the "Folio" has somehow been left apart; this although it has ever been the pride and the delight of the true book-lover.



Oliver Onions.

In the belief that here is a mistake, Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Company will initiate a series of Folios with an edition of Shakespeare, which, as they hope, will prove a type and exemplar of modern book-making.

The object of the publishers is to produce a series as beautiful and as dignified as paper and print can make it.

Much of the best printing of our time comes from Edinburgh; and the fact that this, the Edinburgh Shakespeare, will be the especial effort of the Messrs. Constable, whose example has been (it is not too much to say) an inspiration, is enough to show that its purpose and effect will be largely typographical and monumental.

The typographical interest notwithstanding, this will be, above all, a Shakespeare to read. Mr. W. E. Henley, who is responsible for the text, will waste no space on conjecture, and will write no irritating notes, either explanatory or critical. He will keep as close to the First Folio (1623) as he can, and will trust to common sense and a becoming reverence for his author for the rest.

The volumes, though tall and stately, will be neither heavy nor cumbersome; the type is black, bold and eminently easy to the eye; the paper is hand-made, sunny-white, durable, yet light.

The Edinburgh Folio will be issued in forty parts, all so paged as to be bound in ten volumes, yet each part complete in itself, and so cased in temporary binding as to be handled with convenience, and to stand uninjured in the library.

It will be illustrated by ten authentic portraits, several of Shakespeare himself, and others of Jonson, Fletcher, Burbage, Southampton and Pembroke.

The edition will consist of 1,000 copies, of which only 360 are for sale in America.

Each set will be numbered \* \* \*

Samuel H. Church, the author of "John Marmaduke," "Oliver Cromwell," etc., has written a long and important poem entitled, "Beowulf," it is said, which gives, with beautiful imagery and a fine swing, the old legend in new form and with the skill to be expected from this able writer.

The poem was illustrated by C. S. Reinhart, before its author had it entirely ready for publication, and a sumptuous volume will be made to contain the verse and the engravings after Mr. Reinhart's wash-drawings.

Mr. Church is at work upon a new novel that will be chiefly American in its nature, although it will deal with the period of Cromwell, on which the author is an acknowledged authority.



From the Folio of 1623.

THE new volume in the attractive series of **PEN PORTRAITS OF STAGE FAVORITES** is devoted to Maude Adams, and is written by Acton Davies, the dramatic critic of the New York *Evening Sun*. The book covers Miss Adams's career on the stage from the time of her first appearance until the present day. Her remarkably early debut was in a comic piece, entitled, "The Lost Child," in which her mother was cast for one of the leading rôles. One of the young actress's earliest parts was that of Adrienne, in "A Celebrated Case," and fortunately a photograph of her in this character has been preserved, and an engraving from this is given on this page. Mr. Davies's attractive little book is illustrated by twenty-one different pictures of Miss Adams.



Maude Adams, *at* five, cast as Adrienne.

\* \* \*

"The Surprise Book" is the title of a new Christmas volume that embodies an attractive and ingenious idea. Each of the thirty-six illustrations in the book is preceded and thus hidden by a leaf on which is printed a verse telling the story of the hidden picture. This story is "double-pointed" in such a clever manner that the illustra-



The Surprise Book.

tion to which it refers invariably presents an unexpected and surprising fulfilment of the verse.

The author of this novel volume is Nell K. McElhone, while the illustrations have been done by Albertine R. Wheelan.

\* \* \*

The creators of "Urchins at the Pole" are to be congratulated on having originated a new denizen of the sea, who is not at all the ordinary "sea urchin," but is peculiar and interesting in his construction and habits, and is to the life of the deep what the "Brownie" is to that of *terra firma*.

At the suggestion of the mermaid the urchins decide to close up their house and take board at the Pole, where it is never too warm, and there's plenty of ice. Here they have some most amusing adventures, which are well portrayed with pen and in verse.

It is an interesting fact that calls for explanation that the support which takes the form of orders in advance of publication has been extremely small in the South for the new book, "Southern Wild Flowers and Trees," by Alice Lounsberry, with nearly two hundred illustrations (in color and in black-and-white) by Mrs. Ellis Rowan, and with an introduction by Chauncey D. Beadle, of the Biltmore Herbarium. By far the greater part of the advance orders has come from northern booksellers.

This may be accounted for by the fact many northern people visit the South in winter and wish to take such a book as "Southern Wild Flowers and Trees" with them; but it is only reasonable to suppose that, when this first comprehensive and popular work in its field is actually in readiness and is shown to the people of the South, the educational value and the beauty of a really notable volume (containing descriptions of nearly one thousand plants) as well as its commercial importance to southern resorts, will receive due appreciation from the residents of the region to whose flora the book is devoted.

\* \* \*

Gelett Burgess himself has made the design for the poster for his new work, entitled "The Burgess Nonsense Book," and the humorous picture about which the interest of this poster is centered is reproduced on this page.

Mr. Burgess is about to publish no less than three volumes in different fields, but



Gelett Burgess Fecit.

the large following that he has gained, will probably be more interested in his complete "Nonsense Book" than in the more serious work from his pen.

Mr. Burgess has returned to San Francisco, where he first gained fame, and is again one of the leading spirits in the Bohemian Club of that city.

## THE SHIP OF DAYS.

Once on a day,  
With flying spray,  
Swift into my harbor sailing,  
A good ship came,  
And it bore no name,  
So this was the way of my hailing:—

"O ship most fair,  
Name the cargo ye bear,—  
Whence come ye, in sooth,—whither go ye?  
Say whence is your crew,  
And your captain, too,—  
What flag at the masthead show ye?"

"I come from the East,  
My crew to feast,  
On the laughter and tears of mortals;  
I brook no delays,  
For my crew is of days,  
And we're bound for the Sunset Portals."

"Why come ye?" I cried,  
And the voice replied,  
"Know ye then that I come for your saving;  
There are days for work,  
Which ye may not shirk,  
An your portion be done ere your graving.

"There are days for joy,  
And for pain's alloy,  
And days to be tenderly grieving;  
There are days for thought,  
And for kind deeds wrought,  
And days of the dead Past's weaving."

But the days came sweet,  
And they seemed not meet,  
For labor and striving and sorrow,  
So in love's fond way,  
In the arms of To-day,  
I dreamed of great deeds for the Morrow.

And the ship at last  
Sailed into the Past;  
For the year that is gone I am sighing,—  
But the sails are set,  
And the decks are wet,  
With the shear of the white foam flying.

EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE.



*Drawn by Louis Bells.*

*Beside him, tightly bound to a mouse-colored cayuse, sat a \* \* \* sullen "greaser."*

*See page 317.*

# FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY

Vol. LIII.

January, 1902.

No. 3.

## Kentucky Feuds and Their Causes

By E. CARL LITSEY

Tradition and the newspapers are so fond of referring to Kentucky as "The dark and bloody ground" that at the request of the editor, Mr. E. Carl Litsey made a journey through the most notorious districts of the State, carefully noting what he saw and heard, and relying solely upon first-hand information. The accuracy of his story is unquestionable.

**O**NE fine morning last June I found myself in company with my good friend, Bretney, seated in a low, broad, two-horse wagon, leaving London, Kentucky, and bound for Manchester, twenty-two miles distant.

The position which I occupied at this time was not peculiarly enviable, for I was *en route* for the heart of the feudists' country, to learn from their own lips the story of their hatreds and their wars. My companion was armed with a kodak and I with a note book. The night before I had inquired of my landlord the best and quickest way to reach Manchester, and instead of giving me the information direct, he had surprised me with the question: "What's your business there?" Well, I was not shouting my business from the housetops, for the very air was alive with suspicion after the quite recent troubles in that part of the country, and the reply I gave my curious host won't pass muster on the last day.

The next morning, however, found us on the road bright and early, in a wagon without springs, and with a lank, pinched-faced mountaineer for a driver, who whistled at his horses continually, instead of urging them with whip or voice. The twisting, twining

road over which we went at varying degrees of speed was a sorry specimen. There had been no attempt to make a pike, nor macadamize. The "right of way" had simply been established by custom, and along this "way" all things had to go that proceeded on wheels. When we had gone what we hoped and believed to be over half way, our driver suddenly pulled up at a wayside well.

"How far have we come?" I asked, nonchalantly, as all of us scrambled out for a drink.

"Four miles and a half!" answered our meek-faced driver. The was his name. "We're gittin' started."



*On guard.*



*Drawn by Louis Belia*

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*On guard.*



*Deserted. The owner of this cabin was the victim of a feudist quarrel.*

From this point we swept deeper and deeper into the mountains, and traces of civilization became scarcer. Now and again we would pass a small hut, squatted like a brown toad at the road-side. It would be made of logs, some of them with the bark still on, and the immense crevices between each log were filled with mud and small stones mixed in a kind of mortar. The chimney to this crude dwelling is made by laying small sticks in the shape of a square with their ends overlapping, one above the other, till the required height is gained. The interstices are daubed with soft mud, and the sun completes the welding. Wild and poorly clad forms would appear in the low doorways; faces almost expressionless would stare at us in a kind of apathetic wonder. Women's and children's faces for the most part; the men were away. Stopping once on the pretext of getting a drink—which courtesy, by the way, was promptly and cheerfully extended me—I asked a tousle-headed, brown-faced little maid where her father was, having my own reasons for the question. A change came over the child's face, and she backed away in distrust; the guile of the serpent crept up and flamed in her fox-like eyes, and she answered quickly, and with a furtive glance

around, "I don't know!" Then she ran as fast as her bare feet could carry her, and hiding behind a tree, peeped out at me like some wily animal I was seeking to entrap. Duplicity and cunning were bred in her bone, and had been fostered year by year as she grew. The reason for her queer action needed no explanation. Her father was either that moment at his still making white whiskey, or else on the trail of one against whom he nursed a blood-vow. We were getting in the feudists' country, where the sun set crimson and the moon rose red.

Presently we debouched from the valley, and rolled along a level for a short distance. Here we met a man and woman walking, the first persons we had encountered traveling since we started that morning. They walked quickly, seeming to be in a great hurry. The man was roughly dressed, and carried a small black valise; the woman had on a calico dress, and kept her head bent so that we could not see her face, which was naturally shaded by the sunbonnet which she wore. We paid no particular attention to the twain, beyond giving them a casual glance. Two miles further on, and down a hill in front of us sped a man on a large bay horse. He passed us like a flash, but I caught sight of a



wild, bearded face, and steel-blue eyes shining with a hard light.

"Stop!"

The command came from behind, and was for us. The pulled up our horses, and we all turned. The man who had passed us had whirled around and was coming back. I felt a queer, unnatural, sinking feeling in my breast, for Bretney and I had both come unarmed—the surest way to avoid trouble where trouble is rife. And this feeling was not lightened when I saw strapped around the approaching stranger's waist a huge revolver of the Colt pattern. He drew rein beside us, his horse covered with froth and sweat, and trembling. The first words I heard made me feel more at ease.

"Did ye pass a man an' woman while ago?"

The question was put to our driver in a calm voice, but the look in the man's eyes belied the tones in which he spoke.

"'Bout a mile back," answered

The., readily. "Whut they done?"

"I want 'em!" was the brief, laconic reply. His horse reared, wheeled as on a pivot, and man and beast were lost in a cloud of dust.

"What's the trouble there, The.?" I asked.

"That feller's stol'd his woman," was the ambiguous and unconcerned reply. "He'll kill 'im, an' git his woman back." He jerked his lines and whistled to his team, then relapsed into silence.

After this encounter we proceeded without adventure for a number of miles. Now we were on a level, flanked on either side by walls of closely growing trees and tangled underbrush; now crossing small streams which murmured peacefully along, and sometimes through the low foliage we caught a glimmer from the cool, dark surface of a spreading pool.

When we had completed half our journey we were hailed again, this time from a house on the road-side. A tall, dark figure, arrayed in a cheap



*Behind the waterfall is a great cave, which has been a favorite hiding place for fugitives from the law.*

suit of "store" clothes, and carrying an old and battered violin in his hand, approached, and asked to be allowed to ride to his home, a few miles this side of Manchester. We consented, and he climbed in beside the driver. Millard—The. seemed to know him well—proved a fountain of information. We learned that he was the fiddler of the country, and played for all the dances. His profession had been suffering of late, however, because the recent dances had all ended in a general fight, and the girls were getting afraid to attend. The day before he had received word to come to the house from which he hailed us, but when he got there early in the evening he had been informed by a big figure who stood before the door with a Winchester in his hands, that there would be no dancing there that night. And there wasn't.

Millard was dry. It wasn't long before he turned to us to inquire if we had "anything." Friendships ripen quickly in the mountains. "Anything" means liquor among the initiated. We told him "No" truthfully, but he said it didn't matter, because there was plenty of it all around us. And on the top of the very next hill the horses were brought to a standstill. To the left, a short distance from the road, was a cabin. Millard informed us that here "white lightning"—moonshine whiskey—could be obtained by anyone who had the money to buy, and asked us if we wanted to go in. We did, although we didn't know if we would ever come out. There was one room to the cabin. Most of this room was filled by a bed; the rest by a rickety table. Beyond the table a long, brown rifle leaned significantly in the corner. There was barely space to sit down in some bark-bottomed chairs. A man came through a door in the rear. A man six feet tall, broad shouldered, with tanned, sunken cheeks, and keen eyes. He gazed at Bretney and me—or rather at our clothes—in distrust.

"Got any lightnin', Kim?" said Millard. "These feller's 're all right;" he waved his hand at us with an easy air.

The man addressed, still silent, thrust his hand under the bed, and drew forth a brown, two-gallon jug, which he set upon the table. Then he went out, but returned almost instantly with a tin cup, which he placed beside the jug. Millard was master of ceremonies. He approached the table with a swagger and with a careless smile on his face, removed the corn-cob from the neck of the jug, and poured some liquor into the cup. It was clear as water, and when I conveyed it to my lips a moment later, and allowed it barely to touch my tongue, so as not to give offense to mountain hospitality, I became thoroughly convinced that it deserved the name by which it was generally known in that part of the State.

"Got some water, Kim?" queried Millard, smiling at my inability to imbibe the stuff, and filling the cup nearly to the rim. "Ye're a damn pore moonshiner if ye don't give yer customers nothin' to take the edge off'n this lightnin'!"

Millard indulged in a number of potations, and his tongue ran correspondingly free. Before we left that hut I had heard the story of one feudist war, wrung from the silent lips of the man beneath whose humble roof we sat, by some taunts and innuendoes which Millard shrewdly let drop.

As we continued our journey the road grew more rugged and dangerous. We had all the time been ascending by slow stages to the top of a range of mountains. As far as we could see in every direction were unbroken expanses of green. Deep gorges sank away at our right and left, and suddenly, just before us, the road dipped straight down the rocky side of the height upon which we were. There was no other way, and as we started down we held ourselves in readiness to leap for our lives should such a course become expedient. But the passage down the mountain was accomplished successfully, owing to the skill of our driver and the sure-footed horses, and we breathed a sigh of relief when we rolled along a level once more. We reached Manchester

about noon without incident or accident.

During our stay in this sequestered hamlet of the mountains I learned the history which is set forth here. If it is tinged with the blood of the innocent, and blackened by reasonless deeds of hate, I cannot mitigate or cleanse, for these things are true. The Kentucky feudist is a man apart from his race; a type individual and distinct. By birth, tradition and environment, he is taught to regard the taking of human life with as little concern as he would feel in removing a stone from his path. His tall and uncouth figure stalks somberly across the page of history and his footsteps are marked with blood. They are a hunted people, and they know it, for even the law which they mock is slow to give them justice.

The stain which blots Kentucky's fair escutcheon is known from ocean to ocean. It would be foolish for even a son of the soil to seek to deny the grave acts which have given to his State a reputation and a name throughout the world which is not to be envied. And nowhere is this condition of things regretted more than at home, where these things were given birth. But they are not legitimate children; they are the spawn of ignorance, prejudice and a free giving way to man's worst passions. And yet the deeds which have darkened Kentucky's name and thrown a sinister shadow upon her borders can only be lost in the years to come. That men should band together and take a life vow against their neighbor must seem incredible to many; that in this day, when law rules the known world, there should be those living in the midst of it all who set law at utter defiance, and curl their lips in scorn at a court of justice. But the columns of the daily press reek with the stories of high crimes which go unpunished because their perpetrators laugh at the law which they know cannot reach them, and which to them is a vague sort of tyranny which would deprive one of his rights—the right to kill.

In the central and the western por-

tions of Kentucky there is as high an order of civilization and advancement as can be found anywhere on earth. But in the mountain counties of her eastern border, where the rugged and untaught minds are dominated by a crude and savage idea of the meaning of honor, the deadly vendetta still rages, and no one can say when it will cease. So long as their mountain defiles remain uninvaded by the emigrant; so long as their mountain sides intimidate the prospective railroad line; and above all, so long as their wild, barbaric blood remains uncrossed by a gentler strain—just so long will their internecine wars prevail. For here men are governed by a medieval idea of right and wrong, and each man's mind is his own court and judge. He acknowledges no other, and by it are his actions governed. And when it has led him to wanton slaughter, as it often does, the endless stretches of forest-clad mountains afford a refuge which it is impossible to lay bare. But it is a rare thing that the slayer of his kind seeks the shelter of the hills. When his enemy is done to death, the victor goes home and tells his friends, and the clansmen gather on either side, as they did in the days of Roderick Dhu.

The counties of Knox, Leslie, Harlan, Letcher, Laurel and Clay are where the feuds wage fiercest. But the last named county, especially, is where the vendetta flourishes like a green bay tree, and death stalks abroad at noonday like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, and it is of the feuds of Clay that we will write.

The Howards, Bakers, Whites, Garrards and Philpots are names well known to newspaper readers throughout the Union, for they, by their acts, have brought to this mountain county a name which inspires dread and fear. In the famous Taylor-Goebel race for Governor two years ago, when Frankfort was swarming with partisan mountaineers, there was a sudden shot, and one of the aspirants to the Governor's chair fell dying upon the pavement before the capital building, with a bullet hole through his chest. To this day no one knows whose hand it was that



pulled the trigger, and though thousands of dollars were spent to bring the assassin to justice, he still lives. But Jim Howard, a Clay County feudist, languishes in prison with the charge upon him. Well might it have been one of these men of the mountains, for their aim never misses.

It is told in the feudist country that a certain man had a wrong against another, which could only be wiped out in blood. One day this man saw his enemy, and though three hundred yards separated them, he raised his rifle, aimed at the heart of his victim, and fired. The man fell dead, but when the slayer approached and found that his bullet had fallen one inch he was greatly chagrined and loudly expressed his disgust at such poor shooting.

Baker was bitterly prosecuted in the courts, William Garrard defending him. After a long drawn out trial Baker was convicted of the killing, and hanged for it. This created bitter feeling between the families, which never



*A feudist cabin wherein twelve find shelter.*



*The scene of a battle in which five men were killed.*

The feudal quarrels and battles in Clay County between the Garrard, Baker and White families, which have been attracting widespread attention during the past three years, had their origin over half a century ago. Political and business rivalry has, to a great extent, been the cause of the trouble, augmented in its infancy by the high prejudices of two old Virginia families, the Garrards and the Whites. Coming to Clay County in the latter part of the eighteenth century they were rivals in the salt business, the mountain industry at that time, and also in politics, the former being Democrats and the latter Republicans. The Bakers are also Democratic in politics. Their rivalry first took a serious turn in 1849, when William Baker killed David Prewitt, a relative of the Whites.

died out. Instead, it was increased by political battles of the next few years, in one of which old General Garrard aspired to be a member of the Kentucky Legislature. Daugherty White opposed him, and in the general election, defeated him. In later

years they ran again, and this time Garrard was elected.

In 1857, Jailer Bowling, of Clay, a Democrat, was murdered by unknown persons. John White was accused of the crime, but upon trial proved that he was not a party to it in any way.



*Suspicious of a visitor.*

General Garrard had led the fight to elect Bowling as jailer, and led the prosecution against White. These political fights



were kept up by the two families during all the years up to the present time, yet their children married and intermarried and many of them are on friendly terms with one another.

The more recent troubles between the Bakers and Garrards on one side and the Howards and Whites on the other, began in the fall of 1897, when Ben White, Jr., was the Republican nominee, and Gilbert Garrard was the Democratic nominee for County Sheriff. A number of rows occurred between the factions, resulting in a battle between Tom and Anse Baker, and Deputy Sheriff George Hall and Frank Campbell, a storekeeper, the Sheriff trying to arrest the Bakers. A number of shots were fired on each side, two of the participants being slightly wounded. That night the residence of Hall and the general store of Campbell were destroyed by fire. Tom and Anse Baker were charged with the burning, and after being arrested were bailed out of custody by General Garrard.

Tom Baker

reled about it, but were separated by friends, and a settlement was made through Tom's father, George Baker. Several days later, about the first of April, 1898, the Howards and Bakers were engaged at the mouth of Crane Creek, rafting logs. Tom Baker and Bal Howard had another difficulty, but were separated again. Baker and his



*The Kentucky Mountains.*

friends went home. On the sixth day of April the Howards completed their rafting, and Bal Howard started for home. He had to pass Baker's home on his way, and so had his son, Wils Howard, Burch Stores, and two boys



*The road to Manchester.*

by the name of Shackelford, accompanying him. When within three hundred yards of the Baker farm a woman in a cabin on the roadside tolled a farm bell. This was an unusual thing at eleven o'clock in the day, and the Howards commented upon it. They had gone but a hundred and fifty yards when they learned that it was a signal. Just as they passed a dark ravine at this point a Winchester was fired, the ball striking Bal Howard in the back. A regular fusillade followed, Burch Stores being killed instantly, and Wils Howard shot fatally. The Shackelfords escaped unhurt, and the elder Howard



*A mountain in cultivation.*

was at one time in partnership with Bal Howard in the logging business, and in settling up their accounts there was a difference of forty dollars. They quar-

owes his life to the fact that his horse became frightened and ran away with him. Wils Howard lived several hours after being shot, and made a dying charge that Tom Baker and his friends did the ambushing. He said that they came out in the road and fired several shots into Stores' dead body. Tom, Dee, Wiley and Jim Baker, and Charles Wooten and a man named Barrett were indicted for the crime. Barrett turned State's evidence later, implicating the others.

Jim Howard resided in Manchester at the time of the ambushing, occupying the position of County Assessor. He heard of it the following day, and, without saying anything to anyone, secured a Winchester, and mounting his horse, struck out for the Baker home. When within a few miles of the battleground he met George Baker, the father of Tom, in the road, and without a word of warning, shot him down. Old man Baker and his slayer had always been warm friends, and when dying he made the request that Howard be not prosecuted, as he did not realize what he was doing. Howard wandered around like a madman for several days after the killing, no one daring to arrest him. At last he came into town and gave himself up. His case was transferred to the Laurel County Circuit Court. There his attorneys pleaded emotional insanity, and the defendant testified to not remembering anything about the shooting. He was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary, but secured a new trial and was finally released.

While Bal Howard was recovering from the wounds received in the ambushing, his house was surrounded by armed Deputy Sheriffs, sent there to protect him. When able to travel, Howard fled to Harlan County, his old home, remaining there until the June term of court, when he returned to Manchester to prosecute the Bakers. It was at this term that the State troops first went to Clay, and that Tom Baker was indicted for his crimes.

The Whites were dragged into the Baker-Howard feud shortly before this term of court, by the assassination of

Will White. This young man had just completed a term as Sheriff of the county before being murdered, and was engaged at the time trying to collect back taxes. He was killed on Sexton's Creek, twelve miles north of Manchester, on the second of June, Tom Baker firing the fatal shot. The trouble between White and the Bakers arose over the assistance given by the ex-Sheriff in the prosecution of Baker for burning George Hall's house several months before. White met Tom and Dee Baker at the point above mentioned, at a narrow place in the road. Each demanded that the other should give way, and in the fight that followed Tom Baker shot White in the abdomen, killing him almost instantly. For this Baker was tried in the Knox County Circuit Court, at Barbourville, and given a life sentence in the penitentiary. His attorneys appealed the case, however, and the prisoner was finally released on bond.

The third battle of this year between the feudists was fought in July, on Horse Creek, one mile north of Manchester. In it John Baker and Frank Clark, a negro, were killed by persons unknown. They were fired upon from ambush about dusk, and their bodies were left lying in the road until the next day, when they were discovered by chance. For this crime no one has ever been arrested, or even indicted. Shortly before this occurred, Gilbert Garrard and his wife were ambushed, and narrowly escaped being murdered. The attempted assassination took place on Sunday, July 3d, as they were going to a small church about a mile from their home to teach a Sunday-school class. A Winchester rifle bullet passed through Garrard's coat, another struck his horse, and a third went through his wife's clothing. They fled home as quickly as possible, and the next day left the county for good. This attempt to assassinate is also laid at the door of the Whites by the Garrards and the Bakers.

The time drew on when Tom Baker was to be tried for his many crimes. Manchester, never quiet then, was bubbling with excitement. The State

troops were there to protect their prisoner and to preserve order. The town was so full of people that the military could not find quarters, so tents were pitched in the rear of the court house, which were occupied by the soldiers, with Tom Baker in their midst. Early in the morning of the day set for the trial, while the gray heads of the surrounding mountains were swathed in bandages of mist, horsemen could be seen emerging from dark defiles and sinuous by-paths, which led no one knew where. Up to the courtyard fence they rode, with their rifles across their saddle-bows. Before crossing the portals of the house of justice they must lay down their arms, and so they stacked their guns against the wall of the building, and went in with hearts of hate or hope. As the heavy fog of the morning gradually lifted before the sun, Tom Baker stepped from his tent and stretched his gaunt arms with a lazy yawn, preparatory to washing his face. It was then that the peaceful air was cut with a sharp, whip-like report, and Tom Baker's soul stood naked before a tribunal which cannot err. Into the midst of Governor Bradley's troops, before law's very face, a feudist arm was stretched, and vengeance gratified. From the window of Sheriff White's house, which stood not twenty yards away, some pale smoke melted into air. The house was surrounded and searched, but the five men in it, including the Sheriff, knew nothing of the shot. There was no proof, and Tom Baker's slayer is yet unpunished.

The Philpots and Griffins are two more factions between which bad blood exists, and to-day the people are in fear of a feud between them and their numerous connections. The Philpots are a large family; they have already been concerned in more than one quarrel, and the name inspires a wholesome fear in all who know it. It is a common saying in Clay that to kill a Philpot means that your own days are numbered, for they never forget a wrong nor a kindness. They and their connections number over a hundred able to fight, but the Griffins are not far behind.

This is a partial history of the feuds, and to trace them to the end would be an irksome task, and in great part a reiteration of what has already been said. The causes which lead to these long-lived vendettas are more often trivial than great. The bitterest and most hard-fought of them all arose from practically nothing. A fancied rebuff; a careless word; a stolen pig. An ugly yellow dog originated one of the worst feuds in the mountains. It was accidentally run over by a wagon one day and killed. Its owner swore vengeance against the man who drove that wagon. They met over a year after while hauling logs. Neither would give place. They descended to the ground, one with a knife and the other with a pistol, and after a desperate struggle the man who had run over the dog was killed. And to-day two factions sleep on their arms because of the chance death of a yellow cur!

The home of the feudist is the Kentucky mountains. Here, with practically no opportunity for education or enlightenment, he lives his primeval existence, and gives rein to his hate or love. Vast stretches of densely wooded mountain slopes afford him a refuge which none but denizens of the forest can traverse. Here lawlessness scoffs at law, and moonshine stills and the right of might prevail. But it must not be supposed that the feudist is a man whose hand is against every living thing. If you come to his home you are given a welcome and the best he has. The only restriction under which you are placed is that you must mind your own business. If you go to meddling, prying or interfering, you will come to grief, for the life of this being is one which naturally inspires within him a distrust of his fellow-man. When a stranger enters his domains he knows it at once, and the particular business of that stranger is immediately ascertained.

During his brief periods of peace the feudist is usually a log roller, but some of them own and tend small farms. His wife is not exempt from manual labor, but takes her hoe, and, barefooted, goes to the field. His wants are few,



and his worldly goods scant. A rifle, a pistol and a bowie are always among his possessions. In speaking of his rifle, the feudist always classes it as a forty-five by seventy-five, or forty-five by ninety-five. The first is an ordinary forty five caliber weapon, the cartridge of which contains seventy-five grains of powder. The second is similar to the first, except that it contains ninety-five grains of powder, and the leaden bullet has in it

one of these guns which has seven killings to its credit. This was the weapon which Jim Howard used when he killed Tom Baker. In a feudist battle in 1899, it was in the hands of young Pete Philpot, a boy of fourteen, and three men fell before its deadly aim during that encounter.

Though a man of blood, and governed more by hate than by justice, the feudist is not the soulless demon that he is sometimes pictured. He is hos-



*The father is away on business of his own.*

a dynamite cap, which explodes when the ball strikes, bursting it to pieces. A shot from this cartridge means almost certain death, no matter where the ball strikes, and it is in general use among the feudists. The Philpot family has

pitiable and fearless, and will never desert a friend, and when the advancement of civilization shall have encompassed him with education and Christianity, from him will arise the sinews of the State.

## ROSA

By Emmett Campbell Hall

When I see her in de cotton fiel'  
Dat's like de winter snow;  
Singin' as she passes  
Down de long, strait row.

She minds me ob a "princess,"  
Lak de preacher telled erbout;  
An' I wonder ef I'd courage  
Fer ter kiss her, ef I mout?

An' at de church on Sunday,  
When hit seems dat Heaben's near;  
She look so lak er angel  
Dat I shake and quake wid fear.

But somehow when I meets her  
In de moonlight, by de bars,  
She seem so kine and gentle—  
Well, you jes ax de stars!

# THE VISION OF THE SOUL\*

By IAN MACLAREN

AUTHOR OF "THE BONNY BRIER BUSH," ETC.

**T**HERE were many modest homes in the Glen, but the humblest of them all was that of Bell Robb, where she lived with Jean, her sister, and blind Marjorie. It had only one room, and that had only one window. A tall man could stand upright only in the center, and the hearth was so near the top of the chimney that it was a fight in the winter time between the fire and the snow, and the snow used to win the battle before morning. There was a box bed at the back of the room where Bell and Jean slept, and the lowliest of little beds just below the window had been Marjorie's home night and day for many a long year, because she had not only been blind from her birth, but since middle age had also been paralyzed. There was a table and two chairs, and a dresser on which the humble stock of crockery was carefully displayed. From above the fireplace the humblest of oil lamps, called a cruzie, projected; but the cottage had two brass candlesticks which were never used, but were polished like unto fine gold and were the glory of the home.

If Providence had been unkind to any person in the Glen it was to Marjorie, for her birth had been a tragedy, and the helpless child, blind and feeble, had been flung upon the world. She had never known father or mother; she had never seen the primroses in the Tochtly woods when spring made her first visit, nor the purple of the heather in autumn time, nor the golden corn in the field before her door, nor the sunshine upon the Burn down below. She had no kinsfolk to take charge of her, she had no claim

upon any one except the poor law authorities, and had she been born into a parish like Kilbogie the workhouse had been her only asylum. But it was a kindly little world into which this poor waif and stray had come—a world which had not many words nor much money, whose ways were curious and whose manner was austere, but whose heart was big and warm. Drumtochty had its laws of public policy which government itself was never able to over-ride, which every man and woman in the Glen set themselves to enforce. And one was that no native of the Glen should ever be sent to the coldness and bondage of a workhouse; that, however poor he might be and however long he lived, he must be kept in the shelter of our pine woods, where he could see the Tochtly run. As a matter of fact, this was not so great a burden on the neighbors, for Drumtochty folk had a rooted objection, which not even the modern spirit creeping up into the Glen could overcome, against being paupers or depending on any person save on themselves and God. Drumtochty had no pity for wastrels and very little sympathy with shiftless people, but Marjorie, poor Marjorie, she had the spirit to work—we judged she had about the highest spirit in the Glen—but what could she do without sight and with her trembling hands? So the Glen adopted Marjorie, and declared in wayside talk and many a kirkyard conference that she had given them more than they had ever given to her.

Bell Robb and Jean, her sister, earned their living by hoeing turnips, lifting potatoes, binding at harvest and gathering the stones off the field—

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which were ever coming up to the surface in our poor, thin soil—and they made between them on an average, from January to December, nearly twelve shillings a week. They declared that, being two solitary women, Providence had intended they should have Marjorie; and now for thirty years she had been with them, and they spent upon her twice as much as they received in grants from the parish inspector, and declared with brazen ef-

frontery that they were making a little fortune out of her. They also gave sixpence a month to the sustentation fund of the Free Kirk, and a shilling at a great collection, and if there was any little presentation in the Glen they had a shilling for that also. How they did those things was only known to God. Their faces were lined by labor and burned brown by the sun, but they looked well in the light of the Sacrament, for they were partakers of the Lord's Cross; their hands were rough and hard with field labor, but very gentle and kindly when they waited upon Marjorie. And when Marjorie began to relate the catalogue of her blessings she always put next to her Saviour, Bell and her sister Jean. The two sisters have had their humble funeral years ago and their tired bodies with Marjorie's body of humiliation were laid to rest in the old kirkyard and theirs was then the reward of him who said "I was a stranger and ye took me in."



*Drawn by R. Emmett Owen.*

*The next Friday he  
drove up  
from Muirtown.*

Drumsheugh returning from Muirtown market one afternoon by road, dropped in to pass the time o' day with Marjorie — leaving half a pound of tea upon the dresser — and was arrested by the humility of her bed. He was overheard saying "Sall" to himself as he returned to the main road with the tone of a man who had come to a resolution, and next Friday he drove up from Muirtown with a small iron bedstead, arranged in parts over his

dogcart, while he sat with dignity upon the mattress. The installation of Marjorie into her new couch was the event of her life, and for weeks the Glen dropped in, partly to see Drumsheugh's amazing gift, but chiefly to hear Marjorie on his unparalleled kindness and its unparalleled splendor. She had felt it over, inch by inch, and knew the pattern to a turn, but she was chiefly concerned that her visitors should observe and appreciate the brass knobs at the four corners.

"Drumsheugh might have got an ordinary bed for half the money, but naething wud sateesfy him but brass knobs. Ye may say that I canna see them, but I can feel them, and I ken that they're there, and the neighbors see them, and to think o' that I'm lying here like a queen on a spring bed with four brass knobs. And me that has no claim on Drumsheugh or any other body, juist crowned wi' loving kindness. I'll need to ask grace to be kept humble."





Drawn by R. Emmett Owen.

*"The first thing that Marjorie sees in a' her life will be His ain face."*

According to Marjorie, indeed her whole life had been arranged on the principle of Drumsheugh's giving: instead of iron, she had received brass, yea, much fine gold, and all things had worked together for her good. When her minister, Carmichael, forgot himself one day and pitied her for her afflictions, she was amazed, and had to remind herself that he had only come to the Glen. For was it not her helplessness that had won her so much love, so that from high Glen Urtarch down to the borders of Kilbogie, every man, woman and child was her friend, dropping in to see her, bringing her all the news, and making her so many little presents that she was "fair ashamed"? And she reminded John Carmichael that if she, Marjorie, had been an able-bodied woman, he would not have paid her so many visits, nor told her so many "bonny stories."

"Mr. Carmichael, I'll have much to answer for, for I've been greatly blessed. I judge masel' the maist privileged woman in Drumtochty." And then Carmichael, who had his own troubles and discontentments, used to go away a wiser and a better man.

Marjorie saw the hand of an all-wise and all-loving Providence in the arrangements of her home. For one thing, it faced south, and she got the warmth and the shining of the sun through her little window, and there was an advantage in the door opening straight from the garden into the room, for the scent of the flowers came in to her bed, and she knew when the wallflowers had begun to bloom and when the first rosebud above the doorway had opened. She would have liked very well to have gone to the kirk with a goodly company, but lying alone on her bed through the hours of service she had time for prayer, and I have heard her declare that the time was too short for her petitions. "For, ye see, I have sae many friends to remember, and my plan is to begin at the top of the Glen and tak' them family by family till I come to the end of the parish. And, wud ye believe it, I judge that it takes me four complete days to

bring a' the fowk I love before the Throne of Grace."

As for her darkness of earthly sight, this, she insisted, was the chief good which God had bestowed upon her, and she made out her case with the ingenuity of a faithful and contented heart.

"If I dinna see"—and she spoke as if this was a matter of doubt and she were making a concession for argument's sake—"there's naeboddy in the Glen can hear like me. There's no a footstep of a Drumtochty man comes to the door but I ken his name, and there's no a voice oot on the road that I canna tell. The birds sing sweeter to me than to onybody else, and I can hear them cheeping to one another in the bushes before they go to sleep. And the flowers smell sweeter to me—the roses and the carnations and the bonny moss rose—and I judge that the oatcake and milk taste the richer because I dinna see them. Na, na, ye're no to think that I've been ill-treated by my God, for if He didna give me ae thing, He gave me many things instead.

"And mind ye, it's no as if I'd seen once and lost my sight; that micht ha' been a trial, and my faith micht have failed. I've lost naething; my life has been all getting."

And she said confidentially one day to her elder, Donald Menzies, in the tone of one voicing for the first time a long cherished secret:—

"There's a mercy waitin' for me that'll crown a' His goodness, and I'm feared when I think o't, for I'm no worthy."

"What iss that that you will be meaning, Marjorie?" said the elder.

"He has covered my face with His hand as a father plays with his bairn, but some day sune He will lift His hand, and the first thing that Marjorie sees in a' her life will be His ain face."

And Donald Menzies declared to Burn-brae on the way home that he would gladly go blind all the days of his life if he were as sure of that sight when the day broke and the shadows fled away.





# The River's Warning

By HAMLIN GARLAND

With Illustrations by R. EMMETT OWEN



WE were visiting the camp of Big Elk on the Washetay and were lounging in the teepee of the Chief himself as the sun went down. All about us could be heard the laughter of the children and the low hum of women talking over their work. Dogs and babies struggled together on the sod, groups of old men were telling stories and the savory smell of new-baked bread was in the air.

The Indian is a social being and naturally dependent upon his fellows. He has no newspapers, no posters, no hand-bills. His news comes by word of mouth, therefore the "taciturn redman" does not exist. They are often superb talkers, dramatic, fluent, humorous. Laughter abounds in a camp. The men joke, tell stories with the point against themselves, ridicule those who boast and pass easily from the humorous to the very grave and mysterious in their faith. It is this loquacity, so necessary to the tribe, which makes it so hard for a redman to keep a secret.

In short, a camp of Indians is not so very unlike a country village where nothing but the local paper is read and where gossip is the surest way of finding out how the world is wagging. There are in both villages the same group of old men with stories of the past, of the war time, to whom the young men listen with ill-concealed impatience. When a stranger comes to town all the story-tellers rejoice and gird up their loins afresh. It is always

therefore in the character of the eager listener that I visit a camp of red people.

Big Elk was not an old man, not yet sixty, but he was a story teller to whom everybody listened, for he had been an adventurous youth, impulsive and reckless, yet generous and kindly. He was a handsome old fellow natively, but he wore his cheap trousers so slouchily and his hat was so broken that at a distance in the day-time he resembled a tramp. That night as he sat bare-headed in his teepee with his blanket drawn around his loins, he was admirable. His head was large, and not unlike the pictures of Ben Franklin.

"You see in those days," he explained, "in the war time with the game robbers, every boy was brought up to hate the whiteman who came into our land to kill off our buffalo. We heard that these men killed for money like the soldiers who came to fight us, and that made our fathers despise them. I have heard that the white boys were taught to hate us in the same way, and so when we met we fought. The whiteman considered us a new kind of big game to hunt and we considered him a wolf paid to rob and kill us. Those were dark days.

"I was about twenty-two, it may be, when the old man agent first came to the East bank of the Canadian, and there sat down. My father went to see him, I remember, and came back laughing. He



said: 'He is a thin old man and can take his teeth out in pieces and put them back,' and this amused us all very much. To this day, as you know that is the sign for an agent among us to take out the upper teeth.

"We did not care for the agent at that time for we had plenty of buffalo meat and skins. Some of the camp went over and drew rations, it is true, but others did not go. I pretended to be very indifferent, but I was crazy to go, for I had never seen a whiteman's house and had never stood close to any whiteman. I heard the others tell of a great many wonderful things over there—and they said there were white women and children also.



WAS ambitious to do a great deed in those days and had made myself the leader of some fourteen reckless young warriors like myself. I sat around and smoked in teepee, and one night I said: 'Brothers, let us go to the agency and steal the horses.'

"This made each one of them spring to his feet. 'Good, Good!' they said. 'Lead us. We will follow. That is worth doing.'

"The whitemen are few and cowardly,' I said. 'We can dash in and run off the horses, and then I think the old men will no longer call us boys. They will sing of us in their songs. We shall be counted in the council thereafter.'

"They were all eager to go and that night we slipped out of camp and saddled and rode away across the prairie which was fetlock deep in grass. Just the time for a raid. I felt like a big chief as I led my band in silence through the night. My bosom swelled with pride like a turkey-cock and my heart was fierce.

"We came in sight of the whiteman's village next day about noon, and veering a little to the north, I led my band into camp some miles above the agency. Here I made a talk to my band and said: 'Now you remain here and I will go alone and spy out the enemy and count his warriors and make plans for the battle. You can rest and grow strong while I am gone.'

Big Elk's eyes twinkled as he resumed. "I thought I was a brave lad to do this thing and I rode away trying to look unconcerned. I was very curious to see the agency. I was like a coyote who comes into the camp to spy out the meat rocks." This remark caused a ripple of laughter, which Big Elk ignored. "As I forded the river I glanced right and left, counting the wooden teepees," (He made a sign of the roof)—"and I found them not so many as I had heard. As I rode up the bank I passed near a white woman and I looked at her with sharp eyes. I had heard that all white women looked white and sick-like. This I found was true. This woman had yellow hair and was thin and pale. She was not afraid of me—she did not seem to notice me and that surprised me.

"Then I passed by a big wooden teepee which was very dirty and smoky. I could see a man, all over black, who was pounding at something. He made a sound, *clank, clank, cluck-clank*. I stood at the door and looked in. It was all very wonderful. There were horses in there and this black man was putting iron moccasins on the horses' feet.

"An Arapahoe stood there and I said in signs: 'What do they do that for?'

He replied: 'So that the horses can go over rocks without wearing off their hoofs.'

"That seemed to me a fine thing to do and I wanted my pony fixed that way. I asked where the agent was, and he pointed toward a tall pole on which fluttered a piece of red and white and blue cloth. I rode that way. There were some Cheyennes at the door, who asked me who I was and where I came from. I told them any old kind of story and said, 'Where is the agent?'

"They showed me a door and I went in. I had never been in a white man's teepee before and I noticed that the walls were strong and the door had iron on it. 'Ho!' I said, 'This looks like a trap. Easy to go in, hard to get out. I guess I will be very peaceful while I am in here.'

"The agent was a little old man—I could have broken his back with a club





*That night we saddled and rode away.*





*As I thought of it all that night, I came to feel a great rage.*

as he sat with his back toward me. He paid no attention till a half-breed came up to me and said, 'What do you want?'

"I want to see the agent."

"There he is, look at him," and he laughed.

"The agent turned around and held out his hand. 'How how,' he said. 'What is your name?'

"His face was very kind, and I went to him and took his hand. His tongue I could not understand, but the half-breed helped me. We talked. I made up a story. 'I have heard you give away things to the Cheyennes,' I said, 'therefore I have come for my share.'

"We give to good red people," he said. Then he talked sweetly to me. 'My people are Quakers,' he said. 'We have visions like the red people—but we never go to war. Therefore has the Great Soldier, the Great Father at Washington, put me here. He does not want his children to fight. Thou are all brothers with different ways of life. I am here to help your people.'

he said, 'and you must not go to war any more.'

"All that he said to me was good—it took all the fire and bitterness out of my heart and I shook hands and went away with my head bowed in thought. He was as kind as my own father."

"I had never seen such white people before; they were all kind. They fed me; they talked friendly with me. Not one was making a weapon. All were preparing to till the soil. They were kind to the beasts, and all the old-Cheyennes I met said, 'We must do as this good old man says.'



RODE home very slowly. I strutted no more. The stuffing was gone out of my chest. I dreaded to come back into my camp where my warriors were waiting for me. I spread my blanket and sat down without speaking, and though they were all curious to hear, they waited, for I smoked a pipe in sign of





*I rode home very slowly, I strutted no more.*

thought. At last I struck the ashes from my pipe and rose and said: 'Listen, brothers, I shall not go to war against the agency.'

"They were all astonished at this and some were instantly angry. 'Why not? What has changed your plan so suddenly?'

"I have seen the agent; he is a good old man. Every one was pleasant to me. I have never seen this kind of white man. No one was thinking of war. They are all waiting to help the Cheyennes. Therefore my heart is changed—I will not go out against them.'

"My band was in a turmoil. One by one they cried out: 'You are a girl, a coyote with the heart of a sparrow.' Crow-Kill made a long speech: 'This is strange business. You talk us into making you chief; you lead us a long hard ride and now we are without food, while you, having your belly full of sweet food and a few presents in your hand, you want to quit and run home crying like a papoose.'

The old story-teller was pitilessly dramatic in reciting the flood of ridicule and abuse poured out upon his head.

"Well, at last I said: 'Be silent! Perhaps you are right. Perhaps they deceived me. I will go again to-morrow and I will search closely into hidden things. Be patient until I have studied the ground once more.'

"As I thought of it all that night I came to feel again a great rage—I began to say: 'You are a fool. You have been blinded.' I slept uneasily that night, but I was awake early and rode away to the agency. I remained all day among them. I talked with all the Cheyennes and in signs I conversed with the Arapahoe—all said the same thing. 'The agent

does not lie. He is a good man. Nevertheless I looked the ground all over and at night I rode slowly back to the camp.

"Again I said: 'I will not go to war against these people,' and again my warriors cried out against me. They were angrier than before. They called me a coward. 'We will go on without you. You are fitted only to carry a papoose and stir the meat in a pot,' they said.

"This filled me with wrath and I rose and said: 'You call me a woman! Who of you can show more skill in the trail? Who of you can draw a stronger bow or bring down bigger buffalo bulls? It is time for you to be silent. You know me—you know what I have done. Now listen; I am chief. To-morrow when the East gets light we will cross the river and attack the agency! I have spoken!'

"This pleased them very much and they listened and looked eagerly while I drew on the sand lines to show where the horse corral was and where the store house was. I detailed five men to go to the big fence and break the chain on the gate, while I led the rest of the band to break into the store house. Then I said: 'Do not kill any one unless they come out against you with arms in their hands. Some of them gave me food; I should be sorry if they are hurt.'

"That night I could not sleep at all, for my heart was swollen big in my bosom. I knew I was doing wrong, but I could not stand the reproach of my followers.

"When morning came, the river was very high, and we looked at it in astonishment, for no clouds were to be seen. The banks were steep and the current swift, and there was no use attempting to carry out our plan that day.

"We must wait,' I said, and with black looks and aching bellies we waited all that day. 'The river will go down to-morrow,' I said to comfort them.

"We had only a little dried beef to eat and the river water to drink, and my warriors were very hungry.







*"Who of you can show more skill on a trail?"*



**T**HAT second morning I was awake before dawn watching to see what the river had done during the night. Behold, it was an arrow's length higher than before! Then I said: "Friends, I am no liar. I started on this plan with a heart to carry it out, but my heart is deeply troubled. I did not sleep last night, for a pain in my breast kept me awake. I will not deceive you. I am glad the water is deeper this morning. I believe it is a sign from the Great Spirit that we are to turn back and leave these white people in peace."

"But to this Crow-Kill and most of the others would not listen. 'If we go back now,' said he, 'everybody will laugh at us.'"

"Quickly I turned upon him and cried out: 'Are you the boaster who has prattled of our plans? The camp will know nothing of our designs if you have not let your long tongue rattle on the outside of your mouth.' At this he fell silent and I went on. 'Now I will wait one more day. If the river is high to-morrow—the third day—then it will surely be a sign, and we must all bow to the will of the Great One who is above us.'"

"To this they all agreed, for the sky was still clear and blue and the river was never known to rise on three successive days. They put their weapons in order, and I recounted my words of instruction as to the battle.

"I went aside a little from the camp that night, and took my watch on a little mound. The moon rose big in the East and made a shining trail over the water. When a boy I used to think, may be that trail led to the land of the spirits—and my heart was full of peaceful thoughts that night. I had no hate of anybody." The old man's voice was now deep and grave and no one laughed. "I prayed to the Great Spirit to send the water so that I could go back without shame. All night I heard the water whisper, whisper in the grass. It grew broader and broader and the moon passed over my head. I slept a little, and then I woke, for something cold had touched my heel. I looked down and in the grass at my feet lay the shining edge of the river.

"I leaped up and ran and touched the others. 'See,' I called out, 'the water has come to speak to you!' and I scooped water from the river's edge and flung it over them. 'The Great Spirit has spoken. All night I heard it whisper in the grass. It said: *"Peace, peace. You must go to war no more."* Come. We will ride away with clean hands and glad hearts.'"

As he finished his story Big Elk put away his pipe abstractedly, as though his mind yet dwelt on the past. His hearers were silent and very serious. He had touched the deepest chord in the redman's soul—the chord that vibrates when the Great Spirit speaks to them in a dream.







## AN AMERICAN COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

By BURTON J. HENDRICK

With Photographic Illustrations by W. M. AIKMAN

**B**RIARCLIFF MANOR is the picturesque and suggestive name of some four thousand acres of pasture and farm land in one of the most beautiful parts of Westchester County, New York State. It would furnish an interesting theme for those economists who are fond of describing the decadence of New England and Middle State agriculture; nor would the hunter of abandoned farms find much encouragement in its waving fields of timothy, yielding four tons to the acre; its gently undulating grazing hills furnishing sustenance for more than eleven hundred cattle, its up-to-date macadamized roads, its well-kept fences, and its army of well-provided-for and contented "hired men." Farming may be somewhat upon the ragged edge in these Atlantic states, but before any more ponderous essays are written along these lines it would be just as well to talk the matter over

with Mr. Walter W. Law, the lord of Briarcliff Manor, and to obtain tangible evidences of how he "does it" and makes it pay. And Mr. Law is more than a farmer, and a successful one. He is one of those personages of whom we have had few enough in the history of this country, and of whom we have hardly any survivors now. He has not only successfully developed his famous farm, but, what is probably more important, he has successfully developed himself. Landed estates are impossible, and, of course, undesirable in free America, but is there not still room for country gentlemen, for men of wit and wisdom, fitted in every way to be the moral and business centers of great landed communities, endowed with a love of fine art, fine books, fine men and fine farming? If there is, the proper model for those ambitious of this distinction is Mr. Law, for nothing like him has appeared since the Van Rensselaers maintained the full dig-





*The Dairy.*

nity of the calling at Van Rensselaerwyck, or the Philippses enjoyed, in peace and plenty, those spacious acres, part of which, appropriately enough, have fallen into the hands of the present gentle knight of Briarcliff Manor.

Mr. Law has transformed four thousand lean acres into a remarkably attractive farm, and added a distinct figure to the American social system in the brief space of ten years. The evolution, both in the farm and in himself, is a story well worth the telling. If it proves nothing else, it does make plain that the farmer is not necessarily born, but can be made, for Mr. Law's earliest distinctions were in mercantile life. After forty years of this sort of thing, however, he began to look about to find some comfortable and profitable way of spending his latter years. The average millionaire solves this old-age problem by plunging in once more and keeping up the weary game until the end; but Mr. Law had lived for forty years in the whirl of New York business life, and, strangely enough, regarded it as a not inapt preparation for

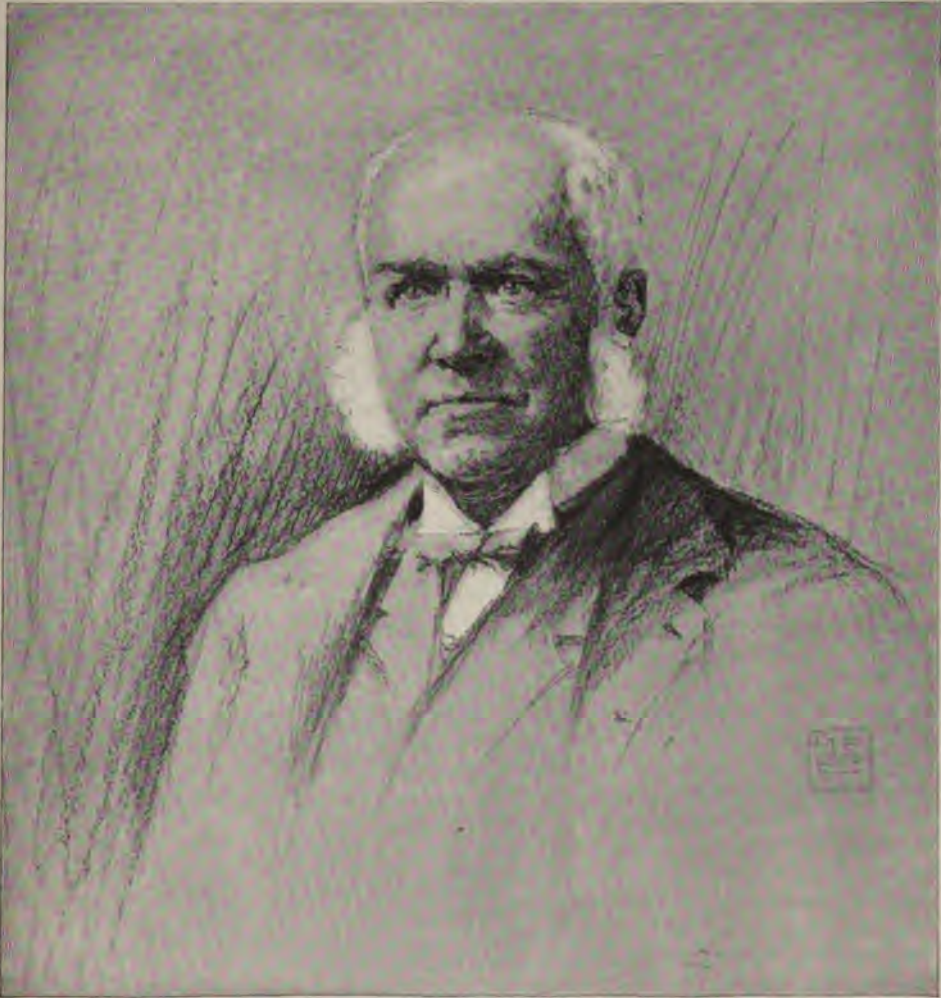
a rural existence. At least he felt an irresistible leaning towards Mother Earth, and so one fine morning he awoke to find himself the proprietor of several hundred acres in the beautiful Pocontico Hills, of a fine manor house overlooking the Hudson River, of a herd of cattle that was destined to a world-wide fame, and the patron of a community of sober and industrious men and women who looked to him for guidance in all things.

A great deal of work had to be done before all these results were achieved. The central thought in the Briarcliff creed, however, was work; and no man or woman who did not like healthy exercise of that kind was pressed to remain long at the farms. The estate was about as bad as they make them, which, of course, is saying a good deal. The roads were merely geographical phenomena and guilty of little interference from the town officers; such precautions against trespassers as fences or stone walls were undreamed of; that part of the pastures and fields not overgrown with weeds was ap-



parently hopelessly encumbered with rock; the houses and buildings were in the most up-to-date abandoned-farm style; the most flourishing establishment on the place was a saloon—and a pretty low one at that. "Take that down!" was one of Mr. Law's first directions, pointing to the saloon sign, and thus the regeneration began. The rocks did not turn out to be so very cumbersome after all. It was found, for example, that while they would hardly do to feed the cows upon, they were just the things for building fences, and they were accordingly metamorphosed into as neat stone walls as one would desire. More than

this, they were utilized for roadbed, for the walls of several farm buildings and of the proprietor's own house. The building of these roads illustrates some of the difficulties in the best laid country gentleman's plans, for Mr. Law's reward for spending his good money in improving these public thoroughfares—after vainly attempting to rouse the town officials—was a hundred per cent increase in his assessments. Other candidates for country gentlemanship have been driven from their local habitations by treatment of this kind, and have resentfully sought green fields and pastures new. Not so, Mr. Law, however. He is a per-



*Drawn by Margaret Fernie.*

*Walter W. Law.*

suasive gentleman, and, having one day corralled the village fathers, he gave them a good-natured but pointed talking to. And ever since he has paid his taxes at the same ratio as every other law-abiding citizen.

After the preliminary house-cleaning, the work of stocking the farm began. The stock was of two kinds—animals and men, for both were regarded as essential to a well-conducted establishment. By this time Mr. Law had firmly



*The barns.*



*Ready for milking.*

culous cows. The prime consideration in the production of milk is evidently the cow, and any improvement must necessarily start from this point. Dr. Holmes remarked that a man's education began a hundred years before he was born; and Mr. Law thought the same of cows. The result is that the majority of the herd

made up his mind that he had a distinct mission in the world, and that this was not the accumulation of millions, nor even the indulgence in the natural beauties of his own landscape, but the production of pure milk. The surpassing importance of this mission is, of course, at once apparent, especially when it is remembered that milk, with all due respect to Dr. Koch, is one of the greatest conductors of disease germs, that the average cubic inch contains hundreds of thousands of disease-breeding bacteria, and that the usual supply furnished in our large cities comes from tuber-



*A milker.*

raised on the farm itself; their ancestors have all been Jerseys of the bluest blood, but their rearing is not entrusted to any third person. From the day of their birth to their years of sup-

A calf at Briarcliff is treated as a calf, and not as a cow; and that pleasant sophism that a cow's milk is not good for its young - an unnatural pleasantry evolved by certain philosophers in-



*A milking.*

erannuation they are reared as tenderly as children. "To be as good as you would that a cow should be to you," is the motto of Briarcliff, as blazoned in large letters on the barn-

yard door, and the milk men follow and entreat them as much to be so milked.

The result of all this treatment is a milk of a pattern which the animal



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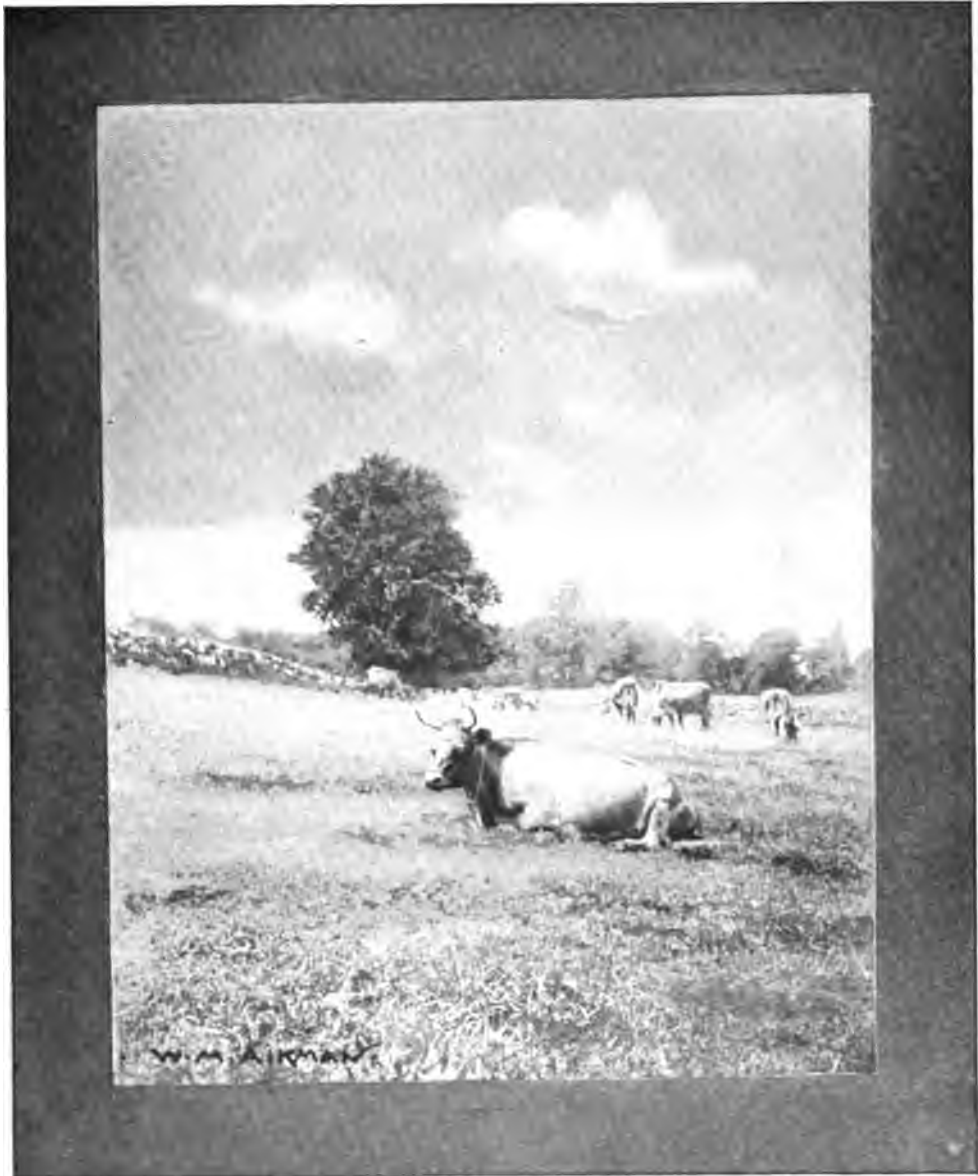
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*A midday rest.*

erannuation they are cared for as tenderly as children. "Do unto a cow as you would that a cow would do unto you," is the motto of Briarcliff, emblazoned in large letters in every barn.

clined to convert the milk into dollars and cents for their own benefit—is not tolerated.

The result of all this training can be seen any afternoon when the animals

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*At it.*



with running sores, have to  
their living on the highways  
they can, and there are aristo-





*An upland pasture.*

file into one of the immaculate concreted barns for their milking. They all have names, which they know and which are known by the attendants. Finer and more contented specimens of cowhood it would be impossible to

imagine. Why should they not be? For several hours they have browsed over the hills and in the sun of Briar-cliff farms; drunk at the clear springs, eaten the grass of the fields that have been zealously cultivated for years for

their particular benefit. Even if it is winter, or the weather is inclement, their fodder is the fine hay or timothy which has been raised for them on the

farm. There are tramp cows, which, perhaps, with running sores, have to pick up their living on the highways as best they can, and there are aristo-



*A prise specimen.*





crat cows, and of the latter are those at Briarcliff. The attendants feel this and the obligations it entails, for they never approach their charges without first donning white duck suits, washing their hands and quieting their spirits in preparation for the important ceremony. No talking, no laughing, no smoking, no harshness towards the animals; for all these things have a perceptible effect upon their milk. Everything is as quiet as at Briarcliff church itself. The milk is also treated with the utmost consideration. In the dairy-room, attached to the barn, it is strained through cheese-cloth into cans, and then transported into what is said to be the finest dairy house in the United States. Here it is taken in charge by another corps of workers, also clad in duck suits, who pour it into a large copper vat, from which it is forced by compressed air, at a rate of some 160 quarts a minute, into a cooling tank on the second floor. By a series of processes it proceeds from this point into the bottles, after being strained five times. Even after it is in the bottles it is not trusted to the sophisticated milkman, who sometimes is as bad as he is painted. The producer sells it directly to the public, in his own stores or from his own wagons.

Mr. Law has done more than solve the pure-milk problem; he has established a social community peculiar to Briarcliff and founded a country estate that will exist long after he is gone. The community idea is not carried to an extreme, and yet there is a color

of socialism at Briarcliff. That all the men and women on the estate, and there are some four hundred, are one great family, with himself at the head, is the fact that is insisted upon; and no one is requested to join, and no one remains long after he has joined, unless he can fall in harmoniously with this scheme. There is plenty of land for houses on the farms, and one of Mr. Law's favorite notions is that each married man should have a home of his own. He has learned too well the fundamental principle, however, that nothing is worth

while that does not curtail some personal sacrifice, to make these houses anything except the result of the man's own hard work. Any man who desires to make this provision for his family, however, can do so on much easier terms than those of the average building and loan association; and the result is that there are many neat and well-kept cottages on the farm. All these houses have the conveniences of the city, and none of them can be used for anything else than living places—no saloons, no factories, no stores, within the confines of Briarcliff. But it is not the married men alone that are provided for. What might be styled a bachelor apartment hotel has been erected for the single men. Each bachelor has a room all to himself. "Dalmeny," this building





is called. It is three stories high, contains an inviting dining-room, a guest's reception-room and dining-room, and large reading and writing rooms. This is not merely farmer's model boarding-house; it is the center of the community life of the place. The men have organized a band, and give more than respectable concerts, and here, on winter evenings, are given entertainments and social affairs of an unpretentious sort. Mr. Law himself is always present at these times, frequently makes a few remarks, and has not even escaped being presented with the inevitable silver-mounted cane. Nor is the educational side neglected, for well-known lecturers frequently appear at Dalmeny, and helpful talks on a variety of subjects are regularly arranged for.

Briarcliff Manor has its own school-house, and, more wonderful still, its own church.

The erection of this church was the supreme test of the success of this community life, for men will live well enough in common, will eat in common, will sleep in common, but when it comes to worshipping in common, it is a different matter. And yet this common worship has been accomplished. Methodists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists and what-not worship in peace at Briarcliff Church; sing in harmony in its choir, and contribute religiously to the sup-

port of a very excellent pastor. The way in which all this was done was characteristic of the place. To begin with, the proprietor did not force the church upon his people; he first found whether they wished it, and wished it pretty badly—that is, badly enough to contribute to its support. He found they did. The subscriptions, of course, were not enough to build the church or to support it, but the willing spirit was there, and that was all that was asked. When the spirit of self-sacrifice to achieve worthy ends is abroad

at Briarcliff, in some mysterious way the money seems to appear; and so, soon after Mr. Law had glanced over the subscription list, a cosy little brown-stone church, with a square entrance tower, and with a neat parsonage at one side, added its attractiveness to the landscape. And after it was finished, the supreme question as to its denom-

ination was settled quickly by selecting the denomination that had at once the fewest members at the farm, and thus the fewest objectors; and so a Congregational minister was given a "call." Thus the theology of Briarcliff is liberal enough. No man is required to attend the church, and such as wish to become members can do so without subscribing to a creed. The fine spirit of the place is evidenced in the decoration of the church; for a beautiful artistic scheme has been de-



*Briarcliff Church.*



*A pleasant pasture.*

signed for the windows, three of which now contain beautiful colored glasses, among them one to the memory of the American soldiers who died in the Spanish war.

The Briar-cliff school has already been referred to; but the educational advantages of the place are not limited to this. Briar-cliff is the seat of a college, the building of which has just been dedicated. This college, which is co-educational, is devoted to the scientific and practical study of agriculture, and is dedicated to the broad principle that farming, even in the "enervated soil of the eastern states," is not a lost or an unprofitable art. Those associated in this work—and among the trustees are several well-known New York men—believe that the farms of the New England and Eastern states need only intelligent handling to pay and pay well.

Mr. Law has not only freely contributed to the support of this school, which now numbers 27 students, but he has placed his farm at its disposal. The greenhouses, for example, with their thirteen thousand carnations, their roses—American Beauties,

Bridesmaids, Meteors and others—their violets and mignonettes, are all placed at the disposal of the students in floriculture, a subject to which a number of young women give all their time. The young men and women spend the morning in the recitation or lecture-room, absorbing the subject from a theoretical standpoint, and the afternoon they spend upon the soil itself, putting into practice the ideas received. They not only learn how to raise flowers, vegetables and fruit, and actually raise them, but they also learn how to dispose of them when raised. They accompany the finished

product to the city, assist in its marketing, handle the money, and do all the things that the shrewd Eastern farmer of forty years ago used to do. Only they do it better, with more direct purpose and more exact knowledge of the

economy of nature. Not their least potent inspiration is Briarcliff farm itself, a magnificent view of which they gain from the school building. Four miles to the north and south, three to



*Harvesting the wheat.*



*Cow paths.*





*The last load.*

glass, -

the east and west, it stretches, the Hudson visible for many miles, the lone ridges of the Catskills in hazy distance, and nearer at hand the rise and fall of the Briarcliff hills, crowned, in many cases, with shady coppices; upon their sides slow-moving cattle and sheep, and the hollows here and there dotted with a sparkling sheet of water. There is surely an object lesson in practical farming, and it would be strange if the educational experiment should not prove a success.

And it is proving a success. The majority of the pupils, it is interesting to note, do not come from the country, but from the town. Young girls who would otherwise spend their time in the factory or the department store; young men who might wear out their health and ambition in a narrowing clerkship, have turned to this new-old calling with enthusiasm and renewed hope. A few are middle-aged men, in some cases well educated, who have not fulfilled all their ambitions in the business world, and here find the means at least of a decent livelihood.

And the inspiration of all these things is Mr. Law himself. He has transformed the wilderness into a land of milk, if not of honey; and this is impressed upon his willing and contented dependents. With them Mr. Law is Briarcliff, and Briarcliff is Mr. Law. He is the knight of the shire; upon his shoulders rest the government of this little principality and the responsibility for its happiness and

success. And it is a responsibility peculiarly congenial to him. He knows every man, woman and child upon the estate; and for the humblest Italian working upon the roadway he has a friendly and encouraging word. He dispenses his justice and his largesses with an impartial and generous hand; industry and intelligence he delights to reward;—he has arranged a schedule of prizes for the best work in several lines, which are annually distributed at Dalmeny;—and he is not over-indulgent to shiftlessness and incompetence. He loves to entertain his friends, and in the whole twelve square miles of Briarcliff Manor his intimates find nothing more engaging and inspiring than their host himself. For he has seen the world as in his time; he knows men; he knows books and pictures and bronzes. He has traveled and read widely. His large library, after his friends, his acres and his cattle, is his special delight. Mr. Law can talk, too; he is a philosopher in a quiet, shrewd way; he has thought deeply on all the concerns of human life; he has ideas. He is proud of Briarcliff; and it is the natural pride of a man who, in his declining years, can look about him, see all his teeming acres aglow with industry and content and achievement and say, "This is my work." Mr. Law is a country gentleman, and he is more—he is a self-made country gentleman. That is the difference between the American and the other kind.





# How Justice Was Done at Opuntia

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR



**T**HE Sheriff of Opuntia County sat in front of the jail. He leaned forward, resting his elbows upon his knees and clasping his sinewy hands together. Occasionally he raised his head and spat with fine precision at the yellow cactus bloom beside the walk.

It was May, and the sun beat down fiercely upon the baked soil. But here on the little knife-scarred bench the shadows still rested. The jail at Opuntia, a modest brick building with frost-cracked walls, stands a half mile from town on the Cheyenne road. About it dusty cottonwoods drop tiny disks of shade upon the struggling buffalo grass, and the little irrigating ditch

murmurs musically beneath them.

The Sheriff of Opuntia was thinking. His hands twisted together nervously and the furrows deepened on his brow. The Sheriff had left forty well behind, but his form was still as tall and erect as ever, with a breadth of shoulder and a suppleness of joints acquired by many years in the stock saddle. His hair and long moustache were faded by the hot sunlight of the plains. His skin was brown, deepening to Indian red about the neck, and over his high cheekbones were many "alkali spots." His eyes were intensely blue, and held the power of looking straight through anything short of a stone wall. The Sheriff was a power in Opuntia County.

When the cactus flower was dyed a rich brown the Sheriff arose and entered the jail. To the right was the office, a small bare room furnished chiefly with empty packing cases. Across the corridor were three empty cells. A fourth contained a camp-bed, a table, a chair, and some newspaper illustrations against the whitewashed walls. It also contained a man. And to him the Sheriff spoke.

"Want to come outside, Trump?"

The prisoner arose languidly and followed his jailer into the open air, seating himself beside him on the bench.

"Look here, Trump," began the Sheriff, "I don't like ter see yer takin' things so hard. There 'aint no use in sayin' die yet. Now, is there?" The prisoner hesitated.

"No, Bill, I reckon there 'aint; not 'fore Friday."

"Correct, an' this is only Monday. Lots may happen 'fore Friday. There's the Guv'ner, Trump." Hesitation and inquiry were in the latter assertion. Trump shook his head slowly.

"I 'aint countin' on him, Bill. There 'aint no reason on earth why the Gov-

ernor should act. The jury said 'Guilty' and the Judge said 'Hang,' and there ain't no extenuatin' circumstances, an' there ain't no plea of insanity."

"But there's the petition, Trump; signed by two hundred and seventy-eight representative citizens of Opuntia County. I led off on that petition, Trump!" added the Sheriff naively.

"There ain't nothin' in petitions, Bill. Of course, I'm most powerful obliged to you all, but that petition ain't goin' to save me. I've got to hang Friday mornin', Bill, an' no one, less it's the Almighty, can get around it. I'm sorry I ain't better company for yer, Bill, but I jes can't help feelin' kind o' wilted. Got any tobacco? Mine's inside."

The Sheriff passed his plug.

"God knows I ain't complainin'," he continued. "But it does seem hard, Bill. Course, I don't ask you to believe what I say, about not bein' guilty, but——"

"Darn your fool hide, Trump Collier!" exclaimed the Sheriff. "Hain't I said as how I *knows* yer'e innercent? Do yer think I'd be sittin' here side of yer, chewin' ther same plug, if I didn't *know* yer was innercent?"

"I don't reckon yer would, Bill. And I ask yer pardon. I don't know what's got into me terday, I'm that rotten mean. I reckon I'll go back inside."

"Sit still," commanded the other. "That's all right. Yer don't jes feel well, that's all. I ain't blamin' yer. But I don't like ter hear yer talk that way, Trump. We've been friends fer a good many years, an' this ain't no time ter be anythin' different. But if yer hint again that I don't *know* ye're innercent, why, then we jest quit!"

Trump nodded gravely to the edict and silence followed. Trump Collier was some ten years younger than the Sheriff, but like him in build and manners. Trump, too, had seen long and hard years on the ranges. A Georgian by birth, he had spent most of his life west of the Missouri, and to a Southern lassitude had been added a quickness of movement gained from his life in camp and ranch. His face was a good face, despite an indecisive chin, and his

brown eyes, fearless and honest, compelled liking and respect.

"Jes' to think, Bill, that the round-up 'll be in town in a few days an' Trump Collier 'll be out of it all!" The condemned man's tone was meditative, wondering, rather than regretful or complaining.

"Shut up," growled the Sheriff.

"Oh, I'm not complainin', Bill."

"I know yer ain't. That's jes it. Why don't yer complain? Why don't yer raise Hell? Why don't—" The Sheriff arose and removing the quid from his mouth threw it violently at the cactus bloom. "Look here, I'm goin' ter complain for yer! I'm goin' ter write ter Guv'ner Burkhart myself. He owes me—well, more'n he can pay if he lives a thousand years. He'll listen, or else——"

"It ain't any use; don't you trouble *yourself*, Bill. Besides if it wasn't hangin' it'd be 'prisonment fer life. An' I don't want *that*."

"That's so." Then, with a sigh that seemed to start at his boots. "There don't seem ter be anythin' ter be done fer yer, Trump; leastways, not as I can see." Trump shook his head thoughtfully.

"No, there don't. I reckon I'm beyond help now, Bill. There's only one thing that—if I was out I might——"

"What yer mean, Trump?" prompted the Sheriff anxiously.

"Well, there ain't no use talkin' about it now, but—you remember I couldn't tell them where I'd seen the feller that was leanin' over Bud's body when I rid round the corner of ther gully? Well, Bill, last night I was tryin' an' tryin' ter think, when, all of a sudden, like a flash o' pink lightnin', it came over me that the coyote was a 'Greaser' I saw about six months ago up to Spenser's. Seems ter me he was a cook. But I remember his face now. An' if only I was out——"

"Reckon he'd be up there yet?"

"I don't know, but if there was only time I'd find him if he was in Hell!"

"How far's it ter Spenser's, Trump?"

"'Bout ninety miles."

"Reckon it'd take about three days ter make it an' get back?"

"Two an' a half, with a good ho'se."

"With a good horse; yep, I reckon it could be done with Starlight."

"Your horse, Bill? You bet!"

The Sheriff joined the prisoner in his silent appreciation of the distant hills. Five minutes passed. Then he pulled his length upright and held a big hand to Trump.

"We'll try it!"

"How's that, Bill?"

"If you say you can make Spenser's Ranch an' get back here by Friday mornin' in time fer—fer ther hangin', Trump, why, I say go ahead!"

"You mean it, Bill? You'll let me go there?" cried the prisoner, leaping to his feet.

"That's what I mean, Trump."

"But—but I'm a prisoner, Bill?"

"Yes, ye're a prisoner, but I reckon I'm responsible fer yer, ain't I? An' what's ter keep me from lettin' yer go on parole? An' that's what I'm goin' ter do, Trump. You've got till Friday at ten in ther mornin' ter get back. If he's there I reckon you know what ter do; if he's gone—well, you'll have ter come back. But it's a chance, Trump!"

During the next three days the Sheriff sat on the little bench, his gaze ever fixed on the road to the eastward, and the cactus bloom was drowned in a lake of tobacco juice. There was nothing to do save wait. The invitations to the hanging had been sent out. They had been composed, and their printing personally supervised by the Sheriff; and he was rather proud of them. Trump, too, had approved of them highly. They had been printed on super-calendered card in the only font of script in Opuntia County, and were as follows:

*The pleasure of your company is requested at the hanging of*

*GEORGE COLLIER, Esq.,*

*at the County Jail, Opuntia, Wyo.,*

*10 a. m., Friday, May 12, 188—.*

*William Vickers,*

*Sheriff of Opuntia Co.*

*R. S. V. P.*

Wednesday passed slowly. Every

distant dust-cloud on the road brought only disappointment to the patient, silent watcher on the bench. On Thursday it was the same, and all that night the Sheriff sat by the prisoner's cell, keeping the death watch.

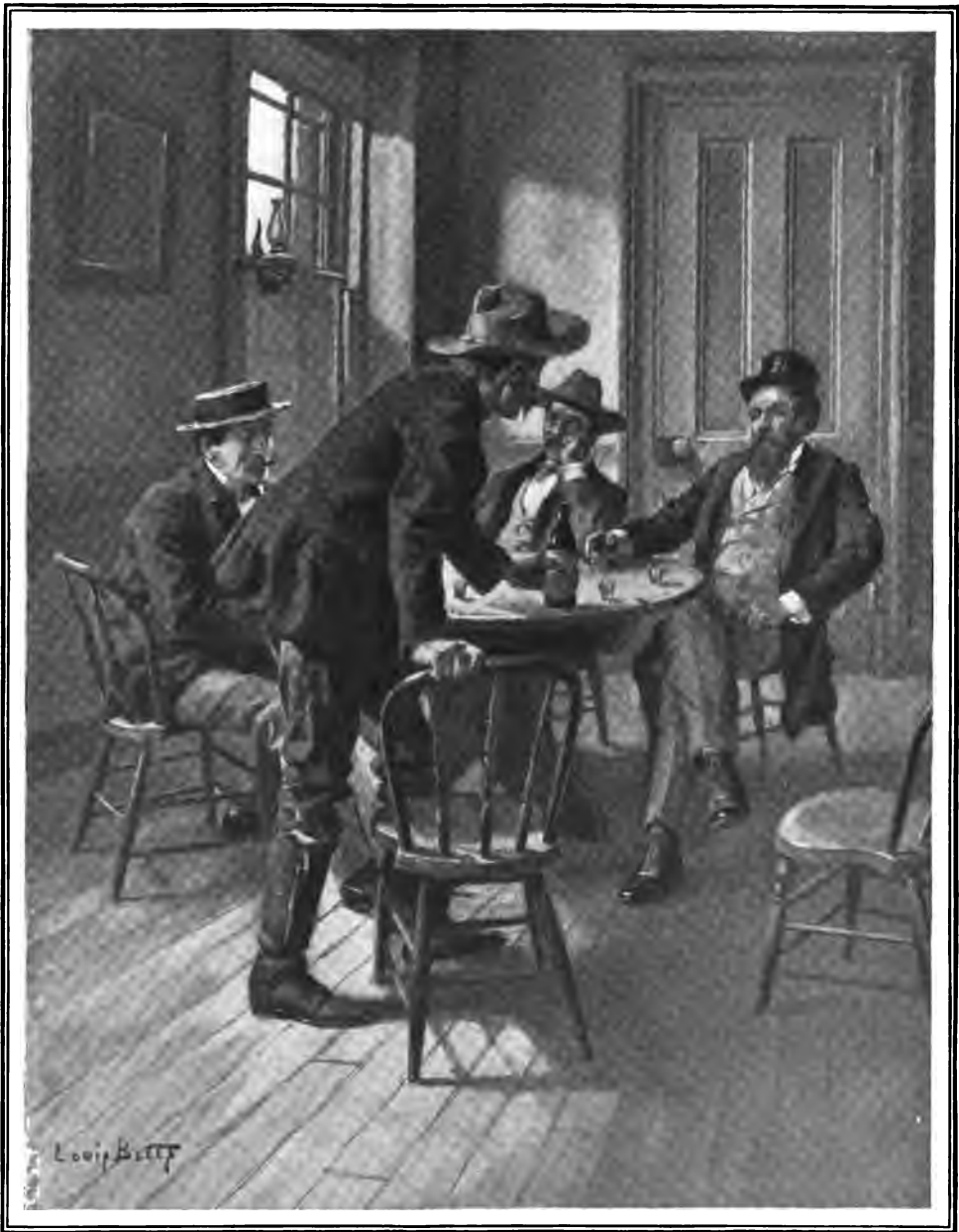
Friday morning arrived the Governor, Honorable Dudley Burkhart, accompanied by the State Attorney, Judge "Ham" Davis, and a number of newspaper men. The railroad had offered a rate of one and one-half fares for the round trip from Cheyenne, and the public had shown its appreciation by coming in scores. The Governor's contingent moved at once upon the Hotel Brunswick and partook of a supplementary breakfast. At nine o'clock the last nail was driven in the scaffold.

At nine-fifteen Father Murray entered the jail with the Sheriff. Then the latter emerged alone and, grave-faced and inscrutable, silently observed from the little bench the crowd about the scaffold across the road. Every few minutes a party of "punchers" rode up, tethered their horses and joined the throng. Trump Collier's friends were genuinely sorry for him, but, since the petition had failed of effect, there was nothing left for them to do save attend the ceremony and so give expression to the high esteem in which they held him.

At nine-thirty the Sheriff looked searchingly up the road and the crowd gave signs of impatience. It was quite warm and the nearest saloon was a half-mile away. Something was due them as invited guests, and that something, in the opinion of most, was punctuality. The Governor's party reached the scene at 9:45 and thrust its way through the crowd to the jail. The Sheriff strode forward and shook hands with the Chief Executive, and was introduced to the others.

"Aint it about time fer ther hangin'?" The Mayor drew a massive watch, and everyone followed suit.

"I reckon we'll be a little delayed, Mr. Mayor. Father Murray's still inside. Can't hurry 'em much when it comes to the last confession, gentlemen."



*The Sheriff joined the company around the green-topped table.*

"Hm," responded the Mayor doubtfully. "How long do you reckon they'll be, Bill?"

"Well, I'd say about half an hour more'd fix it. Better giv 'em plenty of time. It aint like as though Trump was jes goin' over into Utah."

"Bill, do you reckon we'd have time

to ride back an' git some of ther dust out of our throats?"

"Sure; jes you go on. I'll hold things till you get back. There aint no hurry, anyhow." Whereupon the contingent mounted and hit the road to town.

"What's up?" asked a puncher.



"Trump's committed suicide!" someone answered; and the rumor spread until it reached the Sheriff.

"Not as I've heard on," he assured them, as he looked for the hundredth time up the far-stretching road.

"Then where is he?" asked a suspicious voice. The Sheriff jerked a thumb over his shoulder; he might have meant the jail or the foot-hills.

"Why don't you bring him out?"

"Father Murray's with him."

The explanation was quite satisfactory, and in turn went the rounds. It was ten o'clock. The Sheriff looked long and earnestly up the empty road.

"Lookin' fer anyone, Bill?" queried a friend.

"Nope, jes lookin' at ther weather. Thought we'd have rain terday. Ever notice that it most usually rains at a hangin'?"

The friend had not, and straightway informed all within hearing distance that "Bill Vickers was superstitious and didn't like ter begin until it rained, bein' as it most usually *did* rain at hangin's." Meanwhile the Sheriff had summoned two lusty punchers and posted them at the doorway with instructions to admit no one on any pretext. The punchers swung their holsters farther front, and the Sheriff mounted and rode into the village.

The Governor and party occupied the private room at the Brunswick.

"Sit down, Mr. Sheriff!" called the Mayor. "What'll it be?"

"Jes a sip o' whiskey, thanks, gentlemen." The Sheriff joined the circle about the green-topped table.

"Time about up?" asked the Governor.

"Well, there's plenty of time for another drink." The Sheriff raised the glass, tasted, set it down hastily, and viewed it with pain and disgust.

"Tom, bring my bottle in here! Yer ought ter be ashamed of yerself to set stuff like this here afore the Guv'ner."

"Why," protested His Excellency, "I thought that was middling good."

"Well, Guv'ner, up ter Cheyenne they might call it that, but in Opuntia we rather pride ourselves on knowin' what good whiskey *is*." The bartender

placed a new bottle before them, and the Governor poured out a glass.

"That is good budge, Bill. Try it, gentlemen." The bottle went around.

"But how about that hang—hangin'," asked the Mayor.

"Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, that hangin's postponed fer ther present. I don't like ter disappoint yer all, an' especially the Guv'ner of this State, who has so highly honored us with his presence, not ter speak of ther Honorable Judge Davis, but I can't quite see my way to oblige yer."

"What yer mean, Bill?" asked the Mayor anxiously.

"I mean, Mr. Mayor, that I aint got nary person ter hang."

"What!" cried the assemblage. "Where's ther prisoner?"

"Gentlemen, help yerselves ter ther whiskey. There's more right handy. I'll explain matters ter yer. Yer see it's like this—Jim, fill ther Guv'ner's glass; want ter see him starve right afore yer eyes?—Trump Collier's an innercent man! Now hold on, gentlemen! I'm doin' ther talkin'; all you've got ter do is ter listen. The representative citizens of this county, recognizing that fact, drew up a petition an' placed ther same afore ther Guv'ner. Ther Guv'ner didn't see his way ter grantin' that petition, not knowin' like ther rest of us, that the prisoner is innercent. There wasn't anythin' left fer us ter do.

"Then ther prisoner himself came ter ther rescue. 'If I was free,' says he, 'I could bring in ther real murderer. I know where ter find him. He's at Spenser's Ranch.' I thought awhile. Then I says, 'Trump, you go an' get him an' be back here in time fer ther hangin'.' So Monday night he took my horse an' hit ther trail. It's three days journey there an' back. He aint showed up yet, an' I argue from the fact that he's got ther hound an' is havin' slow work getting back. There's a good many things that might delay him, like Starlight goin' lame, or ther feller gettin' away. So, gentlemen, yer can see fer yerselves that there aint nothin' ter do 'cept wait until Trump gets back. Can't hang without a

hangee! Ha, ha! Somebody fill ther Guv'ner's glass. Damned if it don't look like hospitality is dyin' out in Opuntia!"

"B—but look here, Bill Vickers," objected the Governor, "Suppose that m-man don't get back?"

"Who? Trump Collier? That man, Guv'ner, 's a man of his word. Aint that so, Mayor?"

"Th-that's r-right, Bill. If Trump said he come back, why—why—Where's that b-bottle?"

"But it would appear, Sheriff, that you have exceeded your authority in allow—allowin'—lowing a State prisoner to be at—at large." The Governor spoke with large dignity that impressed everybody save the Sheriff. "But at the same time, there appears to have been no h-harm done as yet. And—and so—it would seem as though——" The Governor broke off to fumble for the bottle.

"Just under your nose, Guv'ner?" said the Sheriff. The Governor unsteadily filled his glass.

"And—and that, gen'men, seems the prop-proper course to pursue." Loud applause followed, and all drank to the wisdom of the Governor. At that moment a head was thrust through the doorway.

"Say, Sheriff, you're wanted at the jail. They say Trump Collier's out."

The Sheriff unceremoniously arose and followed after the messenger, a young puncher. "No," continued the latter. "Someone shouted fer me ter git yer, an' I lit out."

The Sheriff mounted and loped.

In front of the jail, surrounded by a shouting crowd, sat Trump Collier on Starlight. Beside him, tightly bound to a mouse-colored cayuse, sat an ugly visaged and sullen "greaser." The Sheriff pushed his horse forward.

"I'm powerful sorry ter be late, Bill," greeted Trump. "But this sneak-in' coyote cut ther rope last night an' got away. I wouldn't a cared only that rope was borrowed. I chased the measly dog fer ten miles off the trail. But here he is, Bill."

The Mexican was hustled into the jail with scant courtesy, and numerous

flasks were thrust into Trump's not unwilling hands. When the jail door was locked the Sheriff summoned Trump.

"I want you should meet ther Guv'ner, Trump."

And surrounded by an attentive crowd the two rode to the hotel.

The Governor's party left the hotel an hour later, having partaken of an excellent dinner. Trump had eaten as he had seldom done before in his life. The Governor and the Mayor emerged arm in arm, and who was supporting who it would have been difficult to say. Upon the sidewalk a deputation was awaiting the Sheriff. Behind the deputation was all Opuntia County. The spokesman held his hat in hand and bowed respectfully to the Governor.

"Want ter see me, Joe?" asked the Sheriff, innocently.

"Why, yes, Bill. This here deputation says as how I'm ter tell yer that it has—er—that it reckons as how there won't be no need fer ther state ter go ter the expense of a trial in ther matter of that 'Greaser.' We have reasoned with him an' he has confessed."

"Oh, he has?" The Sheriff eyed the spokesman. The deputation was anxious and uncomfortable.

"I reckon someone must have got in ther back door, Joe?"

"I—I believe they did, Sheriff."

"An' did anyone break the lock or bust any panels, Joe?"

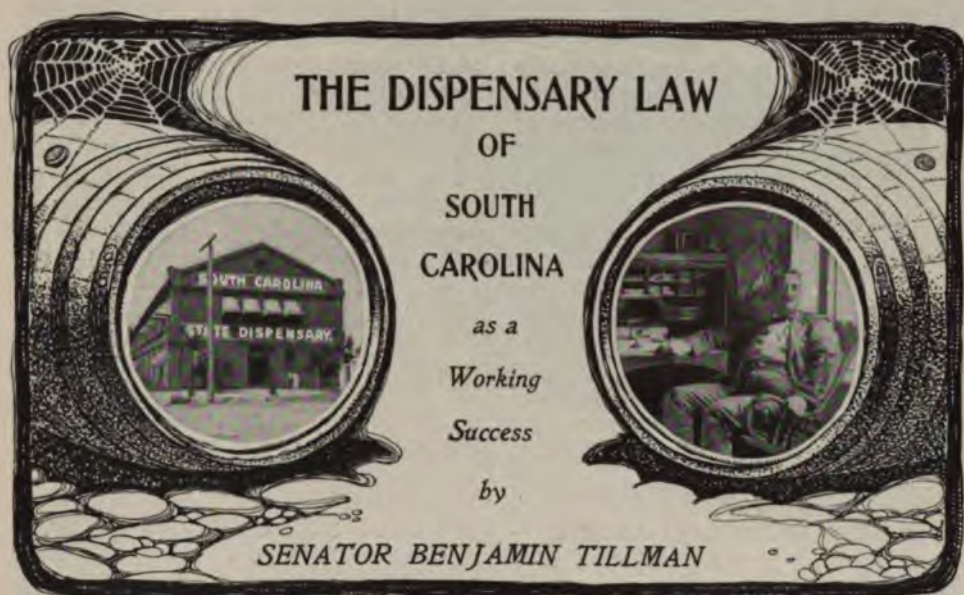
"No, no, everything was strictly peaceable, Sheriff; ther lock—er—wa'n't hard." The spokesman's eyes twinkled and the Sheriff removed his gaze. The crowd felt relieved.

"I trust that everythin' was done orderly, Joe? There wa'n't no bunglin'? The repertation of Opuntia County mustn't be siled, Joe!"

"Make yer mind easy, Sheriff. Everything went off beautiful. We couldn't manage like you'd have done, but we knowed you was at dinner, an' didn't like ter disturb yer jest fer a 'Greaser.'"

The Sheriff stifled a grin.

"Ter be sure, ther first rope broke, but there wa'n't no trouble after that. Takin' it all round, it was dog gon pretty."



**T**HE crusade of Mrs. Nation against saloons in Kansas run in more or less open violation of law, has attracted a good deal of attention during the last year to the subject of whiskey legislation. After Mrs. Nation was thrown into prison her new method of fighting whiskey by "hatch-etation" appears to have fallen into disuse, and her appearance in Chicago, New York and other cities has been as a lecturer who merely wielded the hatchet on the platform and not in smashing bar fixtures, giving the impression that she was still fired with holy zeal to wipe out the liquor traffic, but merely used the hatchet as an advertisement. The agitation against saloons in Kansas is a striking proof of the failure of prohibition in that State, where the sale of whiskey, except for "medicinal, pharmaceutical and sacramental purposes" is strictly forbidden; and it will be profitable, perhaps, to the readers of Leslie's Monthly to learn just what has been done and is now being done in South Carolina in behalf of temperance by the Dispensary Law.

In Maine prohibition has been the rule for over fifty years. It was adopted

in Kansas some fifteen years or more ago and therefore in the two States has had the fullest and fairest trial. The South Carolina experiment of selling under State control went into effect in July, 1893, and we can therefore very properly make comparison of the results in the three States. Here is a table compiled from the last report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue and the Census of 1900:

	Pop'tion in 1900.	No. of Licenses.	No. Re- t'l's per Capita.
Kansas.....	1,470,495	2,727	1 to 595
Maine.....	694,456	1,191	1 to 585
South Carolina....	1,340,316	446	1 to 3005

The permit to sell, issued by the United States Internal Revenue Department, is not a "license" in the proper sense of that term, because the United States Government does not authorize the sale of whiskey contrary to State law. It is mere evidence that the tax required by the Government of retailers has been paid and will serve to protect the sellers of liquor against prosecution by the United States authorities. It is evident though, that no one would pay for this privilege without intending to make use of

and it is therefore a legitimate deduction to claim that in the three States under comparison the number of persons retailing liquor is approximately the number of persons paying taxes to the United States for the privilege of selling. The comparison is strongly in favor of the South Carolina system, and if the accessibility to places where liquor is sold cuts any figure in tempting men to use it, it can be readily seen that South Carolina is far ahead of Maine and Kansas as a temperance State. I will remark, in passing, that it is anomalous that the United States Government should appear to encourage violation of State laws by issuing licenses or permits to sell to persons in a State where the sale is prohibited or is allowed only to bonded State officers. One would suppose the National Government would aid in every way possible in the enforcement of State laws, but instead the opposite policy obtains as far as whiskey is concerned.

In all three States liquor can be imported from outside "for personal use," and the citizens of the three States are therefore on a par in that respect.

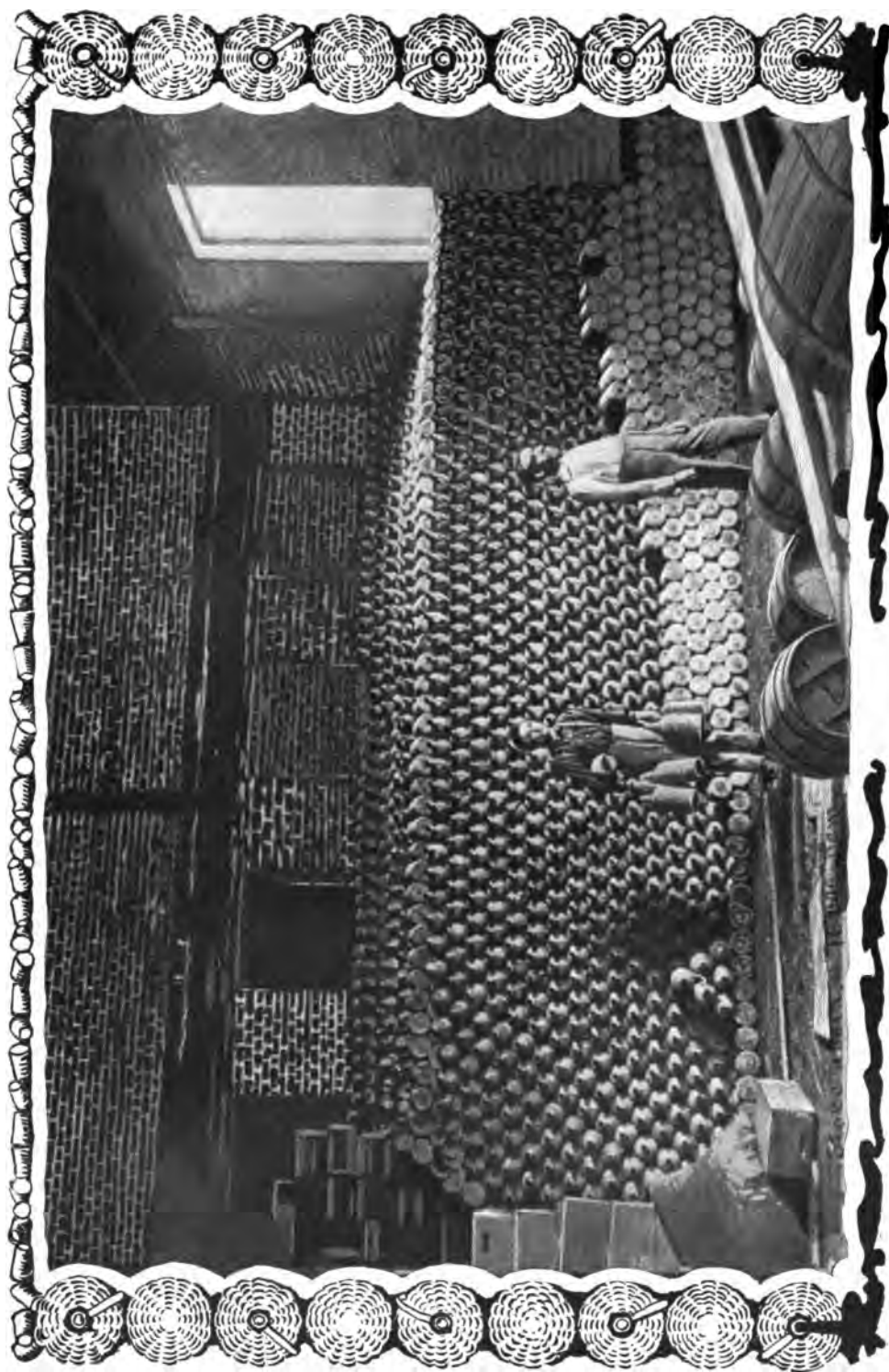
Of the 446 persons who have paid the United States Revenue tax for retailers in South Carolina, 94 are the dispensers, selling according to law. The other 352 are the illicit dealers, and a majority of these are in the one city of Charleston. There are a large number of counties in South Carolina where the dispensary law is observed strictly. What then is the difference between the South Carolina system which has wrought such promising results and the prohibition which obtains in Kansas and Maine? I will briefly outline the system in vogue in the Palmetto State. To quote from the law itself:

"The manufacture, sale, barter or exchange, receipt or acceptance for unlawful use, delivery, storing and keeping in possession within the State, spirituous, malt, vinous, fermented, brewed, or other liquors and compound or mixture thereof, by whatever name called or known, which contain alcohol and are used as a beverage, except as hereinafter provided, is prohibited."

The liquor purchased in South Carolina or imported into the State for sale lawfully, is bought by the State Board of Directors, which consists of three men "of good moral character, not addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage." They are elected by the Legislature. "This board must advertise in two or more daily newspapers of the State and one or more published without the State for bids to be made by parties desiring to furnish liquor to the dispensary. Bids shall be placed in an envelope, securely sealed, with the seal of the company, firm or corporation, and having been so sealed shall be placed in the express office, directed to the State Treasurer." The liquor shall be subjected to a chemical analysis or other satisfactory test by the State chemist, and if found adulterated or to contain any substance injurious to health, it is rejected. The contracts for delivery having been made, the whiskey is ordered as needed by the State Commissioner, who is under a bond of \$75,000, and it is shipped to Columbia to the State Dispensary. This is the central depot, equipped with appliances for bottling, labeling, packing, etc. The largest package put up is four gallons, and the smallest one-half pint, but the bulk of the liquor is put in pints and quarts. These are sealed in a way to detect tampering with the packages. Everything is kept in stock for which there is a demand, from the finest French brandy and champagne to beer. There are some special brands of whiskey sold in the packages put up by the manufacturer. All of the liquors are labeled "South Carolina Dispensary."

As I have already mentioned there are 94 dispensers who are appointed by the County Boards of Control, three men selected in each county upon the recommendation of the members of the Legislature. The County Dispensers are all placed under bond and are intended to be, in the language of the law, "not addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage." The local board, having selected a dispenser, selects a place of business. Dispensaries can only be opened in in-





*Sixteen thousand demijohns in the store room.*

corporated towns and it is always permissible for the citizens of the township in which any such city or town is located to obtain a dispensary by a majority vote, if the State Board gives consent. There are two counties in the State where no dispensaries have ever been opened, as the necessary vote was not obtained at the election. In one instance a dispensary was closed by a vote of the people. In these "dry" counties drunkenness is as often seen as in the other counties.

The local Dispenser having given bond and been provided with a place of business, sends an order to the State Commissioner, specifying the kinds and quantity of liquor that is wanted. From long experience, however, the State Commissioner usually ships a stock such as in his judgment is adapted to the wants of the community. The goods thus shipped are opened in the presence of one of the members of the local Board of Control, so as to guard against dishonest claims for breakage.

A price list is kept in a conspicuous place, usually the front window, showing the cost to the consumer of each package kept in stock. A few feet from the front door there is a cross counter, which shuts off the rest of the store and customers never go further than this. A dispensary looks very much like a drug store, with the bottles arranged on shelves. When one wishes to make a purchase in a dispensary a "permit book" is handed him in which to write his name, place of residence, quantity and kind of liquor wanted on a blank as follows:

**Form No. 8.**

**Request to Purchase Intoxicating Liquors.**

No. 4. ....190

**To the County Dispenser:**

The Undersigned, Age....., Residing at No.....  
 ..... St., .....  
 desires to purchase the following Intoxicating Li  
 quors:.....  
 .....  
 .....

ATTEST

DISPENSER.

These permit books are bound in packages of a hundred and are used in the settlements which the County Dispenser must make with the Auditor, as well as for the information of the Inspectors, and they are, also, always open to the public. The idea is to have every package of liquor shipped from the State Dispensary accounted for. It is further a check on a Dispenser and prevents the sale illicitly of whiskey on his own account.

The purchase having been completed, and money paid, the purchaser must leave the store without breaking the seal or opening the package. No questions are asked, and the only limitation on the sale, is: The Dispensers must not sell to a minor or to a person "who is known to habitually get drunk." There is no credit and no book-keeping except to sum up the amount of the day's sales, with the list of the various kinds of packages disposed of, which are charged against the stock. The profit made by the local dispensary, after deducting expenses, goes half to the County and the other half to the Town. The State receives its profits in the price charged to the local dispenser, adding to the first cost the expense of bottling, freight, etc. The net profits for State, Town and County, for eleven months, ending December 1st, 1900, is \$522,343. The State's profit goes to the free school fund.

What is there about this method of selling liquor which makes it superior to prohibition or to the license system?

First: Liquor is the only article of commerce in general use that is consumed at the time and place of its purchase. It is safe to say that three-fourths of it is thus disposed of. The dispensary law enforces a different method by requiring the purchaser to take it away as he would a package of shoes or a sack of flour. He must go somewhere else than to the place where he buys it to consume it.

Second: The element of personal profit which lies at the root of the saloon evil is destroyed. The Dispensers receive fixed salaries proportionate to the amount of work they do. They don't get a commission on sales



*The bottling department.*

and have no incentive to push them.

Third: "Treating" is destroyed, and this does more for sobriety than possibly any other feature of the system. The man who has bought a bottle at the dispensary may treat one or a half dozen of his friends, to one drink and that will be all. The inducement and obligation to reciprocate which are so well understood do not exist.

Fourth: At sun down the dispensary closes. It opens at eight o'clock in the morning. The legitimate demand for whiskey is supplied during daylight, and the Dispenser having closed up his place of business, has no incentive to reopen it to make a sale. Under no form of license is this possible. Besides it is a misdemeanor to make sales in any way or at any time except as the law provides.

Thus far the comparison has been with the saloon, or license system, rather than with prohibition. With the latter there is really no comparison to be made except to point to results. Of course it is well understood where prohibition has been tried, that the cer-

tificate of a physician that liquor is needed for medicine has been an easy thing to obtain. Hypocrisy and perjury were both increased. That men will drink is so well understood that the facts adduced to show how little prohibition prohibits in Kansas and Maine are alone necessary to show that the dispensary is superior to that system of liquor control. The testimony of unbiased judges is that in South Carolina drunkenness has decreased to a marked degree—from 50% to 75%—since this law went into effect. In most of the counties liquor is sold only at the court-house town, and men either obtain their supply there or it is shipped in from outside for personal use, direct to the individual.

Dispensers can sell on written orders and send goods by hand or express. There is no attempt to prevent the use of liquor. We "fight the devil with fire." We combat the *abuse* of whiskey with the *use* of whiskey, supplying the demand in the least harmful way.

It would be easy to amplify the arguments and go much more into details,

all of which would be interesting and instructive, but in the limits of a magazine article this is impossible. I will only add that the law has been subjected to a series of bitter contests, and has been practically the only issue in State politics since it was enacted. It has always triumphed and in the last

election against a combination of prohibitionists, high license advocates, and the old whiskey-selling element, it won by an increased majority for Governor, and has the support of two-thirds of both branches of the General Assembly. It is safe to say that it is a fixture in South Carolina.



## THE YEAR BOOK

By E. C. TOMPKINS

Last folio of the unforgotten ages—  
First of the years of God's New Century;  
What blood and tears and tragedies  
Have stained and blurred the closely-lettered pages!  
What prophecies there be;  
Transcendent courage, Christ-like sacrifice;  
What inspiration from the lips of sages!

Eventful year: a queen in splendor sleeping,  
A nation weeping at her castle gate—  
The people loved her and she tarried late.  
Most cruel year; a great Republic keeping  
Its Chieftain's holiday; incarnate Hate—  
We know not else to call it—struck the blow  
That brought death's pallor to the smiling face—  
Belovéd, great in life, supreme in death,  
His last words sweet with tenderness and grace,  
Calmly he yielded up his struggling breath  
Without a murmur, "Since God wills it so."

The cloud that drifts athwart our eyes may have a silver side,  
We may not know His purpose when we ask that sorrows  
cease;  
But knowing not, we pray and pray—the New Book open  
wide—  
Ring in, O joyous bells, ring in the Thousand Years of  
Peace.



*The infant.*

## *In Honor of the Infant*

*A Story Which Casts Fresh Light  
Upon the Pleasures of Childhood*

By MARION HILL

*With Illustrations by Mabel I. Humphrey*

**I**T being a day of fearful heat, the two boys had wisely concluded to occupy their minds so engrossingly as to forget its miseries, and were therefore galloping madly around the garden in the characters of Pilgrim Father and Big Indian. Hugh was Big Indian. Always. He was the elder.

Coming suddenly upon Angela, just issued forth from the cool retreat of the house, they pulled up short to investigate the cause of her well-nigh palsied rapture. Had perhaps Cat Tabby found four *more* kittens? Eight blind kittens and an overjoyed mother all packed tight in a discarded tin dishpan would form a feature not to be despised by any man, be he Pilgrim Father or Big Brave.

But Angela's excitement, ecstatic though it was, sprang from another cause, as her first words showed.

"Now—er," she began, pantingly, "you know Baby?"

As Baby was the trio's cherished infant sister, and was moreover moored alongside of Angela at that very moment, the question was adjudged mere rhetoric and was not answered.

"Well—er, to-morrow's her birthday." That, too, they knew. By reason of it their clay pig banks—bulky-bodied beasts, furnished with abdominal slits—were empty and echoless. It

was but yesterday that they had spent hours shaking those animals until the last copper and dropped from their reluctant stomachs. Then they had bought "all-day-suckers" for the Infant. Did Angela think they could forget so soon?

"And we're going on a picnic."

Her husks of speech contained a kernel after all. A picnic! As near as to-morrow! Not relegated by prevaricating adults to that black limbo of Never-to-be, designated as "Some Time," but to-morrow!

"Pic!" yelled Hugh, suddenly. His eyes were shut, his head thrown back. "Nic! Pic! Nic!" At each yelp he gave a vertical hop. The rich wine of life had overpowered him, and, like the Delphic oracle, he frothed at the mouth and foretold the thing to come.

The other two discreetly withdrew their attention from these religious rites, and he hopped and shrilled in comparative privacy until his sobriety returned.

"Angela, *don't* get mumps again!" implored Cecil. He lacked Hugh's power of taking the future on faith, for to him Fate was generally so uncivil that he doubted her favors until they were within his grasp. And had not Angela's mumps only two short months ago shut the gates of the county fair upon them all?



"Oh, get out!" was Angela's American way of assuring the boys that mumps rarely trod so close upon its own heels, that the



*Skim  
down stairs  
to question  
the  
hall  
clock.*

morrow might be accounted safe, for which slight presumption the gods would not have the heart to interfere.

There being no one more privileged than the bearer of great good news, her brothers forgave Angela for her slightly independent speech and beamed upon her with unwonted favor. Her stern sense of justice made her disclaim a little of the merit.

"Mamma says she's giving us this pleasure 'cause we've been so good lately," she explained. Then her eyes wavered and sought the ground. The boys looked fishily into the sky. So the near past was accounted stainless! Well, well! Why is it that when one's conscience is as pure as a rosebud somebody always comes around and boxes one's ears, while one is never safer from assault than when one is sallow from well-grounded apprehension?

This heavy conundrum did not long burden them. Their minds soon recurred to the rapture to come.

"What d' y' suppose we'll have to eat?" asked Hugh, chewing spiritually like a cat who sees a sparrow.

"Pickled walnuts," suggested Angela.

"—and lobster salad," supplemented Cecil.

"—with canned mushrooms and doughnuts," gloated Hugh.

Not one of the three cared a rap for these delicacies in a gustatory way; their charm lay entirely in the unwholesomeness of their repute. Conversely, each child had been brought to loathe oatmeal mush and stewed rhubarb upon being instructed that such things were "good for young people."

Suddenly sidetracking the food question, Angela dashed at another of even greater importance.

"I—I—I choose Debbo for the whole day!" she gabbled, triumphantly. "He's going to be a heifer—Evangeline's snow-white heifer!"

The boys looked at her with envy and admiration. She had outflanked them both. According to the rules of the game, she had by this means of first speech established her claim to the invaluable hound—gentle, accommodating Debbo, who played with sad-eyed dignity all parts assigned to him. He was at present a starving Cuban, for which his out-sticking ribs especially fitted him.

"But I may borrow him, mayn't I, Angela?" pleaded Cecil. "I'll need a buffalo badly."

"Then you'll have to lend your buffalo to me to be an elk when I'm stalking them," fiercely insisted Hugh, quarreling for a share in a concession as yet ungranted, for, "Well, I'll see," was the most that Angela would vouchsafe.

"If you do," wheedled Hugh, diplomatically, "I'll slaughter the elk, build a bonfire and barbecue him."

Upon this rich picture they feasted their minds until it gave them a new idea.

"Let's take a little coffee-pot and some coffee and some potatoes and cook our own cunnin' little lunch for ourselves," cooed Angela.

"An' Hugh'n I 'll ketch all the fish you kin fry."

"Then we'll cool off by goin' in swimmin'."

This lapse of the three from the exigencies of correct pronunciation marked the frenzied fervor of their anticipated joy. Propriety of speech requires a calm mind. And that their minds were anything but calm was evidenced by the hectic flushes which had already begun to burn upon their small countenances.

Just here, the Infant, in resentment at her exclusion from the conversation, sat down with a fearful *thug* and screamed protestingly.

"Why, I never touched her," disclaimed Cecil, growing pale. No one had as yet accused him, but he knew well that someone would. He looked apprehensively at an upper shutter, where a hand was fumbling.

"Never touched her," he repeated, feebly, addressing the hand.

"And I never, neither!"

"He never. Really!"

"We never!"

"I nev—" but, as he expected, Cecil, the Inevitable Expiator, was beckoned into the house by the compelling hand. He went, ruefully leading in the purpling Infant, and the conference was thus temporarily broken up.

But nothing could stem the tide of expectation which tumultuously ebbed and flowed in each eager little imagination. Every hour added to the glory and importance of the coming event, until evening found the youngsters in the unheard-of condition of being ready for bed even before bedtime came around — bedtime, which was usually a

period of degradation, to be bullied, repudiated, fought away, resisted, lied about and only given in to sullenly and unconquered after they had been fished up inanimate from under the tables, detached limpet-like from the drowsy backs of armchairs, rescued from sinking blissfully into the lamp, and never without asserting passionately that they were not in the least sleepy, that they had just been "thinking." But to-night they greeted the Sand Man cordially. Sleep was the only magic which could change to-day into to-morrow.

Sleep is worse than Santa Claus for coming slowly when wanted quickly, and a dozen times if once in the course of the night did Angela slip ghost-like into the boys' room to inquire into the state of their somnolence, only to find them in whispered consultation about the placing of a new jewel in the picnic crown; and a dozen times if once after a nodding unconsciousness did she



*The investigator poked at a maternal protuberance in Angela's "gamp."*

skim downstairs to question the hall clock as to whether or not she had Van Winkled herself into the day after to-morrow by mistake. A dozen times if once did the boys rouse from slumber to a sickening tinkle as of rain, and rush to the starry window to receive from the laughing leaves the assurance that wind and not water was making them patter.

But at last the usual phenomenon happened—they closed their eyes upon the night, "thought" a little, and opened upon the blazing glory of full day.

As a rule, dressing was a thing of time—and trouble, inviting much remonstrance from the Powers downstairs—brutal Powers, who failed to sympathize with Angela when she skipped around in a "party dress" of two abbreviated undergarments, her black stockings drawn glove-like over her spidery arms instead of over her still more spidery legs; and failed, too, to whoop brotherly with the boys when they pow-wow'd with each other clad but in the simplicity of bath towels, their heads decorated with eagle plumes from the feather duster.

But this morning dressing was but a means to an end and not a glorious orgy in itself—the end being, of course, the brain-upsetting dissipation of the picnic.

To conclude from these premises that the children saw but little brightness and lived a dull gray life is to argue falsely. Each event as it came to them seemed to have a supernal brilliancy almost too dazzling for contemplation, and in its fierce white light the past was burned away. Breathes there a mother who has never been stunned when company was at dinner by hearing her pampered offspring murmur in starving tones, and as if the reality transcended belief, "What, *pie*?" when that humble delicacy had been appearing nightly for weeks? Shocked elders forget that children live only in the present. The Pie Before has faded from their memories; the Pie to Come is problematic; but the Pie Now is a heavenly reality and worthy of all hail.

And when Picnic and Pie together

meet in the *sanctum sanctorum* of a covered hamper and permeate the atmosphere with hints of mysterious joys, promising all sorts of illicit happenings, can any length of excitement be deemed excessive?

The day had a bad start.

The children, who had made suitable toilets of a foul-weather nature, consisting mainly of jean trousers and a gingham skirt, allotted properly, were told not to make "spectacles" of themselves, and were forced into starched abominations horribly reminiscent of Sunday-school. (For compensation their brains were titillated by the idiomatic freshness of the word spectacles—which meant nothing but eye-glasses.)

Next, Aunt Emma rode over to join the revelry. Now the only good thing about Aunt Emma was Uncle Charlie, who of course did not come. This time, however, Aunt Emma won for herself a welcome less hollow than usual by displaying a tissue-paper something, to which she giddily referred as The Surprise.

The Surprise looked somewhat like a Chinese lantern put *hors du combat* by being squashed flat, and was attended by the twin absurdities of a dry sponge and a bottle of alcohol.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! how long it takes grown people to get ready for the simplest thing! And how cross they grow over it! The children were fagged and footsore before the elders gathered the flock together at the garden gate and scanned them over for flaws and discrepancies before turning them loose to the critical publicity of the village.

That final inspection was always a torturous affair, filled to the full with cruelties and the unexpected.

Hugh was the first to suffer. One of the Powers caught him, skimmed off his hat, used her forefinger as a comb to part his hair on his forehead, then delicately returned the hat to a spot which suited her fancy. He was inured to this by custom. But now it brought about a discovery which beggared him.

"Why, what's this?" was her stern



demand. Hugh expressed amazement.

"What's what'm?"

"You know. This?" tapping a tin box.

"Worms," murmured Hugh, sweetly, with as soft an inflection as if the things were sleeping and he wished not to awaken them.

"Well, of all the objects! Throw them away!"

"But mayn't we—"

"Throw them away, I told you!"

"Why, how can we—"

A wave of the hand, more commanding than speech, settled the controversy, and Hugh in one fierce fling ridded himself of his all, representing hours of digging and sweat of his face in plenty.

Angela endeavored to ooze out of the gate. She was caught by the figurative hair of her head.

"Come back, Miss. Why, for Heaven's sake! What have you in here? And here?" The investigator poked at a matronly protuberance in Angela's "gamp," and slapped experimentally against some bumps below Angela's waist-line.

Before she could explain herself Angela was searched and relieved of the rubbers which had pressed against her palpitating heart, and of the bathing gown which had been artfully disposed beneath the gathers of her skirt. Shorn of her wealth, she turned to Debbo and tried to console herself by whispering to him that he was her own dear little heifer and must keep by her all day. That own dear little heifer rolled his eyes promisingly in her direction and then turned them anxiously upon his favorite, Cecil, who, in the toils of the inquisition, was suffering audibly.

"Ow, ouch! That's just nothing but a little screw of coffee."

"Take that coffee back to the kitchen, Hugh. And this, sir?"

"Oo! What 'r' y' pinching me for? It's a tomato can."

"A tomato can? And—why, you naughty boy, do you mean to say that these are matches?"

No amount of saying could make them any more matches than they were, so Cecil wearily held his peace.

"And you know as well as can be that you are expressly forbidden to carry matches! If it were not Baby's birthday, sir, I'd make you stay at home. But don't think that the disobedience will go unpunished. I had a little pleasure planned out for you, Cecil, but you will forego it now. I won't even tell you what it was."

Cecil sighed. Those mysterious forfeited pleasures! He was used to this species of self-robbery, but he always had a thrill of curiosity to know what it was he'd missed this time.

The opening of the garden gate promised to divert the run of bad luck, but—

"Go back, sir! Back, I say!" This was to Debbo. With a trace of stiffness in his joints the hound lounged proudly back into the garden, and, flinging himself down, feigned to sleep. His eyebrows twitched a great deal, though. Angela was bereft. The boys took it philosophically. If she was without a heifer, so had they been without buffalo or elk.

With the shutting of the garden gate their depressed little spirits bounded up again like rubber balls. All they wanted was permission to be happy. And happiness was everywhere,—in the air, in the sunshine, in the weedy fields, in the very dust of the road.

"Whoop! Let's race to the corner," suggested Cecil, and at the word six legs were twinkling.

But even that innocent exuberance was not to be. Three fearful things transpired. In the first place, it was too hot to race; in the second place, racing in the street was unseemly, hot or cool; in the third place, it was the duty of little boys to take care of little girls, and consequently brother had to hold sister by the hand. This last was the worst.

Panting, furious, despising each other and loathing the world, Angela and Hugh were yoked together in horrid bondage and were started forth upon their slinking promenade. Had it not been that by holding their arms stiffly towards each other they were enabled to interpose a quarter of an inch of blessed space between their out-

reaching fingers and yet defy detection, they would have died of ignominy.

Cecil's partner was undetachable. Where she caught she clung. Her baby grip was of a warm moistness and had no intention of relaxing. And her mode of locomotion was of a sort to make gods laugh and angels weep. She would raise her blue-sandled foot outrageously high in air, bringing it slap down five times in the same spot before it dawned upon her that she was not moving, and when she *did* move it was either to skin her nose or bump the back of her head.



*Alice C. Thompson*

*"There she goes, I suppose,  
All dressed up in her Sunday clothes."*

No captives in a conqueror's train ever lagged more wretchedly under their disgrace than did the elder children during their smarting progress through town. When the outskirts were reached and relief seemed near, who should come into sight but Jake Haswell? Jake lacked hatbrim, shoes, money, morals, manners, and visible parents, but he was a personage, and never had to do anything he did not want to do. A foe to order, a stranger

to law, he had the best time of any boy in town.

From afar he saw the cavalcade approaching, and he whistled a march for them:—

*"There she goes! I suppose  
All dressed up in her Sunday clothes."*

They found themselves obliged to keep step to the derisive measure. Retard or hurry as they might Jake always managed that their left feet descended at "there," "I," "all" and "Sun." His expression was diabolical. The whistle said the words as plain as plain. The children rolled protesting eyes to the faces of their elders, but those dull people seemed not to know that insult was keeping them tireless company. When they came abreast of him Jake changed his march for a ballad of still more shameful import. Devil-born inspiration was his, and he gave words to his warbling:

*"The animals went in two by two,  
There's one more river to cross;  
The Kid wid Cecie and Sissy wid Hugh,  
There's one more river to cross."*

This he sang till the party were well out of hearing. Then the elders, with flushed cheeks, turned angrily upon Cecil and told him that he ought to be ashamed of knowing such a rude boy, and of encouraging him. Cecil gasped but made no defense. Jake was not as much Cecil's friend as he was Hugh's, but in the present predicament Hugh had thought it policy to ignore his disreputable hero, whereas Cecil had loyally thrown him a nod.

But nothing mattered now. The day seemed definitely set upon being one of unmitigated gloom. But brave to the last, the children made an effort to cheer up when the selected camping ground was reached. Refusing to mourn over the facts that plains were nigh for the harboring of buffalo, that woods abounded for the sportive elk, and that fair pastures nestled near upon which any heifer would be proud to browse, they fixed their eyes and thoughts upon the pleasures that might yet be realized, for was not the ground well stocked with much dry timber, eminently ready to be fired? Was not

a trout pool near at hand? Was not a swimming hole even nearer?

One by one they found their few remaining props yanked—yes, yanked—from under them. No, they must not build a fire, for Baby might burn herself. No, they must not even *dream* about bathing because the weather was too hot. (As if that were not the best reason for instead of against.) No, they were not to wade because they would get their feet dirty. And not upon any consideration were they to “tear about,” for such recklessness in the hot sun would make them sick. They were not to drink the river water, for rumor had it that a sewer emptied into the stream further up. Of the spring they should take but sparingly, and then only in sips, because a sudden change of water was bad for their constitutions, and warranted to bring on hives. No, indeed, they should not attempt to climb trees, for they would thereby fray trousers or rip a skirt, as the case might be.

Upon frenzied pleadings they at last obtained permission to fish the pool with grasshopper bait. But it was the Infant’s picnic, and of course she had to go, too, which she did with many a raptured “ah goo,” but as at every “ah” she picked up a stick and at every “goo” dropped it into the pool, there were soon no more fish there.

Then, what in all this sunshiny, tempting world were they to do? They were to look pleasant, it seemed; to repose on the grass, like little ladies and gentlemen, and luxuriate in the holy joys of the country.

So they bunched themselves up on the ground in the sullen attitudes of captured tarantulas and scowl-

ingly watched a fair day waste before their helpless eyes.

The only reason why they did not pine, die and petrify in their postures of despair was because they still had lunch to think of, and The Surprise. Even these small mercies had their alloy of bitterness, for Aunt Emma was showing her disapproval of them so plainly as to cause them to wish that both she and her surprise were in Halifax together; and eating was not to be a continuous performance, as surely was right and proper for the occasion, but was to be done decorously at one sitting, just as at home. How they eyed the hamper!

“There’s something licking good inside,” confided Hugh, who had investigated its contents under pretense of offering to share the burden of its transportation—“something white and blank-mangey. And there’s pies!”

The blank-mangey mirage kept up their courage until the actual event of the meal. Oh, why had they allowed hope to dupe them to the limit? The



*"But it never went up."*



"We don't quite expect you'll know how awful it all was."

stuff turned out to be cold mush damnablely moulded into imitation of fair custard. After receiving that slap from fate they turned their cheeks and got another—the pies were padded with rhubarb. Then they were given a wedge of wholesome cake—how they abhorred wholesome food!—and as for them, the feast was over. The older people fared better. *They* dipped delicacies from tin cans and drank from bottles which opened with bangs. Even Aunt Emma cheered up.

"Now, then," she leered, fatuously, "The Surprise!"

Really, it promised better than it looked. It was a balloon. The sponge was to absorb the alcohol, which, set afire, was to inflate the tissue bag, and the bag going up was to sparkle like a star in the picnic firmament. But it never went up. In Cecil's cleanly mind a sponge was useless unless saturated with water. And he helpfully saturated it in the river. The resulting facts that Aunt Emma raged, that the children howled, and that Cecil had his ears boxed, never helped matters a bit, and might just as well have been omitted.

Why dilate further upon the details of that loathsome day? Suffice it to say that it wore creakingly to a rusty close and culminated in a homeward journey made hideous by all the torments which tired bodies and tempers could invent.

"I don't know what's got into the children nowadays," moaned the mater, herding her sullen flock through the home gate; "they are so ungrateful for all the pleasures we plan for them."

"They are thoroughly naughty little things," said Aunt Emma, sternly; "even worse than that Haswell boy. If I saw him anywhere just now I'd give him this balloon. It is as good as new when the sponge dries."

Here Hugh with gracious shyness first thanked his mother for the treat that she had given them, and then expressed it as his opinion to Aunt Emma that she had added much to the zest of the occasion by her mere delightful presence. He got the balloon.

But Cecil, who never could learn that language is for the concealment of thought, snarled out that when he

couldn't get up a better picnic all 'round *he'd* be ready and willing to die. Thereupon he was sent to bed.

The other children, utterly worn out, chose to follow him.

Because she was as leg-weary as she was soul-sick, and as, moreover, her shoe-strings had knotted and her buttons had snagged in her hair, Angela wet her couch with tears and punctuated the air with hiccoughy sobs.

The boys were a little better off, for they had lured Debbo to bed with them. Though ungainly, he was a comfort, and very entertaining by reason of a habit he had when warm of bracing his back against one boy and kicking the other out of bed. Even with this diversion to expect, they sighed.

"Well, Small People," what's the matter up there?" enquired a big, well-loved voice,—Uncle Charlie's. "Is it a case of *bellaque matribus detesta?*"

The boys were not sure, but as it sounded like their complaint they invited him up for consultation. He had brought healing with him.

Passing through Angela's room, he poulticed her with a kiss, a cookie and a kitten, and left her at peace; then he ministered to the boys by treating them like gentlemen, shaking them by the hand and respectfully inviting their confidence. They told him everything, from the first dawn of their hopes to the full death of the same.

"But we don't quite expect you'll know how awful it all was," they said.

"Oh, yes, I do. Why should you doubt me, Small Brothers?"

"Because grown people's picnics always turn out the way they want them to, or if they don't, they don't care."

"You are mistaken, Small Brothers; we care. Many a serious picnic comes our way. Worse than yours. Much worse, because—"

"Because why?"

Uncle Charlie thought a little while. The boys each held a hand of his and squirmed drowsily and comfortably.

"Because," answered Uncle Charlie, incomprehensibly, "when we get bigger the dog loses in efficacy."

Efficacy. The best thing they could do with that word was to sleep on it.

# A WALL STREET MINER

By S. A. NELSON

Author of "A Corner in Trolley," and other Stories of the Street

There are various types of adventurers in the money market. First, there is the "breaker-in," who forces his way into a rich, resisting corporation; then there is the plausible fellow who endeavors to fleece his brokers, and, again you must consider the bloodless rogue who preys upon credulous and relatively poor investors. H. Hunt Grovesteene was a leading member of the third group. As a "Wall Street Miner" he was an artist, and the financial adventure of his life, in which he sheared a flock of lambs, containing a liberal percentage of widows and orphans, is not a pleasing memory to his victims, nor to Wall Street. Now, Wall Street is profanely condemned in every one of the United States for the exploits of Grovesteene's, when in truth, they are an exception to the run of money market mankind. They bear to Wall Street precisely the same relation that a case of plague does to an otherwise healthy community.

Your rogue may construct the fabric of his scheme in a most elaborate office, adorned with works of art in paintings, furniture and rugs, but Wall Street itself, singles him out when he opens for business, just as the competent physician diagnoses a disease. As the rogue of this type is protected by law, Wall Street can only look on passively. Of course "The Street" taboos such a man—ignores, shuns and isolates him. He is as far from having been admitted to respectable banking and brokerage social environment as he would be were he operating in a South American republic. But Dr. H. H. Grovesteene was a superior person, who conceived and executed a plot that made him a fortune in record time. And then as he crossed the threshold of social recognition in the financial world he even more suddenly fell from his pedestal. The crash made a terrific nine-days noise, and when the pieces of a badly-smashed reputation were gathered together, the damage was quite beyond repair.

## I.

**P**RIOR to Dr. Grovesteene's advent in Wall Street he had been a physician in a New England village. Tall, broad, and strong, rather fine looking, age 35, it was not strange that he chafed in the limits of an insignificant settlement scarcely large enough to be named on the map. He was the last of his family, and lived in a pretty old Colonial house, the legacy of an aunt, who also bequeathed him \$12,000, after having expended an equivalent sum in educating an indifferent physician. At college, and later, Grovesteene cultivated expensive habits. He liked things that cost much money—fast horses, fine clothes, rich foods, travel, and so on. Whenever his purse permitted he ran over to Boston or New York, and once he made a two-months trip to Europe; London and Paris delighting his senses. Reluctantly he returned home, more than ever consumed with the desire to make

a fortune and a position in the world. The profession of medicine did not please him; he believed that he possessed those qualifications that when combined make successful men of affairs and financiers. And the opinion was fairly accurate. Certainly those who disliked him most could not call him a fool. In six years he doubled his inheritance. He read extensively—not medicine—but concentrated on economics, finance, mining, and market reports. He arrived at the shrewd conclusion that there was "nothing in" speculation; that the gain did not justify the risk, and so he boldly retired from the contest, thereby proving that he possessed courage. He aspired to a round million dollars and there must he argued, be a faster and more certain way to secure the prize. All his spare time was spent in study. Gradually he evolved his plan. On its completion he sold his home, abandoned his practice, and departed for Boston,



where, on his arrival, he had \$30,000 to his credit on deposit in a trust company. With this cash capital, he carried a shrewd conception of the cupidity and credulity of human nature, a heart of flint and an abundance of nerve. In Boston he visited one brokerage office after another and soon found his way to that of Joshua Adams, a gray bearded, simple-minded broker, who dealt in mining stocks. Grovesteene impressed Adams much as a capitalist would a clerk. The Doctor owned a bass voice full of confidence and assurance. He was a better listener than talker, but what he said never lacked consideration. Cold, distant and dignified, somewhat too well dressed, with moustaches curled upward in the fashion introduced by Emperor William, of Germany, he sought to convey the impression that he was a promoter, and broker.

"Mr. Adams," said the Doctor to his guest at dinner one evening after an acquaintance of a week, "is there anything that ties you to Boston?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," replied the host, "would you consider an offer to go to New York?"

"I am as much in the dark as ever."

"Well, I am about to organize a banking firm in New York. Would you care to join me as my partner. I will provide the money and guarantee you a salary of \$5,000 a year."

"Why do you want me? I have nothing."

"I want you, my dear sir, for the reason that I like you and am convinced of your integrity, and because your name is Adams—Joshua Adams."

And he smilingly repeated the name in a new form—"Joshua Adams & Co." "Yes," he continued, meditatively, "it is a homely name that will inspire confidence. With that name great things are possible. You will be the senior member of the firm and my plans and enterprises will enrich us both."

The old broker could scarcely believe that he was hearing correctly. Four long hours they smoked and drank to the future of Joshua Adams & Co., Adams promptly determining

to accept Grovesteene's offer. He was an honest old chap who had drifted from the far West to Boston, where he found the sledding hard and cheerless, and so he was not unprepared to take the irresistible Grovesteene on faith, for the Doctor was careful to divulge few facts concerning his plans. Grovesteene expected to find in Adams a difficult man to convince, but the latter yielded so easily that there was no necessity for making a confident of the tool, for such Adams was to be. In another week they were in New York, living at a Fifth Avenue hotel.

## II.

On the day following their arrival in New York, Grovesteene instructed a lawyer to incorporate the "banking and brokerage firm" of Joshua Adams & Co., under the laws of the State of New Jersey. Its capital was \$50,000, not wholly paid in, and the assets of the concern included several copper and gold mining prospects which Grovesteene owned.

Joshua Adams was the president, and the Doctor had long before selected a secretary in the person of a certain stenographer; and a treasurer in a bookkeeper who wanted nothing better than a \$1,500 per annum salary to execute any and all orders, irrespective of their character, and promptly to forget events when requested to do so.

Grovesteene and Adams lost no time in consulting a Cedar Street real estate agent, where they examined the plans of many Wall Street buildings in search of an office. They leased an imposing suite fronting on Wall Street, in a building owned by a national bank of fine reputation. In a few days the office was beautifully equipped, and presented an exterior suggestive of a rich, prosperous and legitimate banking firm.

## JOSHUA ADAMS & CO.

### BANKERS AND BROKERS.

The firm name in imposing gilt letters adorned the doors and windows. To conduct such an office called for an expenditure of \$1,000 a month, and

Grovesteene figured that he must make haste to launch his first venture on the sea of finance or his capital would be seriously impaired. And he did move swiftly. Printers, advertising agents and addressing agencies were deluged with "hurry up" orders, and in a few days the literature which was to dispose of the stock of the International Copper Company was ready for distribution.

The company owned a copper prospect in a southwestern state. Grovesteene had the doubtful enterprise incorporated in the New Jersey mill for \$1,000,000 or 1,000,000 shares, par value \$1 each. True the International owned "a piece of land" in which Grovesteene professed to "believe" there was an unworked mine. Good honest miners would have appraised the entire plant at less than \$3,000, but there is no law which forbade Grovesteene from incorporating for any amount he fancied, and there is no law which denied him the valued privilege of selling the shares for any price he could get. And there is no effective law which makes it a criminal offense to disseminate false mining information. Grovesteene's advertisements therefore glittered with specious promises of huge dividends, and his illustrated pamphlet was a strange conglomeration of mining and financial facts and statistics designed to bolster up the International proposition, and appeal to the ignorance of a confiding public that will bite at almost any speculative hook baited with an impossible interest or dividend rate.

Testimonials of drunken engineers; alleged ore assays; comparisons with the most successful copper mines in the world, to the advantage of the International, and references, which were not hard to obtain, for Grovesteene had a respectable bank balance to the credit of Joshua Adams & Co., filled the prospectus. It did not state, though, that Dr. Grovesteene held 90 per cent of the Adams & Co. stock, while his bookkeeper signed the checks. Adams, the ostensible head of the concern, handled no money, except his salary, while Grovesteene, the

man in the background, had absolute control of the finances and directed the operations of the firm. Adams was so simple minded, so well satisfied with his salary and new hotel and office homes that he accepted all of Grovesteene's statements as quite true.

Copper was booming! A year later the great Amalgamated Copper Company was to ask for \$75,000,000 subscriptions to float a copper consolidation, and take in \$415,000,000. It was not strange therefore that Dr. Grovesteene, after a vigorous advertising crusade, should find Joshua Adams & Co.'s mail burdened with postal notes, checks and drafts from confiding country investors desirous of purchasing International stock.

In return the subscribers received very handsome stock certificates indeed. They were engraved on a steel plate, and printed on a dull yellow security paper, having the appearance of a Government bond.

Grovesteene had not the remotest intention of developing the mining prospect, but the stock sold so rapidly that he actually started work at the "mine." Results were so discouraging though, that it was soon discontinued.

In three months he had unloaded his International stock for \$350,000 gross. Good things were accumulating. Promoters now consulted him. Incidentally he cultivated acquaintance in the broad corridors of the hotel in which he lived, and secured introductions to several Stock Exchange firms, where he took occasional market fliers, more to make certain a warm welcome and strengthen his acquaintanceship than to make money.

His thoughts ran riot. Had he not discovered the road to fortune? Did he not gather in \$350,000 on an expenditure of less than \$50,000, and all in three months? Did he not put his deal through without attracting attention to himself? And was not Joshua Adams the responsible man to the stockholders? And if exposure came, could he not choke it by shipping Adams off to Europe?

Another copper mine was launched and Grovesteene made a trip to Europe. Abroad he cut a wide swath, particularly in Paris, where he was for a time called the "Millionaire American Doctor." Returning to New York he found that the second copper mine promotion had been only fairly remunerative.

"Ah, Joshua," said he to Adams, "they are getting weary of copper and we must give them something new. I believe that I have a winner that will simply mesmerize investors. It will be an irresistible offer, and, with your name behind it, Joshua, I can already see the anxiety of our investing friends to send us their subscriptions."

Grovesteene left New York to visit the zinc fields of Missouri and near

Joplin secured several properties at a small outlay of cash. He returned North and hastily incorporated another New Jersey corporation—the World's Zinc Company, capital, \$1,500,000; shares, \$1 each. On his southern trip he secured several directors and obtained others in New York through gifts of small blocks of stock.

And finally he experienced slight trouble in presenting to the dear investing public an imposing list of officers and directors—but his own name was not among them. Joshua Adams & Co. were the "fiscal agents." This,

Grovesteene determined was to be the "grand play," and, so the World's Zinc Company, paying a one per cent a month dividend, was advertised in circus style. Treasury stock at \$1.50 a share and twelve per cent a year on your money! Subscriptions rolled in.

A stranger went to Grovesteene with a copper prospect. To him the Doctor said in fine humor: "My dear sir, the public do not want copper. They want zinc and zinc they shall have as long as they can digest it!"

In every city in the country, World's Zinc was advertised as the greatest money maker that the small investor ever had a chance to secure on a ground-floor basis. The output of the mines, their immense extent, possibilities and opinions of

experts stared at you every time you turned to the financial columns of a daily newspaper. Hundreds of thousands of circulars and letters were sent to doctors, lawyers, teachers, stenographers, tradesmen and all conditions of folks that Grovesteene believed possessed savings.

Already "investors" in his earlier schemes were asking disagreeable questions about promised dividends. Many and fertile were the excuses of the Doctor behind the signature of Joshua Adams & Co.

A brisk demand for World's zinc coming from Chicago, Grovesteene



"Because your name is Adams, Joshua Adams."

was at a loss for a man to send there as his representative when it occurred to him that another Boston broker, who had sold International copper on commission, would be just the man.

With an assurance that has few parallels, the Doctor wrote:—

"MY DEAR MR. HARRISON:—

It has occurred to me that as you are aboard a sinking ship, International not being likely to last much longer, you might like to make a change.

"As you know, we have just opened a Chicago office, and want some one to take charge of it. I believe that you could do much better than in your present position. In my opinion, your usefulness in the way of selling stock in Boston is about done for, inasmuch as many of your assertions are likely to come home to roost now that the International is on the verge of discontinuing dividends. When this takes place the number of callers you are likely to receive and the explanations you will have to make will not be, most pleasing.

"If you had some sound concern like the World's Zinc Company, which is selling gold dollars for 75 cents apiece, you ought to be able to do a large business.

"If you think you would like to take charge of our Chicago office, come over here and let's talk. I think we could arrive at terms satisfactory to both of us.

"It will interest you to know that we sold 8,000 shares of World's Zinc in Chicago the first day the office was opened. That promises to be our best office. It is to be far more elaborate, it being fitted up in mahogany and everything to correspond. Please regard what I have said as confidential, as it is solely for your benefit.

Very truly yours,

H. HUNT GROVESTEENE."

Mr. Harrison, on receiving this letter, was startled, as well he might be, for he had sold the International shares, pledging faith in the payment of dividends, and so he proceeded to New York and asked Grovesteene:—

"Doctor, isn't there any property behind that mine?"

"No," replied the smiling promoter, "not unless you call shares property."

Harrison, dismayed, declined the Chicago offer and damned its author.

"But, my dear man," replied the Doctor, "we are selling this stock by the ream. Like children, investors are literally crying for it. We are paying dividends as steadily as a clock ticks."

"I can see your finish," retorted Harrison. "It is easy enough to pay

dividends out of the cash that comes in. When you unload the stock they will abruptly cease. But when the smash and exposure come, look out!"

"Nonsense, man. There will be no crash. You are a decent fellow, and there is money and no danger in this for you. I don't mind telling you in confidence that no matter what happens, neither Dr. Grovesteene nor Frank Harrison can be hurt."

"Who assumes the responsibility?"

"Joshua Adams & Co."

"No, thank you. I want none of your scheme. You have already injured my business reputation."

Harrison returned to Boston and Grovesteene proceeded with the unloading process. In all \$920,000 in shares of zinc stock was disposed of, and the demand ceased. Grovesteene now cut down his office staff and perfected his plan for getting away with the loot, which aggregated approximately \$1,000,000—the result of less than two years' work. He converted the bulk of the cash into gold, United States Government bonds and English consols. The money and securities he deposited to his credit in London and in a New York safe deposit vault.

### III.

Grovesteene's next move was to sail for Europe, and on arrival he settled down to contribute to the gaiety of Paris. But he was rudely disturbed, for Adams summoned him back to New York, as complaints and threats from World's Zinc shareholders were becoming too numerous for Adams and his staff of stenographers to handle.

Adams's imagination was never fertile, and when the one per cent per month dividend suddenly ceased through lack of funds in the bank, the old man threw up his hands and took refuge in sending long cables to the Doctor. All day long he read letters containing protests, wails, threats and listened to the angry voices of callers who demanded their money.

"This is more than I bargained for," thought Adams, "and when the Doctor returns we shall have a row."

But there was no row. Adams lacked

the nerve and Grovesteene was resourceful.

"It's all very well for you to say, 'Look on the bright side.' I am willing to stand for most anything, Grovesteene, but when it comes to 'doing' widows and orphans, my conscience turns on me," protested the old man.

"Whom do you refer to?"

"Why that Buffalo lawyer who wrote and asked what it was worth if he invested \$20,000 of a client's money in World's Zinc, and we offered to split it. You will remember that you took the money and paid him \$10,000 commission. His client was a widow who has three children, and that was all the money she had. She came down here and cried, by Jove, and I felt so small and contemptible that I could have crawled through a keyhole. D—n a lawyer who will rob a client, and a woman at that—in such a way! We are 'a nice pair to draw, too.'"

"Now, Josh, old boy, cheer up," replied Grovesteene. "I have a letter that will comfort them. I did not go to Paris for nothing. We did business over there, and all you have to do is to hold fast, and we will let them down so easily that they will tire of sending good money after bad.

"In the meantime we must be seeking new pastures. You cannot afford a public exposure, of course. I have paid you a salary of \$100 a week, and I promised to do the handsome thing by you. My word is good and you are to get \$10,000. There is going to be a little embarrassment, but I think that we can stave off serious trouble.

"Men and women who buy mining stocks should investigate 'em first, eh Josh! Just think of all the money we have lost, and our disappointed hopes, old chap. Why, I expected to make a fortune out of this venture, and here I have lost pretty nearly all I had, and so have you. Don't you see, Josh? Are you on, Josh?"

And Joshua, nervously thinking of the \$10,000 promise and London as a possible refuge for a runaway, hesitatingly concluded that he was "on."

#### IV.

The shareholders of the World's

Zinc Company were fairly thrown into ecstasies by receiving a letter telling them that the fame of World's Zinc had gone beyond the seas, that dividends would be resumed, and that the French government admitted 200,000 of its shares to dealings on the Paris Bourse.

Some shareholders were so delighted with the prospect of selling their stock to foreigners that they fairly fell over themselves in their haste to communicate with J. B. Reuter, the French correspondent of the World's Zinc Co., Ltd. In response to their letters they received the following reply:

Paris, August 9, 1900.  
10 Rue Gluck.

Before the shares of any foreign company can be sold or offered for sale in France, an application signed by the directors of the company has to be made to the French government. In this document it is necessary to state the number of shares to be sold, together with the number of the certificates and agree to pay the taxes.

These formalities have been complied with by the World's Zinc Company for the 200,000 shares now being dealt in here, but the formalities attending the balance of the capital stock have not yet been com-



*He settled down to contribute to the gaiety of Paris.*

pleted, and until they are, I can neither buy nor sell your shares. The present price of shares is Frs., 7.50.

It will probably be four weeks yet before permission can be obtained to deal in the remainder of the shares. Yours very truly,

J. B. REUTER. Per E. B. L.

Thus the helpless "investor" was deceived and quieted. Grovesteene and Adams busied themselves in destroying those books which contained incriminating evidence and padding others. The World's Zinc Co. leased a smaller office, and many clerks and stenographers were discharged. Grovesteene paid Adams \$10,000, suggested a trip to Europe and told the old man that he had bought a Stock Exchange seat and passed the Committee on Admissions.

"Do you mean to tell me," asked the incredulous Adams, "that you are a member of the Stock Exchange?"

"Exactly," replied the Doctor in his happiest manner.

Three weeks later the storm broke! An angry stockholder applied for a receiver. Adams had departed for London. About all the New York stockholders could find in the form of World's Zinc assets was an office, containing a few desks and an office boy, whose wages had been paid for two months in advance. His instructions were to answer all inquiries by saying that "Mr. Adams was out of town, and would not be back for several days."

The directors were hard to find; their explanations explained nothing except that, they, too had been victims. Telegraph wires to Joplin, Mo., backed by yellow journals hummed with inquiries about Joshua Adams and Co.

Back from Joplin came the answer:

"You don't want Adams. He is not the man. The head devil is Dr. H. Hunt Grovesteene, who exploited the company. The World's Zinc property is worth less than \$100,000 at auction."

And the yellow journals hurried men down to Wall Street to ask the "head devil" questions. They found him in a gorgeous office, and discovered he was not a mine of information.

"It's very unfortunate," said he to the reporters slowly, "very. Joshua Adams—if you can find him—will give

you all the information you desire. You see, I was simply an investor like the others, and really I lost a great deal of money—like the others. In business one must learn to take profits without elation and losses without depression."

And Dr. Grovesteene smiled at once sympathetically and deprecatingly.

When, the following day, more than one newspaper gave Grovesteene a page broadside, illustrated with pictures of the latest adventurer at home and abroad, driving and automobiling, the members of the Stock Exchange experienced a feeling of resentment.

Even then, Grovesteene did not realize that his career as a financier was drawing to a close. "My nerve," he argued, "will put me through."

When he went on the Stock Exchange on the day of the exposure, other members politely "gave up the floor," which is to say, that they signified their desire to have nothing to do with him. If he asked a question he had a glimpse of the back of a man's head.

An old governor of the board took Grovesteene aside and said: "Mr.—or rather Dr. Grovesteene—the price of seats is high now—quite high, and they may decline. This is a peculiar institution, and the atmosphere is not adapted to the health of every one. In view of recent events, don't you think it would be wise to take advantage of the advance in memberships?"

They looked each other in the eyes, and the Doctor realized that there was no appeal from the sentence implied.

"Thanks for the suggestion," he answered, "I'll sell."

He offered his hand to the Governor, but the older man shook his head, turned on his heel and strode leisurely away.

\* \* \* \* \*

The author of the World's Zinc swindle, having made a fortune and lost a reputation, disappeared, but there are those who say that his talents as a miner will yet find employment in the Government service, where they hope that, attired in a striped suit, his mining operations will be confined to cracking stone with a sledge.





*"Mr. Adams was out of town and would not be back for several days."*

# CHIEF ARTHUR

OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS

*A Character Sketch by W. R. MERRICK.*



THE Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is the one labor organization of the country that is found to-day where the steady progress of half a century should find such a body. Chief P. M. Arthur is the only labor leader out of a score who were as prominent as he twenty-five years ago who is to-day in the position that he held at that time. Other unions and other leaders have disappeared with a rapidity that gives the pessimist among the workingmen the right to shake his head at Associations and Federations, and the Amalgamated this and that succeed each other in bewildering succession, with Powderly and Debs and Gompers and Shaffer each rising to a brief day of prominence and power which the first overthrow clouds.

The Engineers possess an unusual interest at the present time for any one, who desires to understand what to expect in the future from labor. And the only explanation of the success of this order where others have so conspicuously failed, lies in an understanding of their leader, the greatest man whom a century of labor agitation has developed from the ranks of toil and who is responsible for the fact that the men under his leadership have not run after the false gods that have been the downfall of kindred organizations whose beginnings promised even more for success than those of the body that has survived them.

Future ages whose historians will investigate carefully these subjects that the spectacular achievements of a hurrying age has not the time for will award to Arthur the recognition of having occupied in his field a place not inferior to the politician statesmen and bosses whose sayings and doings take up all the attention of their own age.

He has exhibited through nearly thirty years of leadership a farsightedness and grasp of the real elements of a most complicated situation truly remarkable. He has in the face of bitter opposition and criticism of his leadership held his power and influence unmoved. He constantly disregarded the demands made upon him that he should follow the policies of this and that rival chieftain who was apparently driving the organization under his control at railroad speed toward a goal to which Arthur was moving at a snail's pace. He has seen one after another of these men defeated, and the men who trusted in them and who laughed at the Engineers scattered like chaff to find refuge in new unions and associations.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was ten years old when in 1873 P. M. Arthur was elected its chief. The first decade of the order's existence had been a formative period devoted more to the task of obtaining recruits and of perfecting the lines of organization than to battles for recognition or a scale of wages. In 1867 the beneficiary feature of the Brotherhood was introduced, and the general impression of the public at the time of the accession of Arthur to the leadership of the Engineers was that the association was more of a lodge and an insurance order than a labor union. It seems strange to-day, when the name of Arthur is a synonym for conservatism and the conduct of a labor union without strikes, to know that he was elected to the post he now holds by the war party of the Brotherhood.

It is still more strange to know that for the first ten years of his leadership he was almost constantly engaged in leading his men through one bitter strike after another and that his name was execrated as a radical and a dema-

gogue and as one of the most dangerous men with whom frightened capital had to contend for the protection of its rights to control its own property.

It is necessary to the understanding of the man and of his success as a labor leader to realize, however, that he is no advocate of passive submission, and that if he is no longer called upon to lead his engineers to battle it is because a long period of defeats has taught the men and corporations with whom he has to deal that it is far more profitable to conciliate than to antagonize him.

Arthur then came to the leadership of the Brotherhood when the organization was still in its infancy, and he has been identified with it and his name has been the synonym for its name for the entire active period of its history. For over two decades Arthur has been the Brotherhood to all intents and purposes, so entirely has the confidence of his men given over to him the power of direction. He has had opposition, that rose at times to the proportions of a storm. Again and again, when the time of election approached rumor has been rife that this or that rival was at last in a position to overthrow the "Czar" and take his place at the head of the order. Time and again, when the hour came to call the roll of the convention, the apparent strength of the opposition melted into thin air and a unanimous election gave to the veteran leader the endorsement his continued successes have richly deserved.

The public life of Chief Arthur has been contemporaneous then with that much of the history of his organization which really counts. As the details of the early struggles of the order matter little to him who tries to study its position to-day, so the details of the early life of the then unknown quiet, capable engineer are hard to associate with the sturdy cultured old gentleman who sits in the splendid office at the headquarters in Cleveland, Ohio, and directs the policy which has born fruit in so much success to forty thousand engineers.

To-day the Brotherhood is spoken of as the aristocratic labor union. With even more truth Arthur can be called

the aristocratic labor leader. He lives in a splendid mansion on Cleveland's most famous street, Euclid avenue. Among his neighbors are men who own the railroads on which his engineers work. Servants relieve his home life of the petty cares that breed irritation in poorer homes. His wife, still beautiful, in spite of advancing years, is an admired leader of fashion in the most exclusive society of Cleveland, the society in which Miss Ruth Hanna, the daughter of the Senator, made her debut and wherein the ladies of the Rockefeller family worked as hard to win their places as the head of the family worked to make his enormous fortune. The daughter of the Arthurs reigns unquestioned as a belle.

A strange position for the head of a labor union to be the head of such a family and to hold such a position, when the accepted popular conception of the leaders of labor organizations is a wild-eyed, long-haired, shrill-voiced agitator, who, from a point of vantage on a stump, incites men whose passions are inflamed to resistance against government troops and to the mobbing of scabs.

Arthur himself differs as radically from such a character as does his position. A kindly, modest old gentleman, with ruddy face, framed in white hair and the white chin whiskers that are naturally associated with the benevolence of grandfatherhood, a frame of generous proportions, as erect as in the days when he peered through the night over a difficult piece of track, his hand on the reversing lever of his engine—that is Arthur. His eyes are blue and kindly, sparkling with native wit; his mouth broad and sensitive, always ready to expand in a good-natured smile. This is the man whom one expects to see when he thinks of the conservative labor leader who does not strike. This is the man who says:

"Remember always that the burden of a strike falls on the women and children. Our first duty is to them; consult them."

There is another Arthur, however. There is the man who conducted five strikes in six months with such relent-

less energy that he has scarcely had a fight since. At that time one of the newspapers of the country said of him editorially:

"His threats just now are those of a public enemy, and he must be careful or he will be treated as such. The community will not put up with insolence from a person of his dimensions which it would resent with a great war if it came from a foreign statesman."

The "threats" that gave the more conservative press of that day hysteria were the ultimatums that this benevolent old gentleman, then in the vigor of his prime, served on the corporations to the effect that if they did not give his engineers their deserts in wages and fair treatment he would tie up the traffic on their lines so tight that they would not be able to operate a handcar. In the present day of strikes on a large scale this is no surprising thing to expect from a labor leader, but it was a new thing for the people of two decades ago, and the relentless rigor with which the Chief carried on his war, once it was on, was startling in that day of small railroads.

"They did not altogether approve of you in those days, Chief," I said to Arthur not long ago.

"Not altogether," he replied, and a quaint expression of amusement passed over his face. He was silent for a moment, and the absent retrospective expression on his face showed that he was reviewing in his mind the early days of bitterness and struggle when recognition of his principles and his order had to be dearly bought at the price of hard fighting.

As the situation passed before his mind's eye the expression on his face changed. The benevolent old gentleman was gone. The merry blue eyes became steely, and the broad, humorous mouth set in a thin, grim, obstinate line.

"What were we to do?" he cried, and the pleasant voice had the ring of battle in it.

"What can you do when they shut the door in your face and treat you and the men who trust you with con-

tempt? What can you do but fight? And we fought. Oh, yes, we fought. We haven't reached our place of today without a struggle." There was a long pause, and the signs of deep feeling engendered in a decade of repeated battles faded slowly from his face, which was that of the benevolent old gentleman again. The humorous twinkle returned to the expressive eyes, and he added, with commendable pride, "And we won, too."

But in that short time the real Arthur, the born fighter, stood revealed. The secret of his success was out. "We won," he said. He has always won, even in the strikes where public opinion pronounced a defeat that the man himself never recognized as final.

Arthur is modest, and has a strong dislike for personal publicity. He does not willingly submit to the researches of the would-be biographer. "The details of my life are of no interest to anyone," he says, and at the sight of the pencil and pad of the interviewer he becomes at once the most silent of men.

Arthur's early life did not differ materially from that of the average man who leaves his country village, still a boy, to begin railroading. His career up to the point where he became prominent in the councils of the Brotherhood had nothing strange or romantic about it. He was a "wiper," that is, he had a position in a roundhouse where he cleaned the engines that other men brought in; he was a fireman, and bent his back day and night to the arduous task of shoveling in the coal under the direction of his superior, the engineer; he was an engineer, with the responsibility of valuable freight and the lives of the passengers in the train behind him depending on his skill and care.

It was the man himself who was remarkable where his early career was commonplace. When it is understood that the railroad man of fifty years ago was usually rough and illiterate and that the engineer of that time was content to make the machinery of his iron horse go smoothly without troubling himself greatly about the scientific

principles behind it all, it can easily be understood why a man like Arthur, who has never been content to find himself in a position of which he did not have the complete mastery of the situation, should have forged rapidly ahead.

His associates of those early days say that as a "wiper," the Chief knew enough to be a fireman; that as a fireman, he usually knew more about the engine than the man who sat on the right side of the cab with his hand on the lever; and that as an engineer he was consulted by the master mechanic about points on which that official was in doubt.

One can easily imagine that if he had not been diverted from the actual work of railroading to the direction of the interests of railroaders, he would be to-day where so many practical railroad men are who began their careers as humbly as he—at the head of some railway system which would have the reputation of being conducted with the fewest blunders and hitches of any system of its kind.

He mastered the situation on every occasion, and he was bound to succeed. History repeated itself when he became connected with the Brotherhood. The Brotherhood of the Foot-board, organized by a dozen Michigan engineers, in Detroit, on the eighth day of May, 1863, had become the Brotherhood of Engineers, with forty-one subdivisions at the time of the Indianapolis convention of 1864. Eighteen sixty-seven saw the establishment of the insurance feature, and in the previous year the publication of the monthly magazine was begun.

The work of organization proceeded steadily for nearly ten years, and in 1873 the Brotherhood was in an enviable position compared with other labor organizations in regard to both men and money. Between six and ten thousand engineers were enrolled, and the beneficiary policy of the union was meeting with perfect success.

At this time the order had at its head a veteran engineer by the name of Wilson, who had proved himself a splendid organizer, but who lacked

initiative at a period of crisis. And 1873 was for the Brotherhood a distinctive period of crisis. The exact question that confronted them was the refusal of the Pennsylvania leased lines west of Pittsburg to make concession to some very reasonable demands. Wilson had tried diplomacy without success. He hesitated to force the issue with the stronger argument of a strike. The men involved were determined to strike if their demands were not granted, but the consent of the Chief is required by the Brotherhood laws before the strikers can have behind them the support of the whole order.

This consent Wilson withheld. Conservatism had already come to be the watchword of the engineers, and the principle had developed into a fetish for the Chief and the older men in the Brotherhood, whom he represented. They thought they saw the risk of losing all the headway made up to that time and the chance that the order would be wrecked, insurance and all, in case the fight failed. The issue did not seem to be exactly a vital one, and they still pinned their hopes on the chances of diplomacy and negotiation. They had lost sight of the real principle involved, that a labor union to be successful must be able at all times to protect their men in any reasonable demand.

Meanwhile Arthur had entered the Brotherhood and had thrown himself heart and soul into the work of furthering its success. He had held one office after another as his mates saw and recognized his capabilities and his advantage over them in a far-seeing grasp of a situation that they recognized but dimly. At the time of the dead-lock over the trouble on the Pennsylvania lines he was already prominent in the higher councils of the order, and to him the younger element looked, with confidence born of experience in his leadership, for a solution of the difficulty. Arthur unhesitatingly took the stand he has kept ever since, that the only means by which a labor union can avoid strikes is to show its perfect readiness and ability

to strike and to strike successfully when threatened. He was triumphantly elected chief over Wilson in the convention of 1873, and has remained at the head of the Brotherhood ever since.

He was elected by a war party at a time when war seemed imperative, and war followed strictly in accordance with the program. For nearly ten years he conducted one strike after another in rapid succession. The climax came when, in 1877, he won five strikes in six months from the then strongest and biggest railroad systems of the country. One of his few defeats followed this monumental campaign. His engineers became involved in difficulties with the Boston and Maine road. The officials of the company shut the door of their offices in Arthur's face when he came to Boston to try for a settlement. He consented then to the strike. Sixty-six engineers were employed by the road, and they left their trains standing where the appointed hour found them. They remained with them two hours by the direction of the Chief to see if there was any disposition on the part of the company to relent, and then drawing the fires, left their engines where they stood.

The fight lasted for seven days, and at the end of that time the road succeeded in getting men to man their engines, and Arthur was beaten. But he took his sixty-six strikers away with him and found places for them on roads more favorable to the order.

The cause of the strike was a double cut in the wages of the men of twenty per cent. They submitted to the first ten per cent. reduction, but refused to accept a second cut.

It was at this time that Chief Arthur made his famous Fanueil Hall speech, which was the subject of a heated controversy. It has been reported that the Old Colony road was lending its engineers to the Boston and Maine in an effort to help in the defeat of the strikers.

"If that is so," said Arthur, in Fanueil Hall, "they must not blame us if we withdraw our men from the Old Colony also."

As reported, Arthur was made to say that he could stop every railroad running out of Boston by raising his hand.

"That report started," said the Chief, in a recent discussion of the incident, "from a circular sent out by the president of the Philadelphia and Reading road, who used the supposed words as a pretext for ordering his men to leave the Brotherhood."

The report of the speech stirred up the greatest excitement at the time.

The comment of the *Nation* was:

"One thing we do not hesitate to say, and it is a conclusion to which we believe not only all the leading railroad men of the country have come, but also every one who has given a thought to recent events—the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has got to be broken up. In view of its conduct of late in connection with strikes, in which every right of the business and traveling public was brutally disregarded, in view of its avowed policy as defined in the recent threatening and almost incendiary speeches of its chief engineer, it is safe to say that its usefulness is wholly gone, and that it has become a mere common nuisance the longer existence of which is a standing public menace."

"Practically, the Brotherhood as now managed, is a powerful machinery for demoralizing railroad employees, organizing strikes and rendering them effective at the cost of the public."

Legislation was advocated to insist that no railroad should place the safety of its passengers and freight in the hands of such dangerous men as Brotherhood Engineers.

The storm subsided after a while, only to break out again a few years later when the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy got into trouble with engineers. After all negotiations had apparently failed, Arthur threatened to tie up the road in one of the biggest strikes that the country had yet seen if his men were not met at least half way by the company in an effort to settle the existing differences. Arthur's threat meant the blocking of a part, at least of the transcontinental traffic, and again there was a panic among the editorial writers at the idea that any one man should presume to take upon himself the responsibility of such a step or should have the power to use it.





*Drawn by Margaret Fernie.*

Some of the horrified comments of the day on the methods employed by the Chief in the conduct of his strikes stand out to-day as an endorsement of what at that time was so unsparingly condemned. In all of the succession of strikes carried on at that time there is but one case on record of violence being used. Columns were devoted to this single instance of some angry engineers who thrashed a man for taking the place of one of them and then refusing to accept double pay at their hands, with the promise of a steady job, if he would quit. There is a world of contrast between this single instance of force employed during a dozen strikes when to-day there is little excitement created in a similar case unless a score of men are mobbed at once and the officials in the district where the strike of to-day takes place are thankful if no dynamite is used and open war does not make the calling out of several regiments necessary. The fact that the engineers at that time used money freely in an effort to bribe the men who had taken their places was spoken of as an outrage, and the offer of \$1,500 to one of the "scabs" on the Boston and Maine road was mentioned with bated breath as an example of the methods used to corrupt honest laboring men and as a sample of what railroad companies would have to contend with to preserve their independence.

"We have the right to persuade and the right to hire," Arthur said not long ago, when discussing this subject, conducting strikes. "We have these rights and no others. The first duty of the workingman is to his family, and no order has the right to ask him to disregard this duty. He has the perfect right to take any position that offers him a chance to provide for that family. If he can then be persuaded that he should join the men who are striking and leave the job, well and good. If not, the only argument remaining is that of money. He must be hired, and, if necessary, paid the same wages that he is receiving from the company with the guarantee that he will have as

steady employment as he has a right to expect if he remains with them. If he still refuses to leave his place, the men who are out have no further redress."

This disposition to conduct a strike strictly within the legal rights of the strikers has been one element of the constant success of the Chief. He has never given his opponents an opportunity to call out the forces of the law against him. He has met them on their own grounds, putting the dollars of the Brotherhood against the wages offered by the company, and he has won in most cases, for, by taking away from the men who had the places of his engineers the argument of necessity. Without that, and with the natural distaste that all workingmen have for what they term "scabbing," they have been easily led to see the situation with the eyes of the strikers.

And with the strike once on, the Chief has always been on the spot to see and to insist that his orders were carried out. The most turbulent of his men have always subsided under the eye of their leader, and his continued successes have inspired them with such confidence that they have been well content at all times to leave direction entirely in his hands.

Perfect organization has been Arthur's strongest weapon. Out of forty thousand locomotive engineers now in the United States thirty-seven thousand are in the ranks of the Brotherhood.

It requires a year's probation to obtain membership, and a glance at the present waiting list shows that few of the remaining three thousand men not at present in the order but are anxious to become members.

The severest criticism of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers to-day comes not from the railroads, with whom their relations are most cordial, or from the public, that now thoroughly approves them, but from other labor organizations with whom and with whose struggles the Engineers under Arthur's direction have steadily refused to have anything to do.

"We attend strictly to our own business," the Chief says. "We have never, in any strike, asked aid of any one or any body. We have never asked for a dollar, and we have never asked another railroad man to quit his job to help us win our fights. In one strike we did tell our firemen that if they refused the engines that our men had given up we would pay them the same money that we were paying to our own men."

"They say we are selfish—. If a man comes to me hungry and I refuse to give something with which to buy food he has a right to call me selfish. If he comes to me and says that he has thrown up his job and for that reason asks me to throw up mine, that is a different matter altogether, and he has no right to criticise me if I refuse such an absurd request."

"We are under contract with a great many railroads. As long as these roads keep the terms of their contract with us we must abide by our side of the agreement, and it would be a travesty on honesty if we were to violate this contract and stop work because some other body of men could not get along with their employers."

"Honesty and character must be the basis on which success is built. The relation between employer and employed must be on a basis of mutual confidence. Our pride is that we keep our contracts once made, and we are then worthy of this confidence. If we violated these contracts at the first call from other organizations we would have no reason to expect our employers to keep their side of the same contracts."

It is because of this determined stand and because the Brotherhood has insisted on minding its own business and refused to have any part in the quarrels of other organizations that they are decried and dubbed "aristocrats."

Chief Arthur's comment on this term or reproach is to the point:

"They say we are aristocratic—. If being temperate and frugal, avoiding saloons and gambling dens, if saving money and giving the benefit of the wages earned to the family at home is to be aristocratic—why I am proud that we are aristocratic."

"Our requirements for membership are that he applicant have a year's experience as an engineer, that he has a good moral character and that he is able to read and write. No man can keep a saloon and remain a member of this order. No man can violate all the decencies of life and remain a member. And when a man is once a member we try to insist that he shall not stand still. We urge him to educate himself to the highest possible point, and we give him every assistance and every encouragement to this end."

"When a labor leader goes into politics," said Arthur, "he is welcomed on the strength of the organization behind him—and then it usually goes to pieces."

This is Arthur, the sole example of a labor leader and organizer who has succeeded entirely in what he has had to do and who alone has continued to hold the position through a quarter of a century to which his success has entitled him. The elements of his success and of the success of the organization that he has stamped with his own individuality are on the surface for others to see and to imitate.

The man is strong. No one but a strong man can obtain ascendancy over the rougher and more virile variety of his fellows, and of such is the workingman, whether engineer or miner. None but the strongest man can maintain such an ascendancy once obtained, for his followers are impatient at the first sign of failure as they are enthusiastic at the first promise of success.

Arthur's personality has been a strong element for his success. No man can come in contact with him and not feel the better for it. He can laugh with those who laugh and weep with those who weep. The magnetism that has made many a leader, who in the end was found to have few other claims on success, is his to a marked degree. And he is a gentleman. He associates with the employers of his engineers on terms of equality that his culture and refinement give him the right to expect without asking them to forget that he is the engineer. He mingles with the men of the footboard on the same terms of equality and they never forget that he is a gentleman. His rank among his fellows is of that easy kind that never has to question position, as does the parvenu, or to decry anyone for his supposed elevation, as does the man who preaches the fierce doctrine of class hatred. To him there are but two classes, honest men and knaves, and he avoids the latter.

# REMINISCENCES

## A STORY

By E. S. CHAMBERLAYNE

**C**OLONEL PORTER DOWNS was in a quandary. He had accepted an invitation to Mrs. Fenwick's dinner and he had found himself seated beside Mrs. Clement Gordon. Now, in ordinary circumstances, the presence of this woman would have filled the gallant Colonel with the most agreeable anticipations. But just at present he wished her anywhere else than at his side.

The fact was, he and his friend Harvey were operating a little corner in Manhattan Consolidated, and among the unlucky "shorts" who had been caught by the rise was the firm of Pratt & Gordon, of which Mrs. Gordon's husband was the junior member. Harvey, who was managing the pool, had insisted upon showing no leniency. And as a result of the squeeze it was pretty certain that Pratt & Gordon would be forced to the wall. Just how much Mrs. Gordon knew of her husband's affairs, Downs, of course, could not tell. But if she happened to be aware that he held her husband's financial life in his hand, it was quite possible that trouble awaited him before the dinner was over. The Colonel was justly proud of his reputation with the ladies, but to discuss a matter of business with a woman, however attractive she might be, was something he would never voluntarily consent to do. And when the question was the salvation or ruin of her husband's firm, its discussion was clearly not to be thought of.

But there the lady sat, and it was quite impossible to neglect her. He must do something. And, like all great captains, believing a vigorous attack the best defense, he started in to enter-

tain her to the very best of his ability. For, if anything could divert her attention from impending trouble, it was Downs' conversation when he really threw himself into it.

He commenced by telling her some humorous incidents of his recent Southern trip, and drifted by degrees into a description of Southern life and the beauties of Southern scenery. Obviously he was leading up to some of his war reminiscences. For in extremity the Colonel always fell back upon the adventures that had befallen him during his army life in the South.

"And the Shenandoah Valley," he remarked after a time, "The Shenandoah Valley is certainly one of the most beautiful spots in all the South."

"Yes, it is," Mrs. Gordon agreed. "I passed my girlhood there, and I go back nearly every year. I don't know whether it's altogether the beauty of the scenery—perhaps it's the old associations that give it the charm—but I have never found a place that seems to me to compare with it."

"Indeed," said Downs. "I had no idea you were a Southerner. Where was your home?"

"A few miles out of Winchester on the Martinsburg road. It was my grandfather's estate, 'Brantwood,' one of the old Virginia places."

"Winchester?" exclaimed Downs, "Why, I was there in the old war days, when you must have been——." He glanced at her and checked himself abruptly. "Ah, 'Brantwood,' did you say? Indeed, I believe I have seen the very place you speak of, though I didn't know the name in those days." And he added impressively: "It was near there that I had one of the nar-

rowest escapes of all my army experience. It was really that which gave me such a high opinion of Southern women."

He paused, and seeing that he wished encouragement, Mrs. Gordon asked him to tell her about it.

"It was when Ewell went through the Valley in '63," he commenced with cheerful alacrity. "He headed Lee's army, you know, which was going North to Gettysburg. I was with Milroy's division when it was caught at Winchester by the Rebel advance. You wouldn't care to hear about the fighting, of course, but the outcome of it was that those who escaped were very glad to get away, and the campaign wasn't ended there, as some of us supposed it would be.

"Well, I had a shot in the foot and was limping along the road next day when I came to this old-fashioned Virginia plantation. I was faint from my wound and the long tramp in the dust and heat, and I can't tell you the pleasure I felt when I came upon a spring house by the side of the road. A little girl was sitting on the step. She was not over eight or nine years old, I should say, with big black eyes and a very pretty face. I always did have an eye for a pretty face," he added, glancing effectively at the one beside him.

"Though the girl was only a little thing, she appreciated my condition and helped me into the spring house, where I could get a seat out of the sun. Then she dipped up a pail of water and helped me while I drank, and afterward helped me bathe and bandage my wound.

"Just then, while I was resting, I heard horses coming up the road. Horses there meant Rebel cavalymen, and if they found me, I knew I should be promptly sent South to a prison hospital and to pretty certain death. But I couldn't get away. And when they drew up before the door, I gave myself up for lost. You can imagine my situation. There I was without a chance of escape from the spring house and with a squad of thirsty cavalymen drawn up before the door.

"And I certainly should have been captured, if it hadn't been for that little girl. I didn't dare say a word to her, but she seemed to know just what to do. Before I realized it, she had caught up the water pail and had carried it out to the horsemen with the most natural manner in the world. There were only three or four of them and they were too tired to dismount. They just passed the pail from one to another. And then she brought out water for their horses. I tell you, I never appreciated the lack of chivalry in a private soldier as I did that day. If one of those fellows had entered the spring house—and they did offer to help her—I should have been taken.

"And when they rode away and I was safe, she was so exhausted by her work and the excitement of what she had done that she just sat down on the step and cried. And you would know I had left out something, if I didn't admit that I kissed her, wouldn't you? I was only a boy then, and she was but a slip of a girl, and there was really nothing else that would do justice to the occasion."

"It was the least you could do, I should think," Mrs. Gordon declared with feeling.

"Oh, I promised to do more than that," he added, laughing a little, apparently ashamed of his feeling. "I assured her that some day, when I was a man, I would come back and repay her for what she had done. I promised never to forget her. And I never have forgotten her, for that matter, though, of course, I never went back there and never even knew her name."

"You really ought to have gone back. You ought to have gone back and married her," said Mrs. Gordon laughingly. "That's the way they always do in books."

"Oh, I spoke extravagantly," he admitted, a little hurt by her tone. "A man will when he's just escaped with his life. But I meant it all at the time. I am not ashamed of it. She saved my life. And if I could have repaid her, I should have done it. And even now, though she is a woman by this time and has probably forgotten all about it, I

should like to meet her, if only to acknowledge my indebtedness. Oh, no. A man doesn't forget a thing like that."

The retirement of the ladies interrupted their conversation.

As Mrs. Gordon left him, she paused to remark: "Oh, I am sure I appreciate your feeling. It does you credit. And—I am very glad you told me this."

A startling thought had come to Mrs. Gordon as she was leaving the table, and she was engrossed with the possibilities it suggested. When the men straggled in from the dining room, she was sitting in a window seat, quite alone. She looked up at Downs with a smile, and as he approached, she rose and with an impulsive movement held out her hand. He looked puzzled.

"I don't know but it was wrong not to tell you at the table," she commenced hurriedly, "to let you tell me that story without knowing. But I could not speak somehow, there before them all. And I may have seemed not to appreciate your noble remembrance of me. But I am sure you will understand my feeling. I did not realize it at first. And then it all came over me—the rush of old memories——"

Downs dropped her hand and gazed at her a moment in sheer amazement. "Why," he stammered, "Why, I——" "Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to say that you——"

"Yes," she said. "I think I was the one. I feel sure I must have been. Though, of course, I was so young that I can't be really certain. I remember such an incident—of a Northern soldier's stopping there, and the horsemen riding up. But I never should have guessed it was you."

"And you—you were the little girl I found there at the spring house," Downs exclaimed. "Why it's simply astonishing." He looked at her critically. "Black hair and eyes," he muttered. "Do you know, I believe—There's no mistake. You're not as I thought that girl—you, I mean—would look. But that's not to be expected, I suppose. And yet," he gazed at her again, "there is something about you that seems familiar, too—an expression about the eyes, a look that I seem to

have seen before. This is certainly a wonderful coincidence."

"Yes, isn't it!" She motioned him to a seat beside her own. "I wish I could remember it better," she added. "But I was so young then, and so many things happened in those war days. I used often to watch the soldiers march past the house. And when the stragglers would come along I would sometimes slip off down to the spring house, where they stopped."

"Well, I'm glad I happened to tell it," said Downs. "And, do you know, I felt from the first that there was something strangely attractive about you. I must tell Fenwick and the others."

"No, please don't mention it," she said hurriedly. "It would be most embarrassing for me."

"Of course, whatever you wish. But I feel as though I owed you the public acknowledgment. I don't see why——"

"Call it a woman's vanity," she answered with a laugh.

"Vanity?"

"Why, yes. Don't you see, if I was eight years old in war times, I must be—Oh, ever so old by now."

"Eh? Oh, yes, I see. I understand. But I'm sure you don't look it. Upon my word, you don't. But I'm very glad to have discovered you again, for I have often wondered whatever became of you. But at all events, I can thank you now, after the years that have passed, without fear of being misunderstood. And if there was anything I could do to repay you—I don't mean that. Of course, I never could repay you—but to show my appreciation; if there was anything I could do to prove that, I would do it gladly."

"Would you?" said Mrs. Gordon, lowering her voice and gazing earnestly into his face. "There is something you could do—something that is of great importance to me. But I fear—I'm afraid I ought not to ask you."

Downs gasped. If it had come in any other way, he could have met it.

"Anything I can do—anything that it is in my power to do," he began.

"It may seem a very little matter to





*Drawn by T. V. Chominski.*

*"Why," he stammered, "Why I—"*

you," Mrs. Gordon observed. "It is only some shares of stock in the Manhattan Consolidated Improvement Company—I think Manhattan Consolidated is the name of it."

He reflected that she probably didn't know where that stock was being quoted, and that it probably wouldn't make a bit of difference if she had known.

"My husband, you know, has not been able to get the stock, or the shares, or whatever it is. He is out of town now, but he said that you had it—in a pool or something—and refused to sell. I couldn't understand it very well. But you know it will ruin us, if you don't."

Downs sighed helplessly.

"So, if you could let him have it—he thought at first you were going to—it would be the greatest accommodation to us. And personally I should feel that whatever I had done in the past—whatever trifling service I had rendered you as a child—was more than repaid. My husband, of course, would never wish me to speak as I have. And I could not have done it to—to anyone else. But I'm sure you understand. It doesn't seem a mere business transaction. It seems more—more personal."

"Ye-yes. Oh, yes, of course."

"And you must understand that I never could have mentioned it, even now, if you had not spoken so kindly of—of what I may call our former meeting. And, of course, I wouldn't interfere with your business affairs even by a suggestion. But I know, from the way you spoke, what you would wish to do."

She paused and looked at him appealingly. Downs' eyes were fixed gloomily upon the carpet.

"I would never have dared suggest it—but you spoke so kindly—of course, if it would cause you loss——"

"No," Downs admitted helplessly. "I suppose it wouldn't be much loss."

"Then you can?" she said eagerly.

"I'm—I'm afraid," he stammered weakly, "that it's hardly possible. Harvey is the—you see, he is really—that is, it's being managed by Harvey, you know. I myself haven't anything

to—that is—well, he is really the one who is managing it, you see."

"Yes?"

For a moment he wavered, while his standing with this woman and with George Harvey hung in the balance.

"Yes," he gasped at length, dabbing his hot forehead with a handkerchief, "I suppose that I might—that I—I could help you. Yes, I will. I will send word to Mr. Pratt in the morning. Yes, you may rely upon me."

"I shall never forget your kindness," she said with emotion.

"Oh, don't mention it. I'm—of course, you know, I'm only too glad of an opportunity to repay you."

Glancing up, Downs saw his wife approaching. He rose and held out his hand. Mrs. Gordon pressed it.

"You have more than repaid me," she murmured, as he turned away.

"Why did I write you that I had done something awful and not tell you what it was?" said Mrs. Gordon, when she saw her husband a few days later. "Why, because I had done something awful, something perfectly dreadful. Oh, I believe I am the most wretched woman in the world. But I did save you, Clem. For you know he let Mr. Pratt have that stock, or whatever it was you wanted, the very next day. And I believe it was all that odious Harvey, as you said at first. For he—I mean Mr. Downs, dear—is certainly one of the nicest old gentlemen I ever met. There is more in him than you would think. He has a kind heart—you needn't smile—indeed he has. His remembrance of that little girl who saved his life was perfectly lovely. And when I think how basely I acted——"

"You haven't told me yet how basely you did act," remarked her husband.

"Oh, it was perfectly dreadful. I don't see how I ever could have done it. I shall never get over it. I wish we had confessions and absolution in our church. My conscience will trouble me as long as I live, I'm sure. And if he should ever discover it, I should die, I know I should. I could never look him in the face again. And if he should happen to tell his wife, she would know at once. And even he might have



*Drawn by T. V. Chominski.*

*"What a perfect wretch!"*

known. Yes, he *was* very ready to believe me old enough. Why, I should have to be nearly forty-five. And he ought to know I wasn't even born when his battle of Gettysburg was fought."

"Whenever you feel like telling me, my dear," suggested her husband.

"Why, he told me a story, the most touching thing, about a little girl who saved his life during the war. Down near grandfather's old place in Virginia. And—and I let him think I was the one who had done it."

"Oh, one of his war stories, eh? And he promised to let up on us, did he? Tell me the story, tell me all about it."

She did so.

"And you never would have thought he had so much real nobility, would you dear? And when I think of how

wickedly I imposed upon him——"

"Why," exclaimed her husband, after a moment's thought. "Downs never saw the Shenandoah Valley in war."

"What!"

"No, he belonged to the heavy artillery and was garrisoned in New Orleans from the time the city was captured till he was mustered out."

"And that story was all made up?"

"It was though. I looked up his war record when he ran for Congress."

"It can't be. I won't believe it. Then why didn't he refuse me?"

"I suppose, my dear, that it must have been because he was influenced by a charming woman. And, incidentally, because he wanted you to think him as good as he said he was."

"Why, what a perfect wretch!" said Mrs. Gordon.

## The Making of a Comedian

An Autobiographical Sketch by

DAVID WARFIELD

**S**OME of the readers of this little account of my struggles on the slippery-runged ladder of success will be surprised, maybe, that it isn't written in Hebrew dialect. There are persons I've discovered, who think that I wear tangled whiskers and use tangled English off the stage, as I do on. They are the impressionable persons who find it hard to dissociate the actor from the character he assumes. At a dinner once, I was introduced to a certain prominent business man. He showed signs of astonishment when we were presented, and I noticed that he continued to eye me curiously. After a while he said: "Do you know, I'm not quite satisfied yet that you are the real David Warfield?"

I told him that I stood

ready at any time to make affidavit as to my identity, and could bring a number of reputable citizens to corroborate my testimony.

"Well," he rejoined, "you're not at all the sort of man I expected to meet. You see, I've watched you acting several times, and you seemed to me so completely the East Side Yiddisher, that I couldn't picture you as anything else. If you hadn't been so real and human I'd have seen through your disguise, but as it was, I had rooted in my mind the idea that the queer dialect and spasmodic grin, if not the straggly beard and shabby clothes, were part of your own personality. Of course, I'm glad that it isn't so, but it gave me a bit of a shock to find you so different."

That's what an actor



*The spasmodic grin.*



*David Warfield as Simon Levi.*

*Drawn from Life by J. C. Clay.*

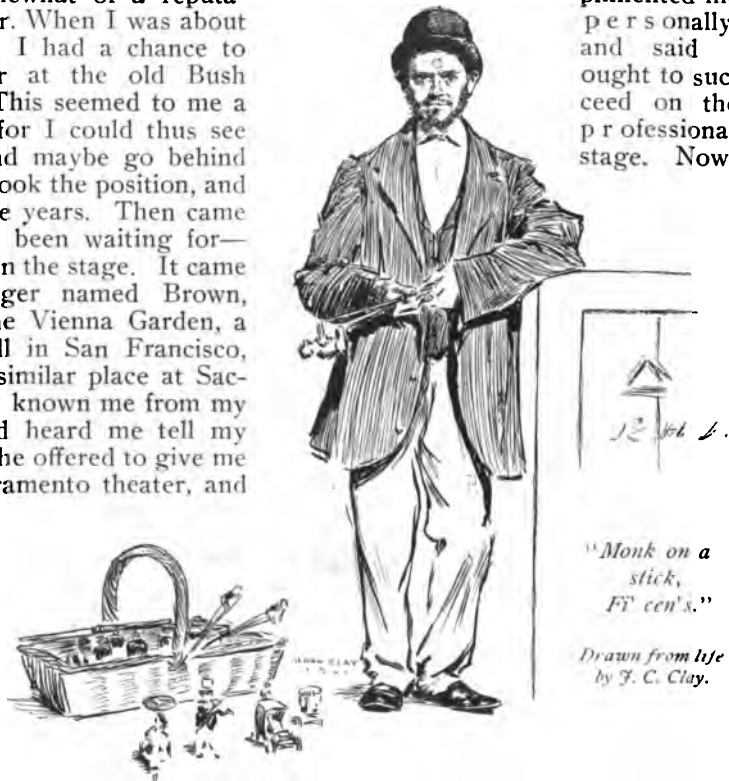
gets for becoming identified with a character. However, persons who have seen me in other parts, including that of David Warfield himself, can testify that I'm not always Simon Levi, the auctioneer. But this isn't telling of my struggles on the ladder.

There's no use trying to point with pride at the beginnings of my stage career. Those beginnings were, to tell the truth, inglorious failures. If I had not had the stage fever in its most malignant form, I think they would have annihilated all my ambition to become an actor. But my fascination for the stage began when I was a boy. I spent most of my pennies in theater tickets, and looked upon actors with veneration and awe. It made no difference whether they were dramatic actors, opera singers or minstrels. To me they were all actors, and I used to follow them about the streets of San Francisco, my home, and watch them like a sleuth. Then I'd give imitations of the actors I had seen, much to the edification of my companions. I had a hobby for telling dialect stories, too, and acquired somewhat of a reputation as a raconteur. When I was about sixteen years old, I had a chance to become an usher at the old Bush Street Theater. This seemed to me a fine opportunity, for I could thus see a lot of plays, and maybe go behind the scenes. So I took the position, and kept at it for some years. Then came the chance I had been waiting for—the chance to go on the stage. It came through a manager named Brown, who conducted the Vienna Garden, a cheap concert hall in San Francisco, and another and similar place at Sacramento. He had known me from my boyhood, and had heard me tell my stories. One day he offered to give me a trial at his Sacramento theater, and there I made my stage debut, such as it was. The discriminating Sacramento audience was less kindly to me than my

friends had been, and I understood it.

Mr. Brown took pity on me and kept me for the week, and presented me with ten dollars as salary. There was one consolation in my troubles. I hadn't disgraced myself under my own name, for I had adopted the name of Dave Sheldon for stage purposes. I returned to San Francisco, thinking myself fated to see the footlights only from the front of the house, but not long after the San Francisco Elks gave a social session and entertainment, in which I took part. Many of the actors then visiting the city were present, and strangely enough, Peter F. Dailey, with whom I was later to appear at Weber and Fields', presided at the session. When my turn came, I told, quaking inwardly, the same stories that had made a frost at Sacramento. What a difference there was in my reception! Actors make the best audiences, and perhaps the interest and good-fellowship that everyone showed warmed me to my work. I felt at once that I had won my audience, and so I had, for I really made a hit. The actors com-

plimented me personally, and said I ought to succeed on the professional stage. Now-



"Monk on a stick,  
Five cents."

Drawn from life  
by J. C. Clay.



adays, Peter Dailey sometimes recalls that evening to me and says:

"I told you so."

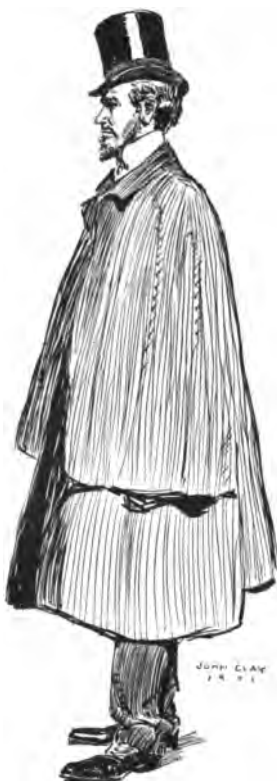
That success brought me another opening. One of those in the audience was the manager of the Wigwam Theater, a variety house in 'Frisco. My work impressed him favorably and he engaged me to appear at his house at a salary of \$15 a week. Much elated and confident of making a hit, I went on at the Wigwam one night early in 1890, and began to do my little act. I say "began" because that was as far as I got. Before I had half finished the audience hissed me off the stage. That was the end of my engagement at the Wigwam. The manager said I might take a vacation for the rest of the week. I went home in about as blue and disheartened a mood as ever a man gets in. Here I was twenty-four years old—old enough to have known better, some people said—and a dire failure. Thoroughly discouraged I felt that I was decidedly better fitted to be an undertaker than a comedian.

In this state of mind I passed several months. Then it became apparent that my ambition for the stage was not dead, but sleeping. I had the desire to make one more attempt. If I failed again, it would be a case of three times and out, as the saying is. But the outlook for another engagement in San Francisco was not promising. No one wanted me after the record I had made at the Wigwam. Then I thought of New York,—the Mecca of every young actor in America. Surely, in that big city, with its many theaters and theatrical enterprises, there would be something for me. New York, though, was across the continent, three thousand miles away, and on the capital I then possessed I

couldn't have traveled much further than Oakland. Some friends, to whom I had told my ambitions, had faith in me. They decided that I should go to New York, and they organized a benefit for me, at which sixty-five dollars was realized. This was not enough for the purpose, so my mother, in the kindness of her heart, gave me fifty dollars more. With one hundred and fifteen dollars I was able to pay my railroad fare to the East, and still have a little money when I reached New York.

Only those who have been through it can realize the feelings of a stranger, friendless and almost without money, looking for employment in New York. I had three weeks of it wandering vainly among the theaters, managers' offices and agencies, and meeting always the response: "Nothing." At the end of that time, when my capital was almost exhausted, I secured an engagement at Paine's Concert Hall on Eighth avenue and Thirtieth street.

It was a resort where admission was free, the audience being expected to pay for its entertainment by buying drinks. My salary was again fifteen dollars a week, and I was required to appear four times a night. Clad in the same suit of evening clothes that had seen my 'Frisco fiasco, I made my first New York appearance on December 8, 1890. In my heart I fully expected a repetition of the Wigwam episode. But the unexpected happened. My dialect stories caught on, maybe because they were new to the metropolis. The management liked me well enough to tell me to stay another week. Necessity, of course, made me accept, though it wasn't the sort of work I was aiming at. What I wanted was to get some-



"Simon Levi" in prosperity.

Drawn from life by J. C. Clay.

thing that would bring me on the stage of one of the brilliantly-lighted theaters on Broadway. Those theaters seemed far out of my reach as I gazed at them, but as things shifted, I was to be on Broadway much sooner than I had hoped.

In San Francisco I had met Mr. William A. Brady and knew him to be a manager of several companies. Accidentally I encountered Mr. Brady in New York and recalled myself to him, pleading for an engagement. Mr. Brady gave me no encouragement. He had nothing to offer me, and knew of no one that had. Shortly after, I met him again.

"Can you play a 'jay'?" asked he.

"Certainly," I answered. I would have said the same if he had asked me if I could play Hamlet.

Forthwith Mr. Brady signed me for a melodrama called "The Inspector" that was going "on the road." I received twenty-five dollars a week. That seemed quite a munificent salary. For ten weeks I traveled with this company and played the role of the old countryman to the satisfaction of the audiences and management. Then I joined Mark Murphy's company in "O'Dowd's Neighbors," where I had a very different role, that of an Irishman. Nobody found fault with my performance, so I began to feel sufficiently sure of myself to essay anything that offered.

The following season I was with Russell's Comedians, the second company, that played "The City Directory" in small towns. Mr. John Russell, the manager, was so pleased with my work that he transferred me to his Number One company. This company played the principal cities, and opened in New York, at the Bijou Theater on December 7, 1891. Thus, just one year after my appearance at the Eighth Avenue Concert Hall, I was playing on Broadway, at the very theater where I opened as a star this season. Eighth Avenue and Broadway aren't many blocks apart, but it is seldom that an actor is fortunate enough to traverse the distance in a year.

In "The City Directory" I played a dude and did burlesque imitations. I continued with the company the rest of that season, and in the autumn of 1892 went with "A Nutmeg Match," of which Miss Annie Lewis was the star. There I played a youthful yokel, adding another to the list of characters I had acted. Later in the season I went with Russell's Comedians again, this time in a play called "About Town," as a young and bashful man, new to society. After that Mr. Russell produced on the road a piece called "The Review," in which my rôle was that of a detective. I was required to don a number of disguises. One was that of a Jew, and this was when the specialty that made me best known had its birth. I hit on the idea by chance. Down on the East Side of New York I had seen hundreds of the picturesque Jews, with their beards and queer hats and queerer dialect. It struck me that here was a striking character type that never had been done on the stage. It may seem a strange statement to make, but the fact is I never devoted much time to studying the Yiddisher in his haunts. That is, it didn't seem like study, for I was simply using the powers of observation. I took a mental kodak picture of him, and was enough of a mimic to catch quickly his gestures and mode of speech. Then, with my subject photographed on my mind I familiarized myself with his views of life, put myself as much in his place as I could, and fitted my stories to accord with his nature. Some of the stories were founded on fact, and more were wholly fictitious. Since I first acted the Yiddisher, I have been developing and retouching the picture, until now, though essentially my original conception, its present state is very different from its first.

Taking a fancy to the Yiddish character, I elaborated it in a specialty, that I was to have introduced in a musical comedy, called "The Twentieth Century Girl," put on at the Bijou. Eventually, however, it was decided not to use my specialty, so I resigned from the cast. A little later the manager, Mr. George W. Lederer, produced



*The Auctioneer—Act I.*

"The Merry World" at the Casino, and in it I played the Laird and Fouché in burlesques on "Trilby" and "Madame Sans Gêne" respectively. The last night of the New York run I put on for the first time in its completed form, my Jewish specialty. It was a far more emphatic success than anything else I had done, and I introduced it again in Mr. Lederer's next production, "In Gay New York," at the Casino. The ensuing season I again used the specialty in the fourth Casino review, "The Whirl of the Town." By this time I had achieved a measure of recognition and popularity that was most pleasing to me. It was sufficient too, to induce Weber and Fields to engage me for their famous stock company, of which I was a member for three seasons—from 1898 to 1901. Though I was secured mainly to play Jewish roles, I varied my work by appearing in a number of other characters in the burlesques put on by the company.

While I was at Weber and Fields' came my opportunity to realize the hope of every actor—to become a star. Mr. David Belasco, who had been studying my work, proposed to undertake my management for a number of seasons and supply me with plays in which whatever ability I possess might be employed to the most artistic advantage. The result of Mr. Belasco's offer is that I am starring this season in "The Auctioneer." It is a striking contrast to my condition eleven years ago, and I hope the pride that any man must feel at the successful outcome of his efforts will excuse my calling attention to it. At the same time, I like to believe that I am only on the threshold of my career. I am a young man yet—only thirty-five—and before my final curtain call comes I hope to accomplish much that I may be sincerely proud of. I want to make the public realize that David Warfield is not merely a specialty comedian, but a

character actor, who can portray the serious as well as the more comic side of life. That is why I like "The Auctioneer." It contains episodes that are rich in pathos, though it is never gloomy, for the comic is blended deftly with the pathetic.

The character of Simon Levi is a real type of the Ghetto, and yet, oddly enough, I took no single denizen of the Ghetto as my model. Simon Levi is a composite picture of many Ghettoites, in which the dominant qualities of each survive. In make-up he differs from my first Jew, but I have made him a more distinctive figure by the change.

It is gratifying to think that one has given a new character to the stage, but I hope not to stop with that one. My ambition is to be an actor of many characters, and I intend in the future to picture other and widely different types. There is always a prejudice, I know, against a character player who takes a part unlike those with which he has become identified; yet I think the public appreciates versatility, and will support it. Mr. Belasco believes this also, and he has faith in me. It is my intention, therefore, to try to prove that David Warfield is not a one-part actor. I don't want the public to say after a few years: "Yes, Warfield is good, but he's always the same." On the contrary, I trust, I shall build a better and more enduring fame as a player of many characters, who endeavored always to broaden and develop his talents. In the past I have played a wide variety of characters, but my Jew has ever shadowed them. There is a difference, by the way, between "characters" and "parts." An actor may play a hundred parts that will be practically all the same style of character; but he never can rank with the actor who plays a score or more characters that are wholly dissimilar. Therein lies the highest form of the actor's art. It is the goal I am striving to reach.



# The Fond Adventure

BY  
MAURICE  
HEWLETT  
author of  
RICHARD  
YEA  
AND MAY



## CHAPTER VI.

HOW PERCIVAL ROSE WHERE CAPTAIN BRAZENHEAD FELL.

**N**EXT morning it might have seemed that Percival had reached his zenith of ascension. For the Prioress rising too early for mass and walking abroad to meditate, found him with Mawdley Touchett in a singular situation. The girl, in fact, was seated by a fish-pond, with her feet bare, and still wet from the water, and Percival on his hands and knees before her, ardently embracing and kissing those same wet feet. "O, dearest feet!" he was saying, and she, "Ah, foolish boy! Ah, foolish boy!" But manifestly thinking nothing of the kind. The Prioress coughed, not loudly; the cuckoo, which happened then to be calling over the meadows, obscured the discreet sound. So Percival pursued his amorous transports and Mawdley suffered the raptures afforded by such homage undisturbed. "Boy and girl," mused the Prioress, "together in the spring pastures; flowers all about them, flowers in their faces, flowers making sweet their breath. Shall not flower lean to flower? What harm do they do? They have all life before them;

mine is rounding its course. Let life for me end on a mellow note. This Piers is a gentle boy—good blood, I feel assured, sings in him; he hath not a pipe so true for nothing. And if my niece played the mischief with Perceforest, Piers shall wash away the stain. Pretty dears, I will not disturb them; but I will question Captain Brazenhead a little further."

Questioned, the Captain (who had been picking rose champions) lifted his shoulders to his ears, lowered his brows, produced indefinitely his mouth to meet them, spread his palms, then solemnly enfolded his bosom. He gave the effect of an inverted arch, and implied deference, noble humility, some philosophy, and a friendly alliance of benevolent neutrality. "Madam," he said, "may I not add, Reverend Friend, these pretty plays of my enamored nephew and your lovely niece may end (why should I not say it?) as they ought to end. If I applaud my nephew's sagacity, may you not in your turn approve this tribute to your niece's beauty?"

"Why," said the Prioress, "there has

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been such tribute paid before; for instance, by Perceforest, my brother's page. Sincere enough, I have no doubt; but tribute is to be valued by the worth of the tributary."

"Have at you, there, dearest Madam," returned Captain Brazenhead warmly, "have at you, there! If we are considering *worth*, for example!"

"You refer, I suppose, to King Asurbanipal and the fair Blandamira?" said the Prioress.

"I did refer to their Majesties, I confess," replied the Captain. The Prioress had no enthusiasm upon this exalted pair. "I fear," she said, "that the title and estates have been alienated long since. Such things would appeal to my brother Sir Simon's understanding before a fine descent. As for lineage, indeed, the Touchetts do pretty well."

"Touchett! Touchett!" said the Captain, "dear, dear, dear! Oh, Touchett is a good Norman house. Your Rolf Touchett held up the Bastard at Pevensey, I believe. Very fair, very fair! But the King of Assyria! But the peer of Charlemagne; Partenopex of Blois, Palmerin, Tyrant the White—!"

"Captain Brazenhead," said the Prioress, with dignity and point, "when you exalt your house at the expense of my own, you compel me to ask myself why the scion of Partenopex of Blois took the trouble to abduct a stable-boy and hide him naked in a ditch on Winchester Meads?"

"Thomas on the Pavement!" said the Captain to himself. "What a still puddle it is!" Aloud he said, "Rack and pincers, Madam, could not force me to tell you what that boy had done, or how far he deserved what he got." This was perfectly true, and the Prioress believed it. "I will not apply such insistence," she said mildly, "for I agree with you that it would fail."

"Ah, Madam," said the Captain, taking her hand, "you and I know the world." This pleased the Prioress, who did not immediately perceive how little it met her argument. "Madam," the Captain went on rapidly, "if my dear blood is perhaps too dear to my barren loins; if in default of lawful issue—of

issue, I should say (if I speak the whole truth), if mindful of my ancient race, if with a heart overful, outvailing head overtaxed; if philogenous, if stirpiferous, puffed with pedigree, prolific, wily, fertile in shifts—if one and all these things I stand naked to the world, do you wonder, dear and gentle lady, that I run to cloak myself in you? If by the hand, a shorn lamb, I lead my pretty nephew; if I bid him curry your nags, hold your stirrup, batter soft your cushion, sing to you, tell you age-long romance, bear your napkin on his arm, your livery on his King-begotten back,—if I do this, why do I do this? Because I love the boy, Madam, and because—" The Captain bared his head, kneeling, "and because I love your ladyship! Yes, Madam," he went on bitterly, "the bloody, crafty, notched, maimed old soldier is touched at last! You will not misunderstand me, I know. I love indeed; but as Plato, as the Seven Sages, as Ptolemy, as Hermes the Threefold Mage, as the Abbot Ammonius, as Simeon Stylites, as the Venerable Bede, might love. Spiritually, that is, inwardly, in the skiey places, under the shadow of angel's feathers. Is it madness to love so? Then Plato was mad, then Venerable Bede was an ass. Is it wicked to love so? Then it is wicked to seek your shelter for my nephew's nakedness. Is it hopeless? Then I am damned. Are you angry? Then I hope I am damned. Are you content? Then I sing *Gloria Tibi*, and recall memories of my good mother, at whose knee I learnt to say, *Amo te devote!*"

The Captain, out of breath, but filled instead with the soft wind of ecstasy, rapturously kissed the caught hand of the Prioress. She, confused, had little to say. Percival and Mawdley, who came upon her while their mouths were still much too close together, had still less to say. They parted as by a thunder shock and stood still, their heads hanging like tired roses. "Children," said the Prioress, "where have you been?"

"I walked in the meadows, if it please you, good Aunt," says Mawdley, "and Piers has dried my feet for me."





*"O, dearest feet!" he was saying.*

*Drawn by H. M. Eaton.*

"Do you understand this service, then, Piers, as well as that of minstrelsy?" asked his mistress.

Percival modestly replied that he had done his best to understand it, and so should always do with every office which might please her good ladyship. They went back through the fields to hear Mass and break their fast. The buttercups were so tall that they brushed Mawdley's knees and dusted her with gold—a charming sight, which, as Captain Brazenhead remarked, made Danae of the girl, and so of Percival an object of contempt to all high-minded men. "Perceforest, my young sprig," he improved the occasion by saying, "the pace is too hot to last. We cannot stay, you and I, at such a course. We must break away, Percival, lest we be broken." Percival was too flushed with adventure to heed him. "My cup is full, Sir, shall I not drink? For such a morning as this I would contentedly be drubbed every night by Sir Simon himself. Oh, her feet! Oh, her tender hands! Oh, her heart!" And so on, and so on. All this filled his friend with disquiet.

On their way by Crooksbury to Guildford and the White Down, Captain Brazenhead drew from the stores of his garnered experience that remarkable, tragic tale which decorates another page; but interesting as it is, and subsequent comments upon it might prove, great press of matter drives me forward to Reigate. Fear of congestion, in like manner, compels me to pass over the noble country through which winds the Pilgrims' way, Compton and Littleton Cross, Saint Catherine's Chapel on the side of a chalk down, Shalford Meadows and Shalford Ferry, Guildford town, and the long grass road which draws you up to Saint Martyrs' Church and the wooded down. You shall picture our company riding there among the boughs, and guess what opportunities for pilfer; stolen looks, stolen touches, half-heard sighs, whispers, vows: "Dearest feet! Dearest feet!" and "Ah, foolish boy!" there may have been; what earnest talk also held the Captain to the side of his Prioress, and how Master Smith's wife

lived silently upon the sight of her bluff husband's eyes. Those galliard eyes were much intrigued by Percival's long nose, out of whose shape the baffled shipman read mystery, a long-lost sweetheart masquerading as a lad, Captain Brazenhead for a terrific rival, himself for a flouted man. There is meat for a tale here. But I am drawn, instead, to Reigate, a red town on a hill, where you might have found a noble Priory of Austin Canons, with great welcome for their Sister of Ambresbury; a large inn called the Christopher, and a little beer-house named The Holy Fish. Thither, under the shades of evening, Captain Brazenhead drew young Percival Perceforest, his nephew by adoption, sadly against inclination and nature.

"By Cock, my bird of the bough," said this warrior, expostulant, "thou hast had thy fill of toying with thy dear. Work of men is now on hand, battle-work, hack-and-hew, blood and bones, a tragic dish. Am I to remind you that you are beholden to me? Never in this life, I hope."

"I shall never forget my duty to you, Sir," said Percival warmly, already ashamed of his backsliding.

"Why, that is as well," returned the Captain, "for I assure you there will be every temptation. But, in my opinion, you hold the iron and should strike before it cools. The Prioress, let me advise you, has discovered (how, I know not) my innocent little device at Winchester; and although I was able by my arts to give her a check, she is a singling hound, of whom God alone can predict (if He will) how soon she will be nose-in-air again. Therefore, Percival, I say, Time is. Cut the way of Holy Thomas, tuck your sweetmeat under your arm, take the road, ride with me, an ho! for war and dead men's shoe-leather. How does this strike you?"

It seemed a delightful plan to the speaker, whose surprise was extreme when Percival drew back. "What, bawcock, art thou faint?" he cried, generously putting the best excuse foremost. But Percival was not faint. He was, on the contrary, very red; his eyes

were misty, his lips dry. He had to use his tongue to them before he could avow the shameful truth to his benefactor.

"Oh, Sir," he faltered, after many a false start; "Oh, sir, do not be angry; but I cannot deceive my mistress much longer."

"Hey," cried the Captain, "Why? Does she smell smoke, do you think?"

"No, no," Percival assured him; "but my conscience—"

"Lord of battles, boy!" the Captain roared, "Don't talk of conscience to me. We have our fortunes to make."

"Let it be then," says Percival, "but I dare not add robbery to my fibs." The Captain stopped in mid-street, and raised his eyebrows as if he saw a snake in the gutter.

"Robbery!" he said in a whisper, "Why, what are maidens for if not to be robbed?"

"Sir, Sir, the Reverend Prioress would be robbed if I took Mawdley away," says Percival. The Captain gaped at him.

"Well?" he said, "why not? Why are we here, knights of the road? Why is she here? Why have I told so many falsehoods, and why hath she believed them, hey?"

"I don't think she hath believed them, Sir," says Percival humbly. The Captain scratched his nose. "Tush! I must be sadly out then," he said. "Do you think it was Tyrant the White she stuck at?"

"Sir, I think rather it was Blandamira the Kurdish princess. But Partenopex of Blois seemed to me rather a hard morsel."

"Blois is good enough," said the Captain; "it must have been that rascally Tyrant. To tell you the truth I had hoped Blois would edge me in the other, a great favorite of mine—especially with a lady who could listen all day to the Romaunt of the Rose. And now I remember that she seemed to know something about my little contrivance at Winchester. Well, well, I am vexed about this. But everything conspires to further my counsel to you, Percival. Cut and run, my twittering finch, cut and run."

"Sir," said Percival, doggedly, "I will run whithersoever you bid me run; but I shall leave Mawdley behind."

"Then you tire of her?" asked the Captain. "I am not surprised. The girl is too ripe for her age. Thin ones pall not so soon." Percival's little eyes kindled.

"Captain," he says hotly, "I love my Mawdley better than life or heaven; but I will never tempt her to wickedness."

"You will find that quite unnecessary," said the Captain.

Percival despaired, and changed the conversation by asking abruptly, what was the duty about to be put upon him, which he was quite ready to perform?

"Why," says the Captain, "it is this. We are about to visit an exalted friend of mine, here in this town darkly disguised for the exact purpose of meeting with me. He is a gentleman (at present) of greater hope than fortune, and goes—O, hush!" he sank his voice to a rushing whisper which could have been heard across the street, "And goes—ah, be mum!—by the name of Cade. Master John Cade, Jack Cade, Jack Mendall; so those who love him call him. But, look you here, his name is Mortimer, seed of the loins of King Edward the Third, twin-apple on the stalk which holds King Edward the Fourth—"

"King Edward the—Oh, Sir!" says Percival in a tremble, "Why, this is treason!"

"Treason, it is," replied the Captain chuckling; "damnable treason, and misprision of treason; work for Tower Hill; block-work, chopping-work, my Ganymede."

"Is it this that you would have me do?" Percival asks; and the Captain, taking his arm, says: "It is! It is!"

They stroll on in silence. Presently Percival asks again, how he can serve Mr. Cade? The Captain became very frank.

"Why," he said, "you must know that my friend Mortimer (call him Cade, if you will), although of extremely noble descent, is in this pass, that he can neither read nor write. Other gen-

tlemen of blood and lineage are no better off. We write our names in blood, ha! And here are our stiles, ha!" He patted his hip. "Now, Jack Mortimer," he went on, "corresponds with the D—e of B—y, the D—e of Y—k, my L—d of M—h, the K—g of F—e"—these names he indicated in atrocious whispers—"and hitherto hath done his best to cope therewithal by help of an old monk of Bury, a Psalter, and the *Gesta Romanorum*. The result hath been that Jack's correspondence is in a devil of a mess. Moreover, the monk is recently dead of a surfeit. You, my lamb, having the Latin, the French, the Burgundian, the Italian, on the tip of your red tongue, you I have designed to be Jack Mortimer's secretary, from the moment when I first saw you, slim and tearful like Niobus the Great, in Winton Minster. You say that you have deceived the Prioress; me you could not deceive. I saw tongues playing about your ingenuous front; everything you have done since has but confirmed my opinion. Now, I need not tell a youth of your parts that I open out a golden road for you to travel. Jack will go far. He is ready at all points. His men line the roads; London stirs for him; Kent calls him King. He will give thee a manor and a title, for thou shalt be his right hand. Sir Percival Perceforest, Knight; Percival, Baron Perceforest; my lord Viscount Perceforest; our trusty and well-beloved Cousin and Councillor Percival, by the Grace of Jack, Earl of—Where the devil do you come from, my dear?"

"From Gloucester, Sir," says Percival.

"I perceive that you speak the truth, for you call it Glorster. Then you shall be Earl of Gloucester, when my good Lord R—d is P—e of W—s!" Thus comfortably as the Captain mused aloud and poor Percival found nothing to say, they reached the shuttered green door which announced by a sign on a string that it was that of The Holy Fish. There hung the fish, with a hole in the shoulder where St. Peter's thumb had held it.

"I must disguise myself, boy," says the Captain. "Mum's the word now;

moonlight work begins. You carry innocence all over your face, but I have a plaguily fly-by-night appearance, and must by all means conceal it."

His method of disguise was admirably simple, for he merely threw his riding cloak over his head. Thus he could neither see nor be seen, neither deceive nor be deceived. This done, he made Percival take his hand, saying, "Lead on, noble colleague." Percival followed his nose into the doorway of The Holy Fish.

A black-haired, stout, blotch-faced man sat in dirty shirt and breeches at a tressle-board, eating bacon from a skewer. A jack of beer was at his elbow, onions reposed in a basin of vinegar beside him; all about his feet lay letters, parchments, sealed writs in a heap.

His companions were a miller in his cups and a Carmelite. Percival stood modestly in the open doorway, still holding by the hand the muffled, the motionless Captain Brazenhead. The eater of bacon frowned upon the pair.

"What do you want, knave?" then said Master Cade, for this was he. "And who is your mawmet in a shroud?" Captain Brazenhead threw off his disguise with a flourish. "God help this realm, Jack, if I deceive even thee!" he said with a fervor. Master Cade resumed his bacon; the Carmelite had never stopped eating onions; the miller went to sleep.

Between the bites the great revolutionary asked of his friend, who was this sprig of jessamy? The Captain introduced his dearest nephew-by-adoption. "He hath a long nose," said Master Cade, "too long for my taste. We are sworn foes of long noses in Kent, as thou knowest. What are we to do with him, Sol?"

"He was born under Sagittarius the Archer," says the Captain, "and is therefore lucky. Start not at his nose. I tell you he is a penman. I have trained him for thy secretary, Jack!"

Master Cade said Humph! to this; but of Percival he asked, "Where gat Sagittarius your father, you of the body of your mother?"

"Sir," replied Percival, "I fancy that

Captain Brazenhead spoke tropically, by a figure. My father's name is John Perceforest; he is a clothier of Gloucester."

"You said he was an archer, Sol," said Master Cade.

"I spoke exuberantly, as this lad says, and in the tropics," the Captain admitted. "Leave his father and his nose alone, Jack."

"Stop that cackle," cried Master Cade, who seemed excited, "and let me get on with the boy. Now, boy, I have the truth of thy father at last. Is that nose of thine his or thy mother's?"

"My mother, Sir, had a longish nose."

"Losh!" said Master Cade. "Now, who was your mother?"

"My mother is dead, Sir."

"I asked you not what she is!" Master Cade was very testy. "Plague! will you prevaricate with me? I asked you who she was?"

Percival answered, "She was very well descended, Sir, as I have been told. Her name before wedlock was Jane Fiennes."

Master Cade grew livid. "Lord of Might! And with a nose like that!" He paused to breathe; presently asked, "And whence came your Jane Fiennes?"

"She came from Kent, Sir," says Percival. Cade threw up his hands and brought them down with a crash on the table. The miller rolled on to the floor and the Carmelite slipped out of the room.

"If I knew not his nose among a hundred! Jane Fiennes' son, Jane Fiennes' son!" Master Cade was much perturbed. "Do you know who you are, young gentleman?" Thus he accosted Percival, who answered, "An honest lad, Sir, if it please you."

"Honest!" cries Master Cade, "honest! You are better than that, I hope. King Melchior, I'll tell you what you are. You are nephew of Lord Say, that's what you are! Nephew and apparent heir, that's what you are! And you hope yourself honest! Why, Sir, you may be a peer of this realm. No need for honesty then, I hope. Honest, quoth he!" He changed his tune

abruptly, and turned to the complacent Captain Brazenhead. "Dids't thou lay this trap for me, old gallows?" asked his chief. I'll not deny it, Jack," said the Captain. "It will serve my turn," says Cade, "or may do. When we have cracked the old thief's skull at Sevenoaks, we'll set up this slip of willow in his place, and have a lord on our side. Do you smell? Are you fly?"

The Captain smelt, and was very fly. "Let me talk to my honored young friend," he said, and drew him apart.

"Now, Percival," he began, "it appears that you are in a fair way. Your mother was Lord Say's sister, and none the worse in that her brother is an old cut-throat, ill-beseeming dog. You are heir to the wicked man, your uncle. Now I propose to you an honorable game, fitting to your name, degree, expectation, and parts. You shall stand in with the noble Mortimer and me. We raise all Kent, attack Sevenoaks, slay your uncle at leisure. You come in to title and estates, marry your little Touchett (if she still content you), and reward us after your own generous notions. Do you see your way clear? I protest," cried the delighted Captain, embracing his young friend warmly, "I protest that is as workmanlike a little cabinet of villainy as I have ever compassed! What is more, it will be of real service to you."

But Percival did not see his way to the murder of his uncle, and told Captain Brazenhead as much with tears of shame in his eyes. "Dear Sir," he said, "I know not what you will think of me, ungrateful, unworthy of your continual favors. I owe you all my earthly happiness; but do not ask me to kill my mother's brother. I will die for you, or at your hands, if you choose; but I cannot dabble in my own blood. Slay me now, Captain Brazenhead, where I kneel"—and kneel he did—"and let Percival die blessing the hand that fells him." The Captain, profoundly touched, raised him up and kissed him. "Your sentiments, my Percival, do you honor," he said, "though I deplore their effect upon my plans. I must consider what will be best to do now, for I'll be hanged if I know offhand."

Master Cade had a way of his own. "If the young gentleman can't help us, Sol," says he, "we had better help ourselves. We should put a winger into him at once, I believe. He must never leave Reigate alive." The Captain shook his head. "No, no, my Trojan," he replied, "that is a short-sighted way to work. You may trust Mr. Perceforest, I am sure." He added in a low voice, "A friendly Lord Say will be better than two dead ones, you fool; let the boy go." Turning to Percival, he kissed him again, saying, "Remember your old Brazenhead in after years, for now I must bid you farewell. If I have served you, I am glad. I love you, my boy, and shall pray for you every day. Note this also. You shall do wisely to force your pilgrims on their way with all speed. Kent will be on fire within a week. At Canterbury you shall see either myself or my ghost. Farewell."

"Farewell, dear sir," said Percival, brokenly. They parted affectionately, like father and son; Percival went out with tears in his eyes.

## CHAPTER VII.

INCIDIT IN SCYLLAM, CUIPENS VITARE  
CHARYBDIM.

The Captain gone, not without comment and discussion, in which Percival's explanation played a poor part, our young man found himself involved in a new difficulty. Smith the shipman located his long nose. "Gloucester knew that nose of thine," he declared, "as I do verily believe. But her name was not Thrustwood—no, nor nothing like Thrustwood." Percival did not deny that he had been born in Gloucester. "I would like to see thee deny it," said the shipman. "I would swear to thy long nose and button mouth before the Lord Mayor of London. And how comest thou," he asked reproachfully, "how comest thou trampling after a wicked old tosspot mercenary on pretended pilgrimage, all in a page's

breeches? Fie upon such unwholesome dealing!" Percival grew very angry, as well he might; hereupon the shipman turned his gall to tenderness. "Child, I loved thee once; pledges we exchanged; we split a coin. I vowed I'd never forget thee, upon my soul."

"I vow that I have never seen you before, sir, in all my life!" cried Percival hotly, "nor your good mistress either!" "Jealousy," quoth the shipman, "Jealousy is the mother of lies. What is my wife to thee or to me, who cry back old dead days?" But here, happily, that same lady came out to show what she was to her lord. "Tease not the boy, honey, tease me!" Thus she wooed him, and left Percival to his other anxieties. These were to get his people well on the road before it was taken by the grim Captain Cade, and to ponder how he could save at once his mistress's skin, his own skin, and the skin of his exalted uncle.

By ten of the clock—so successful was he—the whole train was in the vale of Darent. They baited at Oxford under the shadow of the Archbishop's house, whence, if Percival could have known it, he might have seen the threatened turrets of Knole high on the wooded hill of Sevenoaks. From that place a very agreeable tale from the Prioress took them peacefully to Wrotham, where they stayed out the heat of the day. If Mawdleyne had to complain that her lover was cold she did him an injustice. He was consumed with fear on her account; the country was ominously quiet, with no pilgrim-booths in Wrotham town, no folk in the inns, few houses that had not shutters over the windows. They had halted at a smithy a few miles out of the town: "You must limp it on three feet, master," was the answer Percival got. "There is not a scrap of iron short of Maidstone, I do believe." "What have you done with your iron, master?" asks Percival. "Ah," says the farrier, "that is telling." A bad answer: but worse was to come.

*To be concluded.*



# MARGINALIA

## ON ACCOUNT OF A COAT.

By NORVELL HARRISON.

THERE they stand before me—the man I love, and the man who loves me. They are not well matched pictures at all. The man I love is presented to my loving gaze, clad in an outing shirt, riding pants, and worn leggings, while the other photograph represents a handsome fellow in a frock coat and beautifully creased trousers. I think it was his frock that instigated my refusal of him.

He proposed to me at five o'clock one afternoon, in my own parlor. We had discussed the musicale the day before and had speculated upon the sleighing party the day after. He had asked me what I thought of Bernhardt as Hamlet, and I had given him my views concerning "female impersonation" in general. I was just on the point of telling him the plot of a new book I was reading, when he leaned the fraction of an inch nearer to me and said:

"I came this afternoon to ask you to marry me, Marion. You must know that I love you. Will you be my wife?"

Can you imagine anything more conventional and orthodox and horrid? I felt as if some one had thrown a glass of ice water in my face. I had always liked Mr. Birmingham—and, perhaps, if he had waited till we were thrown together in some unusual and romantic way—in an elevator stranded between two floors, or on a desert isle or something—and then whispered one mad, swift word, or even looked one mad, swift look—I *might* have said "yes." But,

instead, his declaration was so well-timed that it became extremely ill-timed. I hated him for having come *on purpose* to propose. His absolutely correct frock coat maddened me. The absolutely correct silk hat which I knew was on the hat rack still further enraged me. Even the absolutely correct bunch of violets which he had sent me that morning flashed through my mind and filled me with intense displeasure.

"No, Mr. Birmingham," I said, scornfully, "I will not marry you, nor any man who is satisfied with a life spent in making things on the chafing dish and leading endless parlor cotillions."

He looked tremendously surprised.

"I didn't know you were so down on society," he said after a little pause. "You dance cotillions yourself, you know. Not infrequently you have led one with me. And it occurs to me that I have more than once met you at euchre parties and afternoon teas."

"That's entirely different," I explained coldly. "I have a duty to perform, which I owe to myself and my parents' position. But you're a man, and you needn't devote your life to thinking and saving and doing and wearing the conventional things."

"I don't believe I understand you," he said, slowly. "But I do understand that you

don't care for me, and nothing else matters. I don't blame you, either, if you think I'm the kind of a fellow you've described." Then he went without even shaking hands. If he



"Do you see a frog or a spider?"

had stayed and allowed me to point out to him—but, how can I wish that he had stayed when my other proposal, from the man I love, was so perfect!

I was visiting an aunt of mine in Virginia, and he was learning farming on an adjoining plantation. I fell in love with him the first time I saw him galloping down the road in the costume he has on in the picture. But I couldn't find out whether he cared for me or not, because, while I am absurdly rich, he is very poor—and I didn't know whether to put his not proposing to me down to indifference or to father's bank account—until something happened which made it necessary for me to hint to him that money is not the only thing I care for.

It was the brook running through the woods back of the house that helped us. I had gone into the woods to be cool and quiet while I thought about Dick and wondered if he was thinking about me when, suddenly, in the midst of my sweet reverie, a picture I had once seen, flashed through my mind. It was called "One hour of bliss," and it portrayed two children, clad in bright red pinafores standing ankle deep in a bright green stream. Whether it was that the title dazzled me or the heat drove me, I don't know, but in less than no time I had made the necessary preparation to follow the examples of those wretched, thrice-blessed, bright red children. I was just about to begin my hour of bliss when I heard a crackling of twigs, and peering through the branches, saw a man approaching, and the man of all others that I least wanted to see at that moment. I had barely time to hurl myself upon my discarded foot gear, when he caught sight of me.

"What on earth are you doing here?" he cried, hurrying towards me.

"I am looking for four leaf clovers." I said, stiffly. The heel of one shoe was uppermost, and pressed disagreeably against my ankle.

"But there aren't any clovers here. And you'll catch your death of cold. Get up and sit on this log."

"I'm not going to get up and sit anywhere," I cried determinedly. "I'm going to stay here for hours and hours—perhaps all day."

"All right," he said, sitting down by me. "I'll stay, too. Perhaps smoke will keep you from catching diseases."

"Oh! you'd better not stay," I protested. "You are so awfully susceptible—"

"No, far from it," he interrupted. "I can look into all shades of eyes without being in the least affected."

"I wasn't speaking of summer-girls," I said, coldly. I didn't like what he said either. "But of grip and bronchitis and inflammatory rheumatism. They are easier to catch and harder to shake than we are, you know."

"Yes? Well, I'll risk attracting both. And if the worst should happen, then

"Sated with rapture, I'll steal to my bed With a glow in my heart and a cold in my head."

"Isn't it long past your dinner hour?" I asked. "Because, I'll excuse you whenever you want to go. You needn't be late on my account."

"Why, it isn't eleven o'clock! What are you thinking of? Tell me some more about girls and grip."

"I don't know anything about either," I said in despair. "Ou—ouch!" I really couldn't help it. That wretched heel was a thorn in my flesh.

"What's the matter?" he asked anxiously. "Do you see a frog or a spider or anything?"

"Nothing is the matter. Do you think if I saw a spider I would calmly sit still and ejaculate? I happened to remember about some letters I must write."

"Do you always scream when your correspondence occurs to you?"

"I didn't scream. I merely exclaimed. And I wish you'd stop pestering me with questions. I'm sick and tired of explaining things to you."

"Something is the matter," he said firmly. "Is it the heat or what? Perhaps a pin is sticking you. Or maybe you have sprained your ankle," he added, anxiously.

I couldn't stand it another minute. I knew if he kept on guessing the whole truth would soon be laid bare before him.

"I'm not hot or sprained or anything—" I said, on the verge of tears. But I want to be by myself. I've tried to show you that delicately, but you wouldn't take the hint. Can't you understand that there are times when a person would rather be by herself, even if she's not doing anything special but sitting down?"

"Yes, I understand," he said slowly, that a little of a common farmer's society goes a long way. Because you have condescended to be kind to me, when you had nothing better to amuse yourself with, does not excuse my thick-headedness. I imagine there are a number of times when you don't care about having me around."

"You know you haven't any reason to talk in such a horrid way, Dick," I said, sobbing. "There are never any times when I don't want you, but, you are so stupid about seeing things, and don't you see, I can't talk to you when I haven't—when I've been getting ready—to go in wading? Now do you understand?"

"I'll go away and stand behind that tree when you tell me what you mean by there never being any time when you don't want me," he said, coming closer to me, and without paying the least attention to what I said about my bereft condition.

"Please leave me alone and go away," I answered, without looking at him.

"When you have told me what you meant."

"I suppose I meant what I said. And you ought to be ashamed of yourself for taking advantage—"

"Do you mean that you want me at all times, as I want you?"

I didn't answer. I wanted to sob some more, but I felt if I opened my mouth I would sing instead. So I refrained from opening it.

"Sweetheart," he said, kneeling down by me, "do you mean that you are willing to marry a poor man who loves you devotedly?"

"I'm not willing to become engaged to anybody while I'm separated from my shoes and stockings," I whispered. "Go away and let me put them on, and then you can propose to me properly."

So he went and stood behind a tree until I put those hateful things where they belonged. Then he came back and took me in his arms. And we forgot all about another proposal's being necessary.

We aren't going to be married till Dick gets richer. He says he never ought to have proposed to me while he was so poor,

but he just couldn't *help* it. Isn't that romantic? I can hardly believe that once on a time he dressed himself in his frock and—there! Now you know. But you'd guessed it before, I'm sure. Because, of course, I *must* have cared something for Mr. Bermingham, or it wouldn't have made me so furious when he proposed to me in the way that he did. And when they failed, and somebody told me an uncle of his had offered him a farm in Virginia, I made up my mind that if he went I would go too. He has a mother and sister to support and he didn't stop to think whether he would like farming and loneliness and outing shirts, but went at once.

He says he will be married in an outing shirt if I say so, but it's going to be an afternoon wedding, so he'll have to wear his frock. I don't mind it a bit either. Because I will know that I am marrying my Dick even if he has got on Mr. Bermingham's coat.



## THE EAST SIDE OF NEW YORK CITY

By WILLIAM S. BOYER.

**KLEIN.**

"**W**HAT—you don't know Klein?"  
 "No. Why should I? He's some cranky Dutchman, I suppose."  
 "Ja! Ja!"  
 "Sie haben recht."  
 "Grossweiler—more beer!"  
 "Der Klein ist ein Deutcher."  
 "All up! Hats off! Gesundheit! Hoch der Klein!"  
 "Prost!"



"Hoch der Klein!"

"You don't know Klein, stranger, but you are on good terms with his favorite tippie. You'll make a good Dutchman if your natural tastes are properly cultivated."

"Thanks. That is quite a compliment, coming from you; but who is this Klein you're talking about, anyhow?"

"Oh, he's only an Eleventh Ward Dutchman, but a thorough acquaintance with him is equivalent to a liberal German education. He carries off nearly all the Scheutzenfest prizes, sings thoro-base in the Saengerbund, is one of the most skilful athletes in the Turnverein, is a leading member of the Liederkrantz, can drink more beer, brag louder and has more to brag about than any other Dutchman on the Dry Dock."

"Well, well, well! He's Dutch enough to sing 'Hoch der Kaiser,' and mean every word of it. Why don't you run him for Sheriff?"

"Not a bad idea. He'd get the German vote; sure. He hasn't an enemy in the world."

"Ulrich—you forget Ulrich."

"Ja! Ja! Ulrich."

"That's so, I forgot Ulrich. Oh, ho! ho! ho! I forgot Ulrich. Grossweiler—more beer!"

"Now stop your nonsense, and if you know a story worth telling about Klein and this other fellow you are laughing at, why go ahead. You do the talking and I'll do the drinking. You are three glasses ahead of me now."

"All right, Prost! Well, Klein once had a friend named Ulrich, who induced him to endorse a note for him for discount."

"Old story—friend ran away and Klein paid the note."

"Sure; but it took every cent Klein had in the world—his Scheutzenfest prizes, his guns and foils and every stick of furniture in his house; but Klein paid the note. By and by Ulrich came back and Klein asked him for the money. What do you think that rascal said?"

"Couldn't guess. Go ahead."

"Said he—that Ulrich—said he, 'If you have made a fool of yourself, Klein, that is no reason why I should.'

"Klein said nothing. He slowly turned his back on Ulrich and walked away without uttering one word of reproach.

"But retribution followed swift and certain. Within a week a fire broke out in a saw-mill adjoining Ulrich's house and in a few minutes both buildings were in a blaze. Klein, hearing the alarm, ran with the crowd and arrived just in time to see Ulrich rush from the house blinded by the smoke and reeling with suffocation. Klein pushed his way to Ulrich's side and reached him as he sank almost fainting to the sidewalk. Ulrich recognized him. 'Forgive me, Klein,' he cried, 'my money, oh, my money!'

"Where is it, Ulrich? Tell me and I'll try to get it.'

"In my room—you know where—in the top bureau drawer. Don't go, Klein. You'll die in the fire.'"

"But Klein was up and away before a detaining hand could be extended. He plunged through the reek of smoke, up the crackling stairs and the crowd around Ulrich held their breath and waited in wistful agony.

"No man knows what Klein endured. No man knows what Klein did. He never told. But, scorched and singed, he slid down the rear fire-escape while the crowd in front was waiting, still and breathless with dread.

"Suddenly the wall fell in and a cry of horror went up from the multitude."

"Say, now, that was great! Your Klein is a magnificent fellow. Let's drink his health. Barkeeper, set 'em up again, all around. Here she goes; one—two—three—drink hearty! Go on now. How did it all turn out? But never mind, I can imagine it myself. How the people must have shouted when Klein came in sight again! And Ulrich, of course gave Klein a half, at least, of the treasure he had recovered, and—"

"Stranger, Ulrich never got the chance. Klein was smart that time."

"Aber er hat Ulrich some good advices gegeben."

"Yes, I forgot that. When Ulrich anxiously cried, 'Did you get it, Klein? Did you get it?' Klein replied, 'If you have made a fool of yourself, Ulrich, that's no reason why I should.'"

"Ja! Ja! Klein ist ein Deutscher."

"Hoch der Klein! Prost!"

"Hoch der Klein!"

## DINKELDEIN'S PARTY.

KATRINA DINKELDEIN has very little to be thankful for in her family relations, poor woman. The little tailor, her husband, has but one object in life, and that is the acquisition of money. He sits perched up in cross-legged ugliness



on his work-table from daylight to dark, stitching away his life until the gathering shadows forbid further effort. Then he takes a hearty meal in the gloaming and dives into bed to save the expense of a light.

Katrina takes some little pride in her position as landlady of our big tenement, and occasionally slips away from her surly little master to gossip with the tenants and to enjoy the extravagant warmth and brightness and comfort of their poverty-stricken apartments.

The other day she told Mrs. McFadden that she had been married just twenty-five years, and that the coming Wednesday would be the anniversary of her wedding. We all like the little woman as much as we detest the tailor, and on Mrs. McFadden's suggestion, we determined to give her a surprise party. So we went to work and prepared a nice basket of refreshments for ourselves, sent her a bottle of wine and presented two dozen of lager to the tailor.

At seven o'clock on Wednesday evening our party knocked at the Dinkeldein's apartments on the top floor. The tailor opened the door and in we rushed, carrying our own lights and our basket of provisions. The tailor made a faint show of welcome, but his wife was delighted. She chatted as gaily as a girl and it did our hearts good to see her capable of such happiness after twenty-five years of the abomination of desolation.

The tailor fidgeted around the room, turned the lights down a little, made short,

surly replies to our pleasantries, and, at last, when he could endure it no longer, blurted out:

"Come, Katrina, let's go to bed. The company wants to go home."



### ANTOINE'S STORY.

"YES, Madamé, 'twas a strange tale; I have told it many times; I know not what men think of it, but as for me, I know what I think."

Here Antoine absently drew the pile of dead leaves closer together with his rake, looked intently for a few seconds at his mistress standing near, then stooped and, gathering an immense armful, deposited it upon the barrow.

"Would I tell you this tale? Sure, Madamé, for why should I not tell? It is long ago now; the years slip by while we stand; like the water in the river there Madamé, it is gone."

"You see it was this way, M'sieu Moran would go for the hunt, for the fish; as for me, I know well the woods, the rivers, the canyons of that part."

"I, I say, Madamé, we hunt, we fish, we journey far from sun to sun, and still more and more, for M'sieu seem possessed by one wandering devil he could not kill."

"As for me—" Here Antoine shrugged his shoulders, threw out his hands, palms up, and curled his mouth down at the corners. "As for me, I go where the devil of M'sieu lead."

"It was getting late in the fall, Madamé, the shallow streams were calling, calling for the rain; the leaves were falling, falling and turning brown like the earth and yellow and red like the sunset, still the devil of M'sieu drove him deeper and deeper into the wilderness, and me, I follow."

"One evening, tired and lame from the great walking, we came, leading our horses into a small, clear place among the pines. One small space lay there covered with the dry, dead tops of potato vines; it was time to dig them out. At one side under the heavy pines stood a small log hut. A home, sure Madamé, but to me so sad, so lone, beneath the pines, so far away."

"I notice a little smoke curls up from the low chimney at one side. 'Ah, there,' I

think, now for to roast our venison and broil the fish.' Never, no never, Madamé, you may believe me, is any meat or fish to taste like that from the ashes of the open fire."

"Then I cry, 'Halloo!' but all is quiet, no one comes to look from the open door. Again I cry, 'Halloo!' and no one comes. I look at M'sieu and M'sieu he look at me. Again, then we give a big cry, 'Halloo!' together, then we hear something fall in the hut like a bench thrown down, and in the door comes a man."

"He look at us but say no word."

"'Halloo!' we call again together, and then he lift his hand and beckoned, thus, and we go across the dried vines to his door."

"'Halloo!' says M'sieu, 'when we call and call and you answer not we believe you deaf or dead.'"

"'No,' says the man quickly then, 'I did not reply at first because I thought—' and then Madamé he quit and stir the fire and say no word more."

"'Well, well,' say M'sieu, for he would be jolly then, 'say no more; let it go; we will share supper; we will be happy.'"

"We eat then, we feast, like the Indian, Madamé, we fill till for one week we desire no more; then M'sieu pass tobacco, we fill our pipes, we smoke, and from our flask we drink the rum that puts the good heart in one, to dare to be brave, Madamé."

"The man of the hut, he eat too with us; he smoke, he drink, but slow always; he sit, he stand, always with his head on one side, thus; through all the talk, the smoke, the eat, the drink, he wait always—a little; he listen—listen. M'sieu and myself we notice, but we say no word."

"'Have you many years here?' then I ask him, eh? There was no harm in that, Madamé."

"'Five years!' he answer, more like a groan than words."

"'Why go you not away then?' say M'sieu."

"'Go,' say he, and he get up and walk about, and listen—listen, always. 'Go!' I cannot go until my time has come, and it is long; it is long in coming."

"He walk then and listen, and M'sieu and myself we regard him."

"Then in the silence we hear a low moan,



like a cry and a groan altogether. The man, he stop and listen—listen. M'sieu say, 'How the devil the wind cry so in your chimney, when the wind is small?' The man say, no word, but stand and listen—listen—so. But as for me, I watch the man while he listen, and then I think; for myself, I know what I think.

"You shall see, presently, I know all, and for myself I will tell you true. As for M'sieu, he have always an unbelieving devil.

"The night had settled down long before, and still we sat with only the light of the fire; it would be time soon to sleep, and I saw piles of furs and I was glad. I could hear the horses, eating, eating on the wild grass I had cut and heaped before them in the shed behind. Poor beasts, what better friend has man than horse or dog? For me, I love them, I could tell you tales, Madame—but—yes—this thing—first.

"Well then, while we sit, and listen too, and watch—watch the man walking up and down, we hear a long wailing cry like a child's scream. Well I know that sound, and M'sieu know him too; he reach for his gun, but the man—he stand like a dead pine tree when the lightning have scarred it.

"Then nearer again that shriek, then the man seem to forget us; he slyly creep up and take a long, sharp hunting knife from over the fireplace, then he go softly to the door and throw it wide. M'sieu say swearing under his breath, 'Is the damn man crazy, to ask the brute in and fight him with a knife?' And M'sieu take his gun and I take my gun and we wait and we observe.

"The man stand in the door, and the fire-light behind him throw his shadow far out over the potato patch across the clearing. He stand a minute thus, and then he cry out:

"'Jim Hatfield! Jim Hatfield! twelve times have I fought you, twelve times have I killed you, and yet again and again must I slay! Give over, Jim, heart of my heart! I would be friends with the dead!' We observe still, and he listen—listen—till, almost at the very door came that awful shriek again—the hair stand up on my head! Death! Madame, but at night, sometimes I hear in my dreams that cry! M'sieu make steps quick to get to the door, but the man spring out like a fiend and grapple with the wild cat, as we can see in the long lane of light falling across them from the door.

"Ah! blessed saints! Like demons they fight. The long knife go 'wish, wish,' and sometimes we hear him strike bone. The beast snarl and tear, the claws rip cloth and flesh. M'sieu and I, we are soon there, but to shoot, to kill perhaps, the man!

"M'sieu is brave, but as for me, I feel cold on my back, like when the rain slip in and creep down inside my coat."

Antoine told his tale with tongue and hands, with feet and body; he lived that fight that time again. For his mistress he became in turn, beast and man, M'sieu and Antoine; he crept, he listened, he called; he lunged, he tore and scratched; he spoke loud, he sunk his voice to softest whisper.

"Then M'sieu, watching a chance, quick,

put his gun and fire into the wild cat's ear; in one, two seconds he fall, he shiver, he kick, he lie still.

"The man—Ah, Madame! I cannot tell! It is too horrible! Mother of God! He was tore, he was much bloody, but he was yet alive, and tight he grip his bloody knife.

"We carry him in, we care for him, but he say all along, 'No good, no good, my time has come at last. I am glad to die.'

"'No,' say M'sieu, 'you live to kill many wild cats yet, cheer up.'

"'No, never, no more,' say he. 'Jim Hatfield told true, to come and come till I could fight no more.' Then he lay quiet and we think he sleep. By and by, he rouse again and say, 'Is he dead?' 'Who?' say M'sieu. 'Jim Hatfield,' say he. 'I don't know any Jim Hatfield,' say M'sieu.

"You shot him at the door,' he say, and his voice is very weak now.

"That was a big wild cat I shot,' says M'sieu, 'and I don't think I ever saw a larger one.'

"Yes, a wild cat, but Jim Hatfield all the same,' say the man. 'Give me more rum.'

"So M'sieu give him plenty rum, and by little and little, going slow and soft, he tell his tale. The man and Jim Hatfield go to hunt gold and to live partners in the wilderness. They do well, and never were better friends or closer than these men for two years. Then in an evil day into their clearing came a big wild cat; both men run and get guns to shoot; still again both men shoot at the same time, and the wild cat he fall dead. Then both men run up and hunt for the two bullet holes, and they find but the one. Jim Hatfield say that is his, the man say it is his, then both say it is his. Then from one to another it goes, from soft words to hard words, to swear words, to curses, to blows, to knives, till the men strike hard and quick before they think, 'It is my friend.' Jim Hatfield falls, to die, but hate and anger burn hot in death, and Jim curses his friend and say, 'Time after time, month after month and year after year will I come and cry to you, that you may fight me till I conquer you, and till you die, torn and bleeding from a wild cat's claws.'

"Yes, Madame, he believe, but he bury his friend and he wait, and before long he hear the wild cat cry and scream, and he go out and fight and kill him. By and by, after maybe weeks or maybe months, he hear again the wild cat scream, he go out again, he fight, he kill him. Twelve times he kill, once the man and eleven times the wild cat he say, and three years he live alone waiting, waiting, listening, listening. He bury each time the wild cat and so next day we find it as he say, all in one row, Madame.

"Next day he die; we bury him beside his friend and maybe now they make peace and are good comrades in the land of shadows.

"And M'sieu, your husband now, Madame, he, as I say, have one mocking, unbelieving devil, he take the wild cat skin home to you, but as for me, I know what I believe."

M. JUSTIN PATTON.





## MEN, WOMEN AND BOOKS

**T**HE storm of racial feeling that President Roosevelt raised by inviting Booker T. Washington to dine with him at the White House astonished most people who, like the President himself, were born less than fifty years ago. It is difficult, indeed, for persons under sixty years of age to conceive to what a degree the color line entered into social concerns in the parlous days of the middle of the last century.



Charles R. Sherlock.

In the light of the President's defiance of an old prejudice and the discussion it has provoked, there is apt to be a better understanding of the motive of a story like "The Red Anvil," which Charles Reginald Sherlock, the author of "Your Uncle Lew" and of the delightful story of "Little Nozzle" in this number of *LESLIE'S MONTHLY*, is now completing. This will have to do with the period antedating the Civil War—from 1850 onward, to be exact—when the government at Washington was making a more or less futile effort to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law against a determined anti-slavery sentiment in the North.

Mr. Sherlock designs to impart to the operations of the Underground Railroad a romantic interest, besides drawing a picture of that unique institution so vivid that readers will be left to wonder why it was never before seized on as a factor in American fiction. Mr. Sherlock may be depended on to make the best use of the material, for he has come up to manhood on the very ground where memories of the Abolition movement—its tragedies, its comedies—lie most thickly covered by the

dust of years. Central New York was a hot-bed of the cause, and was the field of operation of some of its greatest apostles like Gerrit Smith, William H. Seward and Samuel J. May. It was in Syracuse that the famous Jerry Rescue was planned and executed to the amazement of the nation when its vast power was on trial.

\* \* \*

We wish to inform the many admirers of Mr. Samuel Merwin's admirable serial, "The Road to Frontenac," which has appeared in *LESLIE'S MONTHLY* during the past year, that the story has been published in book form by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., of 34 Union Square, New York.

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Among the novels that have attracted much attention during the present



Book plate etched by Agnes Castle.

winter are "The Making of a Marchioness" (now in its fiftieth thousand); "The Victors," of which the first edition of ten thousand has been nearly exhausted at the time of our going to press, with a large second edition in preparation; and "The Secret Orchard," which in a very short time after publication ran up to its fiftieth thousand with every prospect of reaching much higher figures.

This latest novel by Agnes and Egerton Castle has been the subject of the most violently opposed opinions as to its morality, and has even been the cause of litigation between the publishers of the novel in book form and the publishers of the *Delineator*. The latter contracted for the novel for serial publication in their magazine before the story was written; but on receiving the first "copy" refused to print it or to make payment for it,



Grace Lane in "The Secret Orchard."



Theodore B. Sayre.

and suit against them was consequently begun. Subsequently this much-discussed novel was printed serially in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, although the editors of that magazine had refused to print the conclusion of Tolstoy's "Resurrection."

It is interesting to observe that the editor of a magazine takes risks in intro-

ducing any matter which may excite controversy, beyond those assumed by a publisher; for a book stands or falls by itself, whereas a magazine is affected by the flavor of all its contributions.

\* \* \*

As is the case with most people of genius, an outlet in more than one direction is necessary, and as an evidence of Agnes Castle's skill with the etcher's needle, we are able to present a copy of a book-plate etched by her for Egerton Castle. Mrs. Castle has done much illustration for her husband's books, and has been his co-worker in many important ways during the brilliant career of "the Castles."

\* \* \*

The dramatization of "The Secret Orchard" has been presented in England by the Kendals, and in this a young and beautiful actress, Miss Grace Lane, has made a notable success. Americans will not have

an opportunity for seeing the play for some time to come, but they will be interested in the portrait of Miss Lane in the character of *Joy* that we are able to give from a photograph recently sent to the publishers by Mr. Castle.

\* \* \*



John Oliver Hobbes.

Mr. Theodore Burt Sayre, whose play "Tom Moore" has been so successful with Andrew Mack in the title rôle, is to elaborate this into a novel which is to be published in the spring.

Mr. Sayre is a very remarkable young literary man. He began writing plays when he was seventeen, and although not yet twenty-five he has produced two successful novels and three or four plays. He has contracts for several more plays besides this new novel, "Tom Moore," in addition to his regular duties as play-reader for Charles Frohman.

Mr. Sayre's father is a druggist in New York, and he himself is an expert chemist with a formidable array of diplomas. He gave up business, however, with his first

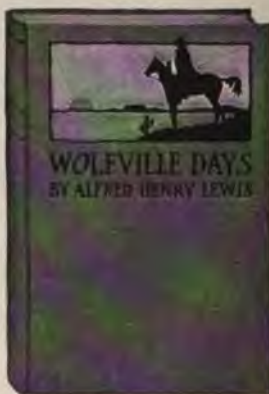
success as a playwright, and with reason.

\* \* \*

Frances Hodgson Burnett became so strongly interested in the fortunes of her heroine, Emily Fox-Seton, in "The Making of a Marchioness," that she found herself compelled to continue her story. She has just completed her work in the form of a sequel to the "Marchioness," which is to be entitled "The Methods of Lady Walderhurst," and which will be published in February with the same dainty sort of manufacture as that so much admired in the case of the "Marchioness;" so that the two books

will be precisely uniform in appearance and will make a delightful little set.

While the "Marchioness" was universally acclaimed as a sunny, wholesome and sweet story of remarkable charm, it contained nothing of an exciting nature, whereas "The Methods of Lady Walderhurst" will



arouse the interest of the reader much more strongly in its plot, which deals with some stirring occurrences in the life of Emily Fox-Seton after she became the Marchioness of Walderhurst. The sequel will be about three times as long as was "The Making of a Marchioness," but will not be higher in price.

\* \* \*

John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) may well be called a writer about temperament. Here are the titles of some of her books: "Some Emotions and a Moral," "The Sinner's Comedy," "A Study in Temptations," "A Bundle of Life," "The School for Saints," "The Serious Wooing."

She now promises us a new book for the coming spring to be entitled "Temperaments." This will consist of a short play and three stories in her brilliant, epigrammatic style.

\* \* \*

Unforeseen difficulties have caused two postponements of the completion and publication of "Wolfville Days," the new work by Alfred Henry Lewis, the brilliant newspaper man and author; but it is now settled that the long-expected book will be



Max Pemberton.



published in February or March next. Frederick Remington is to make its frontispiece.

Mr. Lewis, who is a resident of New York, is not now connected with any newspaper, but is a literary free lance. He lives on the Heights in the upper part of New York, and is fond of taking long walks along the Hudson and in the picturesque roads in that region. He keeps up the newspaper habit of doing his work at night, and he is fortunate in having a constitution of iron. He turns off his work with great rapidity, his favorite hours of labor being between midnight and dawn.



F. H. Seymour.

His "Wolfville," to which "Wolfville Days" will be a close companion, is now in its seventeenth thousand.

\* \* \*

Max Pemberton's new novel has been running serially, and is to appear between covers in February next. Its strong title is "The Giant's Gate," and its scenes are laid in France and England of to-day, unrolling before the reader a panorama of modern Paris.

Mr. Pemberton portrays the excited mob clamoring for the destruction of the enemies of its beloved army and ripe for revolution under the guidance of the first daring leader. He shows the giant's gate through which France shall advance to the complete conquest of the British Empire, with its key held in a maniac's trembling grasp and England's peaceful country-seats smiling in the spring sunshine, all unconscious of the menace lying across the Channel. The author marshals before us the actors in a very marvelous drama, among them being fair women and brave men, councilors and presidents, labor unions and the generals of France. The story is full of surprises, of events, of color, and in it the Bohemian side of Paris jogs elbows with the latter-day salon.

By one of those changes in the public taste that occur so frequently and so suddenly, the "handy vol-

ume" that was so overwhelmingly popular in the days of the publication of the first editions of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "In the Midst of Alarms," etc., has now almost wholly been dropped by publishers in issuing new works of fiction, a larger book being demanded, as a rule, by the public.

Occasionally, however, a convenient little book, attractively printed from good type, and published at a small price, is appreciated by the average reader of fiction, especially when he is about to take a short journey.

A new series of such little volumes has just been started, containing representative and characteristic short stories by modern masters of fiction. The first six volumes are all most attractively prepared and present the following tempting array of titles and authors:

"Gentlemen, the King!" Robert Barr; "The Happiness of Stephen the Smith," Anthony Hope; "Some Emotions and a Moral," John Oliver Hobbes; "A Wolfville Thanksgiving," Alfred Henry Lewis; "Smith's Battery," Robert W. Chambers, and "In Borrowed Plumes," W. W. Jacobs.

\* \* \*

It is not a common thing for a novelist unreservedly to condemn one of his own novels, but Arthur W. Marchmont has done this in the case of "A Heritage of Peril," of which he says: "It is one of the tales I

wrote years ago when I did not attach the slightest importance to the American rights of my work. It is certainly not such as I should now publish in volume form; as the work in it is bad."

Mr. Marchmont is, however, proud of his two latest novels, "For Love or Crown" and "In the Name of a Woman," and is much gratified by the success of his recent work in America, where its sales are even larger than those in Great Britain. Notwithstanding the flood of romantic work similar



A. W. Marchmont.



A delicate compliment from Mr. Burgess.

to Mr. Marchmont's, he seems to keep his hold on a large following.

\* \* \*

"Goops," which Gelett Burgess calls "A Manual of Manners for Polite Infants, Inculcating Many Juvenile Virtues Both by Precept and Example," was not well received by booksellers at the time of its publication a year ago; but the public appreciated the book so greatly that the dealers who were reluctant to purchase it then have been compelled to buy it in large numbers; so that the sales at the present time are much larger than they were when the book was first published, and are steadily increasing.

The fourth large edition has been printed recently, and dealers who could hardly be persuaded to purchase the book at all in the beginning are now buying it, in some cases, in lots of one hundred copies at a time.

The dedication to the book (TO AGNES WHO IS NOT (always) A GOOP!) is characteristic of Mr. Burgess and contains his own portrait.

\* \* \*

The experience of Lord Gilhooley with his notable volume of aphorisms entitled "Yutzo" was similar to that of Gelett Burgess with "Goops" in that booksellers were loath to purchase the book at the time of its first appearance, but have done so in very large numbers of late. Six editions of the quaint sayings of Yutzo in their quaint dress have already been required, and the seventh is in sight.

The many readers of "Yutzo" will be interested to learn that "Lord Gilhooley" is really Frederick H. Seymour, of Detroit, Michigan. Mr. Seymour was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, of an old and prominent family in the political and industrial affairs of that state.

His contributions to literature have covered a wide range, but "Yutzo," unique in wit and good-natured in cynicism, has been his most successful work, although "Ye Wisdom of Confucius" has sold steadily since its publication one year ago.

Mr. Seymour has just completed a new volume to be entitled "Son, or The Opinions of Uncle Eph," which will be a fitting companion to "Yutzo" in its literary treatment, its novel typographical appearance and its unusual binding.

Mr. Seymour's "work-den" in Detroit is celebrated locally for its artistic atmosphere, and is almost a veritable museum.

\* \* \*

### A STUDY IN FEELING.

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

To be a great musician you must be a man of moods,  
You have to be, to understand sonatas and etudes,  
To execute pianos and to fiddle with success,  
With sympathy and feeling you must fairly effervesce;

It was so with Paganini, Remenzi and Cho-pang,  
And so it was with Peterkin Von Gabriel O'Lang.

Monsieur O'Lang had sympathy to such a great degree,  
No virtuoso ever lived was quite so great as he;  
He was either very happy or very, very sad;  
He was always feeling heavenly or oppositely bad;  
In fact, so sympathetic that he either must enthuse  
Or have the dumps; feel ecstasy or flounder in the blues.

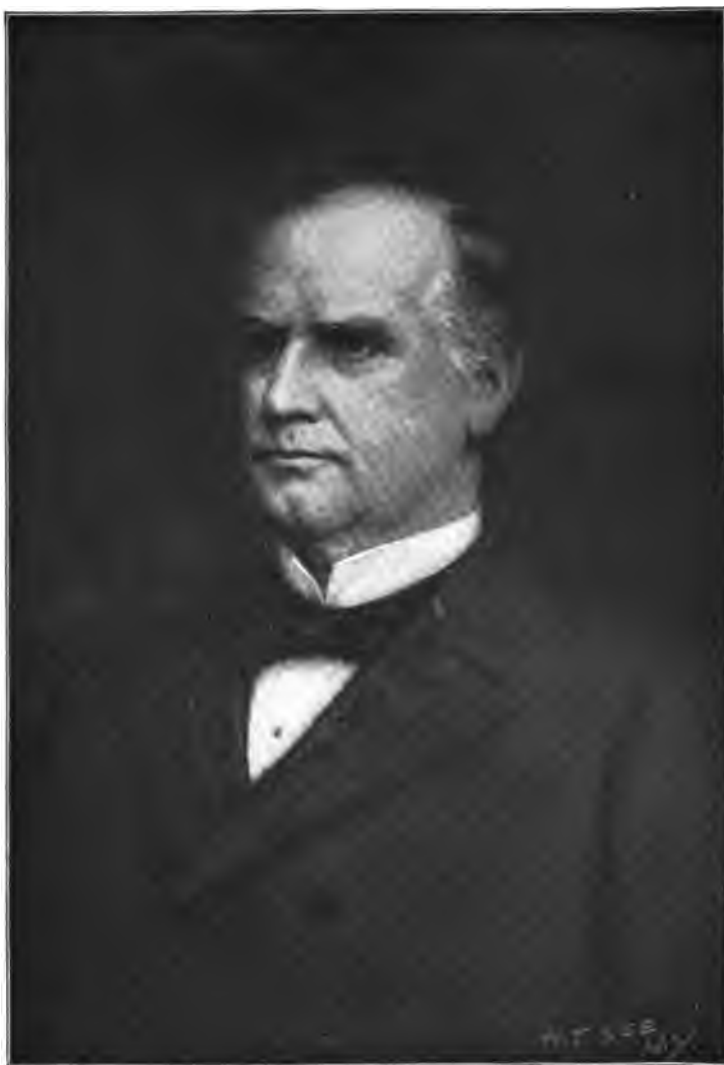
So all agreed that Peterkin Von Gabriel O'Lang  
Was the greatest violinist in the virtuoso gang.  
The ladies bought his photographs and put them on the shelves  
In the place of greatest honor, right beside those of themselves;  
They gladly gave ten dollars for a stiff-backed parquette chair,  
And sat in mouth-wide happiness a-looking at his hair.

I say "a looking at his hair," I mean just what I say,  
For no one ever had a chance to hear P. O'Lang play;  
So subtle was his sympathy, so highly strung was he,  
His moods were barometric to the very last degree;  
The slightest change of weather would react upon his brain,  
And fill his soul with joyousness or murder it with pain.

And when his soul was troubled he had not the heart to play,  
But let his head droop sadly down in such a soulful way,  
That every one that saw him declared it was worth twice  
(And some there were said three times) the large admission price;  
And all were quite unanimous and said it would be crude  
For such a man to fiddle when he wasn't in the mood.

But when his soul was filled with joy he tossed his flowing hair  
And waved his violin-bow in great circles in the air;  
Ecstatically he flourished it, for so his spirit thrilled.  
Thus only could he show the joy with which his heart was filled;  
And so he waved it up and down and 'round and out and in,—  
But he never, never, NEVER touched it to his violin!





FROM THE CELEBRATED MARCEAU PAINTING; COPYRIGHT, 1901, N. Y.

*William McKinley*





# The Secret

By FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

Softly the little wind goes by,  
A whisper,—nothing more ;  
Some message from the azure sky  
Brought down to earth's green door.

Fragrant and fresh the wonder-word,  
But what it means, who knows ?  
Only the butterfly, the bird,  
The leaf, the grass, and rose.

Theirs the divine felicity,—  
The gift of wisdom rare,—  
The melody, the mystery,  
The secret of the air.



Under the shadow of the bridge.

*Drawn by H. White.*

# FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY

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## The City's Edge

By CARL HOVEY

With Drawings by H. WHITE and J. C. CLAY

**S**HE is the watched for, inevitable precursor of many hours' work upon the water front—the huge vessel, floating in as quietly as a log in a current, with the light vapor wavering upward from her tall funnel, and her foreign house flag drooping at the mast head. She drifts into her dock with the eyes of a row of men, who are smoking their pipes along the wooden string piece, fixed, with a certain passive criticism and interest, upon her.

"What's she got?" shouts the gangway foreman to the head stevedore.

"Thirty thousand boxes, sure. Then there's the sulphur ballast, too. Ye gotter move lively."

"I kin, sor," says the gangway foreman, resuming his stolid stare at the copper-colored patch on his knee.

The head stevedore stamps off through the shed to complete the disposition of the hundred or more men in his charge. He is the only person anywhere who seems to be bothering his head. The others lounge about the wharf as care free and somnolent as the fishermen one sees hanging their feet all day over the still water.

The towering hull of the steamer with the limp flag and lazy coils of smoke draws nearer and nearer. The captain is standing on the bridge, his hands resting on the line close by the bell-pull that makes his orders known



A "Rat."

in the engine room, motionless like a figure in a stage scene. There is a spell over every one and everything which, thus far, remains unbroken; it is just here, indeed, that the lingerer on wharves, the water-side prowlers in a great seaport like New York receives the pecuniary reward of his idle enterprise; for the arrival of a vessel at her pier is not merely the most important incident of the neighborhood; in the aspect of life on the city front it reflects all that is curious, alluring, hard—all that draws people to live in this racy region of ramshackle tenement-



*Tied up to her dock.*

house slums and tall, splendid ships.

Suddenly a tug boat sets up a furious puffing and churns up the water under the bows of the incoming craft. Another tug picks up a hawser at the vessel's stern and steams away with it, leaving a concave sweep of wave behind. One pushes, butts with its mid-get might, the other tows away, until between them they swing the immense bulk as on a pivot, and head it fair for the slip. Then the bight of a hawser is dropped over a dock post; the rope rises in the air, stretches taut, and quivers with the strain. Loud orders, expostulations, cursing, from the officers high on the ship's deck complete the operation; there is a great hurrying to and fro on the wharf; the truck drivers press forward and jam their wheels together; and with a final stretching and squeaking of the giant hawsers, the boat glides into position before the open doors of the shed.

"Come now, boys, shake it up there; lively now," yells the head stevedore. His arrangement of the campaign begins to show its value. Number one "hold gang," number one "deck gang," number one "dock gang;" scurry to

their places, the men who have to board the ship pushing and crowding in the narrow way. The same movement takes place immediately at the doorways opening on the other numbered hatches.

The gangway foremen raise their hoarse voices. "Here, you, Jimmy, Tom, Pat, you lobsters, form a line here with yer trucks. Don't break the line there, stay in yer places."

The donkey engines spin like mad, the blocks whirr and creak, and as the first box rises jerkily out of the hold the rumble of the hand trucks begin to go on unceasingly throughout the day, and perhaps the night, against the background of sputtering steam, ropes groaning dismally, and the two horse trucks rolling off with heavy loads. The men work like slaves, and the foremen like slave-drivers, as the broad chutes pour out the stores.

So the day's labor begins; it may last for the customary stretch of ten hours, or it may be prolonged at double-time charges, on and on, until at the break of morning another shift of men is turned to. The pace would lay the typical college strong man on a bed of sickness, but these Irishmen are tough and wiry as terriers, or they are hulking, loose-limbed giants as tireless as machines of iron. The 'longshoreman is the hardest, and at the same time the most affluent character on the water front. He works harder than the sailor and, unlike Fo'c'le Jack, he spends his own money himself.

I am speaking of the better class of dock workers. There are two distinct sorts, the Irish and the Italians. The typical firm of stevedores (contractors they call themselves) has an Irishman for the senior, an Italian for the junior, partner: O'Brien & Magnani (the latter being generally known as "Mac" or "McGinnis" notwithstanding) would be a representative house on South or West streets. Sometimes the "dago" member is red-headed and carries other distinguishing marks, but he always knows how to round up the "Guinea" population when the time comes, and in paying them off he



*Along the river front.*



usually manages to let a percentage of their earnings remain in his hands. The business of unloading vessels is entirely in the hands of the stevedore who gets his job from the steamship company to clear the ship and who has his following like any other boss of labor. Forty cents an hour is the union rate for 'longshoremen, and night work brings in sixty-five. An average week provides the opportunity of working from thirty to forty hours, so that a man who makes a point of being on hand when he is wanted may make good wages. A certain proportion are married and have homes on Cherry Hill, or if they are employed on the big transatlantic steamship piers, that aristocracy among waterside occupations, they may own houses in Greenwich Village on the curious, butt-ended streets in that quarter of the town.

These sober, self-respecting workmen are not by any means representative; their moderate lives do not embody the true stories of the water front. "Drunk and disorderly," as recorded on the police station blotters, are a great many more. Ex-stokers and men who have been firemen at sea make the best cargo handlers, I am informed by a stevedore who knows. Some bullies of the forecastle also drift into the way of shore employment, finding it more to their taste to keep in regular touch with the dangerous and disreputable dives and thieving hang-outs for seafaring men dotting the neighborhood. A spell of unrelenting toil that a horse would wilt under, then a hungry wait in the long line on the sidewalk before the contractor's small window; at last, the

money, and a furious haste to dissipate it. And the hard characters are likely to be the favorites with the boss. There was one "Big Dan" Costigan who was more in demand a year or two ago than any man on South street. He

toyed with his work. Without using up, apparently, a tithe of his great strength he could raise with one arm a piece of iron casting which three men could not budge; and what was no fancy play, he would carry hundred pound boxes of fruit on his shoulder the whole length of the wharf, if need be, all day long without slackening his step. "Big Dan" was appreciated.

"One night we had a baby blizzard," said the big fellow's boss to me,

"not enough of a storm to trouble the vessels much at sea, but a very nasty time of it we had along shore. People froze to death in the streets. It was bleedin', blindin' cold; cold enough to freeze a drop of water out of a pipe; and the air till mornin' was full of fine ice. There was a ship due off the dock at seven o'clock, and after we'd pried the shed door open I looked around for Dan. It was a h—l of a day's piece of work we had ahead of us, and we wanted that feller sure.

"Nuthin' doin'. Not a sign of him. The vessel was tied up in the dock—the old *Bandmaran*, you remember her, used to run to Liverpool,—with as fine a deck load of ice as ever you see. It was like liftin' an asphalt pavement to get at them hatches. I had 'em hustlin' that mornin'. After a while along comes a truck driver, and he says to the boys that he had something to show 'em. I left one of my men in charge and walked the length of the wharf with him to where he had his



*A question of striking.*



wagon in the street a little to one side of the shed.

"The driver was tellin' me that when he come to pull out, havin' left his truck there all night, the wheel struck

up. It was Dan, frozen so solid that one arm stuck out like a scarecrow. We took him in by the stove and thawed him out by a red-hot fire, and, I tell you, after we'd poured a couple



an obstruction and stuck fast. He poked around and found a man underneath frozen fast in a big mess of ice, and then he let out his holler. We got down an' pried him out, and stood him

of good drinks of whiskey into him that man turned to with his hand truck and worked full time.

"He'd gone on one of his reg'lar sprees, and he lay down and slept that



Where a dozen on the  
half shell cost  
twelve cents.

awful night under the wagon as comfortable as you and me in our beds."

Stories of brute toughness and Homeric endurance are tenderly preserved in the folk lore of the waterfront. How, for another instance, Scipio Flanagan, "the biggest nigger in the business," supported the entire weight of an immense packing case, weighing upwards of eighteen hundred, on his prostrate body. The negro held the hand truck to receive the case, which, in the hands of half a dozen men, was being balanced at just the right angle to slip into place. But it hit the edge of the truck and knocked it away, and the negro unluckily lost his footing and fell flat with the great box on top of him. He shrieked in terror and groaned, it was said, like a syren whistle; but when a gang of fifteen men lifted the thing bodily and pulled him out, all he did was to screw his fists into his eyes like a big child, stretch his long limbs grotesquely and return to work. Of course he talked about this feat for many a day.

Political discussion, labor arguments, the strife between capital, represented by the big steamship lines,

and the workmen included in the once powerful 'longshoremen's union,—these

are also matters of the day's conversation in the dingy saloons with the wan squares of mirror displaying a drapery of dirty tissue paper in fly-specked festoons and rosettes, the greasy bar, and damp, sawdust-covered floor. The company is a varied one; crimps, boarding masters, boarding-house runners, agents for dance halls and sailors' brothels, agents for tailors and crayon portrait men, fakirs with charms and pain-killing medicines, come there for business or for pleasure, and relieve the monotony of the inevitable sea talk with their insinuating gabble; how Sams, the mate of the *Tropic Bird*, "tole me to go aloft an' unbend the mainsail, an' I said I wouldn't unbend no mainsail on that ship; not till I got my rights and justice neither;" this you hear until you begin to wish that Sams and this free-born Liverpool dock-rat had clinched and rolled together into the silent sea. But at last the fateful chord is struck. Perhaps at the other corner of the place some newcomer says a word or two on the subject of the great strike,—there is only one strike, when the allied, amalgamated ones, armed with their

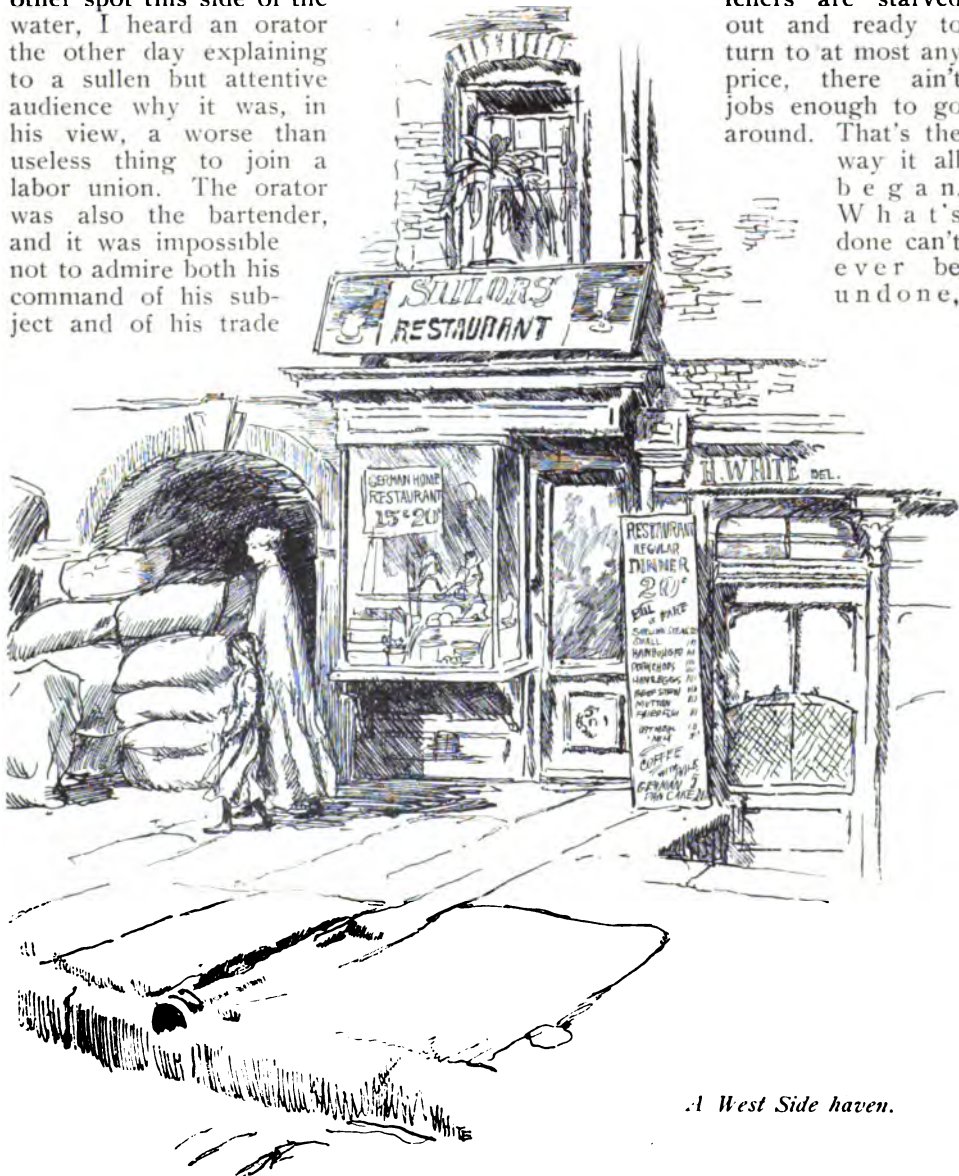
terrible hooks and employing pieces of scantling for prodding work, stood off for unnumbered hours a horde of scabs who had come, accompanied officially (but not with their good wishes) by a score of policemen, to take their places. The topic interests every one; a discussion is not to be avoided, there is no wish to avoid it.

In a saloon on Coenties Slip, where, by the way, more seafaring and quasi-seafaring folk congregate than in any other spot this side of the water, I heard an orator the other day explaining to a sullen but attentive audience why it was, in his view, a worse than useless thing to join a labor union. The orator was also the bartender, and it was impossible not to admire both his command of his subject and of his trade

as he distributed the drinks in front of him with a most genial and pressing flourish, and then with the very next breath demolished the arguments of the opposition scornfully.

"I tell you, all the troubles of the workingmen they have brought upon themselves," he said; "that's the truth. They go on strike and refuse to work, and then the capitalists have to import a lot of cheap dago labor to fill their places, and then, by the time the first

fellers are starved out and ready to turn to at most any price, there ain't jobs enough to go around. That's the way it all began. What's done can't ever be undone,



*A West Side haven.*

You're all in a fix that you got yourselves into, and the best way, the only way, to get along and scratch out a living is to hold on to what you've got, if you've got it; which ain't always the case," he added inclusively. "Strikes! They're about as much consequence in the world as the mee-yowing of my cat!"

"'Fore I'd work for a dorg's wage I'd strike every time," remarked a red-faced man, negligently lowering his glass so that a little of the beer slopped into the sawdust.

"Yes, an' what good 'ud it do you?

You threw up yer good jobs, and you got drunk for a week, and you smashed a bloody lot of heads, and ended in the cooler. Result: pay same as before, or mebbe a little less. How was it up in the railroad sheds? They was gettin' twenty-three, and they struck till they got twenty. They struck again, and it was eighteen. Now they struck so often they've run it down to fifteen."

There was no reply to this. The black cat advanced from where it had been sleeping by the stove, flicked its paws, arched its back, and after stretching luxuriously, tipped out, blinking through the crack in the door into the street. The next thing that occurred was a sudden altercation between two "dagoes." "I pay twenty-five dollar to the big Tammany man to getta me job," one of them kept repeating. "That's all right," answered the other, impatiently. "But the 'lection was no good, and the Tammany man gotta no job for you, got nothin', nothin'." "I wanta my job or my twenty-five dollar——"

"Say, Guinea, you're talkin' too loud with yourself," put in some one peremptorily, and shut off the argument.

It is always the same on the water side in the old city of New York; busy, populous, rowdy; the lights shining behind the soiled window panes in the disreputable hotels are never out at any time of the night. On one side of the thoroughfare are the well-kept, housed-in piers, each with a prowling watchman at the gate, and the great, black, rising forms of vessels; on the other the bazaar-like noises and teeming hospitality greeting alike the seaman just landed from a voyage of six months in the East, and every other inhabitant of the favored locality. The

entertainment is for grown men, women being strangers as in a mining camp. You will hardly meet many children on the water front; when they do come for a taste of the novel excitement of crawling under wagons or of throwing sticks into the water at the invitation of occasional dogs, they must needs look sharp about them or they will find themselves very much in some angry person's way.

The stillness and mystery of the sea, the true atmosphere

of ships are really found, as nowhere else, on the other side of the East River; in Brooklyn, especially at Erie basin, where the warships go to dry dock, and where (more noteworthy fact) you may discover, packed snugly behind the breakwater, more kinds and conditions of craft than any one man hath knowledge of. Great, blunt-nosed, black colliers and grain boats,—the "puffin' Billies" of the English merchant fleet; clipper line sailing vessels, berthed deck to deck, their yards braced aback; seedy brigantines making a shameless display of their outworn lines and pea-green bilge; lumber schooners from the St. Croix River; lumber schooners with



*Half wharf rat—half longshoreman.*



Georgia pine; ocean-going barges that were formerly the hulls of merchantmen; canal-boats filled with grain from up the State,—the chimney smokes for dinner in the little turreted cabin,—these make up a populous city with this marked and pregnant peculiarity, that it shares nothing with the landsman's town, and is sufficient unto itself in its dreamy quiet and charm. All day, it is true, the place hums like an immense factory; but after dark you may wander around in the dusky litter of its wharves and breathe in the quaint smells of the shipping, with nothing to break in upon the silence but the muffled throbbing of an engine concealed in the huge depths of a grain elevator, or the distant whirr of a trolley car.

I well remember an October evening at the end of one of those deserted piers that stand far out into the harbor and so command the whole wide sweep of water from the Battery, past Liberty Island, to the twinkling lights on Staten Island, and of the vessels anchored down the bay. Along one side of the interminable stone pier stood a row of warehouses, built of brick, without windows, and looming in vague and dismal proportions; on the other multiple lines of canal-boats



*The stevedore.*

were crowded together, side by side, as close as the blocks in a city pavement; the shadowy figures of a man and a dog sitting on the deck of one in the foreground; and beyond a space of open water, then a mass of ships and lines of spars spread against the sky. An artist had material for his pencil here, a poet for dreams; but the true genius of the place soon appeared in the person of a drunken under-lord of the quarter deck, whose claims to recognition were too definite to be denied. Dressed in a stiff suit of 'long-shore tailor's brown, he came rolling out of the darkness, crablike in gait, lurched straight up to the string-piece at the edge of the water, balanced himself for a moment, and, inserting his fingers between his teeth, gave vent to a long, almost inaudible swish. Then, seeing that he had company, he pivoted about.

"Call ferry," he volunteered, affably. "Know my whis'—my whis'—my wissle." He then proceeded to dance about in most alarming proximity to the opening where a small stair led down to a float. I caught hold of him and remarked that he'd be overboard the next thing, reflecting a moment later that this aspersion on his sobriety would probably tempt him to make an exhibition of special feats.



*Forty cents an hour.*

But he took no notice, giving, instead, a second peremptory, noiseless "wistle". "Mate of that bark," he explained; "dam dagoes in the fo'c'sle. There's ferry."

A heavily-built rowboat did indeed cross over and leave a batch of sailors. As soon as the last one had clambered up the diminutive steep steps, the mate, with a most astonishing manœuver, his gold watch chain flying out, wheeled round and bore down upon the opening, poised gracefully for a second above it, then with a triumphant wave of the arm suddenly tottered down all the steps at a plunge, and brought up with perfect composure on the broad stern seat.

The Brooklyn water front, with its open piers, would be the very place to find harbor thieves profitably at work. The police deny, however, that any considerable number of these marauders are at large; common coal thieves, and rope thieves, and hoboes who watch their chance to pilfer something of value off a ship, still exist; and in default of any loud complaints to the contrary, we must accept the police information at its face value. Certainly the old times when gangs of river pirates paraded their profession

openly, making hold-ups on the wharves and looting the cabins of vessels and then rowing off securely to the old Fourth Ward, are passed.

Great is the contempt in which the old line thieves hold their successors of the present generation; those wretched examples of what it means to be a fifth rate criminal, who sleep under wagons in the summer time in the filth of the street, and in winter stow away wherever they can evade the warehouse watchman. They have not even the self-respect of their class, for on provocation they will work for wages, if the job is not too long or too severe. The true river pirate is really a modest-seeming gentleman, in charge of his own saloon, "hop joint," or waterside lodging house. He stands well with the police, although he has "done his bit" in prison for felonies. One well-known character, whose name it would hardly be fair to print, is so fond of telling a certain little story, however, that almost any one who drops into his place and makes the proper salaam to the distinguished old rascal may hear it.

"I'll tell you how my hair turned white," he begins, with an infinite slyness of manner. "I was learning my trade as a shoemaker out in Trenton, in Jersey, when a copper comes into the prison shop and looks me over. Thinks I, 'He's after me for that job I did in Hoboken. My God! he's going to put me away again after I get out of here.' It was only a minute he looked me over, and then went on as if he didn't know me. But just in that time my hair turned white as snow."

It is not his kind, with his soft hands and insinuating eye, nor the sailor,—inoffensive soul, more sinned against than sinning,—nor the crimp, nor the landshark, nor any but one of the types that grade from the doors of plenty down to the gutters of Hobo Land that really count on the water front: it is the man who unloads ships, who pushes his truck up and down the chute in all weathers, always with the stevedore's voice in his ears, "Keep a-goin' there; keep a-going'!"



*An Amphibian.*



# THE CICADA

By A. HYATT VERRILL

*With photographic illustrations by the author*

**T**HE song of the locust is familiar to us all, and yet how few are acquainted with the life history of this common insect, or are aware that the singer is not a locust at all, but a cicada, a member of an entirely different order from the true locusts of the Orient and our western states! These latter have probably proved a greater scourge to mankind than any other insect, are nothing more or less than grasshoppers.

Like all well-regulated insects, the cicada begins his existence within an egg, carefully deposited by his parent in a tiny slit in twigs or fruit. The little grub, as soon as hatched, at once descends to mother earth, within whose bosom he industriously sets to work to bury himself.

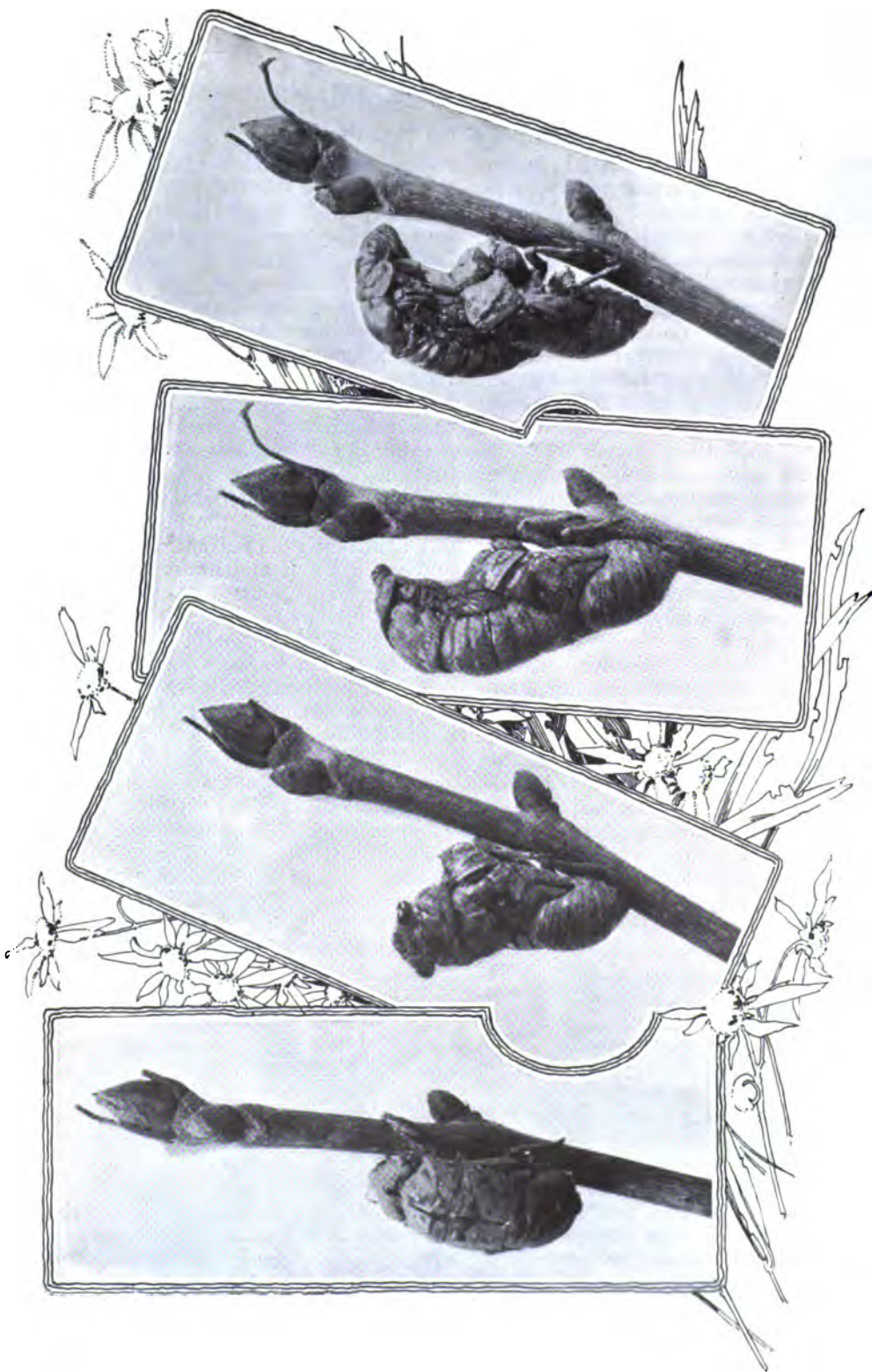
Safe beneath the reach of frosts, our friend spends the winter months, sustaining life by sipping the sap of neighboring roots. Even when warm weather comes again and other cicadas sing gaily from their trees, the subterranean exile remains within the ground, daily growing larger and stronger, until a second winter has come and gone. Then a strange restlessness possesses him, and burrowing steadily upward, he at last emerges from his long retirement on some warm, moist, August morning. A rough, horny, earth-colored creature he is, with strong hooked feet and bulky body. Clumsy is he also, and staggering along he gropes blindly about for some perpendicular object, up which he laboriously begins to climb.

Presently a slight quiver shakes his form and a little crack opens a-down his back. It seems almost as if his unwonted exertions had actually burst his horny shell, as the gaping wound reveals a mass of damp material within. Slowly the split widens and a broad and massive head, equipped with two great, shining eyes, pushes upward through the opening, and we

realize that the birth of a cicada is taking place.

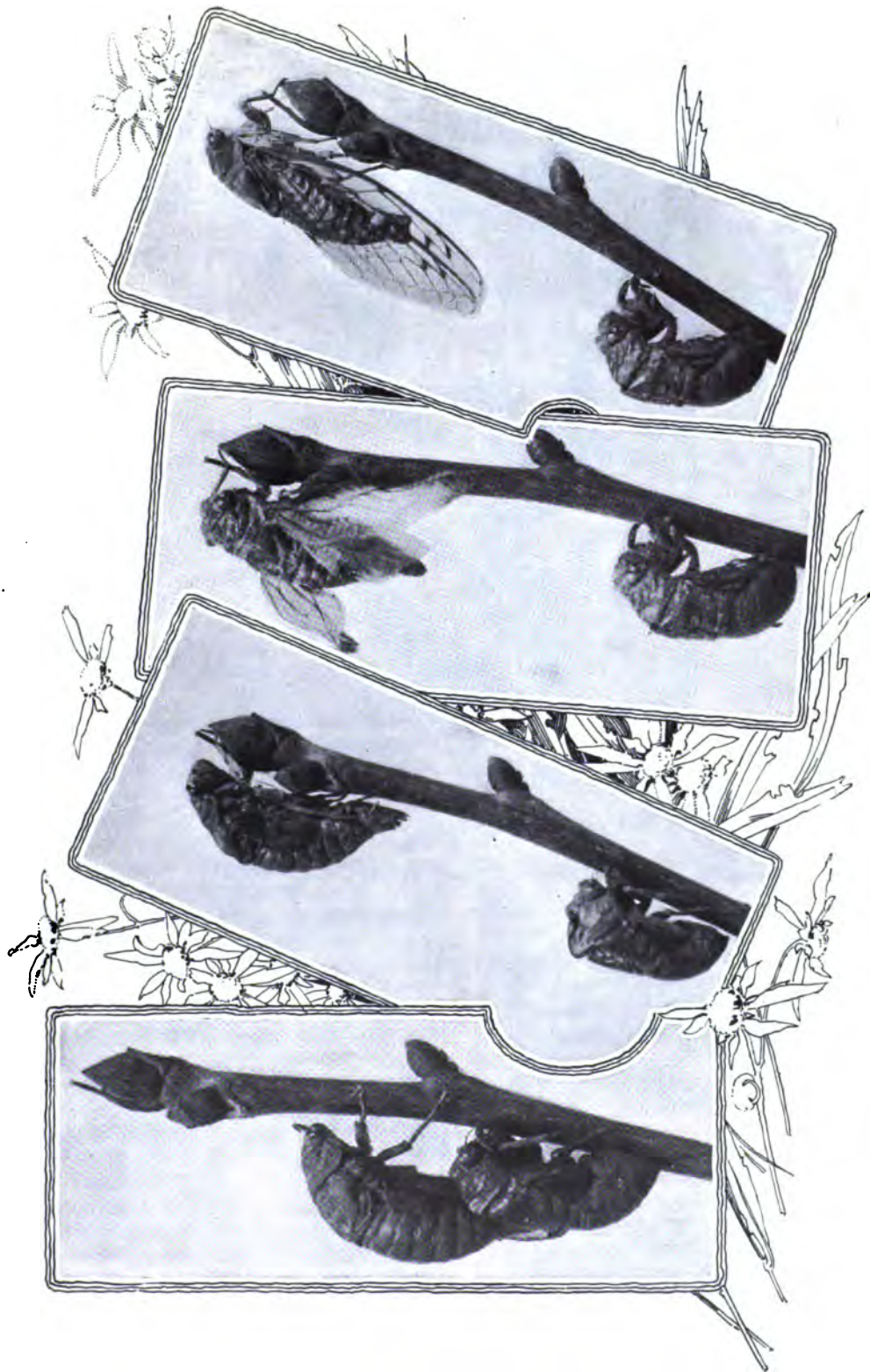
Slowly and surely the head slips forth, and we note between the two large eyes, a group of smaller ones which scintillate with golden luster, seeming to glow with satisfaction at again viewing the world of sunshine. With a smooth, gliding motion the thorax follows the head, and even as we watch, the first pair of legs are drawn forth and waver feebly about seeking for some hold. After these first legs follow the wings,—tiny, wrinkled, pulpy mats of dull green,—folded close against the body. Fully one half the cicada is by this time free, and yet the soft and flimsy legs have grasped no support and the whole weight of the new-born creature is held by the dry pupa-case still adhering by the now lifeless claws. Slowly and cautiously the tender insect bends forward towards the twig or branch, feeling carefully with its little legs until at last the tender toes grasp the bark. For a moment he moves not, gathering all his strength for a final effort. Then exerting all the power of his new-formed muscles, he tugs and pulls and strains. Ah, he is almost free! only a bare quarter inch remaining within the wrinkled shell that for so long had been his home. One more tug and he is free at last, and without more ado he crawls deliberately upward.

As he reaches a convenient spot, however, he stops to look about, and now for the first time he seems to realize that those soggy lumps upon his back must be intended for some use. Raising them slowly he waves them back and forth. They bear but slight resemblance to wings and yet as fanned by the air and dried by the sun, they spread and grow before our eyes, they imperceptibly assume a definite shape, and within a few moments have actually been transformed into delicate, lace-like organs of flight, although the transition has been so



1. Presently a little crack opens 2. A broad, massive head pushes upward through the opening.
3. With a gliding motion the thorax follows the head.
4. Even as we watch, the first pair of legs are drawn forth.





5. Only a quarter of an inch within the shell.

6. Free at last.

7. Raising the wings slowly, he waves them back and forth.

8. Ready for his first flight.

gradual that we scarce can say when the change took place. Now that the cicada has discovered his wings, it occurs to his mind that flight is in many ways preferable to walking, and, quick as a flash, the gauzy wings vibrate, and with such assurance as if he had flown all his days, the little fellow flips up and out of sight with a happy, cheerful buzz, to disappear among the leaves, where for the few short weeks of his life he will remain singing his stridulous

song and sucking the life-blood of the trees; a happy-go-lucky creature with scarce a care.

But if the mind of the cicada has room for fear, surely the "locusts" must live in mortal terror, terror of an ogre; a great brown and black and yellow brigand, who, coming on swift and silent wings, may at any instant swoop down and seize the loudly-singing, unsuspecting creature, and stabbing him with a cruel, poisoned dagger, bear him off in triumph to his dungeon 'neath the ground, where, stunned and inert, he remains until the hungry progeny of his captor hatch from their eggs and fall upon him, rending him with ravenous jaws and literally eating him alive. This ogre of the cicadas,—their greatest and most dreaded enemy,—is a huge hor-



*Seventeen year locusts, showing transformation from larva to adult.*

net, the giant of his tribe,—known as Sphecus or the cicada-killer. It is the largest and fiercest of our hornets or wasps and constructs a burrow two feet or more in depth, within which it lays its eggs, provisioning each cell with a living cicada rendered unconscious and helpless by judicious stinging.

Many people will perhaps wonder how it happens that the "locust's" song may be heard every summer, if, as stated, the larva requires two

years to reach maturity. The secret lies in the fact that there are, and always have been two broods alternating, so that like the poor, the locusts are with us always. The life history of the "seventeen-year locust,"—a distinct, reddish-colored species of cicada,—is precisely like that of the common species described, except that in this case the metamorphosis requires seventeen years in the northern and thirteen years in the southern States, throughout which period the grub remains in the earth. In some parts of the country these seventeen-year visitors have several broods, so that the paradox of seventeen-year locusts appearing within a year or two of each other often occurs, and ignorant persons at once surmise that some great calamity is about to befall them.



## Children of Death

BY William D. Mac Nery

Illustrated by R. Emmett Otten.

**T**HIS is a very old story, and the people in it are long since dead. In old books there are old narratives—very dull; and all this is in an old book, wherein are described a hundred battles all alike, but do not expect to find there the story as it is written, because such books deal only with the most exalted folk, and leave out everything that one would like to know.

In Smyrna of old time, as now, were many peoples, boiling in their city as water does in a pot—peoples of that many-nationed smaller Asia, who hate one another; in Smyrna, too, were merchants of Italy and the West, and knights with beards pointing to the cross upon their breasts, and docks with warehouses, and endless shipping, and streets of bazaars smelling of leather and spices and all the products of the East. Demetri, a Greek, sold sweetmeats and dried fruits in such a street, and Theodosia, his daughter, watched the people who passed by. She was eight years old, with a straight nose, and black hair like skeins of rumpled silk upon her brow; and once, watching, she saw a man wide as two men and tall as a man and a head, with a red lion worked in linen upon his front, big as a bushel. As the man came along, a little son of Hatita, a seller of hammered brass, ran out before him, and the man bent down to speak to him. When the little son looked up to see what thus obstructed the way, he saw a sight of horror—the

man with the lion, nothing less, and a great beard sticking out upon his chest like brushwood growing on a mountain. Then the little son shrieked, and ran away; and Theodosia laughed, and the man saw her.

"Ail another one!" he cried.

And he put forth a great hand and scooped Theodosia up from among her sweetmeats and dried fruits.

"Hey, this one is not afraid," he said.

Then another man came, with no lion but a thing like a cross cut in two worked on a short mantle.

"Look at this one," said the man with the lion.

They set Theodosia down and looked at her; Demetri, the Greek, looked on and smiled; and suddenly the two put their hands upon their knees and roared laughter. The street of bazaars stopped its business and looked on solemnly while these two laughed.

"Who are you, little one?" asked the man with the lion.

"I am the daughter of that one—Demetri."

"But your name?"

"Theodosia. And thine?"

"Derrick."

"And that other?"

"Henry."

Then Theodosia crooked a finger at him, and he bent down.

"Why did you say, 'See this one'?"

"Because I have been a long time out of my own country, where I left some creatures about the bigness of you—but not like that fat boy, who wears no clothes, afraid." And here



he looked again at the little son of Hatita, and worked his beard up and down; whereat the little son ran away again.

At this the man with the demi-cross spoke for the first time in a voice which seemed to come rumbling from the soles of his feet before it broke loose at his lips:—

"Prut! it iss the hair. He thinks a robber iss looking at him oudt of a woodt."

Theodosia smiled at them. Now when Theodosia smiled, light rippled all over her face as ripples run over a pond of clear water.

"Are you of the knights?" she asked.

"This Henry is of the knights, but not a knight; I am with the knights, but not of them. I am a very wonderful man, and speak all languages." And he worked his beard again, but Theodosia was not afraid. Most of all, Theodosia admired the knights—Brother Philibert de Villeneuve, a very old knight who had been a captive among the corsairs; and Brother Geoffrey Mareschal, an English knight; and Brother Henri de Magnaville, a young knight who had been brought up from boyhood in a Commandery of the Order; and many others, going through the streets of the bazaars in their black mantles, with the cross upon their breasts—all these Theodosia admired; but they never saw Theodosia.

"Best, I like the knights," said Theodosia; and Derrick laughed.

"Those are not for you," he said. "Three things, you understand, they have vowed; and one is not to cast their eyes upon women."

"I am a little girl."

"Little girls will one day be women."

"That is true. And they are right," said Theodosia, sighing. "I, too, like men better."

And at this Derrick laughed louder than before, and went away, laughing; but afterwards Theodosia watched always to see that same man again.

Now, to understand this story you must know some things which went before it and were like a prologue, though all this is history, and dull; be-

sides which, it is politics and the governing of kingdoms, both uninteresting things in themselves. How once, when there was a Pope at Avignon, and the East was reaching bloody scimiters toward the West, and the West was putting forth bulwarks against the East, a Grand Master of the Order of St. John had come out weeping from an audience with the Pope—tears upon his cheeks, tears strung like pearls upon the hairs of his beard; and the reason for his tears was this, that the Pope—who was Pope Gregory XI.—had ordered a garrison of the knights sent into Smyrna; in grief and bitterness of spirit the Grand Master foresaw a great disaster preparing for his Order, the banner of the cross trampled under foot, and knights dying. In that old book, whoever will may read it. So the Pope threatened excommunication; and the knights went into Smyrna, and a sword hung over them. At all times the city was surrounded by infidels as though by the Nile in flood, and nowhere on all the mainland of the East was the banner of the Cross to be seen but here; by winter and summer there was no rest—knights died, and new knights came; many years went by, and still the sword hovered over their heads and had not fallen; but at Smyrna—and this was written by Cherefeddin Ali, of Yedz, whoever he may have been—"nothing was to be seen but torrents of blood flowing into the sea." And now we can come back to the story.

**T**HERE were most amazing things going on. Everywhere there were wars and rumors of battles—nations crushed under the heel—and the East was trembling under the tread of the empire-maker. The caravans of merchants were delayed, or had vanished; outside the city little bands of horsemen went to and fro like whirlwinds from the desert; murders were done among the ruins of the old city, standing on an amphitheater of hills, and men were found dead beside the roads. But in the bazaar Theodosia sat and watched the people.





*Like leaves sucked up by an eddy of wind.*

Once she saw the street quite overflow with men from the galleys of the Order—men of all climes, rolling in their walk—for the galleys of the Order frequented every sea, and drew men from the farthest Commanderies of Europe. Once she saw Brother John of Perugia, who some said was a nephew of the Pope, and once, Brother William de Mine, Grand Hospitaller of the Order—a very great man, holding his shoulders a little bent, as though by a burden; and many times she saw Derrick.

"Wait," said Derrick once, passing with other men, "I must speak with my lady."

"Am I indeed thy lady?" asked Theodosia.

"Why not? You were not afraid, and you like men."

"But what is that—to be thy lady?"

"It is this—I say thou art the most beautiful of little girls, and if any deny it, him I fight."

"That is nice," said Theodosia.

"Moreover, what you say, that I must do."

"That is nice, too," said Theodosia.

Then she mentioned him to bend down.

"Is it true," she asked, "what they are saying?"

"What is that?"

"All day people talk in the street. They say he is coming."

Then Derrick looked about him, and saw that it was so. Already some of the bazaars had been closed; in the street the people put their heads together and talked—Hatita, the seller

of hammered brass, and Eusuf, the merchant, and the Jewish money-changer, Eleazar. And suddenly Derrick's face became shot all over with thin veins and the whites of his eyes grew red.

"Body of—! What people are these? Already the children are frightened in the streets!"

"Is it true?" asked Theodosia.

"How do I know if it is true or not? Who knows what will be?"

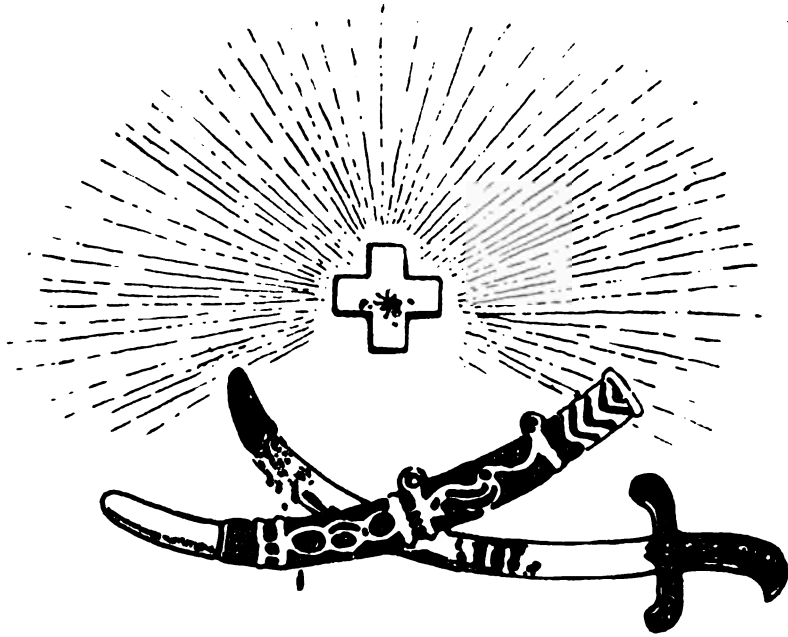
But that was the last day Eleazar the money-changer was seen in the street; he had gone away in a ship of the Order—he and others. When Demetri saw this, he said:—

"This time the sword must hang very low over the city."

Still, being a poor man, he opened every day his bazaar, and waited for buyers; but the women went to the churches, and in the churches now the Holy Mother and her Son upon the Cross floated day and night in incense. After a time it began to rain, storms going to and fro among the hills like marching armies, and the streets became mud; then came folk flying for shelter behind the walls of the city, until the street was almost as full as it had been before the others went away—but it was not from the storms that these people fled, and after they had come they went about pouring their stories of fear into the ears of others. And last of all came the empire-maker, and men crowded to the walls to look at him.

"That iss he," said Henry to Derrick, "yonder mit de horse." Theo-





dosia was with them, and Demetri and others. She looked and saw an old man with a white beard riding on a horse.

"Why is he on horseback?" asked Theodosia—"he is so old."

"It iss because he has made this a Holy War."

So Theodosia was sorry for the empire-maker, because he was old, and sat on horseback in the rain; but Derrick's face grew shot with veins as it had done before.

"That is he," he cried, "that is the Tartar. Come nearer, come a little nearer!" and he shook his crossbow at him.

Always, Theodosia watched the knights. When the hills were covered with men whose spear-blades stood thick as blades of grass; when the tents of the Tartar made bright the days, and his fires lighted the nights—then the knights put off their black mantles. Neither in the castle nor in the town was a black mantle to be seen, but instead, short surcoats of red, bearing the white cross, and red trappings upon all the harness. And once in this time Theodosia saw the Grand Hospitaller—in armor, going with the

Archbishop toward the walls. Now, the armor of the Grand Hospitaller was traced all over with thin lines of gold in fine Italian work, and in part was gilded, and he wore on a chain a Grand Cross of the Order, so that he blazed as he walked. Men who looked at him saw only the proud, thin face of a great man, looking with scorn upon the world; but the eyes of men are not the eyes of women. His look wandered over Theodosia, and did not see her; but Theodosia saw the Grand Hospitaller indeed, the man who in his heart was crying, as the Grand Master had cried once to Pope Gregory XI.: "The Turk is all about it; whence can help come to us in that city?" Other women saw this too, but not the men. And for the first time Theodosia grew afraid.

"I am thy lady," she said to Derrick.

"That is true."

"Take me from this place—take me away!"

"That I cannot do. But no harm shall come to you from those men. Body of—! would they kill children! See, I will swear it on the cross."

So Derrick swore it upon the dagger.

hilt. He went about always now in a jazerine jacket of steel plates, with a crossbow hanging at his back.

After this things happened very fast indeed; but it is all in the books. And the Tartar walled in the city from the sea, with a wall of wood and stone, standing in the waters of the harbor; and away and afar on the blue bay the ships of the Order went back and forth like birds frightened from their nests. There was sickness in the city, and smells of sickness came out from the houses. By day and by night the empire-maker poured his thousands against the walls, and by day or night they were met always by the cross stretched upon the breasts of men, until he was half-crazed by meeting such resistance where there was no hope. At last the empire-maker's day came.

**U**PON that day Demetri, the Greek, was still in his place in the street of bazaars. Grass had grown in the street, and it was empty of people, but the air was full of cries coming from a distance.

"Again they fight," said Demetri.

Then suddenly Eusuf, the merchant, came—without a turban, his naked head wet with the rain, crying upon the name of his god.

"Save yourselves, save! The mirzas are riding their horses up the walls! The city is taken!"

Fear took Demetri, and his body shook, but he did not move from his place. Fear laid its hand upon Theodosia. She crept near him, waiting for what he would do, but Demetri sat in his place, shaking all over, as though cold had entered his heart. And of a sudden the street was filled with men in sheepskin coats, coming not like a crowd, but like leaves sucked up by an eddy of wind. Fear redoubled seized upon Demetri, and upon Theodosia, and she hid herself among the crates of the bazaar. The rush of men passed by in one hot breath, as though the door of a furnace fire had been opened and closed again, and when again Theodosia looked—what a sight was here! In the street of the bazaars Demetri lay dead: the baby son of Ha-

tita lay dead; the wife of Eusuf lay dead—everywhere was death, as though those who passed by had breathed forth a plague; and Theodosia hid herself again, weeping.

Derrick and Henry, flying from the walls, passed through the street and heard a small voice crying:

"The Cross, the Cross! It is thy lady!"

"Body of —!" cried Derrick, "it is the little one! Turn back!"

So they turned back, and Derrick lifted her in his arms. Then there rode through the street the English knight, Brother Geoffrey Mareschal, on a horse not his own, bearing the trappings of some Tartar chief. He had been wounded in the face, and blood flowed from his pointed beard.

"To the church, villains!—to the church, filth of the earth!" he cried; and rode on, cursing, quite mad with the fumes of battle.

In the church were crowds of people—weeping, praying, laughing, as though crazed with drink, silent as though stupefied by drugs and some few knights who had not fallen at the walls. The old knight, Philibert de Villaneuve, was there, and that Henri de Magnaville, who had been brought up by the Order, and Brother Geoffrey Mareschal who had passed them in the street. Derrick forced his way to a place near the altar, and knelt, holding Theodosia in his arms; never had Theodosia been so close to the knights, and feeling Derrick's arms about her, almost she forgot Demetri lying dead.

These, then, were the knights; but not the knights who had gone through the street of bazaars—proud, in mantles edged with fur. These knights had already given themselves up to death; they looked upon the people gathered in the church through eyes over which a film was already gathering.

Then there came through the crowd a French knight, Brother Raoul de Vallery, walking unsteadily, with his feet wide apart, as a new-born animal walks before it has gained its strength. Straight toward the altar he went, and threw down before it with a crash a banner of the cross which had been



*My knights, my knights!*



upon the walls, then looked slowly at them all and smiled, and fell, clattering in his armor. Slowly from the joints of his body-armor there spread out upon the pavement of the church a wide red stain. But when the knights saw the banner they gathered close before the altar in a bristling hedge.

Then one came and looked in at the door—a Tartar, with new blood upon his sheepskin coat—and after him others in a wild rush, crowding the doorway of the church; tumult broke forth, and those people farthest from the altar died in a breath; and above the noise could be heard the voice of that old knight, Philibert de Villaneuve, reciting aloud the words used when first the mantle with its cross was given to young knights of the Order, but as yet the knights did nothing;—only, a priest, seeing the people slaughtered where they were while the knights leaned upon their swords, turned first to the altar, and then went down among his people and was killed.

After this there was a little pause. There was no leader among those Tartars, but only wild people from the Steppes; seeing the knights stand still, awaiting their coming, they drew back. And then a strange thing happened.

First, Derrick, with Theodosia, pushed nearer to the altar, and was stopped by the young knight, Brother Henri de Magnaville.

"What have you there?" asked the young knight.

"The daughter of Demetri, who sold fruits."

Endless toil and suffering, days of labor beyond the strength of man, had taken from the knight all but life. He had been cut with steel and burned by

fire; on his body the armor had been broken with hammers. He looked from his thin face upon the face of Theodosia, and suddenly he bent down and kissed her on the lips. Then a hot blush covered his face, reddening the skin to the edges of his armor. And another knight kissed Theodosia; and another—those who had taken the vow never to turn their eyes upon women—kissed Theodosia's lips and cheek. On her cheek they left marks of blood, and tears fell on her forehead. Perhaps in this they took farewell of life.

And afterwards they sent her away—Theodosia, with Derrick, and Henry, and a priest of the Order, who led them by a door behind the altar to the street; but then the priest left them.

"Do you not come?" asked Derrick.

"I am of the Order," said the priest; and he went back into the church.

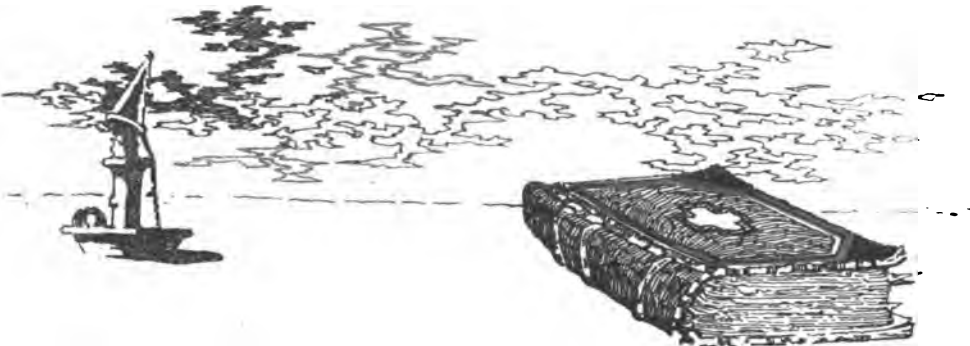
By narrow streets they gained the docks, and, swimming, Derrick reached the Tartar's wall, and found it empty of men; and outside it were ships of the Order, coming from Rhodes with men and supplies which in labor and hardship they had brought—too late. But they lost Henry; he left them at the docks, going back toward the church. And what went on in that church, or in all the city, no man knows to this day. The altar was splashed with blood, blood sprinkled the feet of the Christ upon his Cross, but no one wearing the cross ever came out from the city.

Theodosia stretched out her arms to the city and cried:

"My knights, my knights!"

"Thy knights are gone," said Derrick.

And something rattled in his throat.





# THE MANOEUVRES OF MARIAN

By JANET AYRE FAIRBANK



**T**HE smoke hung in thick clouds over our heads, the air was blue with it, but there were only six or seven of us in the smoking room, for the cotillion had begun. We were discussing Miss Marian Langley, or, to be exact, the others were. I, having learned from sad experience that whatever I said of her was sure to reach that young woman's ears, sat silent, for I was angry with her, and had nothing pleasant to say.

"She is a good looking girl," young Smith observed. "But you never can tell what she will do next."

"There is always one thing you can count on, and that is a jolly," volunteered Hetherford. We all knew that Marian had taken him up, played with him, and then dropped him, and one or two of us may have smiled.

"I think she is a corking fine girl! She likes to have a good time, but she deserves it. No one ever saw the man that was bored by Marian Langley." The speaker was Evarts Willard, an old admirer of Marian's, who had ended his devotions by marrying her best friend.

"We all know that she does not care two straws for any of us, but I'll wager that there is not one of us, except Willard, who would not run to her every time she put up her finger."

"Nonsense!" I interrupted.

"She dances like a fairy— Hello, Will, I thought you said she had promised you the German."

My cigar was out, and before I had succeeded in lighting it, Farrington opened the door, letting in a burst of music.

"Well," he remarked, with a beaming smile, "I must say that you 'stags' look pretty dull. What are you talking about—Miss Langley?" His face suddenly became grave for a moment;

then he added, confidently, "You are all wrong, any way. Well, she sent me for you. She wants her fan. Come along."

I knew nothing of Miss Langley's fan. What was more, I knew she knew I didn't; but nevertheless, I followed him to the door of the ball room.

The cotillion was nearing its riotous end when I joined the group of superfluous men in the doorway. A line of girls, with swirling skirts and wide-spread arms, was circling rapidly past. At the head of them all was Marian. I knew where to look for her, as the man who led the cotillion was sure to claim her aid. Her head was held high and her eyes were bright, but when they met mine I turned away with assumed indifference. In a moment the line broke, and, although I did not look, I knew that Marian was coming towards me. She beckoned to me over the other men, and we swung off into an inspiring two-step. For a little space we were silent; then Marian murmured:—

"Are you cross with me, Will?"

She well knows that nothing dissipates a man's ill-humor so completely as an inference that he has a right to be angry.

"Why should I be cross?" I inquired, avoiding her upturned eyes.

"Oh—well—of course I did promise you the German, but you see Mr. Farrington—"

"I understand," I broke in shortly.

Abruptly Marian stopped dancing, and drew me aside into a tiny hallway opening from the ball room. A small seat, just large enough to hold two people, stood there, and Marian paused before it.

"I had thought of sitting here for a moment, but of course I don't care about it if you are cross." She looked at me gravely, her head cocked on the

side, and then one dimple suddenly broke into the serious oval of her cheek. Her eyes began to dance provokingly.

I looked away. "I am cross," I said firmly, "very cross, as I have reason to be; but if you should sit down I might feel more amiable."

Marian lifted her filmy skirts on either side and sank into the seat with all the grace of an old-time courtesy. She sat exactly in the center of the small divan, and her widespread draperies completely filled the space on either hand. She patted her ruffles approvingly, and shot an innocent glance at me.

"Feel better?" she inquired, with mock sympathy.

"I feel," I returned, "exactly like asking the prettiest debutante in the ball room to dance with me."

"You are too old for debutantes."

"I wasn't once," I replied, with a meaning glance into her scornful eyes. "But of course that was some time ago."

"Oh, not such a great while," she said, indignantly.

"It's not so long but that I can remember it all perfectly," I admitted. "I can recall one evening in particular when I sat out several dances with the prettiest bud of the season."

"Is that all you can say for her?"

"No, I could say a great deal more. She is a perennial. She is always the prettiest bud."

Marian swept aside her skirts and moved up into one corner of the sofa. "You may sit down if you like," she said, and I did so.

"Are you still cross?" she demanded, an anxious pucker in her forehead as she leaned forward.

"I am feeling better every moment," I assured her. "What were we saying?"

"You were talking of the dark ages."

"The dark corners," I corrected her. "I was telling you of a most enjoyable evening I once spent. The young woman told me that it was the first time she had ever sat out a dance. I believed her then, but, from my subsequent knowledge of her, I have

reasons to doubt the truth of her statement."

Marian shrugged one white shoulder. "I suppose there must always be a first time," she protested.

I continued my reminiscences. "I also remember that I introduced Farrington to her that same evening. I little knew what I was doing. I thought it would be perfectly safe."

"What made you think that?"

"Well, she said to me, 'Who is that stupid looking man at the door?' and I said, 'That is Farrington. Let me present him.'"

"How foolish you were!"

"Possibly we were a little foolish."

"I don't know why you include me," said Marian, dimpling.

"Well, you were there," I returned. She suddenly capitulated; her face was glowing and her eyes were bright.

"Of course I was there! And do you recollect how angry you were when you came back later on that same evening and found me sitting in the same corner with Mr. Farrington?"

"In looking back over my acquaintance with you, Marian, it seems to me that I have been angry the greater part of the time."

"All of which goes to show what a bear you are."

I was silent.

"Doesn't it?"

"I am offended," I said severely.

Marian smiled into my eyes. "Personally, I rather like bears," she confided, and I found myself smiling in my turn.

"I didn't have to lose my face that night," she observed reproachfully.

"I am afraid you did not lose anything," I said. "I know a man who lost his heart."

Her color rose. She ventured her eyes on the tip of her restless slipper. "I didn't find anything, either."

I was silent, and in a moment she looked inquiringly up at me.

"I don't believe he did lose it," she declared provokingly.

"Oh, yes, he did. I am sure about it. You see, I am in a position to know."

There came a moment's pause.



*Miss Marian Langley.*

"Perhaps," she then admitted, "it was gone just for a few moments, but no one knew about it, and he found it again very soon."

"On the contrary, I think it was deliberately stolen. And yet people call you heartless!"

"That," said Marian severely, "is a very bad pun."

"Granted," I agreed, "but I feel very badly."

Marian moved restlessly in her corner. She glanced towards the ball room as though she meditated a sudden return; then she thought better of it, and turned courageously to me.

"You are talking nonsense!" she declared. "You ought to feel very well indeed." She shot the brightest bit of a look at me, then down at herself, and then it embraced our surroundings.

"Of course I am very comfortable," I admitted, leaning back in my seat, "but I can't help worrying about that loss I told you of."

"Why do you worry?"

"Because," said I, very slowly and clearly, "I am afraid that you are beginning to value that same heart."

Marian fairly jumped. She sat very straight in her seat. "Afraid?" she echoed. "That same heart? Whose heart?"

"Why, Farrington's," I explained, striving to seem surprised. "Whose did you think I meant?"

For a moment Marian was speechless. Her foot tapped the floor.

"I am going back to the dancing," she said at last, and her voice expressed immeasurable indifference.

"Please not!" I begged.

"I don't care to sit here any longer. If you can't tell the truth I shall go in and dance with some one who can."

"But I did tell the truth," I protested. "Surely Farrington—"

Marian turned my way. The frowns left her face. The corners of her mouth turned upwards.

"What has he got to do with it?" she asked.

"I wish I knew," I returned.

She gathered her skirts in her hand preparatory to rising. "I am going,"

was her ultimatum. "But I think it is very mean of you to make me."

"How do I make you?" I asked, sulkily.

"Good bye, Mr. Wentworth."

"You are taking an unfair advantage of me," I urged.

She rose. Her skirts trailed gracefully about her. She looked down at me over her shoulder. She seemed to have grown suddenly taller.

"You are bullying me terribly," I complained.

The ghost of a dimple barely indented her cheek. She took one step towards the ball room. I sprang to my feet.

"Well, then, it wasn't Farrington," I said ungraciously.

Marian turned. She looked me up and down with smiling eyes.

"Shall I tell you whose it was?" I demanded.

She shook her head. "I haven't a bit of curiosity about it," she declared, and continued on her way.

"Where are you going?" I cried, dismayed. "You promised to stay longer."

"I never promise anything," was her sphinx-like response.

Just at this moment our hostess appeared in the doorway, looked in upon us, smiled, and withdrew.

"Oh, dear," said Marian. "Do you know what she will say?"

"What?" I asked, although I well knew.

"She will say we are—engaged."

"It won't be the first time, you know," I murmured, consolingly.

"Will!" she cried threateningly.

"That people have said so," I explained. "I don't mind it, if you don't."

"But I do!" flashed Marian, angrily.

I sought for a way to mollify her. "If she thinks that is a possibility she would know that it would have happened long ago," I said, my eyes on Marian's face.

Her flush deepened. "Let us go in and dance," she suggested. There was regret in her voice, but Marian is artful.





*"Farrington's," I explained.*

I sighed as I followed her to the ball room; in the doorway I spoke. "I don't know yet why I was cheated out of my German," I said.

Marian looked at me. She put up one hand to tuck a rebellious curl behind her ear. "Don't you?" she asked innocently, but there was a twinkle behind the seriousness in her eyes.

The energetic two-step quickened suddenly; ceased altogether for an instant, and then changed into the familiar, dreamy strains of "Home, Sweet Home."

Farrington was coming up the ball room, but before he reached our corner Marian and I were lost in the crowd.



## THE POT OF PAINT

By ONOTO WATANNA

**T**O a Portuguese great-grandfather the face of Moonshine owed its peculiar beauty. Moonshine had heard of this ancestor; a blot he was to her upon the proud Japanese genealogy of her family, despite the fact that he had been one of those remarkable Portuguese who brought to Japan the first knowledge of western science. When her Japanese friends remarked that her eyes were yellow instead of black and her hair waved barbarously, she would apologize very humbly. But to the few for-

eigners whom she chanced to meet in Nagasaki, Moonshine traded on her nationality in order to win their favor.

This fact, and of course her undoubted beauty, had been her attraction for Dudley. He was an American of the usual sort, seeing Japan through rose-colored glasses, marveling that he was not indeed in another world altogether. Despite the glamor of the land of poetry and flowers, however, never for one moment did he lose his own western point of view. Nevertheless, he fell in love with Moonshine.

Tomlinson, who was his intimate



Drawn by G. Yedo.

*She pencilled her eyebrows in the finest lines.*

friend and kinsman, had pleaded with him to give up the rash notion of marrying Moonshine; or if he must do so, to follow the example of his countrymen and marry her only in Japanese fashion. Dudley had answered with a stubborn pride that would brook no criticism of the girl herself. She was above reproach. For this reason, and because he honestly loved her, he intended to marry and protect her with all the homage he would have given to any woman who became his wife.

Tomlinson had said: "She may be good and lovely and all the rest, you know, old fellow, but you never can tell just what to expect of these Orientals. The Pagan must out in them." To which Dudley returned:

"You forget that she is not entirely Japanese. She has always had ideas alien to those among whom she has had to live; she has always felt a stranger here. You will see, Tomlinson, as my wife she will absorb in time our western way of thinking and living, though I would not have her lose her charm of Oriental birth." He added with a little confident laugh:

"Really, Tomlinson, we'll make a bewitching little Christian of her yet."

Tomlinson went to Helen Martin at the Hotel Imperial.

"Try and do something to dissuade him from this," he said to the girl, who was strangely pale over the intelligence. "He will ruin his whole career if he lets this infatuation get the better of him."

"If Francis must marry her," said Miss Martin very gently, "we should be thankful that he will do so properly."

Meanwhile Moonshine made some important purchases at the chief European store in Nagasaki. In fact she bought a corset, a pair of little patent leather shoes, silken hose, kid gloves, skirts, waists and a bonnet.

On the day of the wedding she arrayed herself in all this finery before the little beveled mirror in her room, only large enough to reflect back her own exquisite face. All the morning she had labored on her hair, painfully endeavoring to dress it after some Eu-

ropean mode which she had seen in an old Parisian fashion plate. The result was a trifle tousled, but nevertheless quite becoming.

Then she put the corsets on, pulling them hard by the strings, panting and breathing heavily with the exertion.

"I cannot bear this corset long," she said, sighing hugely. She slipped a skirt on, then the waist, and somehow or other she managed to fasten them correctly. Next she put on the bonnet, then the gloves, several sizes too large for her, and last of all, she sat down on the floor, drawing on the little high-heeled Parisian shoes.

When she was all quite dressed she slipped out of the house just as she was, glancing about her fearfully lest she might encounter some shocked relative. On the road the little dogs sniffed and barked at her, missing the familiar sound of her little wooden clogs. She reproved them gently:

"Dear, my honorable friends," said she, "certainly you are not acquainted with any American lady. Some day, maybe, you will learn."

At the church they were awaiting her—Dudley, Tomlinson, Helen Martin and a fat missionary—whose deep, solemn voice made her shiver.

At first when she came to the door of the church they did not recognize her in her changed attire, until she announced in a queer little subtle voice, as she tried to make graceful obeisance, despite the horrible corsets that caused her agony:

"Dear my augustnesses, I come!"

Dudley started violently and paled all over. His lips quivered fearfully as he went quickly down the aisle of the little mission church to meet her.

"God bless you!" he said brokenly to her. "It was all quite wrong—the clothes—but you did it for *me*!"

After the first ejaculation of amazement at her changed appearance the two witnesses composed themselves, though Tomlinson said in an audible whisper:

"Good Lord! She has come all alone!"

She replied to Dudley in a timid un-



*"I just scratch my honorable nose."*

*Drawn by G. Yeto.*



der tone that had a tremor in it:

"Pray excuse the honorable rudeness of my honorable relatives. They doan like me mek marriage with barbarian. But I also liddle bit like unto you, an' behold I jus' runnin' away to you elope!"

Dudley held her hand closely. She could not altogether follow the marriage service, but she went through it bravely, and repeated the beautiful words in a broken accent, with far less nervousness than Dudley, who was shaking like an aspen.

After the ceremony he took her straightway to his hotel, whence he sent word to her honorable family, which met in indignant counsel, solemnly and completely to disown her forever.

During the first month of his marriage, Dudley raved of his unalloyed bliss to the cynical Tomlinson, who merely thumped him hard on the back, wishing ardently that it might continue. Aside he would say to Helen Martin:

"What's the use? He can't see he's living in a fool's paradise."

"Why?" Helen would demand somewhat impatiently, "she is all and more than we could have hoped."

"Wait!" said Tomlinson, the raven, "I have lived long in the East. The Pagan must out!"

Although he disapproved of his wife's habit of rising with the sun, Dudley awoke one morning very early. The glorious sunshine of Japan had forced its way in a golden stream through the closed shutters into the room. At an open shoji he saw his wife almost before he was fully awake. She was sitting with her back to him on the floor. Before her was a little black lacquer box, its wide-open lid showing the shining surface of inlaid mirror. Over it her head was bending and her hands were very busy.

Dudley got out of bed noiselessly, thinking to startle her by coming on her of a sudden and catching her in his arms. But as he came closer to her he became at first interested, then mystified, and finally horrified at her strange occupation. She was smearing big blotches of red paint on her

cheeks and lips. That done she penciled her eyebrows in the finest lines. Finally she began doing something to her teeth.

Watching her in almost a fascinated silence, Dudley remained transfixed. When she had finished, the keenest eye could hardly have detected the make-up, he thought, so artfully had she laid it on.

"Moonshine!" he called to her sharply.

She started truly, but from surprise rather than guilt. She even sprang up joyfully, running to meet him, with her small hands outstretched to his. He held her off.

"I can't kiss you with that stuff on your face," he said sternly.

Her long yellow eyes grew large in bewilderment.

"You kinnod kees me?" she said slowly. "Why, my lord?"

"With that—that paint on your face! How can you ask?"

She smiled.

He observed something else which alarmed him more than before.

"What have you done to your teeth?" he demanded.

She parted her lips just a trifle. The little straight row of pearly teeth was stained hideously in some brown dye.

She essayed a little laugh of wonder and remonstrance at his ignorance.

"O, dear, my lord," she said, "I nod any longer thad liddle bit maiden. I nize married leddy now—"

"Will that come off?"

Dudley pointed with a shaking finger to her teeth.

She nodded, her troubled eyes still seeking his for explanation.

"Take it off—and all the rest!" he shouted at her in such a big thundering voice that she began to tremble.

"You doan like me do—" she began.

"Don't like!" he repeated. "Do you think I want my wife to be a painted—"

"You doan desire," she began slowly, still past understanding.

Dudley began to have a conception of her viewpoint. To this she had doubtless been educated and accus-

tomed all her life. He must effect the cure, gently but firmly.

"Moonshine, I ask you to take all that stain off your teeth."

"Yeas—yeas," she agreed, "I doan keer put *thad* on—no I doan keer *thad* I married leddy or nod; only all my honorable ancestors—"

"I know," he said, "it is a custom of your race. But you are married now to an American, remember. Women of my country don't disfigure themselves in that way. Come—off with it." He led her to the wash-basin.

She removed the stain from her teeth readily and willingly enough, and she rubbed with a little sponge the black lines above her eyes; but she stopped at taking off the paint, begging and coaxing to be excused from such humiliation. She could not bear to have him see her without what seemed to her one of the chief perquisites of her beauty.

But he was inexorable, and stood over her peremptorily, as with trembling hands and tearful eyes she rubbed her cheeks.

When she had quite finished he held her at arm's length and looked at her. He marveled that she should attempt to spoil her natural delicate loveliness with such hideous cosmetics.

"Now," said he, "I love you again. You must never disfigure yourself in that way."

Delighted to discover that she was far prettier without the make-up on her face, the depression her use of the cosmetics caused him, rapidly vanished. He even joked and teased her about it as he dressed himself.

She sat on the floor, leaning her head languidly against the foot of the bed. Somehow, despite the chairs and couches about their rooms, she seemed to slip naturally to her little crouched up position on the floor, and her husband could find no fault with this little pagan habit, for she looked so quaint and pretty.

As he talked, her eyes were downcast and he noted with pleasure how long and silky were the lashes that shadowed them. She appeared to be all attention, listening to him politely.

Suddenly she put a question to him:

"Dear, my lord, you doan will condescend to kees me eef I puttin thad honorable paint on my insignificant, homely countenance?"

"I should say not," said her husband with western decisiveness.

"Eef," said she, argumentatively, "you, my lord, an' me your honorable insignificant wife go out on street to-gedder, will you also kees me there whicheven?"

"Of course not. American men don't do such things in public, much as they may revel in it in private."

He was using the military brushes to his smooth brown hair, smiling at her tenderly the while.

"Then," she said, "therefore I only puttin' thad honorable paint on my honorable face *wen* I goin' out on street. Then you 'scuse yourself to nod kees me, account thad augustly unpoliteness for American gentleman. I doan keer then. You kinnod do. Therefore I wear thad honorable paint," she explained triumphantly.

"What!" said her husband, one hand pausing with a brush halfway to his head. "You mean you'd put that paint on when we go out."

"And take it off, my lord, wen you desire kees me," she finished for him.

Dudley threw his brushes down on the bed and burst out laughing. She was really irresistible, he thought. But, of course, she must be converted. He sat down beside her on the floor.

"Listen, Mrs. Dudley," said he, "you swore to honor and obey me, did you not?"

She inclined her head.

"Then," he continued, "I order you to destroy or throw away every scrap of that make-up stuff. You'll do it?"

"I will destroy all thad honorable beautiful stuff, my lord," she said.

A few of his friends remarked that the bride's vivid color had faded to a beautiful pink flush, to which Dudley replied with a glance at his wife, that she could not be said to lack color.

"Of course, Mrs. Dudley isn't pale; but then she had such a phenomenally gorgeous complexion before," drawled Tomlinson, with what seemed to the

truth-knowing Dudley, veiled meaning. However, he was indifferent to comment. He knew that her appearance had changed for the better, but he wondered that she should still have so much color, for he remembered how on that first day her skin had been peculiarly clear and creamy when she had washed the paint off it, with scarcely a tinge of color.

A few days later when she had dressed hurriedly to go with him to an entertainment at the American Consulate, he noticed a little red blotch on her nose.

"What is that?" he inquired suspiciously, and he led her before a long mirror.

"Thad!" Her eyes flickered guiltily. "I jus' scratch my honorable nose liddle bit," she said.

He took his handkerchief out and rubbed the spot, despite her protests. Then he looked at the piece of linen in his hand. It was stained in blurred red. Her honorable nose was free of its scratch.

Without a word he led her back to their rooms. Holding her face over a basin he washed it clean with a wet towel end. After the flush resulting from his brisk motion had died down, he found she was quite pale.

"It is not," he said, "so much the fact that you have disobeyed me, but that you have deceived and lied to me. Where is that paint box?"

"I dinno'd lie to you," she denied with a burst of passion, "I destroy thad same honorable box. I buy altogedder new pot of paint, jus' nize liddle light paint this-a-time."

"Get me it," he ordered. He was quite angry this time, and she dared not disobey him. The contents of the box he emptied into the fireplace. Then he smashed the box.

"I don't expect to find any more of that stuff around these rooms; do you understand?"

"Yeas, my lord," she said, in such a small humble voice that his anger melted completely.

He sat down and took her on his knee.

"Little one, you will not use that

stuff if I tell you it pains me for you to do so, will you? Try and see things as I do. Anything that is artificial is wrong, disgusting. In America only women of a certain shunned type use paint, or silly superficial women whose vanity is their sap of life. I cannot bear to have my wife do so. Don't, Moonshine, don't."

She began to sob piteously.

"Aeverybody goin' mek laugh ad me eef I doan did so."

"Nonsense; no, they won't," he consoled her.

"I loog so ole an' oogly this away."

"You look younger and prettier and fresher and sweeter in every way," he assured her eagerly.

For a few days following, her manifest unhappiness communicated itself to Dudley. His love made him quickly conscious of and responsive to her moods. She had been of a naturally exuberant and buoyant disposition; but now she became quiet and passive, a shadow loitering constantly in her troubled eyes. She went with him reluctantly, and often would plead weariness or illness in order to be excused from leaving her rooms.

"Of course," thought her husband patiently, "it is natural for the poor little thing to feel badly about it at first, but she will get used to it. She must."

Moonshine brooded over her unhappiness. Despite the fact that she really loved the stranger she had married with all the force of her passionate nature, nevertheless the customs of her people were strongly implanted in her nature. She could not feel at home among the people with whom she now associated and who were almost altogether of her husband's nationality. They were kindly and beautiful, she admitted, but she resented their good-natured and humorous encouragement of her efforts to dress and act like them.

"Whỹ," she would argue inwardly, "should she continue this struggle when all her efforts made her seem only the more a stranger among them, a guest as it were? And why should she be placed under this restraint and denied that which a Japanese husband



*Drawn by G. Yeto.*

*One sheer silvery beam came into the open window.*

would have purchased for her? It was all very hard and bitter. She tortured herself with the thought that with the loss of her pot of paint her beauty departed also. She could not imagine Japanese feminine beauty without the lurking presence of a magic toilet box. Of course her honorable husband would continue to praise her face, but that was only natural. He did not wish to pain her by letting her know the truth. In this she judged him from a purely Japanese standpoint. A Japanese husband, she knew, would continue to assure his wife that she was beautiful, even long after she had become an ancestor (grandmother).

Then Moonshine conceived a plot by which she would put her beauty to the test. Gowning herself in an exquisite dove-colored kimono, tied about with a lavender obi, with a little purple parasol shading her bare head, the hair of which was dressed after the prevailing Japanese fashion, and being careful to put no paint or powder whatever on her face, she went down to that quarter of Nagasaki where she had previously lived, hoping to encounter some of her old friends, who would surely enlighten her as to the truth.

She had excused herself from accompanying her husband on a little business trip by wrapping her head up in wet linen in the morning and pleading a violent headache.

At first when Moonshine left the hotel her guilty heart beat rapidly with the excitement and fear of her proposed scheme. She felt like a naughty child running away from home. But gradually as the flying feet of her runner put a great distance between her and the hotel the fear vanished from her; she even forgot the fact that she had come out in Japanese attire and with her face untouched by any beauty save that of nature. A sense of delight possessed her as they neared the old familiar quarter of the town where she had spent nearly her entire life. She smiled with delight over her stolen holiday.

In a little street, gay with painted signboards and posters and quaint goods displayed in front of shops,

Moonshine alighted from her jinrikisha, and bidding her man not to lose sight of her, she started down the street, stopping at several stores to make small purchases for herself. She was bending over a silk merchant's counter, examining the quality of a rich obi when the titter of familiar silvery laughter caused her to look up.

Two young Japanese girls were standing near her, their little almond eyes sparkling with fun over the tops of their fans, and undisguisedly and openly laughing at the pale Moonshine.

The girl took a couple of little steps toward them, opening her own little fan with a whirl.

"Ah, good morning, Perfume and Spring," she said in soft Japanese. "Pray, is your honorable health good?"

The girls giggled, but answered with seeming politeness.

"Good morning, Madame Moonshine. Yes, our honorable health is good. And yours?"

"Honorably excellent," said Moonshine, with a piteous look of entreaty as the two girls again lapsed into tittering. "Why do you indulge in the honorable laugh, dear, my friends?" she inquired with unfeigned anxiety, for she feared she had lost forever all her friends and earned their ridicule by her marriage to the foreigner.

"Oh, Moonshine—he-he-he-he," said Perfume, "you do look so honorably ridiculous."

Moonshine grew paler.

"He-he-he—" giggled Spring. "Oh, Moonshine, has some honorably wicked fiend or demon struck your august face?"

"My face!" faltered Moonshine, unconsciously putting up her little trembling hands to it, and then all in a moment understanding. "Ah-h!" she breathed, "you *think* me—a little bit ugly, maybe?"

"Honorably hideous," said Perfume, spitefully, and Spring's laughter rang shrill.

Moonshine looked at them a moment without speaking. One of her packages fell from her hand to the



floor. She stooped and picked it up mechanically, placing it in the sleeve of her kimona. Then she turned about slowly. In a half-dazed fashion she held her hand up to her runner, who had followed her obediently with the vehicle.

The girls laughed vehemently now.

"Ah bah! (good bye) honorable ghost!" they called after her.

That night when her husband returned he found her sitting in the dark waiting for him. A great wan moon had stolen high in the heavens and one sheer silvery beam came into the open window and loitered upon the white face of his wife. It was ghastly in its pallor, for she had been suffering many hours.

To his extreme horror, she crept on her knees to him, and, putting her head at his feet, began a piteous supplication for his honorable permission to purchase a little pot of paint.

He raised her to her feet, and drawing her into his arms tried to hush the sobs that had welled up from her little overcharged heart.

"Don't cry like that," he said, "I can't bear it. You are breaking my heart. Oh, why do you let such a foolish trifle distress you and come between us?"

"Pray, pray, my lord, allow me this little bit favor."

"Oh, this is quite foolish of you, Moonshine."

That night her sobbing slumber troubled him so he lay awake. Then he made a blunder. He advised her to notice how the American women of the finer class scorned the use of such cosmetics. In particular he held up Miss Helen Martin as a sample.

He could not have said anything that would so quickly have offended the supersensitive girl. She had acquired an extraordinary aversion for the American girl, despite the fact that Miss Martin had sought her out and tried in every way to be kindly and friendly. Without the slightest cause, Moonshine was positive that in Miss Martin she had a rival, one who apparently could not conceal her feeling for Dudley, and one whom she knew

her husband absolutely admired and respected.

When Dudley had gone to the American Consulate for his mail, as was his morning custom, Moonshine drew from a hiding place her last remaining pot of paint. She thought of the pale American girl with hatred, as she rubbed the paint violently into her skin.

Just at this time Dudley was reading a letter from his mother.

"Bring her home to us, my son. Helen has told us so much of her lovely personality, and I cannot tell you what joy it gives us to know that at least she is a Christian. Our grandchild must be born and christened here in America by all means."

He came back to Moonshine joyously. As she confronted him at the threshold with her shining, defiant eyes and painted cheeks, he staggered.

"Why you doan marry thad Miss Helen Martin, my honorable lord?" she queried.

After that, recognizing the impossibility of taking her to his mother, Dudley rented a little house in a suburb close to the city, where he installed Moonshine. His love had deepened to an all-absorbing tenderness and pity that was touching. It was with the utmost patience that he continued the struggle against the paint nightmare that had now taken up its abode permanently with them, for despite her spasmodic washings pure of her face, he knew that she never was without it in the house.

Autumn had crept upon the land with stealing step. A melancholy sweetness pervaded hill and dale. The flowers were turning to the hue of the golden brown leaves, which in their turn reflected the colors of the dying sunset, when Moonshine awakened in the night and piercingly called for her mother. The old nurse that attended her refused to leave her side, and Dudley started out in the night, shaken with a great premonition of disaster and a vain hope to gratify the wish of the sick girl to have her mother once more with her.

On his way back, sick with the fruit-

lessness of his mission, for her people had been politely obdurate, his Japanese valet, who had come to meet him, flung himself at his feet, and after bitter tears and lamentations told him of the death of his wife hardly an hour after his departure, and of the birth of an honorable man-child.

Crazed and distracted with the horror of the tragedy that had come upon him, Dudley rushed to the hotel where they had previously lived, and where still abided a few of his friends. There, like one bereft of all hope on earth, he flung himself into Tomlinson's apartments. Tomlinson promptly sent for Helen Martin. After vainly trying to comfort the bereft man, they finally succeeded in prevailing on him to return to the little house which had so lately held his happiness.

The place was dimly lighted by dull *andons* and horribly silent when they reached it. Their own footsteps rang out hollow and ghostly as they crossed the *zashishi* and ascended the thin little stairway.

Her nurse had dressed Moonshine in all the white deathrobes of a Japanese girl. Trembling like one afflicted with ague the husband bent over her still form, great beads of perspiration standing out on his own brow. Slowly and with shaking hand he took the white cloth from Moonshine's face.

Miss Martin started back with an exclamation of horror.

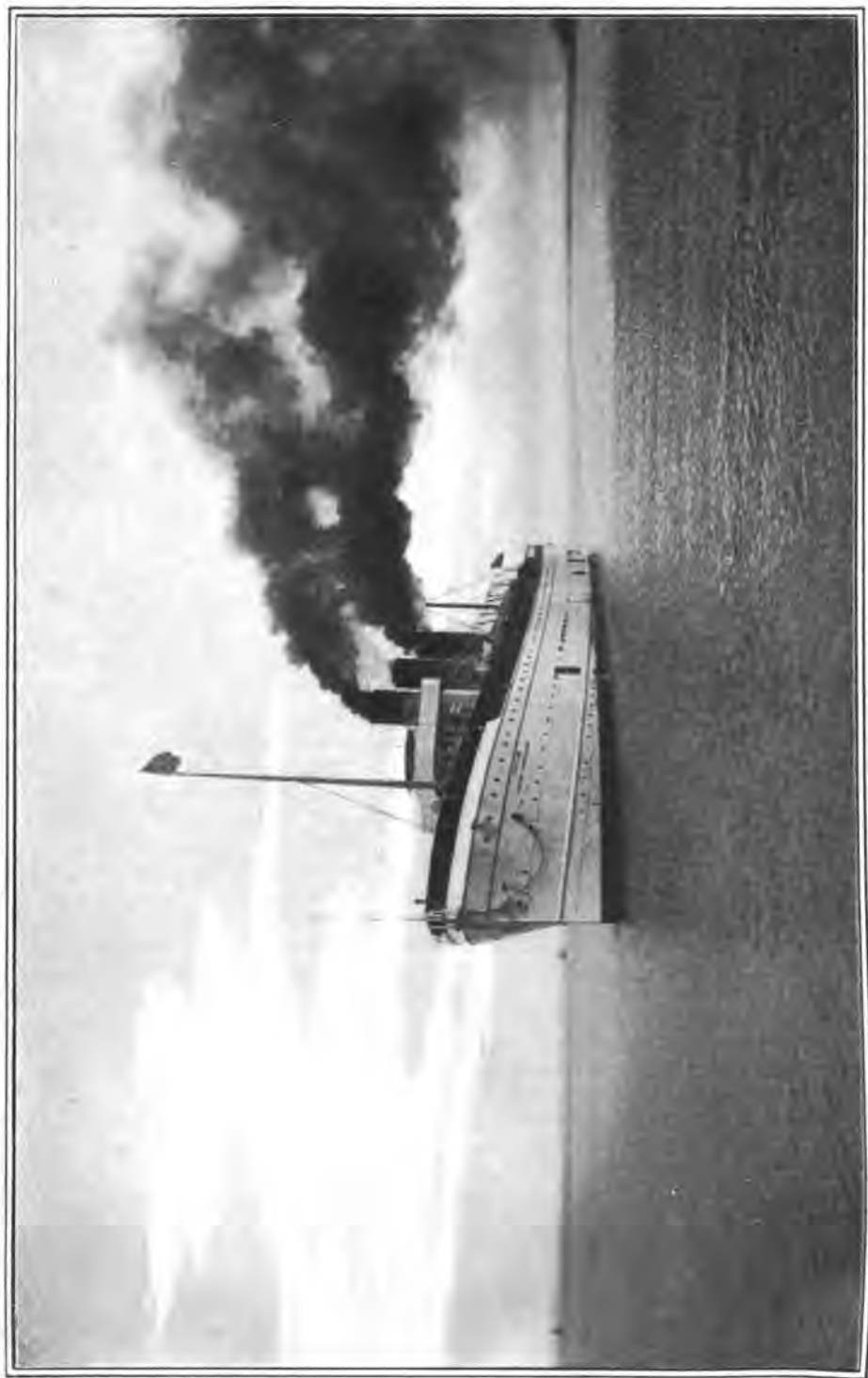
"Oh-h!" she said, "we must wash all that hideous paint off. She must be buried as a Christian."

"No, no," said Dudley, softly, "leave it on."



**A**T daybreak one morning last September, I lay in my tent beside St. Mary's River, and listened to a noisy chorus of hoarse steam whistles and loud, excited voices, all tooting, shouting, and calling as if something of tremendous importance was going on. It was foggy on the river. One knew that without lifting the tent-flap, for such a whistling and shouting could only mean that several of the large vessels in

the lake fleet had crowded into the narrow channel known as the Hay Lake Cut, and that they had lost their bearings in the mist and were in imminent danger of colliding with each other or being thrown against the rocky banks by the swift current. This part of the cut is only three hundred feet wide, and the water fairly boils as it goes hurrying through on its way to Lake Huron. It is no joke to put half a dozen boats of six or eight thousand tons each in such a place,

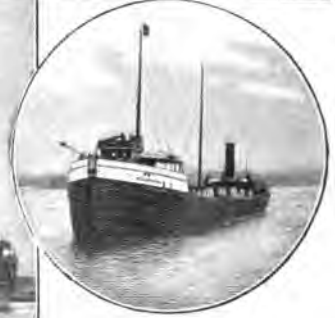


*The "Northland," a passenger steamer of the latest type.*

*Steamers waiting their turn at the canal.*



*The "John Fritz," one of the largest tow vessels in the world.*



*The "Kaliyuga" coming into the cut.*

some going one way, and some the other, and then blindfold them with a curtain of fog and tell them to find their way past each other as best they can. And it is still worse if two or three of them happen to be consorts, without any motive power of their own, and at the mercy of the current the moment the tow-line slackens.

But those lake captains were equal to the emergency. They were feeling their way very cautiously; and mingled with the deep roars of the big bass whistles came the almost continual piping of the smaller ones that gave their orders to the engineers, now telling them to go ahead slowly, now to stop or reverse, and now to go ahead again. Sometimes, to judge by the sounds, a boat stood motionless for several minutes, all the time growling and complaining, as if she hated that sort of thing with all her heart, until I began to think that she had really gone aground and would stay there till somebody pulled her off. Then she

would gradually move a little farther away, still hooting out her disgust at her surroundings; while the crews of the steamers shouted directions to the men on the consorts, and the engines started, and stopped, and backed, and started once more, as if they were trying to learn to waltz. Little by little the tangle seemed to straighten out, and at last they were gone, and quiet settled down again over the Hay Lake Cut.

It was the fog alone that bothered them. Swift currents and narrow, crooked channels have few terrors for a lake skipper as long as he can see. Give him the use of his eyes, and he will make good time "wherever the ground is a little damp," and carry several thousand tons of iron ore along in his trousers pockets. The seemingly reckless way in which he pushes his five-hundred-foot ship around sharp corners and over shoals where there is not a foot of water between her keel and the rocky bottom, finally bringing



her up to her wharf by her own power, without thinking of calling in a tug to help him, is enough to make a sea-captain's hair turn gray. Not that he likes it, exactly; not that he wouldn't much rather have open water and clear sailing all the way from Duluth to Buffalo, if that were possible. But it isn't possible, so he takes things as they come, and does the best he can with his tough proposition. And a remarkably good best it is. His business is to hustle, and he does it with all his might. Even when the fog shuts him in, or a blinding snow-squall comes howling down the Great Lakes, it is to be feared that he does not always slow down as he should. The season of navigation is short, the ice will soon be making, and the owners will jump on him if he doesn't make his trips on time. "Can't stop for a trifle of fog. Let 'er go!"

We spent two months camping beside St. Mary's, and we never tired of "watching the boats go by." Scores of them passed our door every day, moving with a dignity and impressiveness befitting the part they bore in the world's business. Silently a tall

mast would lift itself over the tops of the trees; then a white or yellow pilot-house would come in sight, and the upper part of a big black bow; and then a long, long hull would go trailing past the gap in the bushes as if it would never come to an end—the *Lafayette*, perhaps, or the *Harvard*, or the *Douglass Houghton*, or the *William Edenborn*. Whatever the boat's name might be, the skipper was pretty sure to be a jolly fellow, ready to answer a friendly hail; and so the megaphone stood always close at hand, and somebody was constantly calling, "Good morning, captain. Have you used Plum's soap?"

Then the skipper, standing on the bridge, or the roof of the pilot-house, would pick up his own speaking-trumpet, and shout, "Yes; twice already this morning;" or, "No; we don't use any soap at all on this boat!"

That started the conversation, and there usually followed invitations from the campers to come ashore and have some breakfast, and from the captain to go aboard and take a trip around the lakes. Later on, there was another question which we sometimes

*Locking through St. Mary's  
Fall Canal.*



*The "City of Mackinac," a Lake Huron  
passenger steamer.*



*The "Iroquois," the latest addition to  
the passenger fleet.*



*A Canadian passenger steamer.*



asked of the down-bound boats, those that had just come from the ship-canal, three miles down the river, and had had a chance to hear the latest news: "Good morning, captain. How is the President to-day? Have you heard?"

And again the skipper would lift his megaphone and answer: "He's doing well, I believe."

"That's good! Thank you, captain. Good-bye."

There came a day when the reply would not have been so cheery, when there was bad news at St. Mary's Falls Canal, and when, down at the Straits of Mackinac, the boats from Lake Michigan stood in close to the signal station and asked what word had come from Buffalo—and then lowered their flags to half-mast as they passed on down Lake Huron. But we had broken camp by that time, and it was the newsboys on the streets, and not the captains on the river, who told us that the President was dead.

It would be a wonderful sight if all the craft that have sailed St. Mary's in the last two hundred and fifty years could come back for a day and pass in grand review up and down the Hay Lake Cut. First in the procession would come the birch back canoes, some paddled by Indians, with black-robed Jesuit missionaries for passengers, and some manned by French voyageurs and laden deep with rich furs and peltries. Next in line would be the bateaux of the fur-traders, of about the same size as the canoes, but made of wood instead of bark, clumsier, heavier, slower and more awkward, and propelled by oars instead of paddles. These two craft were once so numerous on the upper lakes that away back in the eighteenth century the Hudson Bay Fur Company dug a canal and built a lock to float them around the rapids that barred the great river and closed the door of Lake Superior—"le Sault de Sainte Marie," as the voyageurs used to say—"St. Mary's Falls," as we call them in these more prosaic English-speaking days. The canal was a small affair, only two and one-half feet deep by eight or nine wide, and the lock thirty-eight feet

long, with a lift of nine feet. But it answered the purpose. The door was open, though perhaps not very wide. But it was not allowed to remain open. The war of 1812 brought an American military expedition up the river; and as the canal was on the Canadian side, and belonged to a British company, they blew up the lock and destroyed everything but its floor and the sills of the gateways. In time its very existence was forgotten; but a few years ago Judge J. H. Steere, of the city of Sault Ste. Marie, found in some of the old books in his library several references to the Fur Company's canal, and at last he hit upon the report of an officer of the British army who had been sent to examine it. This account was so full and minute, and described the location of the old water-way so exactly, that with the help of the United States engineers in charge of the ship-canal Judge Steere located the lock and found the floor and sills still intact. Its walls have since been rebuilt in stone, and it is shown to visitors as an interesting relic of the days when a ditch of thirty inches deep was large enough to float the commerce of Lake Superior.

Now and then, among the vast multitude of bateaux and canoes heading our ghostly procession, a tiny sailing vessel would be seen. Captain Jonathan Carver, who passed this way about 1766, says that the French kept a small schooner on Lake Superior when they held the country, and in 1772 Alexander Henry, a famous old fur trader, built a forty-ton sloop at Point aux Pins and sailed away in her to the north shore of the lake to look for a copper mine. Thirty or forty years later the great fur companies had several small vessels on Superior. Down on Lake Erie, in the meantime, schooners, brigs, and even diminutive ships were multiplying rapidly, and doubtless some of them found their way up to the Soo occasionally. But it was a long time before the earlier and smaller craft were entirely crowded out, either on Superior or the other lakes. As late as 1823 the American Fur Company was still shipping its

goods from Mackinac to Chicago in bateaux; and it is said that Governor Lewis Cass, who was famous for his voyages around the lakes, really preferred his big birch bark racer to any of the schooners of the period, for the very good and sufficient reason that he was always sea-sick when he traveled in a sailing vessel, but never in a canoe.

After the schooners, the steamers. The first of them came up the river in 1827, five years before Chicago ever saw a "smoke boat." Among the passengers were General Winfield Scott, coming to visit the military post at the Soo, and Colonel Thomas L. McKenney, head of the Indian Bureau; and the latter has left in his memoirs a lively account of the difficulties which the boat encountered in stemming the swift current, and of the amazement and consternation of the Indians when they saw her belching out clouds of smoke and plowing her way up stream without the help of sails. They thought that Satan himself had come for them. I do not know the name of this boat, but undoubtedly she was a quaint little side-wheeler, registering somewhere from one hundred to three hundred and fifty tons. In all probability she carried masts and canvas, was schooner-rigged, and looked very much like a heavy, clumsy, old-fashioned sailing vessel with wheels and engines added as an after-thought.

Fifteen or twenty years behind the first side-wheelers came the first propellers, and oddly enough a number of them were twin-screw boats, for the modern way of giving a propeller two wheels instead of one is merely a revival of the very earliest fashion. They had several advantages over the first steamers, and it was not many years before their numbers were rapidly increasing. Nowadays no side-wheelers are ever seen on St. Mary's, except a few Canadian craft that ply on the Georgian Bay and never go farther north or west than the Soo. Some beautiful passenger boats of this type are to be found on Lakes Huron and Erie, and at the southern end of Lake Michigan, on the route between Chi-

cago and the eastern shore; but on Lake Superior they have disappeared almost as completely as on the north Atlantic.

Until 1845 all the larger vessels in the procession had ended their voyages at the Soo, where all goods for Lake Superior had to be transshipped and carried over the portage. Congress had been urged to build a ship-canal around the falls, but so far it had done nothing but talk, and during one of the discussions in the Senate Henry Clay had declared that such a canal would be beyond the remotest range of settlements in the United States or in the moon. But in the '40's came the excitement over the copper mines, and there arose a great demand for steam craft on Superior. Sailors began to think that if the door could not be opened they would have to climb over the wall, and at last the old propeller *Independence* was hauled out on the beach, dragged across the portage, and re-launched above the falls. The *Independence* was small, clumsy, and slow—it is said that in calm weather and with a full head of steam she could make four miles an hour, easily—but she was the first steamer above the Soo, and as such she is entitled to a place in history. Others followed her over the portage, and finally the government woke up and decided to do something. The ship-canal was opened in 1855, and never did an investment yield such magnificent returns. To-day the commerce of Lake Superior is about half that of the entire chain of lakes. In 1900 it amounted to over twenty-five million tons of freight, and the season of 1901, not closed at this writing, will probably smash the record by several millions more. Twice the locks have had to be enlarged, and the Canadians have built another on their own side of the river, not far from where, less than a century ago, the Hudson Bay Company's ditch carried the bateaux and canoes of the voyageurs. Other portions of the river have been greatly improved, channels deepened and widened, and currents rendered less dangerous; and only a few years ago the

government engineers opened the Hay Lake Cut, a shorter and more direct passage which had been unnavigable because of its rapids and rock shoals. Every improvement has been followed by an increase in commerce which has made still more work necessary, and a third enlargement of the canal would probably be going on at this moment if the River and Harbor Bill had not been talked to death in the closing days of the last Congress. If Mr. Clay could have spent last August beside the river, and had seen the three thousand vessels and the four and a half million tons of freight which passed up and down during those thirty-one days he would have been converted.

From the beginning of the procession to its ending, from its first canoe to its last big steel freighter, there is a constant change and development in the type and style of the vessels, as well as in their size and number. The passenger propeller of thirty years ago, for instance, was a boat whose exact counterpart did not exist anywhere else in the world, and was herself an outgrowth from an earlier form. She stood high out of the water, and her deck-houses covered almost her entire length. On the forward end of the cabin stood the pilot-house, and just behind it rose the single mast, sometimes bare, sometimes carrying a sail, which was unfurled when the wind was favoring; while in the stern were one or two funnels. If there were two they were ranged athwartships, instead of fore and aft, and were sometimes quite widely separated, giving the vessel a broad and perhaps a rather squat appearance. Her general shape was apt to be a trifle chunky, although there were some boats, like the *Fountain City*, which were beautifully modeled and a credit to their generation. The larger ones had a certain air of dignity and stateliness which is not always found in their smarter successors, and which was perhaps heightened rather than diminished by the exceeding deliberation of their movements. The *Peerless*, of twelve hundred tons, launched in 1870, and still plying between Chicago and Duluth, is a good

representative of the class. But this type, which, in its day, was probably more peculiarly characteristic of the Great Lakes than any other, is fast passing away. The later passenger boats are more like ocean craft, and the famous *North West* and *North Land*, registering over four thousand tons each, bear a strong resemblance to the express steamers of the trans-Atlantic service.

But probably the greatest changes have been in the cargo-carriers, rather than in the passenger fleet. Birch bark and the paddle the day before yesterday; yesterday, wood and canvas; to-day steel and steam. Once, three or four tons in a cargo; then three or four hundred, now eight thousand. That is the story of the lake freighters, and hardly more than three-quarters of a century has been taken for the telling of it. In tonnage these boats compare well with all but the very largest of ocean craft; and if a general average could be struck of all vessels on salt water, and another of all those on our inland seas, it would probably be found that the lake craft are much the larger. The report of the United States Commissioner of Navigation for 1900 shows that the average register of the steamers built in that year in the shipyards of the coast was not more than three or four hundred tons, while that of the lake boats constructed during the same period was considerably over a thousand. Three hundred and fifty-seven different vessels passed the Soo during that season of navigation whose carrying capacity averaged very nearly four thousand tons, and not one of the three hundred and fifty-seven carried less than two thousand. The *William Edenborn*, which holds the world's freshwater record for big cargoes, lacks only a few inches of being five hundred feet in length, has a beam of fifty-two feet and a depth of hold of thirty, and carries over eight thousand net tons at a load. She has three sister ships of practically the same size, while the *Harvard*, the *Samuel F. B. Morse*, the *Robert Fulton*, and many others, are but very little smaller.

In general appearance the lake



*The Harvard, a modern lake freighter.*

freighters differ from ocean ships mainly in a greater simplicity of design, and in the fact that their engines, boilers and funnels are almost invariably placed in the stern. This arrangement does not add to their beauty, but it gives more room for cargo, and has undoubtedly been an important factor in the scaling down of lake freight rates. Many of the big fellows have cabins and staterooms fitted up for the use of the owners and their friends, and it is no uncommon sight to see handsome carpets spread on the steel decks, bright-colored awnings stretched overhead, and guests from the city lounging in easy-chairs or pretending to help the crew handle the boat. A trip around the lakes on one of the mammoth freight steamers is as delightful an experience as a cruise on a steam yacht, and it is apt to be a much more comfortable one.

One of the most striking features of recent development of the lake marine has been the evolution of the modern consort. Originally the consort was a broken-down steamer or sailing vessel, too decrepit and unseaworthy to travel alone; and a good many of this kind are still to be found on the lakes. But of late years vessel owners have begun to build boats especially designed for this service—staunch, seaworthy craft that are complete in everything but motive power. Some of them carry short masts and small sails which serve to increase their speed when the wind is fair, and which might possibly, if they had exceptionally good luck, carry them into port in case of an accident to the steamer towing them. Others have absolutely nothing, and if left to themselves are as helpless as a log. Two very good examples of the consort in its latest stage are the *John Fritz* and the *Madeira*. Both are huge steel hulks of four or five thousand tons register and seven or eight thousand tons actual carrying capacity. Both carry slender funnels, and might at first sight be taken for steamers, but their boilers merely feed the steam steering-gear, the steam windlasses which handle the tow-lines and hawsers, the steam pumps, and the en-

gines which do the thousand and one other things for which power is used aboard a big modern vessel. They carry more freight than steamers of the same size, partly because their machinery and fuel take up less room, and partly because, being free from the jarring and straining of powerful engines, they are somewhat more lightly built, and the weight of their cargoes can be increased without adding to their displacement.

But in the whole procession of vessels that have plied St. Mary's there are none queerer, more outlandish, or more essentially modern than those ugly craft with long, cylindrical steel bodies, snout-like bows and sterns and turret-shaped cabins and deck-houses, known to landmen as "whalebacks" and to sailors as "pigs." Some of them are of enormous length, and have lamp-posts, like those of a city street, strung along their steel backs. When they first began to appear in large numbers, about ten years ago, it was predicted that they would revolutionize naval architecture, but the prophecy has not been fulfilled. They are doing good service and have made some remarkable records as cargo-carriers, but they have their disadvantages, as every one knows who has seen them deeply loaded, with the waves sweeping over them from one end to the other.

The vessels of the Great Lakes are probably the most economical beasts of burden that the world has ever seen. Both in cost of construction and in expenses of operation they are considerably cheaper than ocean ships, and the way they have slashed freight rates has been one of the greatest factors in the development of the lake region and the upper Mississippi Valley. It costs only about one-fourth as much to ship a bushel of wheat from Chicago to Buffalo by boat as it does by rail, although the competing railways are among the best built and best equipped in the country, and do their prettiest to get their full share of the business. But the most important item in the lake commerce of the present day, and the one in which the majority of the large-





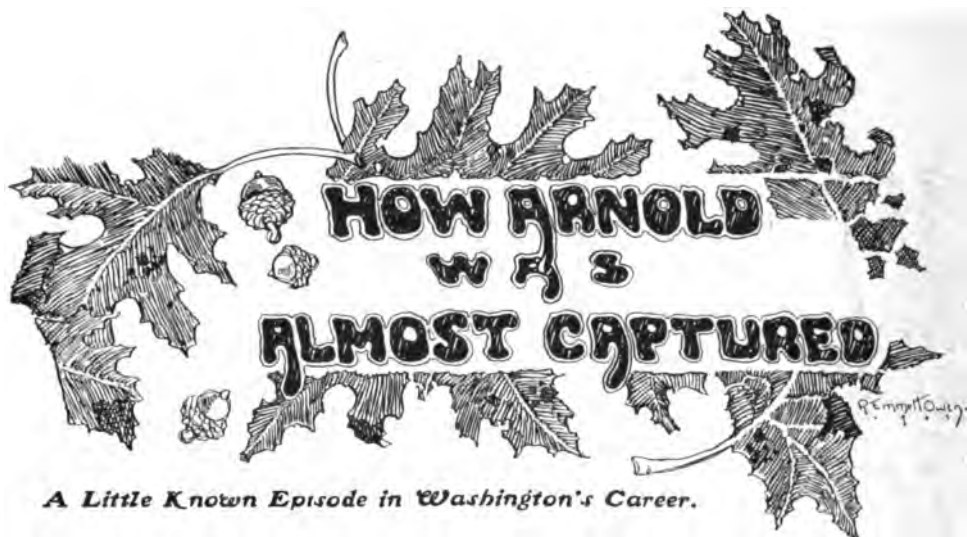
*A line of big Freighters.*

est vessels are engaged, is not the movement of grain, but the traffic in iron ore between Lake Superior and Lake Erie. More than sixteen million tons of ore passed down the Hay Lake Cut during the season of 1900, and 1901 will show a large increase over these figures. The prevailing rate during the greater part of the last season of navigation has been seventy cents from Marquette, and eighty from Duluth. This means that a ton is carried a mile for something less than a tenth of a cent. No railway in the world has ever attempted to carry sixty million tons of ore per year a distance of eight hundred or a thousand miles, and in the absence of experience

it would be difficult to say what rates might be made if it became absolutely necessary to move the entire product of the mines by rail. But the expense would certainly be several times as great as it is by water, and in all probability it would be practically prohibitory, for it would amount to nearly, if not quite, as much as the ore is now worth at the furnaces.

Without their ore-boats the great steel plants that line the south shore of Lake Erie would be obliged to shut down, and a goodly share of the credit for the supremacy of the United States in the steel markets of the world must be given to the steamers of the Great Lakes and to their consorts.





# HOW ARNOLD WAS ALMOST CAPTURED

*A Little Known Episode in Washington's Career.*

By **NORMAN HAPGOOD**, Author of "George Washington," Etc.

**O**NE of the most exciting minor episodes of the Revolutionary War is a little doubtful in detail, owing to the confused memory many years after of one of the principal actors in it. The fullest account is given in the Memoirs of Henry Lee, then a major, known as "Lighthorse Harry Lee," and the man who called Washington "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." It is possible, however, with a little care, to pick out the dramatic incidents without danger of much inaccuracy. Washington has been a good deal criticised for the share which he took in the scheme, especially by British historians, but it was an element of his character, from the time that he received his first training fighting Indians in the woods, to the very end of his life, to use trickery whenever it was necessary and the end to be obtained was worth it. How anybody can attack his endorsement of a plan to capture a traitor, when in the whole game of war an important part is the use of spies, to which nobody objects, is not easy to see, but such is the fact.

There were many reasons why Wash-

ington should take the treachery of Arnold particularly to heart. Arnold, for various reasons, had many enemies. He was arrogant, fond of display, and consequently fond of money, and he lacked all the conciliatory arts. He was, however, a brilliant fighter, and there was nothing that Washington felt more kindly toward than a good soldier. Consequently, from the very beginning of the war, when Arnold was passed over after the most daring and intelligent work in the North, for other men who had done nothing, and was consequently feeling bitter, Washington stood by him and did all he could to secure his proper promotion. His opinion of him was naturally still further raised when Arnold won the critical battle which ended in the surrender of Burgoyne, the turning point of the war, for which the whole credit went to one of Washington's leading enemies, General Gates. It was at Arnold's own request that he was given charge at West Point. When Washington was first told the news of the treachery by Alexander Hamilton, he restrained his emotion and said to Lafayette and Knox, "Whom can we trust now?" He gave orders to Hamilton for prompt pursuit, and according to his custom, immediately began to think about what could be done.



*Drawn by R. Emmett Owen.*

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One of his cherished plans was to capture the traitor and make a public example of him. He had heard, and had some reason to believe, that another leading general was in the plot and was about to desert for the British, and apparently the enemy had intentionally sent out rumors intended to make the American army lose all confidence in its commander and in the cause.

As far as we can tell, two separate attempts were made to capture Arnold, both under the general direction of Washington and under the special direction of Lee. The first man sent into the British lines had as his principal business to investigate the rumors that another general was involved, and his plan to capture Arnold, if it existed, seems to have been secondary. When Washington reached the army in the vicinity of Tappan after the treason, he sent for Lee, told him to take a seat and look through a bundle of papers. Washington had been at work writing and when Lee had finished the general looked up, talked over the probabilities shortly, and then said, as reported by Major Lee:

"I have sent for you, in the expectation that you have in your corps individuals capable and willing to undertake an indispensable, delicate, and hazardous project. Whoever comes forward upon this occasion, will lay me under great obligations personally, and in behalf of the United States I will reward him amply. No time is to be lost; he must proceed, if possible, this night. My object is to probe to the bottom the afflicting intelligence contained in the papers you have just read; to seize Arnold, and by getting him to save André. They are all connected. While my emissary is engaged in preparing means for the seizure of Arnold, the guilt of others can be traced, and the timely delivery of Arnold to me will possibly put it into my power to restore the amiable and unfortunate André to his friends. My instructions are ready, in which you will find my express orders that Arnold is not to be hurt; but that he be

permitted to escape if to be prevented only by killing him, as his public punishment is the sole object in view. This you cannot too forcibly press upon whomsoever may engage in the enterprise; and this fail not to do. With my instructions are two letters, to be delivered as ordered, and here are some guineas for expenses."

Washington's judgment of Arnold had naturally suffered a sudden change. About this time he wrote to his confidential friend, John Laurens: "He wants feeling. From some traits of his character which have lately come to my knowledge, he seems to have been so hackneyed in villainy, and so lost to all sense of honor and shame, that, while his faculties will enable him to continue his sordid pursuits, there will be no time for remorse."

The first experiment of sending a deserter into the enemy's line was successful in clearing up the question of the treachery of another general, as is shown by the following letter from Major Lee to General Washington:

"October 13th, 1780.—Sir: I have made it my business to see the person, who was Captain Brown's guide. From a minute examination of him, I am confident that General St. Clair was named to deceive, that Captain Brown did not see or hear from General St. Clair, and that Captain Brown passed himself on his conductor as a person engaged in our service, although his object was to communicate with some gentleman of consequence among us. I am apt to believe that he was charged with despatches for General Arnold."

Lee's minute account of the adventures of the sergeant whom he called "John Champe" probably refers to the second attempt, and the one which was more distinctly a plan to capture Arnold, although Lee's confusion of dates has made the two events into one. By the time of the second attempt André had been executed, and one of the principal reasons said to have actuated Washington in his strong desire to capture Arnold had vanished. Had Arnold been seized in



time there is little doubt that the unfortunate young officer, whose fate has been so much pitied, would have been released, although his execution was clearly within the rules of war and the extreme statements made against Washington for his course in this matter rest on nothing but the personal popularity of the victim. André's position also counted for much, and officers have rules of honor not easily understood by the outside mind. In this matter of procuring a man to capture Arnold the same technical ideas of honor were exhibited. Lee, in his conversation with the general, remarked that the combination of qualities needed for such an enterprise could be easily found among his commissioned officers, but to them he could not propose a plan of which the first step was desertion. Among privates, however, or non-commissioned officers, rules of honor were supposed to be different. But on the other hand, it was much more difficult to find men who could be trusted. Washington was pleased that Lee thought he knew of one fit man, because he hesitated to propose such a step to officers "who generally are, and always ought to be, scrupulous and nice in adhering to the course of honor." Washington instructed Lee to tell the sergeant that going to the enemy at the request of his officer was not desertion, although it might appear to be. Lee summoned the man—a youth of Virginia, twenty-three or twenty-four years of age—and told him what an immense service he could render to Washington, and how glorious it would be to avenge the army. According to Lee's account, the man hesitated principally on the ground of desertion, although his latter correspondence does not treat the motives as quite so high. He finally persuaded him, and was able to write Washington on October 20, as follows:

"Sir: I have engaged two persons to undertake the accomplishment of your Excellency's wishes. In my negotiation I have said little or nothing concerning your Excellency, as I presume it would operate disagreeably,

should the issue prove disastrous.

"The chief of the two persons is a sergeant in my cavalry. To him I have promised promotion. The other is an inhabitant of Newark; I have had experience of his fidelity; and his connections with the enemy render him, with his personal qualifications, very fit for the business. To this man I have engaged one hundred guineas, five hundred acres of land, and three negroes. I gave him the promise of negroes, because he is engaged in aiding me to destroy the refugees at Bergen Point. Success there puts it in my power to reward him according to compact. If nothing is done, he is to receive an additional sum of money. The outlines of the scheme, which I have recommended, are, that the sergeant should join General Arnold as a deserter from us, should engage in his corps now raising, and should contrive to insinuate himself into some menial or military berth about the general's person; that a correspondence should be kept up with the man in Newark, by the latter's visiting the former every two days; and that, when the favorable moment arrives, they should seize the prize in the night, gag him, and bring him across to Bergen woods.

"If your Excellency approves of what is done, the sergeant will desert from us to-morrow. A few guineas will be necessary for him. I have advised that no third person be admitted into the virtuous conspiracy, as two appear to me adequate to the execution of it.

"The sergeant is a very promising youth, of uncommon taciturnity and inflexible perseverance. His connexions, and his service in the army from the beginning of the war, assure me that he will be faithful. I have instructed him not to return till he receives directions from me, but to continue his attempts however unfavorable the prospects may appear at first. I have incited his thirst for fame, by impressing on his mind the virtue and glory of the act."

Washington's reply is the best known document in the case.

"Headquarters, 20 October, 1780.

"Dear Sir: The plan proposed for taking A—, the outlines of which are communicated to me in your letter which was this moment put into my hands without a date, has every mark of a good one. I therefore agree to the promised rewards, and have such entire confidence in your management of the business as to give it my fullest approbation; and leave the whole to the guidance of your own judgment, with this express stipulation, that he, A—d, be brought to me alive. No circumstance whatever shall obtain my consent to his being put to death. The idea which would accompany such an event would be that ruffians had been hired to assassinate him. My aim is to make a public example of him—and this should be strongly impressed upon those who are employed to bring him off. The sergeant must be very circumspect—too much zeal may create suspicion—and too much precipitancy may defeat the project. The most inviolable secrecy must be observed on all hands. I send you five guineas; but I am not satisfied of the propriety of the sergeant's appearing with much specie—this circumstance may also lead to suspicion as it is but too well known to the enemy that we do not deal much in this article. The interviews between the party in and out of the city should be managed with much caution and seeming indifference, or else the frequency of their meetings, etc., may betray the design and involve bad consequences; but I am persuaded you will place every matter in a proper point of view to the conductors of this interesting business, and therefore I shall only add, that

"I am, dear sir, etc., etc.,

"G. WASHINGTON."

The plan in detail was this: Champe had to pass numerous patrols of horse and foot, and he must take all the risks of desertion, since if any suspicion got abroad that he was leaving with the consent of his superior officers the scheme would fail and the spy would lose his life. Lee urged him to start as soon as possible and communicate

without delay his arrival in New York. Champe pulled out his watch, compared it with Lee's, and urged him to do whatever he could to hold back pursuit. It was nearly eleven o'clock at night. The sergeant went back to camp, took his coat and valise, mounted his horse and set out. Lee went to bed.

Soon after, within half an hour, the major says, Captain Carnes, the officer of the day, waited upon him, and stated with some excitement that one of the patrol had fallen in with a dragoon and challenged him, whereupon the soldier spurred his horse and escaped. Lee pretended to be sleepy, made the officer repeat his story, and wasted what time he could in child-like doubts and inquiries. The officer finally withdrew and made investigations which identified the deserter. Lee interposed still further delay, but was finally compelled to let the expedition start, under the direction of an officer named Middleton, to whom he gave the following written order:

"Pursue so far as you can with safety Sergeant Champe, who is suspected of deserting to the enemy, and has taken the road leading to Paulus Hook. Bring him alive, that he may suffer in the presence of the army; but kill him if he resists, or escapes after being taken."

A shower of rain coming soon after the sergeant's departure made pursuit easy. Middleton got away a little more than an hour after Champe. At day-break he was able to travel rapidly. Going up a hill he saw Champe not more than half a mile ahead of him. Champe at the same time discovered his pursuers and gave spur to his horse. It became a race between them. They soon reached a point where the road divided, one branch being a short cut. Down this short cut Middleton sent part of his men, while he with the rest followed Champe along the main road. Champe had been unable to take the short cut himself, since he was almost sure to meet parties of American soldiers returning to camp from the neighborhood of the enemy. Being sure that Middleton would take



that cut, he gave up his intention of reaching Paulus Hook, which had been his destination, and determined to make a desperate effort to reach two British galleys which lay a few miles to the west of where he was. When he entered the next village, Bergen, he turned hither and thither on the beaten street, and then left the village. Middleton was able to learn nothing from the villagers about the direction Champe had taken. Some of his dragoons, however, soon found the trail of Champe's horse, and the pursuit was immediately begun. In a short time they came in sight of the flying deserter. Champe had tied his valise, containing his clothes, to his shoulders, and was holding his drawn sword in his hand. When he got abreast of the two galleys he leaped from his horse, ran through a marsh to the river, jumped into it, and shouted for help. The British sent a boat to meet him, and fired at his pursuers.

The next day Major Lee wrote to General Washington:

"October 21st.—I have just returned from Newark, where I completed the business your Excellency committed to me. The virtuous sergeant deserted last night. I saw the two in Newark this day. This night they go to York.

"Desertion among us is a perfect stranger. My officers are very attentive, and some of them men of nice discernment. This leads me to apprehend they will discover that the sergeant is on some secret command. Lest the example may operate on the soldiers, the captains will probably inform their troops of their conclusion. From the soldiers, the same sentiment may reach the people.

"To prevent this, I wish your Excellency would order me to move to a forage country; this is very scarce of hay. I can send two troops, including the one to which the deserter belongs, to an abundant neighborhood back of the Mountain Meeting House, where they will be safe, and ready for any operation. One troop can remain with me here, which number is adequate to the common duties. Sir Henry Clin-

ton is still in New York. Report says Arnold sailed with the fleet, though this is not credible."

Four days after Lee received a letter from Champe, written in a disguised hand, and containing information which enabled him to write to Washington as follows:

"Light Camp, 25 October, 1780.—My friend got safe into New York. He was before Sir Henry Clinton, and has passed all the forms of the garrison. He accidentally met Colonel Arnold in the street, which has paved a natural way for further acquaintance. The party entertain high hopes of success. I fear their patience will be exhausted; therefore am of opinion it ought to be impressed on their minds at the meeting. I informed Mr. Baldwin that I was under orders to march South; that I would see him tomorrow, and send on some officer from you, who would transact the business on your Excellency's part in case of my departure. I also promised him ten or twelve guineas. I was induced to do this, because I apprehended he would fail in his assiduity, unless he received some part of his promised reward. On hearing from your Excellency I shall be able to-morrow to ascertain with Mr. Baldwin the next interview, the time, the place, and the person. The time and place I will communicate to my successor. Should I leave this army, I entreat your Excellency's attention to my sergeant, and should be happy if he could be sent on to me.

"I beg leave to thank your Excellency for the confidence and friendship you have been pleased to give me since I became a soldier. I flatter myself I shall enjoy a continuation of it though absent, and that I shall be called on to perform any services, private or public, you may wish to execute, convenient to my local situation, and not superior to my ability or station. I sincerely pray for your health, happiness, and success. May you never again experience a second base desertion, and may you live to put an end to a war, which you have hitherto conducted happily, amidst so many and so great difficul-



lose his life. Lee ur,  
as soon as possible at.

*A desperate effort to reach two British galleys.*

ties. I have the honor to be," etc.

Champe, arrived in New York, filled Sir Henry Clinton full of stories about the American army intended to encourage the British commander to continue his efforts to procure desertion. This led to Clinton's directing Champe to consult with Arnold, which, of course, was just what the American spy desired. Arnold made various inquiries and assigned Champe quarters. He also advised him to join his legion and promised him promotion. Champe then set to work with two men, who were secretly in the patriot cause, to form a plan to seize Arnold's person. Ten days passed, and then Champe was able to write to Major Lee, telling him, on the third night following, to send a party of dragoons to Hoboken, where he hoped to deliver Arnold. Champe had discovered that Arnold came home regularly about midnight, and took a stroll in the garden. At this time he and the two other conspirators were to seize and gag him. Champe had already removed several palings to let him from Arnold's house into the adjoining alley. One of his associates was to help him make the seizure and the other was to be on a boat in the Hudson River. Arnold was to be carried on the shoulders of the two men through the deserted streets and alleys of New York City, and if they were questioned they were to say that the man whom they were carrying was a drunken soldier whom they were tak-

ing to the guard house for the night.

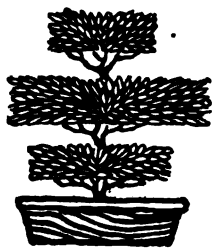
The plan as thus outlined was sent by Major Lee to General Washington and approved by him.

The day arrived. Lee, with a party of dragoons and three extra horses, one for Arnold, one for the sergeant, and another for his companion, reached Hoboken about midnight, concealed his men in the woods, and stood by the river with three dragoons. Hours passed and nobody came. What had happened was, that Arnold, without any suspicion, had removed his quarters, on the day previous, to another part of the town, in order to superintend the embarkation of troops. and that the American Legion, of which John Champe was a member, had been transferred from their barracks to one of the transports. From this safe place Champe never escaped until Arnold reached Virginia and joined Cornwallis. He deserted at Petersburg, went through Virginia into North Carolina, and joined our army; there he was received by General Lee and his story told. He was then introduced to General Greene, and sent on to Washington, who paid him, and gave him a discharge from further service. When Washington was called by President Adams to the command of the army, many years later, he sent to Lee to inquire after Champe, intending to give him command of a company. Lee made inquiries, and heard that the sergeant had moved to Kentucky and died.

## THE GARDEN-PLOT

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

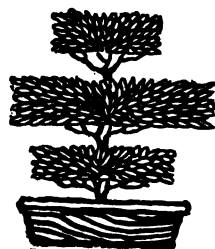
Within the garden of my heart I found  
But yesterday a plot of empty ground :  
Then saw I you, O golden-eyes, and lo,  
Now in that erewhile barren space doth blow  
Love's perfect flower,—to me divinely sweet !  
I pluck the bloom, and lay it at your feet.



# THE REFORMER

## A STORY OF POLITICS

By J. GEORGE FREDERICK



THE election of James T. Harris to the select branch of councils of Bellevue, a prosperous third class Pennsylvania city, from the Ninth Ward, was as unexpected as it was satisfactory to the better class of citizens of that city. Bellevue's politics were "rotten," everybody admitted. But the more it was admitted, the "rotten" it became," as Harris often reiterated in his short campaign.

"Russie" Walker, the political machine's henchman in the Ninth, simply couldn't stop the tide that bore the victory from his hands. He complained to the machine autocrat of the city, "Judge" Wright, when that individual took him to account for the defeat, that one of the things beyond human control was an election tidal wave.

James T. Harris was a man of energy and ideas. He conducted the neatest, cleanest and most up-to-date grocery store on the West Side. He was the sort of a man nobody can down; who succeeds where others with less personal aggressiveness fail. It was a man of either vast inexperience or unusual nerve that stood up in an argument with Jimmy Harris longer than a few minutes. Jimmy saw one way—one clean-blazed railroad track path through every question that confronted him, be it ever so simple, or be it ever so much of a nation-puzzler; and along that path he argumentatively threw himself with the speed of an express train, knocking opposition helter skelter. He saw through every scheme that was perpetrated anywhere; and, if after five minutes of arguing, during which his fat cheeks grew crimson with indignation and pale again with convulsive anger, and his hot breath fanned your

cheeks as he leaned forward and poked his index finger under your nose and hammered it on your chest with an impassioned word to every tap—if then you could gainsay him that the Bellevue councils was anything but a collection of maudlin, treasury-bleeding scoundrels, your pride would overcome your discretion. Jimmy was a keen business man, and honest to the last penny. No one questioned his worth. It lay on the surface, as did his argumentative passions.

When city councils, with reckless indiscretion, as "Judge" Wright later dubbed it, passed an ordinance granting a claim of over \$200,000 to certain individuals for what was known to be a wholly fictitious and entirely unreasonable invasion of private property in the building of a sewage plant, just two months before election, the wrath of James T. Harris knew no bounds.

"This is a burning outrage, a crying shame, a daylight hold-up of the city treasury under the pitiful guise of a legal claim," cried he, with a peculiar oratorical twang learnt in ward meeting speech making, to poor, overworked Mrs. Callahan, as he looked up from the morning paper and saw her patiently waiting at the counter.

"Yes," she answered meekly, "it is. Give me two pounds of sugar."

During the interval between election day and the reorganization of councils at the end of the fiscal year Jimmy did much talking. He told his friends and his fellow-citizens at ward meetings that he would show the people of Bellevue what an honest man could do there. He wasn't going to shut his "trap like a clam" when a steal bill came up. He was going to get up and ask those councilmen—*demand* of the president—whether the bill was the best thing



that could be done for the interest of the taxpayers, and whether they were keeping their oath which they solemnly took when they were sworn in. Oh, he was going to make it warm for them! The taxpayers had elected him to represent their opinions and interests, and he was going to do it or die in the attempt! He would fling their dirty ordinances in their dirty faces; and the man that would—here Jimmy's fists, made muscular by the handling of many a molasses and su-

gar barrel and soap box, would double up ominously—the man that would dare to offer him a bribe—and here Jimmy choked for utterance.

On the first Monday morning in April, Jimmy left his store in charge of his boy clerks, donned his best suit and stiff shirt and departed for city hall.

He had a faint and dimly outlined idea that when he should present himself at the council chamber the councilmen whom he had never seen, except in newspapers, would quiver and



Drawn by C. D. Williams

"This is . . . a daylight hold-up of the city treasury!"

quake before his searching gaze. But when he mounted the broad marble steps that led to the chambers, inquiring the way of a police sergeant, and reached the second floor, he was just a trifle bewildered. The high mosaic-worked ceiling was almost obscured with a cloud of cigar smoke, and the confused murmur of voices reached him through the open doors. No one paid attention to him as he entered, and he felt ill at ease. Groups of smoking and joking councilmen sat in the desks here and there. Jimmy presented his credentials to the clerk at the desk, who was busy arranging a huge bouquet of carnations.

"You're the new man from the Ninth, are you?" he said, genially. "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Harris. Here's a seat," leading the way to a desk near a group of councilmen, piled with a lot of city journals. Jimmy had just time to loll back in the easy chair a moment, when the obliging clerk was again at his side and proceeded to draw a fragrant carnation through his buttonhole.

"This is for you," he said. Jimmy squinted suspiciously at the flower, and then looked up. "With my compliments," said the clerk, just as Jimmy was about to ask where the flower came from. He had a half-formed idea that some corporation with an axe to grind had furnished it.

"Here, Joe," called the clerk to a group of members, "and you fellows come here and meet the new man from the Ninth." They came and were introduced.

"I hear you're going to turn the chamber upside down," remarked a well-dressed member with a smile.

Jimmy flushed. "Oh, I don't know," he answered uneasily. One after another the councilmen were introduced. He was startled presently by a loud hammering by a gold-spectacled man in a chair, frowning upon the disorderly members.

After the roll had been called the clerk called him and two other newly-elected councilmen, and he went forward and placed his hand with the rest on a Bible which the Mayor held, and

listened to the reading of the oath. Through the parts which bind the oath-taker to loyalty to the interests of the people Jimmy winked hard, and his "Yes" was perhaps unnecessarily loud. He was not sure that he didn't hear several grunts of amusement behind.

Of course the machine's slate of officers went through like a Sunday school election, and he was surprised to hear himself named as a committee with another man to escort the new president to the chair. After that individual had made a short but eloquent speech, he pulled out a type-written sheet and read his committees.

Jimmy was again surprised when his name was read as the chairman of a committee on "manufactures." He leaned over to his partner. "That's a pretty good committee, isn't it?" he asked. The other smiled.

"The last meeting," he said, "that the committee on manufactures ever held was in '94, when the Crossburn mill wanted something from the city."

"That means that I'm on a 'dead-head' committee, doesn't it?" Jimmy asked.

The councilman nodded pleasantly.

Jimmy went home, pondering deeply. He was shrewd enough to realize that he was not going to walk on a path of roses on his reform mission. "They look like a pretty solid lot," he soliloquized. "They're all pretty well educated, and—they can talk, too." Jimmy was thinking of the president's address, which had been a model of oratory, as oratory goes. "I'll have to 'watch my talker,'" thought Jimmy apprehensively, with a growing sense of smallness compared with "that crowd," as he called them.

The clerk had given him a lot of literature which he had said he might as well read to get posted, and Jimmy faithfully that night sat up late to read the stuff, which proved to consist of several old ordinances, a pamphlet extract of the acts of assembly touching on the actions of councils, and a copy of the municipal manual, with all sorts of valuable information printed therein. On one page he found his name printed as the Ninth Ward Council-



man. There were many things that he didn't understand, but which he determined to at the earliest moment. His reputation, he felt, was at stake on his reputation at councils. If he voted with the rest for the "grabs," he felt he could never look his friends in the face.

At the next meeting of select council Jimmy was on hand early. The calendar was empty, as no new business had been presented in the new year. The president rushed with great rapidity through the string of committees without waiting for any answer.

"The presentation of original bills in place," he called, briskly starting at number one and going up to eighteen, the number of wards in the city, without stopping.

There were quite a number of bills. One was to change the topographical survey of a street, another to make a transfer from the contingent fund of the finance department for the purchase of a batch of fire alarm apparatus; another to open a street, and so on, a great pile of them—nothing important, or that had any semblance of irregularity. He watched the bills and resolutions closely, and followed the clerk minutely as he read them. The rest of the councilmen, he observed, however, smoked and talked and laughed with utter indifference.

The next half dozen meetings were entirely uneventful, except that at one of them a bill for the paving of a business street came up. The *Times*, a very yellow sheet, made a big blow about another attempt at a "steal," for the simple reason, however, that several of its owners were heavily interested in a brick company, and the bill provided for asphalt. Jimmy however spent much time and thought on a conscientious investigation of all the *Times'* allegations, finding them all false. He voted for the bill, and was upheld by nearly all his constituents.

One evening there was a bill up for final passage, which, when it had been presented and referred without a second reading to a committee, Jimmy had been suspicious about. It provided for the transfer of \$38,000 for the rebuilding, alteration and refitting

of one of the city's water pumping stations. The bill was very inexplicit, as Jimmy noticed when the clerk read the ordinance through, preparatory to calling the roll. The clerk was rattling through the usual closing clauses of the bill when the city engineer glided up to his desk and spoke in his ear.

"You're going to vote for this, aren't you?" he said.

"I really don't know," said Jimmy, without looking up.

"It's really necessary," said the engineer, "and the city needs it."

Jimmy still looked uncertain. Someone was already requesting a roll call. "When it's finished," said the engineer as Jimmy grasped the desk as if about to get up, "we're going to have the whole gang over and have a good time." The engineer mistook his man.

The clerk was already heading a roll sheet to call the roll when Jimmy rose. He was very deliberate.

"Mr. President," he said, "we are ordinary members of councils with no technical knowledge of the needs of the water department. If the \$38,000 expenditure is proven to me to be necessary, I propose to vote for it without further parley. In the absence of any such proof I request that the city engineer or a member of the water board give us full and definite information concerning it."

It had taken Jimmy five minutes to prepare this speech to his satisfaction.

There was a half smile on the president's face as he invited the engineer to come forward.

"I am always glad to appear at any time to explain anything that your honorable body sees fit," said that individual, smilingly. Producing from his pocket maps and prints and memoranda he proceeded at once to prove conclusively—even to Jimmy himself—that the improvements had long been necessary; were urgent, in fact. "Perhaps the gentleman from the Ninth will now be entirely satisfied that there is no robbery of the taxpayers in progress," he concluded, with a peculiar turn of his eyes. There was a general laugh.

Jimmy got up. "A few more in-

quiries," he said calmly, "and then I am satisfied. Is the present building to be torn down?"

"No."

"Is the old machinery to be entirely removed?"

"Yes."

"Will the new engine be bought from the same company as the old one?"

"Yes."

"The old engine will be returned to the company?"

The engineer hesitated. "Ye-es," he said slowly.

"And the company allows a certain sum on the purchase price of the new one for the old one?"

"Your questions are irrelevant," said the president with a frown.

"Call the roll!" yelled a little councilman in an opposite corner. "Call the roll," growled some one else.

The blood rushed to Jimmy's face.

"Mr. President," he said with a voice full of suppressed anger, "my questions are questions that our fellow-citizens are demanding every day. My questions"—Jimmy's voice rose with a gathering crescendo—"are questions which the public has a right to know, which they demand, which they have a constitutional and inherent right to know." Jimmy's ward-meeting eloquence was taking possession of him. "The official and servant of the public who keeps this knowledge from them is—is unfit to grace a seat in this chamber?" There was silence at this sally, and Jimmy was encouraged to go on. "And the president who decides that a councilman who asks questions about the disposition of the city funds and property is—"

"Here! Here!" cried several.

"—is not fulfilling his oath!" concluded Jimmy, with heavy vehemence.

The president rapped for order.

"I wish to be answered my question," persisted Jimmy, the light of determination in his eyes; "does the company allow for the old machinery?"

"Well," said the engineer, "it makes some allowance."

"Thirty-eight thousand dollars is the amount the company asks for the new engines and machinery and for

the entire enlargement of the plant?"

"Yes, but—"

"Where does the allowance on the old outfit come in?"

"You see, Mr. Harris," replied the engineer, with a peculiarly suave way that he had, mixed in this case with an air of condescension, "the company includes the return of the old machinery in its estimate."

Jimmy was "stumped," as he afterwards put it. He had been so sure that there was something irregular about the thing; but how was he going to demonstrate it? In a few moments the roll would be passed and it would be too late. In his deep thought his big hand sought his head and he scratched it vigorously, at which the councilmen burst into loud laughter. Stingingly conscious of his utter defeat, Jimmy sat down discouraged. He was the only one voting "No!"

"It's no use," he said to himself, gloomily, as he went home that evening, "them fellers are too smart for me. I'll bet the engineer, the water board and some of them councilmen made a nice pie out of that deal *somewhere*."

He turned to the council report in the *Gazette* the next morning. "Mr. Harris," read a paragraph under the water works bill, "asked the engineer a number of questions, and on being told by the president that they were irrelevant, became indignant and personal. The engineer, very politely, however, answered all his questions satisfactorily."

"Personal, eh?" growled Jimmy, on reading it. "I saw that reporter grinning. Guess he thought I was awful green."

But a first page head drove all the blood into his face. "Harris Turned Down," it ran; "Ninth warders think their would-be reformer a beat." In substance it was that his ward fellow citizens, among whom he had made so many addresses, had met and scored him for "violating the trust of the people."

Jimmy was so angry when he had read every word of it that he could scarcely speak. His fists were clenched and the light that shone from his eyes

bode the passers of the resolution no good. He grabbed his hat and walked to the next square where Ed. Warren, the president of the ward club, conducted a tailor shop.

"What's this d—d stuff you passed on me last night?" he demanded angrily. Warren smiled from his perch on the table.

"I'll tell you, Harris," he said, "it was a complete surprise to me. Of course I couldn't do anything but let the fellows vote on it. I didn't offer it."

"Who did?"

"Eddie Walker," said Warren, with a grin.

"The d—d scoundrel!" ejaculated Jimmy. "Who was there?"

"O, only about thirty. The usual gang, you know." Jimmy suddenly had a great contempt for the "gang," among whom all his political aspirations were born. "Anybody kick against it?" he said shortly.

"No," replied Warren, "Eddie made a speech before he offered it dilating on your extremely quiet record in councils, and giving you the devil for voting for that paving bill."

"Why, the yellow cuss," bellowed Jimmy, "that paving's been needed for a year, and I've heard him say so himself!"

On his way back he met Harry Flemming, a confidential friend. He grinned when he saw Jimmy.

"What you're grinning at?" demanded Jimmy.

"They gave you quite a pill, didn't they?" he said, genially.

"All Eddie Walker," said Jimmy, still breathing hard.

"I thought so."

"But what cuts me," groaned Jimmy, "is that they *passed* it."

"Politicians," said Harry wisely, "can never tell what the people will do next."

"D—n the people!" answered Jimmy, hotly. "What do they know, anyhow?"

Harry laughed. "That's a nice talk for a fellow that was preaching reform for and by the people not very long ago."

Jimmy didn't answer.

That afternoon he went to City Hall, into the city clerk's office, and found Turner, the clerk, there. Jimmy liked him. He had shown himself to be a gentleman in every way.

"Come in this way," he said, leading him to his private room; "let's talk things over a bit."

"Now," said Turner, after he had closed the door, "if you don't mind, I'll give you some good advice. I've been a councilman myself, and in politics about sixteen years off and on. You are comparatively new.

"In the first place, about a councilmanic debate. Now, I've got nothing to say about that water works bill that we passed last night; but I know that if you wanted to make any sort of an impression, you should have come to the meeting fully prepared to debate on it. It won't do to come to the chamber with simply an idea of heading off a bill at the last minute. The authors and friends of the bill have their lines too well laid to risk its defeat at such a time, and you have to be pretty shrewd to change the sentiment for a bill in a half hour. Every single councilman came to that meeting last evening with his mind fully made up as to which way he was going to vote. The water board's and the company's representatives had seen every one. They skipped you, I suppose, because of your reform record." The clerk smiled and Jimmy flushed. "The only way to defeat that bill would have been to see the rest of the councilmen yourself and present your arguments. It would have been a tough and thankless job even then. In an open debate you wouldn't stand a show. They are used to downing undesirable speeches.

"Again, watch whom you openly antagonize. Now, you left some resolutions and bills for paving and street repairing you want done in your ward to write up. I'll bet you ten cigars they'll kill your bills in committee, if not outright, when you present them. Then you get into trouble with your constituents.

"Yes,"—smiling—"you've got there

already. Now, look here. That crowd of yaps and heelers at the meeting last night, led by Walker, were liable to do anything. They'd do it again for a couple of drinks. They're not the people of your ward; but you must take care what you do now—keep a straight face and the thing'll blow over. The newspapers did the most harm. So much harm, in fact, that you've simply got to get back your reputation again—among citizens generally—I mean. It's pretty well around by this time that you've sold out like the other fellows are supposed to have done. The *Times* rubs it in on you on account of that paving bill. It still holds that it was a grab bill."

"But it wasn't!" protested Jimmy.

"Of course it wasn't. But you see the public didn't know any better and didn't think so."

"The public makes me tired," sniffed Jimmy.

Turner laughed. "Well, watch things closely in the next few weeks," he said, significantly, as Jimmy left, "and you might find a chance to redeem your reputation as a reformer."

It was at the next meeting that the trolley franchise bill showed up. It was referred with little comment.

Just two months before that a number of out-of-town capitalists had announced to the citizens of Bellevue that it had applied to the Governor for a charter for the formation of a large corporation which would start in building a number of street railway lines as soon as the charter arrived and the necessary legislation had been secured. It promised three-cent fares and frequent service, and at the end of thirty years it would turn over half of its profits yearly to the city.

The citizens of Bellevue had rejoiced. The present company was a "one-horse" affair, and had very unsatisfactory service. It was regarded as very slow and unenterprising. The new company thought there was nothing to fear from the concern, and did not even have a lawyer in Bellevue to watch its interests.

And while the new company was waiting for its corporation charter, the

old one introduced the franchise bill. Having been incorporated, it had merely raised its capital stock, and secured a charter under the new State charter law.

On the day the ordinance was presented it gave each of the daily papers big articles concerning its plans. It had raised its capital stock to five millions, and was going to give the public a trolley service second to none in the State. It would begin operations the day after the Mayor approved the bill.

The editorial column of every paper in the city rang with praise for the company and urged councils with all haste to pass the bill. Many ward clubs held hurried meetings and passed resolutions giving their word of command to the councilmen. Among these wards was Jimmy's.

The ordinance when presented was read only to the end of its title and quickly referred to the railway and highway committees and the board of public thoroughfares. The title said: "An ordinance granting the Bellevue Street Railway Extension Co. rights of franchise on certain streets in the City of Bellevue, Pa."

Jimmy, watching with his usual interest the proceedings, was somewhat astonished when about five minutes later these three committees to whom the bill had been referred presented favorable reports on it out of place. Jimmy's seat mate to whom he was obliged for no little information, replied on being questioned that this was often done and that the bill would be ready for passage at the next meeting. The fact that a committee should report on so important a bill without, apparently, ever looking at it, did not quite square with Jimmy's sense of business method.

Some days later he secured at the clerk's office a printed copy of the ordinance and took it home.

That night after all his customers had been disposed of and his clerks sent home, Jimmy closed the store, seated himself in a corner on an empty soap box, took a fresh quid of tobacco and began to study the ordinance. The meaning of the long and extended



Drawn by C. D. Williams.

*Jimmy's voice rose with a gathering crescendo.*



legal phrases were somewhat hazy in his mind, but he thought them out after considerable head-scratching pretty clearly. He read the preamble and eight sections of the bill over carefully twice, and could find nothing the matter. He laid the sheet on his apron and spent half an hour in deep thought; suddenly picking up the bill and searching it over carefully twice.

"By ginger!" he exclaimed, suddenly, a deep frown settling on his features as he stopped at Section 5: "That the B. S. R. R. E. Co. be and is hereby granted the privilege of constructing a railway with turnout wherever necessary on the streets of Bellevue, Pa."

"Where in damnation does the Bellevue and Suburban come in?" he questioned the barrels and boxes of his store almost angrily.

The Bellevue and Suburban was the company which was unconcernedly waiting for its charter.

The situation rapidly formed itself in his mind. Afraid that the new company would crowd them out of their present enormous profits, the old company decided to secure in the height of public enthusiasm a franchise on every street in the city, and thus forever forestall competition, monopolize the transportation service, kill the public's hope of three-cent fares, and render null the company's offer of half-profits.

The magnitude of the scheme awed Jimmy, and he half believed it wasn't so. He resolved not to say a word to his fellow councilmen until he had made sure that the company really meant to freeze out the other corporation. He would not risk being laughed at again. At length he resolved to study out a small speech in which he would present the matter with as little ceremony as possible at the next meeting of councils.

But he was totally unprepared for what occurred.

Before the calendar was taken up or the bill called for, the very thing that the clerk said would happen took place. Jimmy had presented several modest paving resolutions in his ward, forgetting in his excitement the prediction of the clerk, and fully expect-

ing they would pass, as those of other councilmen invariably did. On a roll call, 10 of the 18 members present voted "No," and Jimmy's improvements were lost. This angered him to some extent, thinking of what other odium this would bring upon him at the ward meetings; but he forgot about it when some one called up the franchise bill.

Again, and to Jimmy's more intense surprise this time, only the title of the ordinance was read. Some one quickly called for the yeas and nays.

Jimmy stood up. "Mr. President," he began.

"Yeas and nays!" yelled three councilmen at the top of their voices. There was a noisy murmur among the other councilmen also.

"The clerk will call the yeas and nays," ordered the president, shortly.

"Mr. President—" said Jimmy in a deep bass voice, his face hot with anger.

"You hear me, Joe?" said the president, *sotto voce*, to the clerk,

"Mr. Harris has asked—" began Joe Turner, looking at the president.

"Yeas and nays!" yelled a half dozen councilmen.

"Call the roll!" thundered the presiding officer.

"Mr. President and members of councils," roared Jimmy with fearful timbre, losing entire control of his temper, "this is an outrage!"

But the whole chamber was in an uproar and the clerk started off on the roll call in an audibly nettled tone.

Jimmy sat down, too weak with anger to talk, almost bellowing out his "No" when his name was called. His vote was the only one against the bill. There were several hurrahs when the clerk announced the bill passed.

Jimmy went home still in a white heat, too agitated to think. There was no longer any doubt in his mind but that his conclusions had been correct about the bill. His condition was not much alleviated when he saw the morning papers the next day. They roasted him mercilessly for voting "against the open and apparent welfare of the city." One paper intimated humorously that it was very good for

the city that there were not more "reformers" in the council.

By the next day his chagrin and anger had worked itself off and he was able to think clearly. He realized that, right or wrong in his position and conclusions, there was but one chance remaining to kill the bill, do the public a service, and incidentally spoil the traction company's scheme to freeze out competition.

This hope was the Mayor.

He found that gentleman in his office at city hall, alone, that afternoon.

"Have you signed that franchise bill?" questioned Jimmy, almost breathlessly, after he had introduced himself.

"I have not," replied the Mayor. "I returned from a short business trip to Philadelphia this morning. I mean to sign it, however," he added, significantly.

"Mr. Mayor," said Jimmy earnestly, "I have no doubt that you have read what the papers say concerning both

the bill and myself and formed your own conclusions. But I wish to say that I have no desire to hinder progress or the public welfare one particle; in fact I am as anxious as any one in the city to have better trolley roads. But"—pulling out a copy of the bill—have you read it?"

"I know the gist of it," replied the Mayor, indifferently.

"Did you read Section 5?"

"No," said the Mayor, pulling the original ordinance out of his desk drawer, and beginning to look over it.

"Well?" he said after a minute.

"It says 'all the streets,'" said Jimmy, suggestively.

The Mayor read and re-read the section, and then leaned back on his swivel chair and whistled sharply.

"By George!" he said. Then he put his hands across his eyes and sat in deep thought for several minutes. Looking up finally, he said: "Do you know, Mr. Harris, what you've done?"

"What?" asked Jimmy in surprise.

"You've discovered something of incalculable value to the city. Also, you've put me plump in the political graveyard."

"How so?" said Jimmy, in some confusion.

"Well, you know," said the Mayor with an air of resignation, "that this is my last year. I *was* going to try again in spring. And I'd have made it too. But this'll kill me dead—dead."

The Mayor paused.

"I'll tell you why. Of course I won't sign this bill—after this. That will stir up the biggest rumpus you ever saw. It would stir up a still bigger rumpus if I did, because that steal would come out as soon as the other company should endeavor to get a franchise from us. It's a case of damned if you do and damned if you don't. Half the councilmen know all about the contents of

*Drawn by C. D. Williams.*



*"It says 'ALL the streets.'"*

this bill. They must. But they keep mum for—well, sufficient reasons. That's why they queered you when you tried to talk; I see it now. I will have the *public* approval in this thing; but, my eye! where will I be *politically*? The councilmen and the powers that be will never forgive me. I'm done for!" The Mayor seemed to take it to heart.

"But I wish to say right here," he continued, "that you have proved yourself a true and courageous defender of the public good, and if there is anything that I can say or do which will help to remove the stigma that has settled upon you in your ward and from the general public, I am ready to do or say it."

Jimmy thanked him and bowed himself out. He went home with a

queer feeling of keen satisfaction of duty well done and of wonder at how it would all turn out.

\* \* \* \* \*

When he read the *Gazette* the next morning he saw in it and all the other papers black heads on a "startling discovery," containing beneath a complete account of the services James T. Harris had rendered the city. In the editorial column he read unmeasured praise for himself and a complete retraction of the former assaults upon him. "A great injustice," declared the *Times*, "has been done Mr. Harris, and the citizens owe him a great deal."

Later it attempted to repay him in part by running him as an independent candidate for Mayor, but the machine won.



## THE CURSE OF POSITANO

By ROBERT BARR

Illustrated by STUART TRAVIS



**I**T is bad for a man to quarrel with the saints, and still worse if he accepts the aid of the devil in substitution for the countenance of the children of God, thus withdrawn from him. For Satan comes in many a guise other than that of the roaring lion, and it behooves us all to walk warily lest we be cozened by him. This was the parlous position in which Flavius Gioja found himself, having grievously insulted and maltreated Saint Antonius, through his image carven in wood and superbly painted in many colors by that deft artificer, Giovanni Parello, maker of images by the water-side of Positano.

The misuse of the saint came about in this way. Although Gioja was still

a young man, he had prospered much, and was already captain of that stout fishing boat, the *Assunta*, with a crew of four men under his command. Standing high on the prow of the craft was the wooden painted image of Saint Anthony, patron of all fishers, placed in this elevated position not only out of reverence for his sanctity, but also for the more practical purpose that he might front whatever waves there were, and thus experience in his own likeness the roughness of the sea, should he so far forget those in his care as to permit a tempest to rage while they were afloat. One would have supposed that this subtle device might have secured for the *Assunta* an eternal summer sea, but such, alas! was not the case, for Saint

Antonius is notoriously one of the most absent-minded of the seraphic throng, and seemed to welcome a drenching as much as he avoided all watery immersion while a resident of this earth. The *Assunta* therefore frequently encountered weather as heavy as if she had not a gaudily-decorated Saint Antonius at the prow.

One day, however, she put out from Positano in a fair wind, intending, as usual, not to lose sight of land, when suddenly it came on to blow with a vengeance; one of those fierce, quick storms which sometimes torment this section of the Mediterranean, and which generally dies down as speedily as it has arisen, if a boat can but live through it. This storm, however, persisted beyond all reason, and now was the time for the saint to exert himself if he were to prove worthy of the prayers and contributions lavished upon him, to say nothing of his new paint. The pious crew implored him to intervene, else they were never to see Positano again, but the calm saint merely smiled upon them and took his periodical duckings without the flutter of an eyelid. From persuasion the desperate crew took to revilings, as was right and proper, for hard words break no bones, and may be apologized for after, and strong language has been known to bring saints to some sense of their duties. They told Anthony plainly that he was but an encumbrance; a pretender; a bogus saint; not worth the wood he had been fashioned from. Still the image smiled, and still the storm increased.

Now Gioja himself was not a man to be trifled with, and this watery tumult was growing past all endurance. He was a determined, somewhat domineering person, as it well befits a captain to be, but, in addition, was hot-headed, and rash when angered, qualities not so useful when one has a boiling sea to deal with. He stood at the rudder, scowling upon the smiling saint at the other end of the tossing, wave-drenched boat, cursing in the teeth of the tempest, knowing his vessel could not withstand such a liquid onset much longer. At last he bawled an order for

one of his kneeling mariners to take his place. *He* would deal with Antonius. Whether the placid saint had any premonition of what was to follow is nowhere recorded, but certainly the crew had none, and were horrified by the action of their captain, who came staggering down the lurching boat, wrenched Anthony from his place, tied a thin cord about his waist and flung him wide over the tossing waves, fastening the other end of the cord to the mast.

"There, maledictions on you," he roared, "take some of your own medicine. If the sea is too boisterous for you, calm it down, confound you!"

With that he made his way to the stern again, leaving Anthony to drag through the waves as best he might. Treatment certainly not to be defended by me, even at this late day. The crew was panic-stricken. Each member implored the irate captain to pull in the slack and restore the saint to his place, but Gioja was as deaf to supplications as Antonius himself had been, and his underlings dared not attempt to coerce him, as they had tried to do with the saint.

"If he doesn't like it, let him calm the waters then," shouted Flavius Gioja, outvoicing the storm. He was a brave man and a good stalwart captain, as all were ready to admit, but to lay violent hands on Antonius, to submerge him in the Mediterranean, was going a trifle too far. Yet who shall say how we should treat the saints; how much they will put up with; where the line should be drawn? What lesson should be learned from this impetuous outheaval of the image? The crew expected instant overwhelming and felt that they deserved it. They groveled at the bottom of the boat, shrinking, cowering from the anticipated mass of foam-crowned water that must engulf them. But the looked-for wave never came. Instead, the wind stopped as abruptly as if the wooden image, so impetuously cast abroad, had been a plug thrust into the hole from which the tempest came. The waves began to subside, and the crew to raise their faces from the

planks. Gioja alone stood erect, lowering upon them and upon the vacant place of the saint. He was a bold man, but had not this punishment of Antonio gone far enough? The waves were undoubtedly subsiding, and poor Antonio, far astern, bobbed up pathetically as if calling dumbly for rescue. He had had enough of salt water and was now contrite. I think if he had been hauled in at this time it would have been better, and the crew were unanimously of the same opinion.

"Oh, master," they cried, "possess us once more of the worthy Antonio. See you not the storm is abating?"

"Let him soak," answered Flavius sternly, "'twill teach him to attend to his affairs in future."

At which the crew moaned, and sat despairingly on the tranquilizing bulwarks, yearningly intent upon the ever-reappearing saint upjutting in the waves so far behind them. They feared the cord might loosen, and thus their loss of him be final. Perhaps, as I have said, up to this point Gioja might have been forgiven. He could well have averred to Antonius that he gave him but excellent opportunity to preach again to the fishes, perturbed by the storm. Indeed, 'tis wonderful what lame excuses will pass with the saints, even the wisest of them, if but fervently presented. And then on Antonius's behalf, admitting he was derelict in the matter of the storm, what more can a saint do, or a man either, for that matter, than apologize and repair the evil his negligence has wrought? This Anthony had done, dumbly begging pardon, as his grotesque gyrations showed, besides corking up the wind the moment he was cast to sea. The captain asked too much, even of a saint, and as the waters smoothed themselves the image ceased to supplicate, floating quiescent upon them, a most ominous sign, as the mariners growlingly admitted among themselves, taking good care, however, that the master should not hear.

At last, with the leveling sea, the wrath of the captain departed.

"Let's have him in," he commanded,

"and learn if he knows how to conduct himself."

Willingly all hands flew to the rope, and it was noted at the time that the line dragged heavy, as if the saint were loath again to bear company with such an unworthy assemblage. As they brought him aboard, each piously whispered his assurance to the image that only the captain was to blame for the enforced immersion. Did Antonio hear them? I doubt it, for, woe to tell, his ears were gone; mouth and eyes had vanished. All these had been of paint, and had departed, together with the sumptuous costume, also in pigment. Only the nose remained, and that was of wood. A smiling, chromatic saint had gone forth; a pallid timber corpse had returned. The gaze of Antonius was now blank and stony; in fact, there might well have been dispute which side was the front of him had it not been for the nose. No wonder the crew were appalled at the transformation, even the captain paled as he looked on the havoc he had caused.

"Set him up in his place again," he ordered in a subdued voice, and the crew obeyed in silence, fixing Anthony as firmly in the prow as they could with the appliances at hand. This done, they had opportunity to look about them and attend to the business of navigation, a duty neglected during the exciting events that had preceded the rehabilitation of the saint. For some time there had been a dead calm, and the waves were sullenly subsiding, although the boat still rolled uneasily. There was no land in sight, a circumstance that might have engendered fear were it not that a thickening of the atmosphere had drawn the horizon in a close circle around them, and they were sure that as soon as the haze lifted they would see some friendly coast. But as the sea became glassy once more, the gloom about them deepened, and soon they were enveloped in a dense fog. Not a breath of wind, the sea like a thick soup beneath them, a clinging obscure mist overhead and all about them. There was no profit in taking to the oars, for they knew not whither to row.



Now they began to realize what comes of meddling with saints. During the storm there was at least a clear sky, and they had a chance of battling for the land. Now they could do nothing but huddle together, praying, in the prow, while the captain sat moody and silent by the lifeless tiller, he looming large as a gloomy demon in the vapor. Indeed at times he disappeared altogether from their view, and they whispered that the devil at last had him, but he was always there if they crept a little closer. It was vain to appeal to Antonius, for he had neither eyes to see their distress nor ears to hear their plaints. By a lucky chance one of the men thought of a device to which they probably owed their safety, although the doubting captain never admitted it. The man scraped tar from the seams of the boat, and, in a rude way—for he was no artist like Parello—endowed the saint with mouth, eyes and ears of a sort. Still his stare was ghastly and fearful; and there was some misgiving as to whether the tar were an improvement or not.

"Oh, holy Antonio!" they cried, "we have done the best we can for thee, and if it is not pleasing to thee, we will instantly amend it with Parello's brushes if you but get us to him and our beloved Positano. Yea, we will gild thee from head to foot with real gold if we are brought safely to land again."

And surely this was a most efficient bribe, could the saint but see himself as they had now bedecked him. But Gioja sat grimly still, taking no part in their supplications, a smile of scorn on his set lips, showing the hardening of his heart in spite of the evidence before him of the evil he had wrought.

For three days and three nights the unfortunate *Assunta* hung thus in the Mediterranean, helpless. Once or twice they cast their nets at the command of their captain, but brought not forth even so much as a piece of seaweed. And yet, proud man, dares to wrestle with the Powers of Light! Hunger and thirst tortured them. When again the captain ordered the casting forth of the net they refused, and bade him prostrate himself before the image

at the prow; but he never left his place, and made no effort to stem their mutiny, merely laughing hoarsely a little and relapsing into silence again. The almost forgotten story of Jonah recurred to their memories, and they determined to treat the captain as he had used the saint, trusting to the deep to furnish the whale.

The eyes of Flavius Gioja seemed to burn them through the mist as they slowly approached him, moving four abreast, each tremblingly seeking courage from his fellows. The captain sat fixed as a marble statue, with firm, set lips, and eyes aflame. Suddenly he sprang forward, grasped two of the men, one in either hand, and flung them airily into the sea as if they had been wooden saints. The remaining two tumbled over each other in their haste to reach the comparative safety of the prow. The men say, and we shall probably all agree with them, that Gioja must have been aided in this feat by evil influence. They even assert that he exactly resembled the fiend as he stood there, with clenched fists, seemingly twice the size of an ordinary man, roaring out:—

"Scramble on board again, you groveling cowards, and behave yourselves, or I'll throw the four of you over, with Antonio to keep you afloat, if you prefer that much wood to the safe timber of the boat."

The dripping men crawled in, and all four huddled supinely in the fore part of the vessel, wisely deferring their contest with Satan to a more appropriate season.

On the fourth day one of the men appeared to go mad with hunger and thirst and the hopelessness of the situation. He leaped to his feet, waved his hands above his head and declared that he heard the voice of his wife, and that she was walking on the water. "We are doomed! we are doomed!" he cried; then shrieked her name, "Marietta! Marietta!"

In the awed silence that followed, every man aboard heard plainly a woman's scream and the words, "He is indeed lost. They were all lost in the storm. I hear my husband calling

from the deep waters!" As the men fell on their knees it actually seemed that the mist was alive with the murmur of many voices and with weeping. But the captain, grasping the idle tiller, said, sneeringly: "Up to your feet, you superstitious fools, and take to the oars. We are opposite Positano."

Truly the methods of the saints are marvelous and past our finding out. The fog, being no longer serviceable to them, was that instant lifted, revealing the steep hillside resembling a green mantle flung over the mountain, its edge in the sea, and white Positano like an embroidery of pure lace on its hem. The sun shone warm upon the picture, and the surface of the water was without a ripple save a fleecy thin fringe of foam at the back, where the whole population was gathered, wondering to see the well-known shape of the *Assunta* approach them, and blessing the saints that it was so.

Great was the rejoicing; and the four men, when they had embraced their wives and kissed their children, gathered round Parello, bargaining for the very cheapest coat of gilt that would make their promise good regarding the redecoration of the much-abused saint. Even the thinnest varnish was surprisingly expensive, and they regretted their prodigality of assurance and appealed to the captain to contribute to the fund. But he, being far sunk in wickedness, made disdainful reply:

"I promised him no covering of gold. Cheat him in your own fashion. From what I think of him, he has not the sense to know the difference between yellow paint and the true metal, therefore daub him like a ripe orange and economize. 'Twas the current setting against this shore brought us here, and not Antonio," whereupon Gioja laughed, madly as the lost laugh, and strode toward his own house, while the silent, amazed crowd crossed themselves and looked upon the retreating man in fear. The crew, in awesome whispers, told the particulars of their fruitless voyage, and the sense of horror deepened in all who listened. The good priest groaned and

shook his head, departing sadly. Nevertheless, the crew adopted the suggestion of the captain and had Antonio smeared with a yellow mixture, but stipulated that a minute quantity of gold dust should be sprinkled thereon, and presently the image, under the educated manipulation of Parello, smiled upon them as of yore, gorgeous as a sunset.

But the strident Gioja soon learned that he could not throw a town into the sea as he had tossed two half-starved mariners. From the day he set foot in Positano, after the great fog—unexampled in that locality, therefore surely the work of the saint—he was a marked man, avoided by all his fellows. The girl he was to marry wept incessantly, but would have no more to do with him. The priests passed him by without recognition. Noisy games were hushed at his approach. Never again could he persuade a crew to accompany him upon the *Assunta*, and the boat itself proved unsalable, until at last it was purchased by a man in Salerno, who cared nothing at all for a curse upon the craft, so long as the price were cheap. He was a descendant of the Saracens who had once ravished this coast, and therefore is not to be accounted other than a heathen. The boat should have sunk with him on the first trip, but he had, alas, villainously good sailing blood in his veins.

So Gioja strode the town a saturnine figure, but stubborn, not to be driven away from his native town by either cowls or scowls. He had a house of his own and money which served his simple needs, although those who took his coins spat on them and crossed themselves, never refusing, however, to drive a good bargain. It was at this time that the devil sought to make Flavio entirely his own, and succeeded. He took the form of a shipwrecked mariner, an object craftily purposed to engage the sympathy of such a person as Gioja. A wild storm had driven a strange ship on the rocks, and the good people of Positano were collected along the front, watching the waves, and



*"Maledictions on you," he roared.*



bearing some hope that they might perhaps profit in goods by the break-up of the derelict, the sea being generous to this devout population in other directions than the furnishing of fish. They were much disappointed when the wreck was totally engulfed by the billows and sent not a single bale ashore. And then, as if to add insult to injury, there came, riding a spar, a clinging man calling loudly for help when not temporarily overwhelmed by the spume that lashed over him. Now such a victim is unlucky at best, and there is more chance of catching some plague from him than the acquiring of treasure, when, as was likely, he came from the East. No hand was extended toward him; and when at last he staggered, half exhausted, to shore, he seemed to search his apparel for some hidden gem, which, to his satisfaction, he found safe, and so came up the beach, a black stone in his hand, to which, in his after treatment, he clung desperately. The indignant, cheated population fell upon him with clubs and reviling, against which he was too weak successfully to defend himself. He beseeched them brokenly in their own language, exhibiting himself thus as a foreigner, to whom rightfully no mercy could be expected, and they would have made short work of him had they not been terrorized by a shout whose origin they knew but too well.

"You selfish fiends, who draw your lives from the sea, use you thus an unfortunate wretch whom the cruel waves themselves have spared? Back from him, or it will be the worse for you. What poltroon among you but may be in the same plight in the next storm; and that thought should teach you common kindness."

The angry giant Gioja scattered them right and left, and, to tell the truth, they were nimble enough in getting out of his way. Their prone, beclubbed prey, though half insensible, seemed to recognize an element of hope in the dominant tones of the incomer, and raised his hand feebly for help, but still clutched with the other the black stone from which, in the

struggle, he had never parted. Gioja raised him in his arms as lightly as if he had been a child, and so, unheeding the popular mutterings, bore the wounded stranger to his own house. And thus had Positano, despite itself, an omen of unknown evil in its very midst.

Gioja nursed the foreigner with assiduous care, and could get aid or consolation from neither doctor nor priest. The populace howled about his door, but showed some eagerness to get speedily elsewhere whenever the owner appeared on the threshold. He soon saw that the foreigner had been too sorely stricken to recover, and the victim himself realized this.

"Put me out on the hillside to die," he murmured. "You are a kind man and a good, but your favor to me has brought down upon you the hatred of the town. It is not just that you should suffer through my misfortune. Set me out on the street, and let them work their will upon me. 'Twill but hasten the inevitable."

"Not so," returned Gioja, stoutly. "Positano hated me before you came, and I care nothing for its malice." Then he related to the foreigner the story of the storm and the fog, and the latter part of the recital appeared to move the dying man strangely, not that he seemed to care much about saints, for how could that be expected of Satan, or to mourn the absence of some holy friar, which also is proof of his grim origin. He asked Gioja to prop him up with pillows, and this done, he drew the dark, mysterious stone from his bosom.

"It is the way of ignorance to use roughly those who would befriend mankind. Did those stupid mariners but know it, they were near losing a talisman for their own safety. I have traveled far, and in distant China found a pearl beyond any man's estimation of value. I hoped to reach with it my own land of France, but that was not to be. It will bring you lasting fame, and perchance great wealth, but in the using of it I beg you to name it for France, or in some way connect it with my beloved country

that I shall never see again. And now procure for me a basin of clear water, a small piece of light wood, or, better still, a portion of cork bark, and a long sailor's needle, such as you use in the making and mending of sails."

Gioja set a small table beside the bed, placed upon it the basin of water, and next it the cork and the needle. He supposed that the foreigner was about to perform some heathen rite to the erroneous consolations of which his spirit would depart. Gioja had never intermeddled with magic incantations, and secretly held them in abhorrence; still he saw that his wan guest had but a few minutes to live, and if these mummeries of water, metal, wood and stone permitted him to quit this earth untroubled, an earth upon which he had been so shamefully molested, Flavio was willing to assist, even to the raising of demons, although he would have preferred the presence of one monk to all the hosts of Hades. His quarrel with Antonio left him in such bad case that enchantments could hardly make it worse, and so increased a natural recklessness that may be mistaken for bravery by the wicked. At any rate, here were the materials; and now for the sorcery.

"Flavio, I bestow upon you this black stone. Treasure it, for it is more precious than fine gold or the greatest diamond ever given forth by the earth. Rub it, I beg of you, along that needle from eye to point several times."

Gioja did as he was bid.

"I see no change in either," he said at last. "The color of the stone comes not off on the iron, neither does the needle wear away as it might on a sharpening block."

"Nevertheless the change has taken place, although invisible to your eye or to mine. A strange virtue has passed unseen from stone to metal. Balance the needle carefully upon the cork and let the cork float, carrying the needle above the surface of the water."

Gioja did this also, and the needle, describing an ever-lessening arc, swayed to and fro until it rested trembling, pointing to the north.

"It floats," said Gioja, "which is not to be wondered at, as the cork is beneath it."

"It does more than float," replied the traveler weakly, "as you will understand if you deflect the point toward west or east, or try to make it indicate the south."

Flavio, with ever-increasing amazement, endeavored to turn the needle from its direction, but the moment it was released it returned to its former position. He was too expert a sailor not to see at once the tremendous possibilities of this simple instrument could it but retain its virtue on sea as on land, but surely this must be magic as black as the stone that was the cause of it all. He crossed himself, but the needle did no more than quiver slightly. The stranger smiled as he watched the face of his friend.

"Will the needle act thus at sea?" asked Flavio.

"Aye, everywhere—on earth or sea. Had you this index finger in the fog, Flavio, you might have rowed unerringly to the coast."

"Must the black stone be ever with it?"

"Not so. The stone will make for you a thousand such needles, and never part with a tithe of its power for animating untold thousands more."

Flavio drew a deep sigh as one coming to a fateful resolution, and his lips compressed for a moment with the determination to complete his purpose.

"Sir," he said slowly, "it is palpable you are not what you seem, and such gifts as this are never given without return. I suspect that the price is my undying soul. You know me as a true mariner who will not undervalue the goods you sell. Learn, then, I am willing to pay the price, for the sake of the poor fellows coming after me who battle for their bread with the revengeful sea. Better one man in eternal torment than that unborn generations should be bereft of this guiding finger of enchanted iron."

The stranger's eyes filled, his lip trembled, and for some moments he seemed unable to speak. At last he said in a low, uncertain voice:



"Flavio, I have traveled far, I am now at the end of my journey, but those are the noblest words I have ever heard from the lips of man. Would that my own soul were as white as thine! It runs no jeopardy from me. The potent stone has already been overpaid in thy kindness to an unknown. And think not evil of a broken man, but see rather in me a touch of the Christ, and not of the devil, for I reward you who, in our Saviour's words, took in a stranger and comforted him. And yet there is little good in me; I am but a plain human waif who hate my enemies and love my friends, and must take what comes to such, for I curse the Positano that has murdered me before my time, and may it ever be peopled with unwise children, since their fathers are so brutal."

This long speech exhausted him, and he fell back, gasping his last breath, which was a most deplorable one. Gioja buried him with his own hands in his own garden, well knowing that holy ground was closed to either of them. He set up a little wooden cross at the head, and laid a flat slab of stone upon the grave, and carved rudely on the stone with his chisel:

"Every man has some touch of righteousness in him. O Lord Christ, be merciful to one unjustly slain by the populace, even though thy saints, suffering less than Thou, frown upon him."

Flavius Gioja, in the silence of his own house, worked night and day with

the magic stone, perfecting the new instrument, abandoning the basin of water and poising the needle on a delicate point, where it quivered to the north. He marked out the different points and designated the north with the *fleur de lis* of France in honor of the stranger from that land, so that the world might know to whom the mariner's compass belonged. Wealth came to him and unending fame.

As for the malediction of the dying stranger, wise men have ever differed regarding its meaning, and it is not for me to unravel a mystery that has baffled the sages of the world. Nor can any one tell whether or not the curse had any effect, as we have such disputed knowledge of its significance. It has been supposed that the mariner's compass, although it enriched Flavius Gioja, exerted a baleful influence upon the men of Positano, for since that day they have been scattered to the ends of the earth, many hawking their wares throughout Italy and returning annually on their chief church festival; others in the Americas or distant lands come to Positano only when they are old, all chasing the divergent points of the compass that had its origin in their town. So Positano was, and is to-day, a seaport populated by women, children and old men. Yet it has flourished, and has not decreased in population. Positano is proud of three things,—the beauty of its women, the number of its children and the fame of Flavius Gioja, inventor of the mariner's compass.



# The Ford Adventure

BY  
MAURICE  
HEWLETT

author of  
RICHARD  
YEA  
AND MAY



## CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

**A**FTER dinner, going by the well-worn lane that lies snug under the bosom of the hill, they reached a little place called Trottes Clive, some three miles from Wrotham. Here were an inn, a village-green, a spreading sycamore with a sign-post, a stocks, and a pound. Here also was an armed assembly of peasants, a priest at their head, marching the opposite way, with ribald songs about Jack Nape and Harry our King. Now Jack Nape was the name they chose to give the Duke of Suffolk, and the scythes, bills, falchions, glaives and other weapons they flourished boded no good to Harry their King. There was much confusion here: the men-at-arms of the Prioress at once became none, by throwing down their pikes and falling upon their knees. Half a dozen rascals roared "Down with the fat minchin!" half a dozen others snatched up the discarded pikes. Dan Costard showed his mettle. "We are Saint Thomas's pilgrims, you rogues," cried he. "Touch us in jeopardy of Saint Thomas;" and Percival, resenting extremely their reference to the Prioress's condition in this world, drew his dagger.

The shipman leapt off his horse and caught the poor young man round the waist. "Vex not thy pretty hands with a man's tools, my fair chuck," he said coaxingly. "What if thy disguise should undisguise thee?"

"Avoid me, by heaven, you red fool!" cries Percival in a fury. "What have you to do with me?"

"Love, my hidden treasure!" said Master Smith. "Love is my goad. I know what I know." Percival flamed up—

"Get you gone, look after your wife, master, and don't talk your balderdash to me," he said with his teeth together. The shipman replied that tempest suited a pretty lass better than a flat calm; so women were not like the sea. Percival stared open-mouthed at him. "What is your meaning?" he said aghast. Master Smith might have told him, had he not been recalled to his wife's side by her shrill complaining. Once more, therefore, that thin woman set Percival free. He turned to the fray; but this had been composed by a colloquy between Dan Costard and the priest, the leader of the rabble.

The peasants, it seemed, were marching to Sevenoaks, to meet (it was obvious to Percival) Captain

Brazenhead and Captain Cade. The youth could not see without emotion so many scythes turned to the dismemberment of his uncle, my Lord Say. He felt the call of blood as well as the admonitions of piety. "Strange!" he thought. "Yesterday I did not know that his Lordship was my uncle, and to-day I must risk my life to save his. But it is so!" He therefore accosted the rebel priest in the gentlest manner he could, enquiring whether he was leading his forces against any person of consequence. "There is a worthy man dwelling by Sevenoaks," he added, "my uncle, whose estate, though it should fall to me by the fact, I would not willingly have disturbed." The priest, having looked him up and down, said, "Bless your innocence, young man, we shall never hurt any uncle of yours." Percival could afford to say, "I wish I could believe it. But," he went on, "I fear the worst from what I know of Master Mortimer, your friend."

"Ha!" says the priest, "So you know something." Says Percival, "Yes, I do." The priest rubbed his chin.

"And did he intend any mischief against your uncle, young gentleman?"

"I do verily think so," says Percival.

"Then," said the other, "either you are not what you appear, or Master Mortimer's net hath a small mesh." The shipman cut in again.

"If he is what he appears to you," he said strongly, "then I am a nun."

"And if he is not what he appears to you and to me," cried the scrivener, very much excited, "then I was neither deaf nor blind at Winchester, and do know his name, and can shrewdly guess at that of his uncle."

"My reverend," said Percival, who thought it safer to take no notice of this interruption, "I may not tell you my uncle's name, lest you should do a mischief to those I serve here as faithfully as I can. Alack!—I have too many interests to serve, I think. But I will ask you to take a message for me to a hidden nobleman who passes under the name of B——d (he sank his voice in uttering this word of power), Captain S——n B——d. Are you ac-

quainted with him?" The priest scratched his head.

"Is it a wondrous hairy man? Has he a forest on his nose, hairs on his lip and chin, and fierce hairs which push upwards on his throat like ivy on a stock? Is it a loud talker, speaking of things which he knows little about, and the loudlier speaking the less he knoweth? Is he a kidnapper and a horse-stealer? And doth he affect the use of tongues?"

"In many things you have rightly drawn the man, but in the accusation of various crimes, I hope you are wrong towards him," Percival replied with guilty knowledge painting his ingenuous face. "At least I suppose him to be the hairiest man in this realm. Tell him from Piers that if he loves yet the youth he loved once, he will do nothing to hasten the inheritance nor his own reward." The priest winked one eye as he said:

"Your message is dark. But shall I not essay it?"

"Hush, O hush!" Percival whispered, finger on lip, "You will undo me."

"Tush, my lord," quoth the priest, "all shall be well." He left Percival in a cold sweat; having made him a profound reverence, and drew off his people, who went with songs and cheering for Jack Mend-all. Percival resumed his escort with a heavy heart, and in due time had them safe under the shadow of the famous Rood of Boxley. He could not fail to observe the added respect with which the scrivener treated him, and was minded to turn that honest man's skill to his own advantage before it might be too late.

For he knelt before the sacred and wonder-working Image by the side of his tender Mawdley, yet the Image cast its spells in vain. He drew no comfortable assurance out of the rolling eyes and wagging head which made the vulgar admire; but the place held an awe for him apart from all that; and the conviction settled down with a weight of lead in his heart that now or on the morrow he must unbosom himself to the Prioress of Ambresbury. And was that to be the end







of his fond adventure? Was he to be hounded out of the Prioress's livery as Sir Simon had hounded him out of his? Sir Simon had whipped him for pilfering; might not her reverence do as much for fibbing? Percival's was that girlish nature that clings the faster for stripes: he knew that the end was not to be then, for Mawdleyu was just such another as he, and when girl's nature loves girl's nature the bond will never be broke. Was such a love as his to be strangled by a confessed fib? Could he abandon his dear, soft, loving maid because his name was Perceforest and not Thrustwood? He saw Mawdleyu's long lashes brush her cheek, saw her folded hands, her lovely meekness: he felt lifted up. Ah, for her sake he had had thwackings on his back, for her sake had lain in ditches o' nights, had begged crusts at farmers' doors, had sung dishonest songs to thieves and their drabs in tap rooms at midnight. For her sake he

had been Captain Brazenhead's nephew, Scion of the race of Assurbanipal and Tyrant the White, he had hobnobbed with treason, been misconceived by Smith the mariner, loosened one groom's teeth, indirectly drowned another, gained a black eye and deceived a noble lady who was so benevolent as to love him. "Sweet Madonna!" he cried, "How I have deceived mankind! Sir Simon Touchett thinks I

am a common foot-boy, whereas I am heir of a lord; Captain Brazenhead thinks I am a rebel, and Captain Cade thinks I am not; the Prioress thinks me Piers Thrustwood; Mawdleyu must think me a liar—which I am; and Master Smith believes me a Glo'ster girl, discredibly attached to (and forsaken by) Captain Brazenhead. Alone in my world, the scrivener knows me for Percival

Perceforest, the heir of Lord Say; and I am bound to admit that him too I should have deceived if I had thought him worth the while. Is there nobody, then, to whom I have not fibbed or wished to have fibbed? Yes; I had forgotten Dan Costard. That good man is under no misconception as to my real person, because he has never troubled his head about me. To him I will impart my secret. If I am to receive the Sacrament at Canterbury, I must confess tomorrow. He shall shrive me." He concluded tearfully in prayer, and so remained until the Prioress rose from her knees and took Mawdleyu to bed. Full of resolutions for the morrow, Percival also went to bed.



But Captain Smith drew the scrivener apart by the parlor fire, and said "Tell me the name of that young spit-fire of the Prioress's."

"His name," said the scrivener, "on his own confession, mind you, is Perceforest."

The shipman clapped a hand to his thigh with a noise like a carter's whip.

"Perceforest!" he thundered, "Perceforest of Gloucester! I remember the lass to a hair—long-nosed, thin, snuggling girl. Spoke softly and kept her eyes cast down. She had a trick of biting her finger, I recall, very captivating to youth. Sometimes, it would be the corner of her apron—better, as being less fanciful. Why, man alive, she used to lean against the door post in Hare Lane by the hour together, and all the evening through, listening to my protestations and tales of the sea—and be at that fingering game all the while! Sakes of me, if I remember that long-nosed wench or not. And her name was Perceforest—now, now, now, was it Moll Perceforest? or Nance? It was Nance. It was never Nance? What did she say her name was, old parchment?"

"I don't know what you are talking about, my good friend," said the scrivener, "and my name is Corbet, descended from Madame Alys, Countess Dowager of Salisbury." The Captain clapped the scrivener on the knee.

"Her name was Jenny," he shouted, "Jenny Perceforest, christened Jane! Eh, by the Beacon of our Faith, I'll remind her of that i' the morn! Now," he pondered, "how did old Brazenguts get hold of such a good girl as that? And why did she traipse after him across all those shires in a pair of cloth breeches? Is it pure devotion to Thomas? Is it want of heart in the man? It is, by heaven! For why? He has cut and run. Oh, I'll have it out o' Jenny i' the morn."

"You shall do what you please," replied the scrivener, tired of all this, "but I shall go to bed."

"Put me on to a dexterous way," said Captain Smith earnestly; "give me my sailing orders, and I steer dead into the heart of Jane."

"She, as you call him, will deny you point blank, as I take it," was the scrivener's judgment.

"I'll wake her up with a parable," said Captain Smith. "I'll tell her a tale to-morrow will open her eyes."

"You had much better leave that to me," said the scrivener. "I know more tales of wonder and romance than you know creeks and bays of England."

"Then keep your tales of wonder and romance as I keep the creeks and bays of England," said Captain Smith; "and that is until I want 'em to run to. This is my venture."

"It should also be your wife's venture, if she is the fond woman I think her," the scrivener observed with one eye more open than the other.

"My wife," replied Captain Smith, "knows her duty I believe; and if you come to that, where's the harm of old acquaintance? Why, I knew Jenny Perceforest before my wife knew the Christian Dispensation. My wife was a heathen Norse when I was playing hunt-the-slipper wi' Jane. And if a man that hath traveled the lumpy seas may not have a bit o' fun wi' a long-nosed girl he hath known in—"

The scrivener had gone to bed.

## CHAPTER VIII.

HOW PERCIVAL GOT MORE THAN HE DESERVED, THE SHIPMAN LESS, AND CAPTAIN BRAZEN-HEAD HELD OCCASION BY THE TAIL.

After the conversation of the preceding night, the shipman became reproachful in his tone to Percival. He disregarded the young man's protest that he was not his own sister, that she was a mother of five at Moreton-in-Marsh, and nearly twice his age. "If so be, Jenny," he said, "that you are mother of five lawful imps, the greater the shame of your cropped head. To dance attendance upon an italianate cut-throat, an ambusher, a blood-pudding man, with husband and babes crying at home—fie, Jenny, fie! But you and I, my girl, shall be friends yet. You have not seen the last of Dick Smith." Percival despaired; but in point of fact

his persecutor seemed to give himself the lie, for he left the Prioress's party at Charing and hastened on to Canterbury direct; leaving his wife behind him.

They reached Harbledown by early afternoon, and stayed there for a few hours, hard by the lazar-house of Saint Nicholas. It was held improper to enter Canterbury unshriven: there was hard work before Dan Costard before any of them dared so much as to look for the gold Michael on Bell Harry's top. The lepers came clattering out, the good brothers who served them took the horses, the Prioress, with her company, went into the Chapel, to touch the relic and prepare for confession. Percival's hour was come. Captain Brazenhead was murdering his uncle, and he was about to murder his own happiness. What a position for a boy in love!

But it seems that not he alone had a weighty conscience to discharge. Consider this:

I. The Prioress of Ambresbury confessed that Captain Brazenhead loved her after the precepts of Plato and the Venerable Bede, also that she loved Piers Thrustwood more as a son than the nephew he was plainly desirous of becoming.

II. Master Smith's wife confessed that she had spied upon her husband on many late occasions, but especially on the previous night. She said that Piers Thrustwood was, in reality, one Jenny Perceforest, who had run away with Captain Brazenhead and been deserted by him; and believed that her husband was intending to renew an old acquaintance with the young woman. She owned that she was not to be trusted if he did. As she spoke mostly in sobs and the Norwegian language, Dan Costard was occasionally at a loss.

III. Mawdley Touchett confessed that she loved Piers Thrustwood, who was not what he seemed.

IV. Sister Petronilla confessed that Captain Brazenhead had made her a letter-bearer to Mawdley Touchett. She did not know what the letter contained except by hearsay. She had

taken back an answer. When the Prioress told her to apply cold meat to Piers Thrustwood's eye, she gave over her office to Mawdley Touchett. She did not know what Mawdley Touchett applied, except that it was not cold meat.

V. Percival Perceforest admitted that this was his name, in love with Mawdley Touchett both before and after his beating, deceiver of the Prioress, no nephew of Captain Brazenhead, nephew (on the other hand) of My Lord Say.

"What!" cried Dan Costard, stopping him at this point. "You are not Piers Thrustwood?"

"No, Father," says Percival.

"Then," says the priest, "the Prioress does not love you as a son, rather than the nephew you are plainly desirous of becoming."

"Alack, but I do desire it," Percival owned.

"Never mind that now," replied Dan Costard; "one thing at a time. The Lady Prioress loves Piers Thrustwood as a son; but if there is no such person she can have no such love."

"Then she loves not me, Father," said Percival sorrowfully, "for I have just told you I am not Piers Thrustwood at all."

"But what do you say about Master Smith's wife," the priest continued, "and her ugly tale about Captain Brazenhead?"

Percival felt this to be a comparatively easy matter. "I say, my reverend, that my name is Perceforest, and own that I have a sister Jenny; but I deny that I am she."

"You are sure?" asked Dan Costard. "Very well, then. Smith's wife can be shriven. Now there is Mistress Mawdley, loving Piers Thrustwood, who is not what he seems. What have you to say?"

"Oh, Sir, oh, Sir," Percival urged, with pleading looks, "Mawdley loves me, and I love Mawdley. And for that reason I was beaten by Sir Simon, and came creeping back. And for that reason I told fibs, and for that reason I confess them. Further, I say, that if I cannot have her, I must die."

"Well," says Dan Costard, hand on chin, "and why not? It will make everything simple, it seems to me."

"But if I die, I cannot have Mawdelyn, good Father."

"Tush!" cried Father Costard, "we are beating the air. Get your Lord Say to plead your cause."

"Alas, dear Father, I fear the worst for him," says Percival, mournfully.

"Then you can plead your own cause, my boy," replied the priest briskly; "for then you will be his lordship. But I must insist upon your making a clean breast of it to my lady; this you shall promise me before I shrive you."

"Sir," said Percival, "it is in the making. I do but wait to ask Master Corbet, the scrivener, to inscribe it fair upon a sheepskin."

"Very good," said Dan Costard, and shrived him. Percival spent the rest of his time dictating his lowly confession to the scrivener, but what with the interruptions of his own remorseful tears and the emendations of that worthy man he had got no further than the words, "The humble cry of the heart of P—," when the summons to

the road came from the unconscious intended recipient. Percival was called to do his squire's duty; and worse, he was bid to a tale. This he did, as all the world may know if it care,



with direct application to his case; showing how misadventure may be piled on misadventure and misconception upon misconception in affairs of the heart until (as in his tale), a young man named Galeotto may wed a young man named Eugenio, and Camilla a young woman, a young woman, Estella, all for the sake of love. It is not by any means certain that this entirely met his own position, as he no doubt intended that it should; what is beyond controversy is that it did point out the dangerous state of his relations with the shipman, and very much affected the shipman's true wife.

So much was this the case, that when the tale was ended, which was after supper, in the parlor of the Prior of Christchurch, Mistress Gundrith had a fit of coughing and weeping intermixed, and retired, as she said, to bed. But it is now known that she did not go thither. The intentions also of Percival were widely different from his performances. His resolution had been to charm the Prioress first by his romancing and to melt her afterwards by his tears. He charmed her, it is true; but his tears fell on stony ground. For they fell upon the bosom of Master Richard Smith, who, having thrown a handkerchief over his head, had picked him up in the quadrangle (where the lad had gone to compose his mind), pelted with him in the dark down Mercery Lane, and now held him in the cellar of a little beer-house, comforting him with flagons and protesting against all his rage that they should be married in the morn and sail with the first tide. It was then, and not till then, that Percival found out what he owed to the great Captain Brazenhead. For he—but I anticipate.

At five o'clock in the morning there came a flying messenger into Canterbury bearing letters for the Prioress of Ambresbury's grace. These were from her brother, Sir Simon Touchett, and thus conceived:—

"Loving Sister: After my hearty commendations, these let you write that you must by all means do honor to one Master Perceforest, who, I be-

lieve, is with you. At the least I traced him as far as Winton, which I know he left in your company. Fail me not herein as you tender my welfare. And the Blessed Trinity preserve you in His keeping, and give you all your desires. From your brother, Si. Touchett, Kt. Postscriptum.—I pray you, Sister, be temperate with my daughter, Mawdley. And if the said Mr. Perceforest will take her with a fair manor of forty pounds for dowry, let it be so o' God's name. I fear I have no more to bestow, for times are hard, and the crops very light this year, owing to the dry weather. I pray God amend it. If the said Mr. Perceforest show signs of grudge against me for misadventure—and for what I must call shameful mishandling—in the past, tell him, I pray you, that I will meet him hereafter on my old knees. Item.—I will give two manors of eighty pound clear with my daughter Mawdley. I beseech God to grant you a fair reward for your pilgrimage. Your man, Costard, will marry my daughter to the said Mr. Perceforest.

Item, item.—I will give a fair thirty-pound land with the said two manors. S. T., Kt."

A letter for the "right worshipful and his loving friend, Mr. Percival Perceforest," was enclosed; and the Prioress after reading this also, sent for Piers Thrustwood. At this moment Mawdley's soft cheek was against her own, and Mawdley's soft heart discerned to be beating in fine disorder. "Dear Madam, dear Aunt," said this melting beauty, "I beseech you to be a good aunt to poor Mawdley. All he did was for love."

"I think so indeed, child," said the Prioress; "and no offense either, it seems. But I ask in vain, Why was the poor young man whipped for what he is now to be coaxed back to with forty-pound lands?"

"He will need no coaxing, dear Madam," Mawdley assured her. But it appeared that he would need much coaxing. He could not be found. He was not in his bed, had not been in bed, had not been seen since bedtime. Neither had the shipman's wife been

to bed. "Is it possible," thought the Prioress, "is it humanly possible that my brother knows more than I do? Is it humanly possible that Piers, or Percival, is running after Smith's wife?"

Far from that, Smith's wife was at this moment running after Percival. Percival Perceforest in his shirt, breeches, and one of his stockings was flying for his life through the streets of Canterbury. Close at his heels came Smith's wife, behind her a delighted pack of citizens, crying, "Hold thief, hold! Take the rogue alive! Rope, rope, rope!" and other like words. How long the chase had held, I say not; I know that it could have held little longer. Percival's breath was gone, his eyes were dim, his feet cut, his shirt and breeches barely acquainted. Bricks, mud, sticks, stones whizzed by his ears; "Peg him down! Peg him down!" were ominous sounds of preparation. Percival set his back against a wall and prepared to die hard. On came the mob; another minute had been his last. As if rushing upon what he could not avoid, Percival gave a sudden glad cry and sprang out towards his enemies. But as he did so, these parted from behind—whether by express command or intuitive sense, can never be truly known. Percival ran through his late pursuers and fell panting into the arms of a cardinal who, properly attended by his foot page, was advancing down the street. The amazed inhabitants saw this Prince of the Church enfold and kiss a young man who was believed to have murdered a sailor in Mercery Lane. It need not be said that His Eminence, who was inordinately hairy, and fierce in the eye, was Captain Brazenhead in disguise.

His first care was to get rid of the ragtails who threatened the peace. "Avoid, good people," was his sublime assurance, "he whom you seek is not here. He is—elsewhere." His air, his hair, his hat, his cassock and tippet of flame-red, did their work. The men of Canterbury doffed their bonnets to His Eminence and suffered him to lead away their murderer whither he would. Mistress Smith

raised shrill cries, but to no purpose. When she denounced Percival, they referred her to the Cardinal. When she scoffed at His Eminence, they referred her to the devil, and so left her. His Eminence led his young friend into the great church, and producing a bundle from under his arm, said with great appearance of whispering and tapping of the nose. "Take this token, Percival, of my travail for you." Percival unfolded the head of my Lord Say; deeply shocked, he gazed at it.

"Let me not raise false hopes in you, dear Percival," said Captain Brazenhead. "Your late august kinsman was not beheaded as this gift would seem to imply, and as his rank surely warrants. In fact, the ground of my quarrel with Captain Cade Mortimer (as he foolishly calls himself), was this: Should my Lord Say be hanged or sworded? I named the sword, but Jack would have the rope. I exposed the infamy of this; Jack strung him up. We quarreled irrevocably. Jack led his men towards London and certain ruin. May Jack go in peace! I believe he is a fool, and know him to be without the feelings of a gentleman. A ridiculous, yet fortunate, adventure brings me to your rescue. You remember the Prioress' knave whom I laid in a drain on your account? This boy (and I speak to his credit), filled with revengeful feelings, followed me all the way, and at Kemsing denounced me to a justice as his ravisher and the thief of his clothes. Unworthy, you say? Far from that, it is for that reason I have advanced him. I was forced to disguise myself as you see. But what a plight I find you in! Where is your jacket? Where are your shoes? Where are your points? What have you been about? No scandal, I hope?"

"Scandal!" cried Percival, growing very red, "I say it was scandalous; but I served him well for it."

"Meaning whom?" asked the Captain; and Percival told him, "The Shipman Smith, who would have it that I was my sister Jane, and carried me off with a towel over my head."

"The man is a silly fool as I always

knew," said Captain Brazenhead; "but it must have been simple to satisfy him."

"Simple or not," says Percival, "I did it. For I cut his face open with a doorstep."

"You did very well, bawcock, failing a foot and a half of Toledo," cried the Captain. "By my faith, I know not how a gentleman of your birth and parts could have done better. But we have more solemn business on hand. You and I will go and declare ourselves to the Lady Prioress. I fancy your affair—if you are still in the mind for it—will go better henceforward."

Percival grew suddenly grave. "Alas, dear Sir," he said, "but I was carried off from my mistress before I could confess to her the wicked truth."

"You will find the truth not half so wicked as you suppose, my lord," said the Captain. "Come, I will conduct your lordship."

"But, Sir, consider the danger to yourself." Percival faltered—but, even so, sensibly changing aspect as the new address warmed him.

"Myself, ha?" the Captain snorted. "I am sufficiently protected by my disguise, I hope. I warrant you there will be no trouble on that score. Moreover, that boy who denounced me so took my fancy for the fact that I have engaged him as my foot page. Have no fear for me, but come, my dear lord, come."

The magnificent Captain Brazenhead, every inch a prelate and a prince, took the arm of Percival, who was far from looking what he actually was; and caused the hall porter of the Priory to announce The Lord Cardinal of Magnopolis, and my Lord Say to wait upon the Prioress of Ambresbury. I should fail to find words proper to express the surprise of the venerable lady. But Captain Brazenhead by no means failed. He was at once the courtier, the churchman and the deferential lover (in Plato's vein). The moment he was face to face with the lady, he advanced toward her, took and kissed her hand. His page in attend-



ance held his tasseled hat—crimson on a black silk cushion.

"At last, dear lady," he said with a happy sigh, "at last my tiresome disguises are over; I can greet your ladyship without fatigue and without embarrassment."

"Oh, my lord! Oh, Sir!" the Prioress began—but he put up a deprecating hand.

"Titles of ceremony between us!" he said, with gentle amazement. "Lady, you and I know too much evil of the world to affect the world's cozening caresses. We, if you take my meaning, have suffered, and labored, ah, and loved too long on earth to feel any solace out of things like these. But—" he went on, waving the shame-faced Percival into the discussion—"but with the young it is otherwise. An eyass falcon, dear Madam, may take pride in her opening plumage, I suppose. Here, Madam, is this noble youth, whom you knew as Piers Thrustwood, and I as my dearest nephew, Mr. Percival Perceforest, now (by the unhappy death of his kinsman), my Lord Baron of Say; here, Madam, is he for whose advantage I adventured as a Captain of men's bodies, where men's souls, perchance, are more under my care. His dear kinsman is unhappily slain by rebels; and he (barely escaping with his own young golden life) stands before you—ashamed of the deceit forced upon him, glorying in the stripe wherewith your brother anointed his princely back, and burning (if I may speak of such matters) for the tardy bliss he has dared

such hardships to win. My dear lord and nephew"—he turned to Percival,—*"Salute my friend the Prioress of Ambresbury."* The young Lord Say knelt down before her.

"Oh, Madam, believe me"—he began to stammer; but the Prioress raised him and gave him a kiss.

"My sweet lord, my dear Percival," she said, "you shall believe that we love you very much. Come. My charge awaits you."

She took him by the hand and led him into her chamber, where Mawdley Touchett was picking her hem to pieces.

"Master," said the Cardinal's page, "if my mistress casts an eye on me she'll have me horsed for bathing at Winton."

The Captain looked him over. "My lad," said he, "the Prioress is my very good friend. Moreover, you must have a rind like a porpoise to stand the May frosts on your naked skin. I shall make something of you yet. Go, boy, purvey me beer from the Rainbow. I do furiously thirst."

It is proper to add that the Prioress, Dan Costard, Percival, Lord Say, and Mistress Mawdley Touchett paid their homage at the shrine of St. Thomas; and that Captain Brazenhead was appointed steward of the Manors of Westerham, Knockholt and Froghole, with a reversion of the Office of High Bailiff of the Lordship of Sevenoaks.

History knows no more of Master Smith, mariner of Kingston-upon-Hull, nor of Gundrith, his wife, native of Norway.

THE END.

## A FRAGMENT

By WILLIAM CARTER

Sweet as the balm of sweetest rose that grows,  
Sweet as the sweetest blush of sweetest rose,  
Sweet as the stars when maidens call them sweet,  
Sweet as the kiss of love when lovers meet,  
Sweet as the battle song to victors' ears,  
Sweet as the battle lute unswept with tears,  
And I remember (listen, and I'll tell),  
The dripping of the mill wheel as it fell,  
The dripping of the mill wheel soft and low.



## SOME LONDON ACTOR-MANAGERS KNOWN TO AMERICANS

By HORACE WYNDHAM



**S**INCE the retirement of Sir Henry Irving, John Hare and Forbes Robertson from the corporation of actor-managers, it may be said that the metropolitan actor-managers of the present day are five in number. That is to say, there are only five actors on the English stage who have so consolidated their positions there that they are always—save for an annual summer exodus of a few weeks' duration into the provinces—to be found playing in a London theater controlled by themselves. This, to the lay mind, at any rate, seems a very curious state of things when one reflects upon the esteem which even the most obscure members of the dramatic profession in England declare the public to hold them in. As a matter of strict fact the "following" which actors as a class so freely assert themselves to be possessed of exists in the great majority of cases only in their own imaginations.

The five actor-managers who have, however, proved their ability to influence English play-goers to such an extent that they have now been uninterruptedly established in London theaters for years past are the following: Charles Wyndham, Charles Hawtrey, Beerbohm Tree, George Alexander, Frederick Harrison and Cyril Maude (who work together) and Arthur Bourchier.

As with what Mark Twain has humorously alluded to as "the king business," so with actor-management in England—it is an exceedingly difficult role to fill satisfactorily, and one for which a long and arduous apprenticeship is necessary beforehand. In evidence of this contention there is an instructive anecdote told of one of the five persons just mentioned. Some years ago, when at the outset of his

career, the individual in question was summarily dismissed for alleged "incompetence." Thereupon he brought an action against the manager, claiming payment of salary due to him and damages for wrongful dismissal. With a view to meeting this charge, the defendant produced in court a playwright who solemnly swore that "Mr. — had only sufficient ability to carry a banner in a pantomime." As the judge credited this assertion, the plaintiff lost his case. With the passage of time, however, came compensation, for to-day the despised actor is proprietor of one of the finest theaters in London, and a player who is acknowledged to be without a peer in his particular line, while neither the manager nor the dramatist who did their best to crush him at the outset of his career is any more heard of.

The London actor-manager who—now that Sir Henry Irving can no longer be included in the category of such—is by common consent held to be at the head of his profession is Charles Wyndham. For twenty-five years he has been a familiar figure in the dramatic world of England as a lessee and manager of a first-class metropolitan theater. As an actor, however, his experience dates from even further back, for he made his debut in this capacity so long ago as 1864. He was in America at the time, and it was at Washington that he commenced the career in which he has since attained such eminence. At first, however, his success was anything but conspicuous, and a leading New York journal criticised his performance in these uncomplimentary terms: "Mr. Wyndham represented a young man from South America, and had better go back there." The manager of the company in which he was playing apparently

agreed with this opinion, and the consequence was that Mr. Wyndham was dismissed for incompetence.

Declining to permit himself to be deterred by this lack of appreciation, the future actor-manager stuck to his chosen career. He took the advice of his critic, however, in so far that he left the United States. Returning to his own country, he boldly advertised himself as a

"leading actor from America" and sat down to await the result. It speedily came in the gratifying form of a London engagement which lasted for three years. Among the members of the company with whom he was associated at this time were Henry Irving, John Lawrence Toole and Lionel Brough. On the conclusion of his engagement he went back to America to tempt Fortune afresh. On this occasion he met with considerable success,

especially at Wallack's Theater, where in September, 1869, he played Charles Surface in "School for Scandal."

The theater with which Charles Wyndham's career is chiefly associated in the minds of London playgoers is the Criterion. In March, 1877, he made his first essay in management here with "Pink Dominoes," playing himself the part of Charles Greythorne. Adapted from "Les Dominos Roses" by the late James Alberry, the piece enjoyed a "run" which, considering its negative qualities as a dramatic entertainment, was most surprising. However, the excellent manner in which it was acted more than compensated for its short-

comings in other respects.

Finding that sort of fare pleased his patrons, Mr. Wyndham gave them plenty more of this same description, and a rapid succession of light comedies—adapted mainly from the French—accordingly marked the first ten years of his management. In 1886, however, he struck a deeper note, and by his powerful acting in "David Gar-

rick" (which held the boards for more than two years) won for himself a place in the affections of English playgoers from which he has never been ousted. He has had many successes since then, but there is no single one of the numerous roles he has essayed in them that has equalled his David Garrick in popular estimation. So great, indeed, has it been that it has enabled him to revive the piece on seven subsequent occasions. He has also had

the honor of giving "command performance" of it before royalty at Sandringham and St. Petersburg.

Of all the dramatists to whom Mr. Wyndham has gone for his plays none have served him more faithfully than has Henry Arthur Jones. Chief among the many successes with which he has furnished him have been, as examples, "The Case of Rebellious Susan," "The Liars" and "Mrs. Dane's Defence," in each of which he has had a part which has fitted him to perfection. He has also been well served by Louis Parker with "Rosemary," and by Haddon Chambers with "The Tyranny of Tears." The able assistance that he has received in these various plays



*Beerbohm Tree.*



*Charles Hawtrey.*

from Miss Mary Moore, his leading lady in each of them, has also had a great deal to do with their favorable reception by the public.

The actor-manager who, in order of seniority as such, follows Charles Wyndham on the London stage is Charles Hawtrey. He came before the footlights for the first time in 1882, enacting on this occasion a small part in the now long-forgotten play, "The Colonel." In the course of the next two years he had gained such a varied experience that he made up his mind to go into management on his own account. The first consideration for the successful carrying out of this project was a play, while the second was a theater. Securing the former of these essentials in "The Private Secretary" (which he adapted himself from the German), and the latter in the Globe Theater, he commenced his campaign in the summer of 1884. As he was then only five and twenty years of age, his action was indicative of the possession of a more than average amount of self-confidence. It was not, however, misplaced, for, after the first few nights, it became evident that "The Private Secretary" had come to "stay." As a matter of fact, the piece achieved an enormous measure of success and drew all London for nearly three years. This does not say much for the intelligence of those who witnessed it, for, from a dramatic point of view, the piece (in which, by the way, the young actor-manager played the small part of Douglas Cattermole) was beneath contempt. London playgoers, however, are proverbially "kittle cattle," and they will accept frank buffoonery without a murmur (so long as it be an adaptation from the French or German), while they will not support a play like "Herod" for a hundred nights.

Finding that his peculiar talents were meeting with such wide recognition, the English playwrights gradually began to work for him. H. V. Esmond, for instance, supplied him with "One Summer Day," while R. C. Carton furnished him with a capital character study in "Lord and Lady

Alger." No one, however, has served him better than has Richard Gauthony in "A Messenger from Mars." In this piece he played the part of a selfish, cynical bachelor, who is finally won over to see himself in his true colors, and played it, moreover, with a naturalness and distinction that came as a revelation to every one who witnessed it. Indeed Mr. Hawtrey's Horace Parker is far in advance of any role he has ever yet assumed. The play ran for nearly eighteen months in London to crowded houses, despite the fact that it was produced during the worst theatrical season on record for many years past. It has also achieved immense popularity in the colonies, and is the chief item in the repertoire which Mr. Hawtrey is bringing to America with him. By the way, it may serve to encourage the "great unacted" to learn that "A Messenger from Mars" was offered in vain by its author to manager after manager for fourteen years before finally meeting with acceptance.

As a London actor-manager, Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree commenced his career in 1887. He had then been before the public for nine years, having made his debut in 1878. This was in a small seaside theater, where audiences were scanty and critics not over-exacting. To this latter circumstance Mr. Tree is indebted for the publication in a local paper of an exceedingly favorable notice of his first performance, when, as he candidly admits, he was by no means entitled to it. It seems that, owing to a violent attack of "stage fright" on the occasion in question, he stood for some moments speechless in the center of the stage, nervously snapping his fingers. This was interpreted by the sole press representative present as indicative of peculiar talent, and he accordingly wrote a most enthusiastic notice about it. An influential manager, chancing to read it, was induced to witness the performance so glowingly described, and, being pleased therewith, he presently offered Mr. Tree a post in London.

The theater in which the young actor was thus introduced to a metro-



politan audience was the Prince of Wales. His engagement there lasted for twelve months, during which time he played important parts in "Forget Me Not" and "The Colonel." In 1884 he made a great hit as the Reverend Robert Spalding in "The Private Secretary," revealing himself therein as an extremely sound comedian. It was, however, as Paolo Macari in "Called Back," which was produced a little later, that brought him really to the front.

When, in 1887, he assumed the cares of actor-manager-ship at the Haymarket Theater, Mr. Tree was just thirty-four years of age. The play with which he commenced his season was "The Red Lamp," by Outram Tristram. Frankly melodramatic, though it was, it proved, nevertheless, extremely acceptable and enjoyed a most prosperous career. Other successful ventures which followed it were Haddon Chambers's "Captain Swift," Robert Buchanan's "A Man's Shadow," Henry Arthur Jones's "The Dancing Girl" and Paul Potter's "Trilby." Against these, however, have to be placed several productions which were by no means profitable. Two of these were furnished by Henry Arthur Jones, in "Wealth" and "The Tempter," and a third by R. L. Stevenson and W. E.

Henley (in collaboration), in "Beau Austin."

In 1896 Mr. Tree's term of management at the Haymarket expired, and,

his present theater not being then ready for his occupancy, he spent some months in touring in America. While in the United States (which, it should be mentioned, he had visited on previous occasions) he achieved great popularity by his performances in "Hamlet" and "Captain Swift". At Chicago he ventured, in 1895, on what he afterwards admitted to be rather a risky experiment, viz., the production there



Photo by Ellis & Walley.

George Alexander.

of Ibsen's "The Enemy of the People." However, the Chicago playgoers accepted in good part the home truths contained in the piece and accorded it an enthusiastic reception. Mr. Tree has on more than one occasion testified to his high opinion of the manner in which the leading dramatic critics in America discharge their duties. This, considering the distinctly uncomplimentary remarks which the New York *Tribune* applied to his performance in his 1895 visit to the States, is generous of him. Mr. Tree, however, has never complained of adverse criticism so long as it has not been inspired by animus. When this is the case, he contrives to make his traducer regret his temerity.

civilization as typified by examples in New York city.

Mr. Hill is engaged in the active practice of the law, and in addition to his other professional work has contributed to the magazines, and has lately published a unique manual, in the form of questions and answers for the practical guidance of executors, administrators and like officials, which Messrs. Baker, Voorhis & Company report as among their best-selling law books of the year.

\* \* \*

Arthur W. Marchmont has just completed a new romance in which he provides even more incident and dash than in his recent successful novels "For Love or Crown" and "In the Name of a Woman." In this he departs from his custom of using an imaginary kingdom as a background; for "Sarita the Carlist," as the new work is to be called, has to do with Spain, and with a most picturesque and exciting period in the history of that romantic land. Early publication is promised.

\* \* \*

At the time this magazine went to press the suit regarding "The Secret Orchard" was to be tried immediately.

Nearly two years ago the *Delineator* requested a well-known literary agent to secure the serial rights of a new novel by Egerton Castle. He offered an unwritten novel, of which the author had said that the scene would be laid in Paris—Faubourg St. Germain life, very different from the giddy, dry-rotten, decadent life of the modern Boulevards, the principal male character being the holder of one of the very few, great old names of France; that the women were lovable types of Parisian-American beauty; and that the book would be dramatic.

It is alleged that the literary agent reported the gist of this to the *Delineator*; but the written contract by which the serial rights of this work in embryo were sold contained no representations or guarantees whatever.

On the arrival of the first part of the MS., it was delivered to the publishers of the *Delineator*, who read it and returned it. They refused to publish it, as it stood or with modifica-

tions. They expressed in the strongest terms their opinion that it was immoral.

On the arrival of the remaining MS. this also was offered to the *Delineator*, but was returned, unread, with a repetition of the refusal to print it serially or to pay its agreed purchase price.

The story was then offered to one of the leading American magazines, a publication of the highest standing and largest circulation. It was promptly accepted and printed in this magazine, and was received with approval by its readers.

As the *Delineator* still refused to pay the sum, suit was brought against it because of the reduced price necessitated by the delay.

\* \* \*

In its first answer to the complaint in the suit against it the *Delineator* made the most violent and extreme attacks upon "The Secret Orchard," using the strongest words that the English language contains; but they amended this answer repeatedly, and their final attack on the book was that it was "not consistent with propriety, refinement or delicacy, and was contrary to good morals, and particularly unfit and improper to be read by refined women and young girls."

The *Delineator* asserted in its answer: "Egerton Castle has a high reputation for skill and excellence in his profession as a writer of romantic stories, and the stories hitherto written and published by him have all been characterized by propriety, refinement and delicacy, and have been fit and proper to be read in refined and cultivated families and by women and young girls, and he has become widely known as the author of stories of that character."

As to this allegation, there was no difference of opinion between the *Delineator* and the plaintiffs.

The case had a special interest because of its similarity in certain respects to the disagreement between Hall Caine and the publishers of the *Lady's Magazine* regarding the morality of "The Eternal City."

The precise legal point raised by these cases has never been passed upon by the courts of either country, and the decision of the American case has established a precedent.



Agnes Castle.

Avenue Theater was without a tenant, and what promised to prove a successful play was available for production there. This was "Dr. Bill," on which Mr. Alexander had had a managerial eye for some time. Now that he was able to cast it in his own way, he accordingly did so. The result proved eminently satisfactory, for the piece ran for over half a year before its drawing powers were exhausted.

The theater at which Mr. Alexander is at present installed in the capacity of actor-manager is the historic one of the St. James. This has always been very much of a "society" house, and for this reason the plays produced there have, in many instances, been specially written for its aristocratic audiences. Thus it is in this theater that have been produced such dramas as "Lady Windermere's Fan," "The Princess and the Butterfly," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Ambassador." The one, however, with which Mr. Alexander commenced his campaign at the St. James was "Sunshine

and Shadow." This was in the spring of 1891, so he has now controlled the theater for over ten years. During this time he has produced some sixteen plays, nearly every one of which has been the work of an English dramatist.

The Haymarket Theater is the only actor-manager controlled one in London where there are two hands at the helm. This arrangement has held good ever since 1866, when Messrs. Frederick Harrison and Cyril Maude took over the management of the house from Mr. Beerbohm Tree. The first piece produced under their auspices was a version of "Under the Red Robe." In this Mr. Maude played Captain Larolle, while to his wife (who is known on the stage as Miss Winifred Emery) fell the part of Renée de Cocheforet. The adaptation proved extremely successful and fully justified the management in selecting it for their initial venture.

The appreciative reception of this inaugural piece was, however, surpassed by several of those that came after it. Notable among these was J. M. Barrie's "Little Minister," which must rank as one of the most successful pieces produced in London for many years past. Another dramatist who has served the present Haymarket management well is Captain Marshall in the "Second in Command." It is true that the piece is frankly theatrical, while its sentiment is wishy-washy in the extreme. Still, it has qualities about it that more than compensate for these drawbacks, and, all said and done, the play is at least interesting and wholesome.

Of late Mr. Frederick Harrison (the senior partner at this theater) has not acted very much, confining himself rather to his purely managerial functions. He has, however, a considerable reputation as a player, especially in comedy parts. As a theatrical manager his experience is an extended one, for, before he came to the Haymarket, he had been engaged in this capacity at the Lyceum and elsewhere.

To Mr. Cyril Maude belongs the dis-



*Photo by Sarony, N. Y.  
Arthur Bourchier.*

tion of being, with the exception of Charles Wyndham, the only prominent actor-manager in England who commenced his dramatic career in an alien country. This was America, where he had been sent by his parents to learn farming. He succumbed, however, to the fascinations of the footlights, and, taking farewell of his ranch, joined Daniel Bandmann's company in 1883. The theater where he made his first appearance was at Denver, Colorado.

After a year's experience in the States, Mr. Maude returned to England. He was unable, however, to obtain even the most humble engagement in London until he had spent three years in the provinces. At the end of this period—the winter of 1887—Mr. George Edwardes, of the Gaiety Theater, gave him a small part in the Christmas burlesque of "Frankenstein." He accepted it thankfully, if only for the opportunity it gave him of playing in London—the Mecca of every English actor—and accordingly served the "sacred lamp" at this famous house for some months.

In the spring of 1888 he succeeded in obtaining an engagement better suited to his capabilities. This was at the Vaudeville Theater, where he remained for nearly two years, playing in a round of old comedies. In these he did so well that he attracted the notice of Mr. Charles Wyndham, who invited him to join his company at the Criterion. From this theater he subsequently went (in 1892) to the one where he is established to-day, to support Mrs. Langtry, who had just commenced a season there. He then played at the Comedy and the St. James, scoring largely at the latter as Cayley Drummle in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Indeed it was the success that he achieved in this impersonation that was largely responsible for enabling him to join Mr. Harrison in taking the Haymarket Theater in 1896.

The youngest of London's actor-managers is Mr. Arthur Bouchier. His career on the stage indeed only extends from the autumn of 1889. The theater in which he made his first

professional appearance was the one at Wolverhampton, in which—many years earlier, though, of course—Kemble had first faced the footlights.

The company of which Mr. Bouchier was a member on this occasion was one under the management of Mrs. Langtry. She had seen him playing in amateur theatricals, and had been induced on this account to offer him a professional engagement. As he had been a prominent member of the Oxford University Dramatic Club—of which institution he had been one of the founders—he was by no means new to the stage. He was also equipped with a thorough knowledge of Shakespeare's chief plays. :

After interpreting Jacques in "As You Like It" with considerable success in this tour, Mr. Bouchier came to London and filled the same rôle at the St. James Theater. He then returned to the provinces for a short time, supporting Miss Fortescue. In the autumn of 1890, Charles Wyndham cast him for Charles Courtley in "London Assurance," at the Criterion, and later on for Joseph Surface in "School for Scandal."

Enlisting temporarily under the banner of the late Augustin Daly, Mr. Bouchier paid a visit to America in 1894. Returning to England after a few months' absence, he appeared as Lord Glossmore in Mr. Hare's revival of "Money." Shortly after this he went into management on his own account. The theater at which he opened was the Royalty, and the piece he submitted was "The Chili Widow." This was adapted by himself from the French, and was accorded a most gratifying reception. It ran, as a matter of fact, for seven months.

From the Royalty, Mr. Bouchier went, in company with the talented Miss Violet Vanbrugh (whom he married in 1894), to various other London theaters before he succeeded in finally establishing himself at the Criterion, where he is playing to-day. At this, however, by the way, he is in partnership with Charles Wyndham, while the Garrick Theater, however, is under his individual control.



# MARGINALIA



## THE KING'S BIM-BAM

By CAROLYN WELLS

**L**ONG ago and far away, there once lived and reigned a monarch who was every inch a king; and as his inches were many, his royalty was obvious and not to be disregarded.

Besides being of a towering height and magnificent physical proportions, the King was a man of indomitable will and ferocious temper, and he ruled his subjects by the simple but effective method of absolute authority.

His kingdom was the largest in the world, and extended to the horizon in every direction. It was also the richest, and the storehouses of the King were crammed to bursting with gold and jewels and rare fabrics.

The palace was an immense structure,

built of the finest marble and lavishly decorated with gold; and many eccentricities in its design and ornamentation proved that even the architects were obliged to defer to the royal whims.

This remarkable King had one treasure for which, if necessary, he would gladly have sacrificed half of his kingdom; and he had another treasure, for which, had he been obliged to do so, he would willingly have sacrificed the other half.

The first was his daughter, a young woman dowered with that rare and dazzling beauty common to the only daughters of tyrannical old kings.

Her fair face and princessly demeanor were accompanied by an amiable disposition which she inherited from her mother, and by means of which she had been able to keep on good terms with her father all her life.

She never could change his determinations or influence him in the slightest degree, but she had a clever way of diverting his thoughts into other channels, and so making him forget many things about which he would otherwise have worked himself into a terrible rage.

The other treasure which, if no more precious to the King than his daughter, certainly seemed to be no less so, was a beautiful Bim-bam.

Now, as you know, a perfect Bim-bam is an exceedingly rare thing, and at the time of which I am writing, Bim-bams were no more plentiful than they are now.

Indeed, King Scovin was of the opinion that his was the only one in the world, at least the only one in a perfect state of preservation, and he gloried greatly in his unique possession.

And well he might, for his treasure was a marvel of rare beauty and exquisite workmanship. How it was made I cannot tell you, for the making of Bim-bams was even then a lost art which has never yet been found.

But the one in question was a perfect specimen. Its tones were gently shaded, yet of a marvelous firmness; its lines were true, yet infinitely graceful; its fragrance was delicious and its sheen was beautiful beyond the power of adjectives to describe.



*Virginia Bennett*

"It is indeed a fine Bim-bam."

King Scovin and his daughter Fresigonde regarded the Bim-bam almost as a sacred object, so great was their reverence and admiration for it.

The wonderful work of art lay on a purple velvet cushion in a large court in the center of the palace, guarded and protected always by a detachment of the King's soldiers, and on certain days of the week the people were allowed to come and look at it.

The old King fairly gloated over his treasure and never wearied of admiring it himself or proudly displaying it to visitors.

Judge then of his surprise and dismay when one day after having with much pomp and ceremony exhibited the Bim-bam to an envoy from a distant court, the guest remarked, "Ay, it is indeed a fine Bim-bam, but strange is it to my eyes to behold but one. My sire possesses a pair of Bim-bams, each being in all respects like unto this of thine."

The King could scarcely believe his ears. "What sayest thou?" he cried in a terrible rage, "a pair? and like mine? It is not so! There is none other Bim-bam in existence but this."

"Thou sayest so," returned the envoy, "but I speak of a truth. My master, the King of Bazenovia, hath two perfect Bim-bams, and each equaleth thine in beauty and value."

Losing all control over his temper the King ordered the envoy out of the palace and at once started an embassy of his own to the King of Bazenovia to learn if the tale were really true.

His messengers returned with a corroboration of the hateful fact, and the King could no longer doubt.

Thenceforth it became his sole ambition to possess another Bim-bam and he resolved to spare neither trouble nor expense to accomplish his desire. Trustworthy agents were sent all over the world with orders to find one and buy it at any price.

When the agents proved unsuccessful in their search, the royal artisans were commanded to make a Bim-bam. But their most elaborate experiments with all sorts of expensive materials resulted in nothing but a waste of time and money. Then, although it was sorely against the King's nature so to humiliate himself, he sent an offer to the King of Bazenovia to purchase one of his Bim-bams at an enormous price.

The offer was refused, and having become almost a monomaniac on the subject, the King secretly organized a marauding expedition to steal one of his neighbor King's Bim-bams.

But so closely were they guarded that a burglarious attack was impossible, and in despair, the King settled down into a brooding melancholy that threatened to unsettle his reason.

He no longer cared to look at his precious Bim-bam, for having become possessed of the idea that he wanted two, one seemed comparatively of no value or beauty.

Of course he had offered immense rewards to any one who would bring him a Bim-bam, and stated that no questions would be asked as to where or how the treasure had been procured, but nothing came of it, and as a final inducement he had declared that he would bestow his daughter's hand in marriage on any man who could succeed in the quest.

The Princess Fresigonde was not at all alarmed by this offer, for she had no idea that any man could beg, borrow or steal, find or make a Bim-bam.

But at last it happened that she met with a fair young Prince, who was quite her equal in birth, breeding and wealth, and these two young people fell in love with each other.

King Scovin much desired to see his daughter happily married, and he had no objections of any sort to the young Prince, but he had set his royal seal to his mandate that the Princess should marry only the man who could produce a Bim-bam like the one in the palace, and unless the Prince could do so the King could not consent to the marriage.

The Princess Fresigonde heard this dictum with a sad heart, for she had no hopes that her lover could meet the conditions.

But he, being a youth of expedients, bade the Princess make her wedding preparations, for the marriage was bound to come off, and that with the King's full approval, and the Princess, being full of faith in her lover's powers, sang blithely as she made ready for her wedding day.

Then the Prince betook himself to the old King and spoke to him on this wise: "Oh, King, what is it that above all things thou most desirest?"

"Full well knowest thou," replied the King, "that I desire to possess two Bim-bams."

"Ay, Sire, but thou hast two already," said the Prince.

"Nay, varlet, I have but one, as thou seest," answered the King angrily, pointing through the open door to the Bim-bam on its velvet cushion.

"One—ay—" said the Prince, musingly, "but one is the same as two."

"What idle jargon art thou chattering, forsooth? One the same as two! Dost mean that since I have one Bim-bam, I therefore have two Bim-bams?"

"Even so, oh father, for well do I know that one is equal to two."

"Hah, thou meanest, perchance, that one sane man like myself is equal to two such fools as thou art."

"Nay," said the Prince, politically keeping his temper under these taunts, "but my meaning is, that one is always equal to two and I can prove it by mathematical demonstration."

Now King Scovin was a wise and influential monarch, but his early education in mathematics had been somewhat neglected.



He disliked to admit this to the Prince, yet he was so anxious to try any chance of finding a way out of his difficulty that he said:—

"Fain would I hear thy explanation, but I fear me it would be beyond my understanding."

"Not so," said the Prince. "Thou hast studied algebra, I trow."

"I went but so far as equations," confessed the King.

"That is sufficient," said the Prince, "order for us the royal blackboard, and I will proceed with my demonstration. But promise me this: if I prove to thy complete satisfaction that one equals two, wilt thou rest content as to thy Bim-bam, and give me the Princess to wife?"

"Ay," said the King, eagerly, "for if thou provest that one equals two, then will I have two Bim-bams, and by the decree of my mandate thou wilt be entitled to wed my daughter."

"Be it so," said the Prince, and he turned to the blackboard, then, as a sudden thought struck him, he turned again to the King.

"Call in thy courtiers, oh, Sire," he said, "thy sages and prime ministers and all the court, that they too may be convinced of this thing, and know that one is the same as two."

The King caused all his court to assemble, and the Princess came too, and when all were seated and eagerly awaiting further proceedings, the Prince turned again to the blackboard.

"Let  $a$  equal  $x$ ," he said, at the same time writing

$$a = x$$

"That is truly correct, so far," whispered the courtiers to one another, wagging their heads wisely.

"I understand that clearly," said the King, delighted to find that, as yet, the reasoning was not too difficult for him to follow.

"Then  $ax$  will, of course, equal  $x^2$ ," went on the Prince writing

$$ax = x^2$$

A murmur of assent ran through the intent audience.

"We will now subtract  $a^2$  from each term," said the Prince, "thus—"

$$ax - a^2 = x^2 - a^2$$

By this time some of the courtiers were a bit bewildered, but the more educated ones still wagged their heads in approval, and the King still understood what was going on.

"From this," continued the Prince, "we obtain—"

$$a(x - a) = (x + a)(x - a)$$

This finished most of the court, but the chief astrologer and several of the royal



"Let  $a = x$ ," he said.

mathematicians were still intelligently listening.

"By elimination," said the Prince, "we get—"

$$a = x + a$$

"By substitution,

$$a = 2a$$

and consequently,

$$1 = 2."$$

The Prince stepped back, leaving his triumphant proof in full view on the blackboard.

$$a = x$$

$$ax = x^2$$

$$ax - a^2 = x^2 - a^2$$

$$a(x + a) = (x + a)(x - a)$$

$$a = x + a$$

$$a = 2a$$

$$1 = 2.$$

The King was trembling with excitement.

"It is true! it is true!" he exclaimed. "I mastered equations when a youth, and I understand the whole procedure. And it cannot be denied, in the face of this positive and incontrovertible proof, that one is

really equal to two—and therefore, oh, my friends, I, being possessed of one beautiful and perfect Bim-bam, am the happy owner of two. Let the bells ring! and send forth

heralds to announce the nuptials of my daughter, the Princess Fresigonde, with the clever and noble Prince who brought me this great joy and contentment."

## TAFFY JOHN

By W. S. BOYER

**E**VERYBODY in the Eleventh Ward knew Taffy John. Ask the first child you met in the street to show you the way and you would be led to the door. He was the originator of the three-cent glass of ice cream with two spoons. Go when you would, his candy shop was thronged with children, and some who were not children could frequently be seen before his zinc-covered counters, waiting their turn to be served.

I remember my first glass of ice cream in his shop. I was only six years old. My mother had dressed me carefully and sent me to Sunday-school with three cents to put in the missionary box. I was obliged to pass Taffy John's on the way and stopped to feast my eyes upon the tempting display in the window. One of my playmates saw me standing there and said, "Come, let's get a glass of ice cream with two spoons." I had never tasted ice cream in my life. I was sorely tempted, but said I had no money.

"Oh, never mind the money. I'll pay for it," said the generous youth, and accepting the bewildering offer, I entered the store, close at the heels of my playmate.

We took our seats at a little table covered with white oil-cloth in the saloon at the back of the shop and were politely served with a glassful of rich, golden ice cream with two pewter spoons in it. I shall never forget the delightful sensation of swallowing the first spoonful of that delicious mixture. Johnny, my companion, was accustomed to such dissipation and managed to get away with a great deal more than half the contents of the glass before I realized the necessity of prompt action; but I managed to get another spoonful before he could empty it.

Then he said inquiringly, "Take another?"

I could only bow in silent gratitude as I was absorbing that last mouthful. He rapped imperiously on the table, and when Taffy John put his head between the curtains that separated the shop from the saloon, ordered, "One!" with the air of a man of boundless wealth.

The "One" soon followed the first glass, and then Johnny said:

"You just stay here a minute, and I'll go out and pay for the cream."

I waited much longer than a minute, but Johnny did not come back. I got up and peeped through the curtains into the shop. To my horror, Johnny wasn't there! Just then Taffy John approached the curtains and I darted back to my seat.

He entered. "Do you want any more, little boy?" he asked.

I answered very feebly. "No."

"Well, you can pay me for the two glasses, if you please."

The full horror of the situation burst upon me. Here was I in the back room of a candy store with parts of two glasses of stolen ice cream inside of me and no friend near to help me, while the

justly indignant proprietor stood ready to carry me off to prison. My terror was too much for my nerves, and I fainted.

When I opened my eyes again I was in Taffy John's arms and his wife, a great, motherly-looking German woman, was bathing my face and hands and saying:

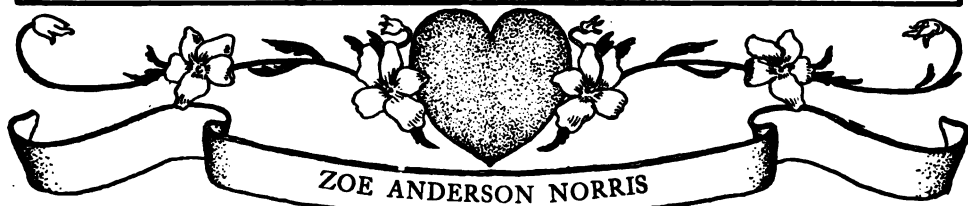
"Don't you be scart, leetle poy. Nopody vill hurt you, dot's a goot leetle feller." And then I burst out crying and told the whole story, and Taffy John laughed a great big laugh, and set me down at the table and brought me ice cream enough to kill me, and I tried to eat it all, and cried when I couldn't.

O, Taffy John was a dear good fellow, and no other ice cream ever tasted so good as his.



*"I waited longer than a minute."*

## OR NONE



THEY had dined at a restaurant where back of a carved oak frame the violins wailed to the clink of knives and forks and glasses and spoons.

There were flowers there. There were palms.

She had worn a crinkly gown with a velvet hat upon which black plumes nodded. Across the table she had caught more than once his smile. It had served to satisfy her with the reflection glancing back from the mirrors about.

This was not the first of those little dinners. They had been many; so many that in the delightful intimacy of them she had begun to call him "Charlie," and he to call her "Jane."

Afterwards, out in the fresh air, they had walked briskly up through the glittering lights of Broadway, taken the elevated at Twenty-eighth street and stood outside as they spun along, the kindly conductor with a lenient glance at their smiling faces, permitting.

They had talked for a time in a high key tuned to the crashing hum of the train; and then had fallen into silence as they whirled about the giant double curve, as they looked over the sparkling lights of the city at the lamps like overgrown fireflies in the park, drifting on up and up, east toward one river and west toward the other, dwindling smaller and smaller till afar off they glimmered faint and twinkling as stars.

They ran down the steps at the station and walked on home where, sitting beneath a lamp of shaded rose, they talked of nothing or next to nothing for a time, then of things of deeper moment, then of himself and of her.

"I am fond of you," he said at length. "I love to be with you. Not for years have I felt such happiness as the being with you, Jane."

She took a violet from the bunch at her waist, and leaning forward fastened it in the buttonhole of his coat.

He imprisoned her fingers there.

"I am very fond of you," he said again.

The repetition of the phrase struck her coldly. She looked at him askance, wishing he had said instead:

"I love you."

He read her wish.

"You are wondering," he told her, "why I did not say instead, 'I love you.'"

"Yes," she assented with half a sigh. "That is what I was wondering."

"I did not," he asserted, "because I do not."

She drew her fingers away from his. She shrank apart from him. He had not moved; but it was as if he had thrust her from him with a relentless arm, strong and firm.

Turning the delicate line of her profile to him she awaited his explanation.

He took up a book and with restless fingers passed the leaves rustlingly back and forth.

"I care for you," he reiterated. "I am fond of you; but I have only half a heart to give any woman. If you will take half a heart, you are welcome to it; but that is all I have to give you, Jane."

The lingering cadence with which he spoke her name turned Jane's face once more to him. It caught at her heartstrings. She wished she were a child again that she might sob aloud, that she might cry out her grief at this strange, sad news that he did not love her, that he had never loved her.

"Tell me about it," she said when she could trust her voice to speak.

The lines encircling his mouth grew harder, his lips more firm.

"There is nothing to tell," he averred. "It is just the simple story of a man who loved a woman so well, so dearly, so deeply that she must forever remain in his heart supreme, the only one—"

"And she?"

With a laugh like the tearing of linen he shrugged his shoulders.

"She does not know, and if she did," he shut his teeth, "she would not care."

"And you give a whole heart to a woman who does not care," Jane burst out passionately, "and only half a heart to one—"

"To one," he finished, "who does, Jane?"

"Don't," she implored, "you call my name as if you love me—Yes. Say then, if you will, to one who does."

He placed the book on the table and rustled its leaves from there.

"Whether she cares or not," he affirmed, "the heart has been given. It cannot be recalled. It is hers."

And he repeated:

"It is hers."

Jane shivered.

"It is as if she sat between us now," she

breathed. "A wraith. A myth. But she chills me to the bone."

He took her hand. "Come to me," he petitioned, "and I will warm you."

"With friendliness, but not with love."

"With more than friendliness, but not with love."

Again Jane drew away her hand. She stood. She commenced slowly to pace up and down before him, the rose light on her skirts, its light and the rose of her gown heightening the pallor of her wistful face.

"But not with love," she echoed. "As she sits between us to-night so would she sit forever, till the end of time, separating us. Looking into your eyes I should see the reflection, not of myself, but of her. Across the table from you I should feel you wishing it were her sitting there in the place I occupied. I could not endure it. I could not!"

"Come, sit down, Jane, and we will talk it calmly over together. Don't walk about so, like some animal caged. Don't wring your hands. There is nothing in this old world of ours worth such grief."

"I must walk," she said, growing quieter, "but I will try not to wring my hands if that worries you. I never meant to. But you see I must get used to the thought. I believed you loved me."

"I never said so."

"But often you looked it."

"You were mistaken, Jane. It was fondness only. I shall care for you always. I shall be fond of you always. Will you accept that?"

She stopped and stood before him, very tall, very slim, very young and white; so white that it was pitiful to see her.

"Suppose," she began, "that after I became your wife I should say to you, 'Do you love me, Charlie?' because I should want to hear you tell me you love me. All women want to hear that. And you should say, 'No, Jane, I am fond of you, but I do not love you.'"

"Well, and then?"

She took to walking again, swiftly now, as if she fled from something of which she was afraid.

"It would kill me," she cried.

"Listen. Would you rather I had said to you, 'I love you,' telling you an untruth, all the time loving her?"

"Something of which I was ignorant could hardly have affected me. And yet, I would rather you had not told me a lie—And yet—I wish I had never found out the truth!"

She stood suddenly still.

"Why!" she stormed, frowning, "should you have made me believe you loved me? Why should you have made me care? Why couldn't you have left me alone? Never knowing what your love could be like, never guessing, how could the having it or the not having it hurt me?"

He answered her not at all.

She came quite humbly then, and sinking on a cushion laid her head close to his knee.

"Forgive me," she begged, "I have to thank you for the happiness of believing it for a little while at least."

He put his hand on her head.

"Jane," he reasoned, "are there many women who have a man's whole heart? I am speaking now, not of boys, but of men. At the age of thirty, are there many men who have not had at some time or other some love experience, some old thoughts they fall to dreaming over, some old fancy to which they cling? If I tell you candidly that I cannot love you, but if I promise you affection, does not that count?"

"If I were your wife," she sobbed, "I should see her face between yours and mine. When I said good-bye at the door her head would be on your shoulder and not my head. And I should wish to be, not myself, but that memory of her that you love. And I should hate myself because, try as I would, I could not eat her memory out of your heart and put mine there in its warm place."

"You are bitter, Jane."

"Not bitter, but just a little broken-hearted. Let me be still a while and think."

He stroked her hair with gentle fingers. They sat thus a long time silently; then, taking out his watch and looking at it:

"I must go now, Jane," he said, "and will you tell me before I go to-night, or will you take till to-morrow to think it over and tell me then?"

She struggled to her feet. Putting back her hair, she stared at him strangely.

"I will tell you to-night," said she.

He stood waiting.

"Well?" he questioned.

Throwing out her arms she brought her hands together, clasping her fingers convulsively the one within the other.

"I will have a whole heart," she declared, "or none!"

"And this is your answer? Think, Jane. It is for good and all. This is your answer?"

"And this," she panted, "is my answer."

Still, as if turned to stone, she saw him go into the hall. She saw him take his hat from the rack and put it on. She saw him face her for the last time, open the door, and shut it.

And shut it!

White and cold as the marble of the statue there, she gazed into the empty hall for hours, it seemed to her, for minutes only; then rushing forward she ran there, she opened the door, she flung herself to the outer door and halted on the step, looking wildly up the street at—

Darkness dimly lit by lamps at corners, at brown-stone houses opposite frowning heavily down, at the infinite loneliness of the purple night coldly begemmed by stars.

"Charlie!" she called into it. "Charlie!"

The whirr of the elevator broke the stillness following.

Then from off yonder somewhere above the tops of the frowning houses there came faintly echoing back to her, her own cry of:

"Charlie! Char-lie!"



## MEN, WOMEN AND BOOKS

**I**T is likely that the coming spring will be an unusually active one in book-selling circles. Among other important authors, the following well-known writers are to have

new works of fiction: Frances Hodgson Burnett, Samuel Harden Church, Alfred Henry Lewis, John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie), Max Pemberton, Charles G. D. Roberts, and Charles R. Sherlock.

\* \* \*

Shortly after the publication of this number of *LESLIE'S MONTHLY*, Robert E. Peary will probably start on his last dash for the Pole; as all his preparations during the winter were to be made with this end in view.

Mrs. Peary asserts that she will bring him back to the United States in the coming autumn, whether he has then reached the Pole or not.

On his return he will be gratified to learn of the success of "The Snow Baby," which was one of the most popular books for young people during the Christmas season, and which is likely to continue to sell largely for some years to come, because of its unique character.

We are able to give an amusing and interesting picture of the heroine of the story at the time of her second Arctic experience.

\* \* \*

In a clever article on children's books in a recent number of *The Bookman*, Carolyn Wells calls Gelett Burgess's "Goops and How to be Them," the modern prototype of *Struwwelpeter*.

\* \* \*

The atmosphere enveloping that interesting personage, the publisher's reader, has always been one of mystery, and, in the eyes of many disappointed authors, one of density.

The "reader" is apt to be a conservative individual who never allows his enthusiasm to run away with him. For this reason, the "opinion" lately given to a New York publishing house by one of its most valued advisers is hopefully interesting:—

"Of all the manuscripts that you have sent me, I can advise publication of this one with the most confidence and with the nearest approach to certainty that it will win public attention and approval. It possesses to a really remarkable degree the supreme merit of interest.

"Of great importance are the diversity of scene through which a cleverly devised and logically developed action progresses; the effectiveness with which the minor and principal personages are vitalized and differentiated; the vivacity of the dialogue; the timeliness of the questions involved in the working out of the story; and the convincing sincerity and contagious enthusiasm with which the author presents and attacks his subject.

"It is an extremely interesting novel, and I am strongly of the opinion that its publication will be both profitable and creditable to you."

The work referred to in this report is the first novel written by Frederick Trevor Hill, the author of the very clever collection of stories of the New York law courts, entitled "The Case and Exceptions," which has just gone into its third edition.

The new novel is to be published under the title of "The Minority," and it deals largely with many present-day conditions of our



Eskimo child and Marie Peary.



Frederick Trevor Hill.



civilization as typified by examples in New York city.

Mr. Hill is engaged in the active practice of the law, and in addition to his other professional work has contributed to the magazines, and has lately published a unique manual, in the form of questions and answers for the practical guidance of executors, administrators and like officials, which Messrs. Baker, Voorhis & Company report as among their best-selling law books of the year.

\* \* \*

Arthur W. Marchmont has just completed a new romance in which he provides even more incident and dash than in his recent successful novels "For Love or Crown" and "In the Name of a Woman." In this he departs from his custom of using an imaginary kingdom as a background; for "Sarita the Carlist," as the new work is to be called, has to do with Spain, and with a most picturesque and exciting period in the history of that romantic land. Early publication is promised.

\* \* \*

At the time this magazine went to press the suit regarding "The Secret Orchard" was to be tried immediately.

Nearly two years ago the *Delineator* requested a well-known literary agent to secure the serial rights of a new novel by Egerton Castle. He offered an unwritten novel, of which the author had said that the scene would be laid in Paris—Faubourg St. Germain life, very different from the giddy, dry-rotten, decadent life of the modern Boulevards, the principal male character being the holder of one of the very few, great old names of France; that the women were lovable types of Parisian-American beauty; and that the book would be dramatic.

It is alleged that the literary agent reported the gist of this to the *Delineator*; but the written contract by which the serial rights of this work in embryo were sold contained no representations or guarantees whatever.

On the arrival of the first part of the MS., it was delivered to the publishers of the *Delineator*, who read it and returned it. They refused to publish it, as it stood or with modifica-

tions. They expressed in the strongest terms their opinion that it was immoral.

On the arrival of the remaining MS. this also was offered to the *Delineator*, but was returned, unread, with a repetition of the refusal to print it serially or to pay its agreed purchase price.

The story was then offered to one of the leading American magazines, a publication of the highest standing and largest circulation. It was promptly accepted and printed in this magazine, and was received with approval by its readers.

As the *Delineator* still refused to pay the sum, suit was brought against it because of the reduced price necessitated by the delay.

\* \* \*

In its first answer to the complaint in the suit against it the *Delineator* made the most violent and extreme attacks upon "The Secret Orchard," using the strongest words that the English language contains; but they amended this answer repeatedly, and their final attack on the book was that it was "not consistent with propriety, refinement or delicacy, and was contrary to good morals, and particularly unfit and improper to be read by refined women and young girls."

The *Delineator* asserted in its answer: "Egerton Castle has a high reputation for skill and excellence in his profession as a writer of romantic stories, and the stories hitherto written and published by him have all been characterized by propriety, refinement and delicacy, and have been fit and proper to be read in refined and cultivated families and by women and young girls, and he has become widely known as the author of stories of that character."

As to this allegation, there was no difference of opinion between the *Delineator* and the plaintiffs.

The case had a special interest because of its similarity in certain respects to the disagreement between Hall Caine and the publishers of the *Lady's Magazine* regarding the morality of "The Eternal City."

The precise legal point raised by these cases has never been passed upon by the courts of either country, and the decision of the American case has established a precedent.



Agnes Castle.



The portraits of Agnes and Egerton Castle accompanying this note are the best that have been made of these writers.

"The Secret Orchard" has not only been a great success in the United States, but it was among the five "best-selling" novels in Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Halifax, St. John, Victoria, Winnipeg and Vancouver.

Mr. Castle is hard at work upon a new novel, whose title, as first chosen by him, was to be "A Garden of Simples;" but his American publishers discovered that the Scribners had published a book on horticulture under exactly the same title, so that Mr. Castle has abandoned this and is choosing another.

\* \* \*

Robert Barr's "Effort at Dedication," in his recent novel, "The Victors," was the occasion of a most interesting dissertation on "the great American novel," in *Chronicle and Comment*, in a recent number of the *Bookman*.

Mr. Barr asserts that the long-looked-for masterpiece can never be written, because America is so vast, its interests are so various and its activities so far-reaching that even Honoré de Balzac, with all his forty or sixty volumes, could have done little more than draw the outlines of such a civilization. had he been born a citizen of the United States instead of a citizen of France.

The editor of the *Bookman* agrees, in the main, with what Mr. Barr has to say, but thinks he has "fallen into a quite universal error—that when anyone begins to talk of the impossibility of the completion of the task in question, he does so obviously with the idea that such a novel would touch upon, illuminate, nay, practically exhaust, every phase and side of American life."

\* \* \*



In the Days of the Last American.

John A. Mitchell, whose "Amos Judd" proved such a success in its new holiday dress at Christmas time, is the editor of *Life*, and an artist of marked ability.

He has found time in spite of his editorial work to write a half-dozen books, one of which, besides "Amos Judd," "The Last American," has attained a great success. It



Egerton Castle.

has been on the market nearly twelve years, and still has a steady sale.

It is a most delightful little conceit telling of the re-discovery of America in the year 2951. It is dedicated "To the American who is more than satisfied with Himself and His Country."

\* \* \*

New light on what is meant to be a Christian in the last years of the long life of the Apostle John is said to be thrown in a forthcoming novel written by a hitherto unknown American writer, Orton Lisle.

The title of this thrilling and intense work is "Amor Victor," and its scene is said to be laid principally in Ephesus, though it shifts afterwards to Rome. The work is to be dedicated "To those who are not afraid of the Truth," and the religious element in it is said to be finely conceived and powerfully carried out.

\* \* \*

Willard N. Clute, the author of "Our Ferns in their Haunts," is a resident of Binghamton, N. Y., and the editor of the only American publication wholly devoted to ferns.

Mr. Clute has given many years of study to his special department of botanical lore, and has been wise enough to see that his written words have been enabled to appeal to the eye through the medium of the wonderful illustrations provided for them by the artist with whom he associated himself in the preparation of his great work on Ameri-





Silvery Spleenwort.

can ferns. An example of the poetical and yet scientifically correct treatment that Mr. William W. Stilson has given to the fern in its surroundings is shown here.

\* \* \*

The author of "Neighbors of Field, Wood and Stream," Dr. Morton Grinnell, is an enthusiastic lover of Nature. Brought up in the ornithological atmosphere of Audubon Park, he began to take an interest in bird life in his early childhood. He collected birds and eggs, and studied and wrote about his feathery friends. He



Quail's nest and eggs.

raised wild birds from the nest with great success and maintained two aviaries, which were his sole care. When he entered one of the great cages a score or more of birds would surround him, some perching on his shoulders, and others showing affection in various ways.

Dr. Grinnell is a Yale graduate, and after receiving his degree of M. D., he practiced his profession in New York City for eleven years, being officially connected with Bellevue College and the New York police department. In 1894 he gave up his profession to become a "gentleman farmer."

Recent instances of Dr. Grinnell's casual observations of the wild creatures near his country home are of interest. In conversation with the writer a few weeks ago Dr. Grinnell told him of finding a quail's nest, well filled with eggs, at the surprisingly late date of the tenth of October. The hen bird was sitting on the nest, but on close inspection it was discovered that she was dead—though the bird and eggs were still warm. Again, he mentioned finding a house wren's nest in an old nest of the Baltimore oriole, and a field-mouse's house in a robin's nest.

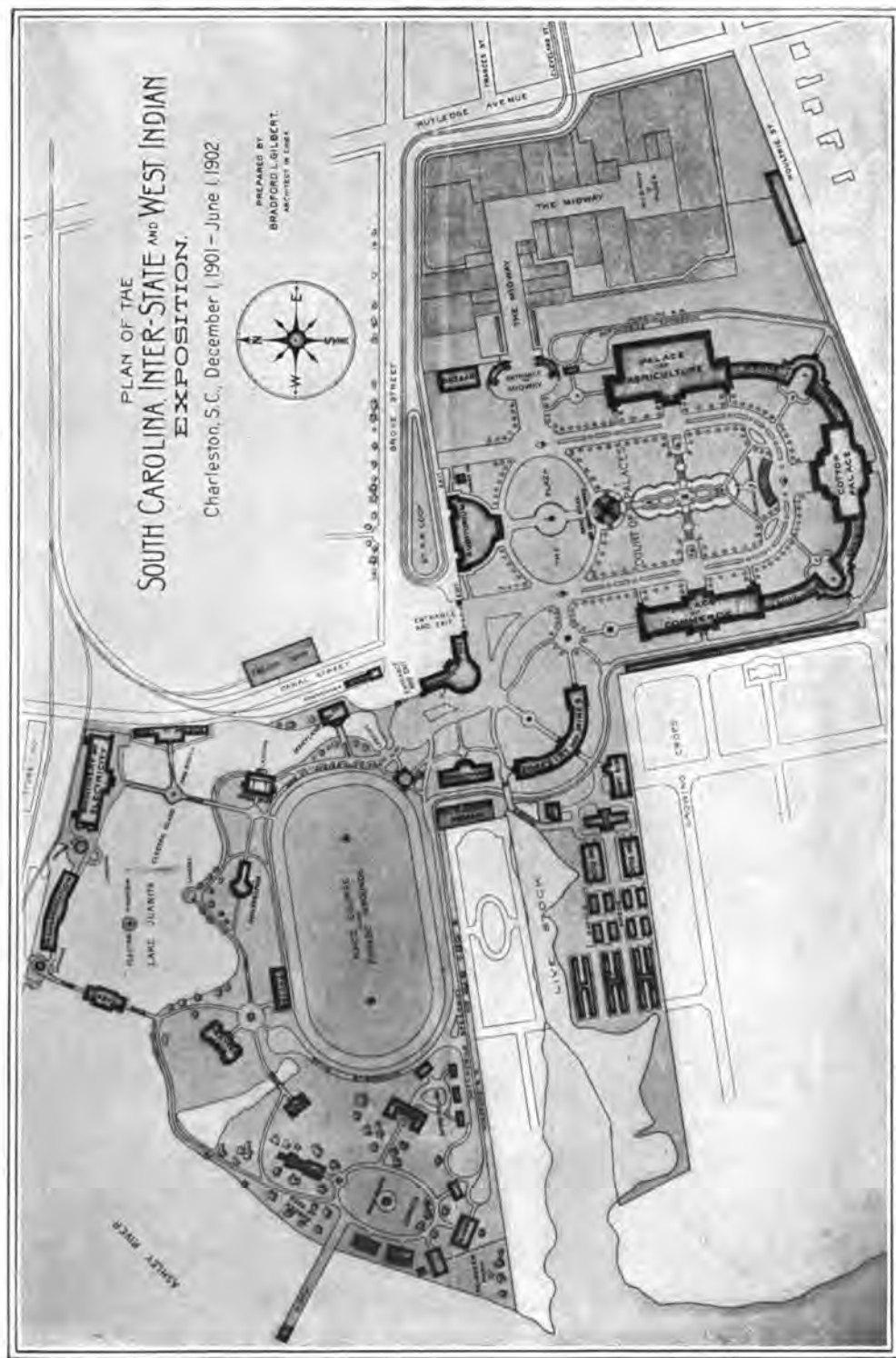
\* \* \*

Mrs. Ellis Rowan, whose marvelous water-color paintings show the flora of many interesting parts of the world, including Australia and Porto Rico, is a won-



From "Southern Wild Flowers."

derfully rapid worker. It is only recently that she has attempted to draw with a pen, her strong preference having always been for the brush; but within a few months she attained such proficiency in the new medium that some of her pen-and-ink sketches have been compared to those of the late Hamilton Gibson. Many scores of examples of these are shown in her greatest work—"Southern Wild Flowers and Trees."



The "Natural Section" surrounds the race track above to the left. The "Art Section," girdled by palaces, is seen to the right of the center. The Midway is at the extreme right.



*The imposing portico of the Auditorium.*



# FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY

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## THE IVORY CITY

By T. CUYLER SMITH



*The Charleston Exposition as an Index of the New South.*



HE South Carolina Inter-State and West Indian Exposition, now being held at Charleston, S. C., is an Exposition with a distinct purpose in view, and with a definite idea of how the desired results may be best achieved. It is not a glittering mass of shops, bazaars, booths and buildings, designed to commemorate some past event or to advertise a theory, but rather an enterprise intended to inaugurate new industries and commercial relations.

To the development of this single idea the Carolinians and their Southern neighbors have brought the mighty re-

sources of their money, intellect and manufactures, and they consider the result a matter of national importance.

The large purpose of this Exposition is the expansion of American commerce in the neighboring, open, growing and profitable fields of the West Indian Islands—Cuba, Porto Rico and the British, French, Dutch and Danish colonies, as well as the seventeen republics of Central and South America, and more especially those on the Atlantic. An especial object of this Exposition is the promotion of more intimate commercial relations with the seventy principal West Indian Islands.

To begin the twentieth century on the Christian era with the extension of the arts of peace; to develop the American culture of silk and tea; to promote



*Panorama of the Exposition as*

the Southern manufactures of cotton and iron; to establish new steamship lines from Charleston, the central seaport of the Great Southeast, and show the world the resources and attractions of that territory, and also the advantages of Charleston as a connecting link between the producers of the Southeastern States and the Mississippi Valley on one hand, and the markets of the outside world on the other,—these are among the good works being achieved by this Exposition.

The Exposition opened its doors on the 1st of December, 1901, and will remain open until the 1st of June, 1902. Easy of access by a score of routes, this Exposition has been visited by tens of thousands who have poured into the "Ivory City," and will continue to crowd the grounds until the last day the gates are open. Charleston has now taken her place in the front rank of progressive American cities, thoroughly imbued with the most advanced ideas of business and commerce and destined to be a great port.

It is in the suburbs of Charleston that this wondrous "Ivory City," has arisen and few expositions have more historic sites than this one. We need not except the Centennial, which stood near Philadelphia, the nation's first capital; nor Atlanta, where the modest buildings, holding a handful of experimental spindles, which have grown to millions throughout the South, were

built in the very trenches from which the ragged Confederates held back the advancing Union army; nor New Orleans, with the Exposition standing on ground traversed by General Andrew Jackson and his motly army on their way to win a great battle; nor Chicago, with its "White City" on the lake front, once the camp of hardy pioneers of an empire soon to be; nor the Buffalo marvel of electricity, situated beside the greatest miracle of nature, the landmark of five centuries of American civilization.

For this Exposition is in the very cradle of Southeastern colonial life, where a feeble settlement grew into a strong colony which battled manfully for American independence, and bore the brunt of the conflict on land and sea, and where pioneer merchants, gathering and exporting the varied products of their section, laid the foundations of the nation's commerce.

#### THE GROUNDS.

Situated on a tract of three hundred acres between two mighty rivers—the Cooper on the east and the Ashley on the west—where the dolphins sport and the tall herons and cranes stand in the marshes, where the mocking-birds sing all day long, and a host of other tropical birds flit about—the Exposition grounds resemble in shape a huge 8, with one end broken and indented by the inlets of the river. They are indeed





*seen from the Woman's Building.*

a beautiful realization of the architect, Bradford Lee Gilbert, the conception of the necessary designs in both buildings and grounds that they might harmonize with the foreign aspect of the old-time city with its generous houses and high-walled gardens, with the luxuriance and freshness of the foliage and flowers, the red and brown roofs, the dashes of warm tints and the Pompeiian reds. The old-time colonial doorways, and the quaint outside entrances are the models upon which the Exposition has been planned. The very ground on which the "Ivory City" has been raised was an old-time plantation, where looking across the Ashley River one sees a dim horizon line of blue-black pines, which bends, bow-like, to the east, toward the sea, to the west until lost in the river haze.

The Exposition grounds are planned in such a manner as to bring the visitors in and out at a point where there is a concentration of the principal architectural treatment. You enter at the fair Court of Palaces, with the unique Sunken Gardens in the center, facing the huge Cotton Palace and flanked by the Palaces of Agriculture and Commerce, where the best impressions are at first conveyed. This division of the grounds, which is called the Art Section, has been treated in such a manner as to give full rein to the artistic ideas of sculptors, architects and landscape gardeners. Here has been achieved a

most striking landscape effect—a beautiful garden surrounded by three palaces, connected by long colonnades with graceful exedrae. The contour of the level ground has been changed into slopes and terraces, dotted with tropical plants, graceful palmettos, and with four huge century plants, each over thirty feet in diameter and ready to flower, a sight seen only once in a lifetime in this latitude.

These buildings are planned and decorated with the richness of detail and color of an elaboration of the Spanish Renaissance, which was selected as the most appropriate style of architecture for the Art Section, and which changes into the Spanish Mission type for the buildings of the Natural Section, and among the State and City buildings to the early Colonial.

In the center towers the Textile Building, or Cotton Palace, covering fifty thousand square feet of ground, with a central dome rising one hundred and sixty feet above the Sunken Gardens in front. The façade is nearly four hundred feet long, broken by four massive columns, various pediments, domes, red-tiled roofs and turrets in a typically Southern style of architecture. The inner court, or *patio*, one hundred feet in diameter, is filled with tropical plants and enriched by many sparkling fountains.

The exhibits in this building are intended to contribute to export trade,

just as the Cotton Exposition of 1881 did to the extension of cotton manufacturing in the cotton fields. Then it was making the cloth; now it is selling it. The management has brought together all the conditions necessary to show foreigners, and especially the merchants of the West Indies and South America, the quality and extent of cotton goods suitable for export that are manufactured in the United States. This most important department is under the direction of Mr. D. A. Tompkins, of Charlotte, N. C., a pioneer cotton manufacturer, who has planned to have a Government transport bring to the Exposition a party of Cuban and West Indian merchants, after the manner in which the teachers were carried not long ago to Harvard University. By this excellent method a better understanding will be established between the people of Cuba and the United States, all for the expansion of our export trade.

The Cotton Palace contains the finest exhibit of export cotton goods ever gathered together in this country. Thousands of bales of cloth and yarns of every description, weave and construction, are attractively displayed, being the products of fifty-two progressive cotton mills, the majority being situated in the South. For the benefit of American spinners are displayed samples of the grades of goods demanded by the foreign buyers, showing exactly what styles of construction, weight and manner of packing are most desirable, being intended to afford an opportunity to the Southern manufacturers to acquire accurate information regarding the conditions of foreign trade. The textile machinery, all in operation, is selected with the view of showing manufacturers the different varieties of goods that might be made. This, it is hoped, will tend to diversify cotton manufacturing in the South.

Cotton seed, once considered worthless, was a source of unending trouble to the planters, who could see no way to dispose of the large quantity annually produced in excess of that necessary for re-planting. Twenty years ago cotton-seed oil became a commercial

possibility, having passed the experimental stage, and the large exhibits of this oil, its innumerable by-products, coarse lubricants, soaps and cooking compounds, meal for cattle-food, and a superior grade of fertilizers, are attractively shown in the Cotton Palace by the two companies controlling the industry.

It is a mile walk, indoors, through the Palaces of Commerce and Agriculture, colonnades, exedrae and Cotton Palace, in which are a variety of splendid exhibits of the commercial and agricultural South, the U. S. Government exhibit from Buffalo occupying a large portion of both Colonnades. One of the largest and most complete railway exhibits ever shown at an American Exposition is located between the rear entrance of the Palace of Commerce, near the dairy, cattle and stock exhibits, which are of especial interest to Southern farmers.

Across the Plaza, and between the Sunken Gardens and the Auditorium, which has a seating capacity of four thousand and contains one of the largest organs ever constructed, upon which excellent music is rendered daily, is an elevated pergola several hundred feet in length. This affords shade and an excellent opportunity for viewing the Court, with its wide alameda or plaza, the statuary and the avenues of pink and white oleanders, while the harmony and sweetness of music float over the lakes, the gardens and groves, adding enchantment to the scene.

When the shades of night fall, lights of various colors are projected from the Conning Tower upon the buildings, changing the rich old ivory color, which was adopted in order to contrast with the "white" of Chicago and the "rainbow" of Buffalo, to violet, sea-green, blue, gold and white, casting well-defined shadows of the tropical foliage on the buildings. The entire court of palaces, domes, pylons, towers, minarets, colonnades, exedrae, ornate entrances, deep porticoes, and the principal architectural features of the surrounding buildings are outlined with incandescent lights; fairy lamps fringe the pathways of the Sunken Garden,



*The Cotton Palace.*



*The Administration Building.*

and all presents a scene of exceptional beauty and grace.

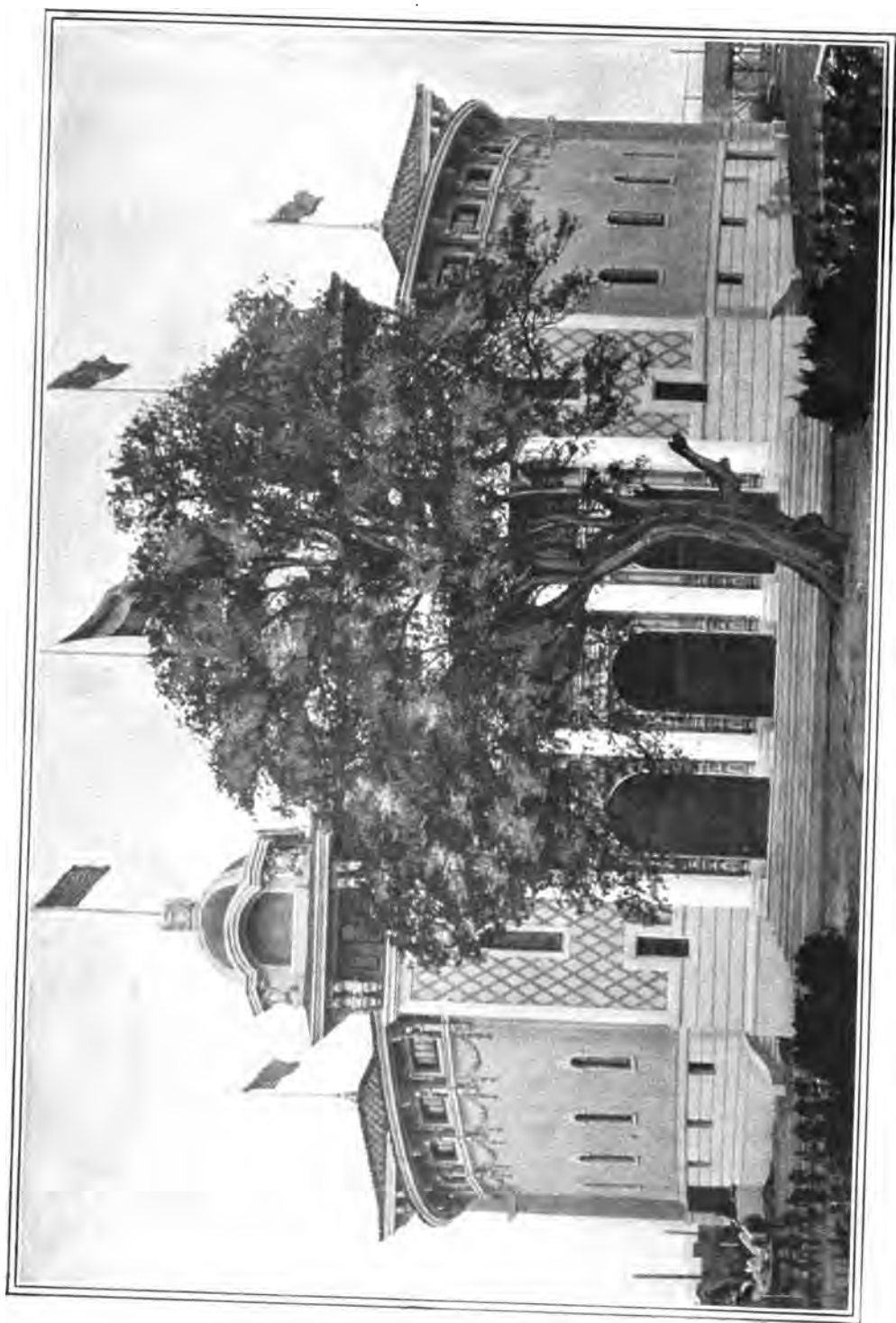
**PLASTIC ART AT THE EXPOSITION.**

The advance in art in America has been swift, but no branch of art has

progressed more rapidly than sculpture. The lavish display of statues at recent expositions has afforded the public an excellent opportunity to study what is best and most pleasing, and has given to the artist encouragement to undertake



*Administration Building from the Court of Palaces.*



*The Auditorium.*





*A general view of the Sunken Gardens.*

large and ambitious subjects which, under other conditions, could not have been executed.

The subjects chosen for the statues at this Exposition are of direct interest to Southerners, representing historical characters and incidents closely associated with their history.

In the Court of Palaces are five notable groups of sculpture, the work of talented artists. Facing the Palace of Commerce is the Aztec Group, designed by Mr. Louis A. Gudebrod, of New York City, who is director of sculpture for the Exposition. In accordance with the semi-tropical effect of grounds and buildings, he has chosen his subject from the Children of the Sun, the most advanced and wonderful

people discovered in America. The piece consists of two statues, the great Inca, Atahualpa, a commanding yet suppliant figure, erect in worship, face and hands uplifted and facing the glorious western sun, forming an imposing background for the kneeling figure which suggests a feeling of deep reverential worship of a deity. This group represents an incident at the meeting of Atahualpa and Pizarro. When urged by a friar to abjure the errors of his faith and acknowledge himself the vassal of the Spanish King, the Inca, sedate and dignified, arose and replied that he would not yield obedience to any man, adding, "As for my faith, I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men



*A section of the Colonnade.*



*Detail from the Cotton Palace.*

whom he created. But mine," lifting his arms towards the setting sun, then just sinking beyond the towering peaks, "my God still lives in the heavens and looks down on his children."

Another piece by a New Yorker, Mr. Carl Tefft, is the Indian Group, placed before the Palace of Agriculture. It is a fine embodiment in plaster of the great Seminole chief, Osceola, who wore his fierce life away in captivity on Sullivan's Island, where he was buried just outside the principal doorway of the fort. He was a leader in the second Seminole war, in which he showed the utmost skill and courage. Outraged at the seizure of his wife, "Morning Dew," under claim that she was a slave, Osceola killed several of her captors and began the war, taking refuge in the everglades of Florida. Captured by treachery, he was removed to Fort Moultrie, where he died at the early age of thirty-four, having failed to rescue his loved "Morning Dew." He was a noble and manly man, kindly and independent. His parting admonition to his warriors starting upon the warpath was, "Spare the women and children! It is not upon them that we make war

and draw the scalping-knife; it is upon men—let us act like men!" The Indian Group represents Osceola delivering this speech.

A Southern woman, Miss Elsie Ward, has contributed two groups to this display of the plastic art. In the place of honor, at the head of the Sunken Gardens and facing the Cotton Palace, stands her Huguenot Group, typical of the early settlers of South Carolina. The father, wife and infant, and little boy, clad in the simple dress of the period, which is most adaptable to sculpture, are represented as having just landed in this country. These people were plain workers, merchants and ideal pioneers, from whose presence in early days the State of South Carolina has derived much of its commercial importance.

The entrance to the Midway is near a powerfully executed statue of a cowboy endeavoring to mount his bucking broncho, while Miss Ward's exquisite and touching "Mother and Child" stands on the lawn in front of the Woman's Building.

Reproductions of three fine bronzes, the property of Theodore B. Starr, are introduced in the decorative scheme of the grounds. MacMonnies "Pan" is near the Cotton Palace. "The Fisher Boy," and a splendid moose are



*A glimpse of the Cotton Palace.*

*The Exedrae*

near the Forestry Building and Lake Juanita. Adding much to the beauty of the site chosen for it, is a replica of Amendolz's "The Betrothal," placed in a picturesque pathway of a shady grove of live-oaks, draped and fes-

tooned with soft gray moss. Partly hidden from sight by the dense foliage, all of which tends to make "Lovers' Lane" a most delightful resting place, this piece of statuary is most effective. The convenient benches are built for two. Leaving the art section, the visitor sees a piece of statuary that is destined to live and be reproduced throughout the land. The work of Charles A. Lopez, this "Negro Group" is an embodiment of three characters of the race which are so ably championed by Booker T. Washington—the Moral, Agricultural and the Educational. Ori-

*The Band Stand and one of the canals.*



*Forestry Building.*

ginally designed to stand in front of the Negro Building, this group was removed to its present position, owing

derstand. It is said that the "new," or educated negroes objected to the representation of their race engaged in



*Another view of Machinery Hall.*

to the objections raised by the negroes of Charleston, the exact nature of which no one seems to be able to un-

too menial occupations. An old-time negro was shown the statue and immediately expressed a characteristic opin-



*Transportation Building.*



*Maryland Building.*

ion, "Ki! who eber see w'ite nigger? Nobody don' wan' nigger look w'ite like goses" (ghosts).

#### THE USE OF NATURE AT THE EXPOSITION.

Amid winding pathways and well-kept lawns, between beds of roses, tropical flowers and tall palmetto trees, spreading live oaks and graceful cypresses are scattered in an artistic yet orderly design, while among them are grouped the various state and city buildings and many of the exhibition halls.

Both the State of Pennsylvania and City of Philadelphia have erected beautiful buildings near the racecourse. Dating as far back as 1780 definite reports of the commercial relations existing between Charleston and Philadelphia are extant, and these relations were maintained to mutual advantage until 1861, prior to which time Philadelphia also enjoyed a greater measure of business with the South than any other Northern city. That volume of business exceeded the combined trade enjoyed by New York and Baltimore. Mindful of past trade benefits, and wishing to be early in the field to secure an equal share of the Southern business for the future, Philadelphians have not only contributed a handsome building, the tower being a miniature representation of the tower on Independence Hall, but sent their precious Liberty Bell, at-

tended by a large delegation of business men who desired to impress upon Charlestonians that their city was, in point of distance, and as a manufacturing, maritime and commercial center, the best Eastern distributing market Southern merchants could find in the East. State and city expended \$35,000 each on their respective buildings.

Illinois was assigned a choice site in the grove surrounding the Woman's Building, and promptly contributed a spacious structure in pure Colonial style; the white columns and graceful proportions recall

Chicago's triumph in 1893.

New York could not afford to remain indifferent to the coming advantages of Southern trade, and her beautiful building on the shores of Lake Juanita lends a distinct charm to a really pretty stretch of the water view. Flanked by the classical Pennsylvania building and Maryland's large Colonial mansion, with the orange and black flag floating overhead, this building fronts over a hundred feet, with a depth of sixty, built around an open court in Spanish Renaissance design. The wide, overhanging roofs are covered with red Spanish tile, replicas of those now on the old California missions, which harmonizes with the rich tones of the coloring of the wall, and produces a general effect quite out of the ordinary.

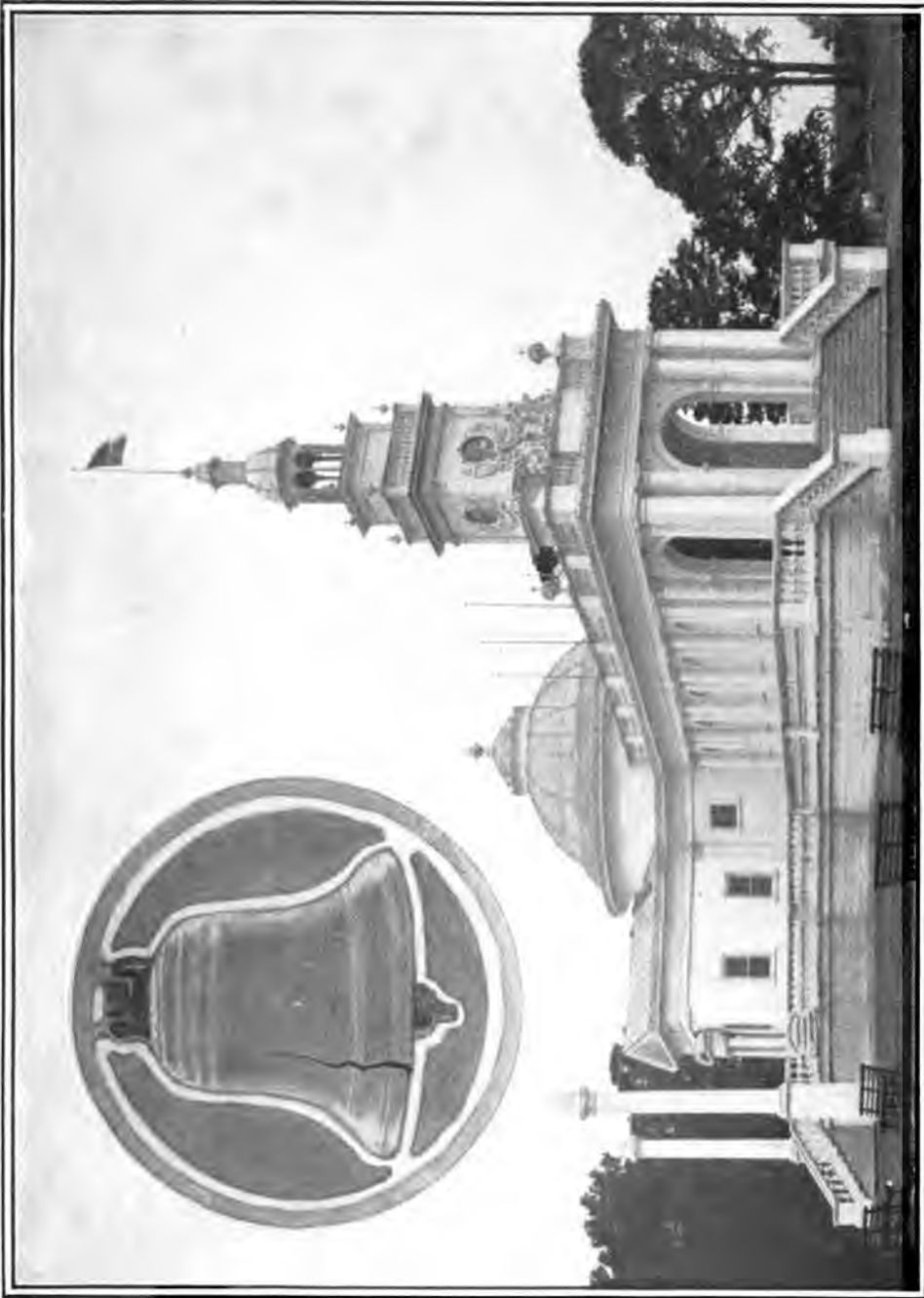
Across Lake Juanita are the Transportation, Machinery and Electricity Buildings, reached by artistic bridges. The façades of these buildings are directly on the water, extending nearly a thousand feet, and shimmering reflections of their arcades, gables, grilled windows and red roofs are seen in the water. At night the electric stand and electrically colored fountains in this lake light up its natural and artificial beauties. Gondolas, from "Venice in America," and other small craft cruise among the islands and fountains, passing the Fisheries Building built between two dykes. Many brilliant species of Southern fish are a noteworthy attraction here.



The Louisiana Purchase Building is a duplicate of the one at Buffalo, and within are comfortable offices, parlors, and receptions rooms for the officials of the next Exposition, Missouri visitors

and their friends. The architecture is French, that of Louisiana in the Colonial times.

Surrounded by a negro village, a faithful representation of the "quar-



*The Philadelphia Building and the Liberty Bell.*



*Entrance to the Negro Building.*

ters" of an old plantation, stands the Negro Building. Of Spanish mission type, shaped very like the letter H, it partly encloses two courts, which are beautified with bright flowers and sparkling fountains. A main hall is devoted to meetings of the black race, and the wings filled with exhibits which have been gathered through the untiring efforts of Booker T. Washington, Chief Commissioner, Dr. W. D. Crum, Assistant Commissioner, Professor T. J. Jackson, Secretary and Field Agent, and Mrs. E. F. Sterrett, Manager of the Woman's Bureau of this department. The negro race have had time to feel the real effects of freedom, education and the working out of their lives after their own fashion, aided and unaided. They are now somewhat on trial before the world, which views such exhibits as this with keen interest, as they are indicative of progress in the mechanical arts, in agriculture, in art, and invention. That the American negro *has* progressed, is the verdict of an impartial visitor to their building, which contains the most complete, comprehensive and carefully selected display of negro work ever brought together.

#### THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.

In a magnificent grove of great,

spreading live oaks, festooned and veiled with masses of soft gray Spanish moss, which cast deep shadows across the sunny lawn, stands a Colonial country house, not only in architecture but in reality. On the broad lawn which slopes gradually down from the portico of this ancient mansion to the rippling tide of the noble Ashley River shining placidly in the western sunshine, is Miss Elsie Ward's beautiful statue of "Mother and Child," which lends a womanly charm to the building and grounds. The lawn is bordered with a thick hedge of Cherokee roses, a native wild rose which blooms nearly the year around. Approach this stately mansion from the front, and it seems as though you had stepped back two centuries, when this house was in its prime. There is a formal little garden of the old-fashioned flowers of our grandmothers, sweet gilly flowers, hollyhocks, clove pinks and musk roses, between the straight hedges and narrow walks. Facing the banks of the Ashley River, and somewhat apart from the remainder of the Exposition, this Woman's Building is aptly termed the Suburb of the Exposition. "The Grove," as this place is called, was built on Horseshoe Plantation prior to 1776. During the early part of this century "The Grove" became the

*Silk reel 200 years old. Mrs. Sarah Calhoun Symonds, Director of the Woman's Exhibit.*



*The Woman's Building.*

home of William Lowndes, a man of prominence in his day, whose name and descendants are yet well known in the Carolinas. He planted oaks and orange trees, and a double row of the latter edge the river and the oaks yet shade the front veranda, from which is a fine water view in all directions. The long roadway



across the present Exposition grounds was beautiful with oaks, jessamines and Cherokee roses. For years it was the favorite country drive of the fashionable Charlestonians, and a few of these trees are yet seen on the grounds.

This great plantation also held the Washington race-track, the second laid out in the



*"Lovers' Lane," and two vistas near the Woman's Building.*

United States, the gate-posts of which may yet be seen near the merry Midway, which is gay with flags, foreigners and folks, after the fashion of Chicago and Buffalo. Race week, in the spring, was the gala season under the able management of the Jockey Club, composed of the aristocrats of the city and state. Families brought their strings of horses and eagerly followed the flying gentlemen jockeys clad in their familiar colors. So general was the interest in the sport that shops closed early to allow the clerks to reach the track-side at racing hour. Friday nights the Jockey Club gave a grand ball. Within the last five years this course was used, and stags were chased by the gentlemen of Charleston.

An excellent racing calendar has been arranged during the Exposition, in which owners will ride their horses.

#### TEA—RICE—SILK.

The wide piazza of the first floor fronting the lawn is enclosed in glass, and here one may enjoy a cup of American tea from the only tea-farm in the Western Hemisphere, which is located at Summerville, near the splendid winter resort owned by the President of the Exposition. This tea is equal in quality to the imported, and its merits are being very much exploited.

It is the result of several years of experience in tea culture at Summerville and Pinehurst, which have proven

most conclusively that tea may be produced in the United States in two ways: by families in their kitchen gardens or on a commercial scale after the manner followed by the British East Indian tea establishments. These beginnings of an important industry have demonstrated that the yield of tea per acre is the

equal of the average Oriental production, and can be marketed at a fair profit. It has been shown that a good grade of tea can be grown and put on the market in bulk at a cost not exceeding fifteen cents per pound. Under ordinary conditions an acre will yield four hundred pounds of salable tea, which, at fifteen cents per pound, makes the expense of growing, picking, drying, curing and packing sixty



*"Maternity," by Miss Elsie Ward.*

dollars per acre. Tea plants will be shown growing upon the Exposition grounds, and the various processes practically illustrated for the benefit of visitors, making an exhibit of exceptional value, as it opens a new field to industry and capital, supplying an easy and healthy livelihood to thousands, and giving value to immense tracts of what is now waste land. This tea sells in bulk at thirty cents a pound, therefore the profit on this basis is one hundred per cent. The American Tea Growing Company has been established for conducting tea culture on a large scale near Charleston, and has seven thousand acres of land at Rantowles, with seven hundred thousand



young plants in the nursery ready to be transplanted. A thousand acres of tea will soon be under cultivation with the best prospects, as the industry has been carried well beyond an experimental stage. The national importance of this new industry in the awakening South can be appreciated by considering that the importations of tea by the United States during 1900 amounted to nearly eighty-five million pounds, or more than a pound for every person in the land.

Inside the wide hallway, with delicate

ed with the early history of this state. In the sunny library the ladies have gathered a splendid collection of books, the product of woman's active brain, with a liberal donation from publishers, and a loan from the private library of President Roosevelt. There the visitors may rest and enjoy a dip into the past while the living present streams by outside.

In the Woman's Building there is a really unusual restaurant known as the "Carolina Rice Kitchen," where that



By permission Theodore B. Starr, N. Y.

*Negro Group* by C. A. Lopez.

Copyright, 1901, by S. MacMonnies.

By permission Theodore B. Starr.  
*Pan*, by MacMonnies.

*The Fisher Boy*

palms and blooming plants screening the orchestra, whose sweet music sounds throughout the building, the visitor enters an interior which is most attractive, with paneled rooms on either side of the hallway, which the Colonial Dames and Daughters of the Revolution have restored with original antique furniture, paintings and articles of vertu, which only through loan collections are offered to public view. The noble hallway and beautiful curved stairs are devoted to the historical collection, containing many rare and beautiful things connect-

cereal, raised so extensively in the Carolinas, is daintily cooked into scores of delicious dishes. Negro cooks give free instruction in the true Southern methods of preparation, so little understood in the North.

Tributary to the port of Charleston are the large rice fields of the Carolinas. Vast stretches of rich marsh land along the rivers have been enclosed with miles of costly levees, canals cut, locks constructed, and all the machinery of both field and mills added to raise and prepare rice for the market. During 1899,





*The Bronco Buster.*

the last fiscal year of which accurate figures are obtainable, South Carolina produced twenty-three million pounds of rice, North Carolina two and a half, Georgia three and a half, and Louisiana one hundred and seven million pounds, making a total something over one hundred and thirty-six million pounds raised in this country against imports of one hundred and sixteen million pounds of rice, rice flour, rice meal and broken rice. This shows the greater need for attention to this important industry, and this Rice Kitchen is a step in the right direction—the instruction of people in the culinary preparation of rice, and the consequent increase of the demand for American rice.

An exceedingly well appointed day nursery affords comfort to little children, who need not be dragged through the weary rounds of sight-seeing. In the next room is a practical exhibit of hospital nursing in skilled hands, which is also used as an emergency hospital during the Exposition period. The silk culture committee's exhibit equals in interest the tea gardens below, and even rivals

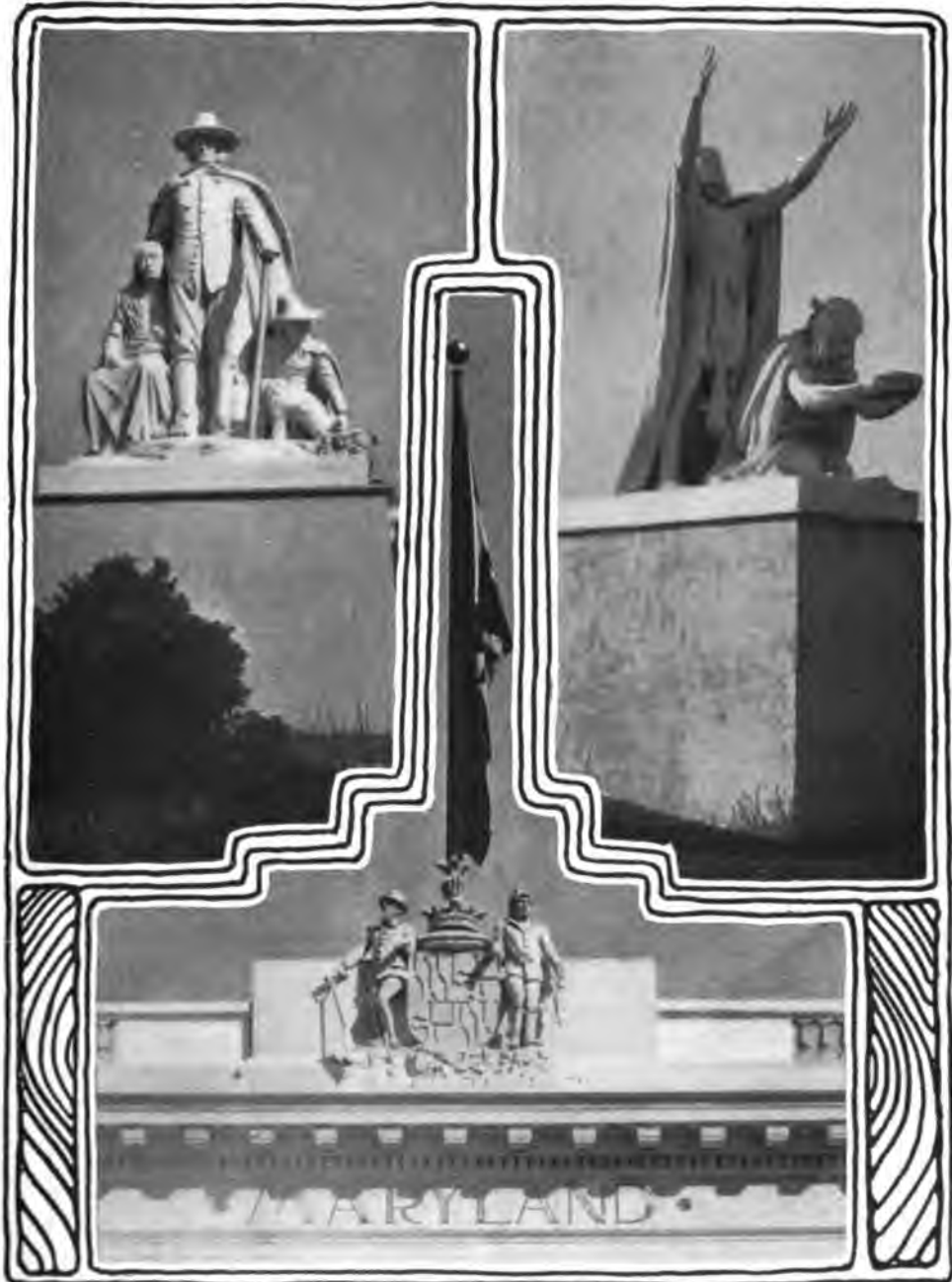
the Cotton Palace. Over two hundred and fifty years ago the colony of South Carolina began silk culture and soon had a fine export trade in the cocoons, which they produced in large quantities, the winding, spinning and weaving being done in England. A dress made of Carolina silk in those days is exhibited, that silk being produced near Charleston on "Wappoo" plantation. This dress is of superb quality and in perfect preservation. "Silk Hope," the plantation of Sir Nathaniel Johnson, and "Mulberry Castle," a Colonial house on the Cooper River, derived their names from the industry, which flourished until the success of Eli Whitney's cotton gin extinguished it. Samples of silk preserved from the early days, the greedy worms eating the mulberry leaves, the winding of cocoons and silk weaving is shown. It is the ardent desire of these ladies to demonstrate the perfect adaptability of South Carolina for raising an article of



*Osceola, by Carl Tefft.*

such high commercial value, and the right of Southern planters' wives and daughters to compete for some of the many millions annually spent for imported silk. Judging from the success

of this exhibit, the past operations and the present intense interest displayed by visitors from the coast districts, there is little doubt but that the South will soon have to be reckoned with in the



*The Huguenots, by Miss Elsie Ward. Aztec Group, by Louis C. Gudebord, and a detail from the Maryland Building.*

world's silk market, even as to-day she is counted in on cotton manufacturing. The idea is to give profitable and suitable employment to hundreds of farmers' families in the mulberry growing section of the South. Indomitable energy alone aided these ladies of the committees to win in their effort to establish this exhibit, as they have actually raised the worms on Charleston mulberry trees, constructed the reels and wound off excellent white silk. The scientific will find it most interesting to note the return to first principles in this notable exhibit, the very first of its kind, and which seems destined to mark an epoch in Southern textiles. During 1900 the imports of silk by this country amounted to forty-five million dollars' worth of raw and thirty millions of manufactured silk. The Secretary of Agriculture will ask this Congress to appropriate ten thousand dollars for experiments in raising silkworms and the domestic production of raw silk. He thinks that silk can eventually be produced in sufficient quantities at home to supply the American markets. The Duke of Litta, who has a large silk farm in Southern Italy, visited Charleston a few years ago, and on his return to Italy sent out a number of young mulberry trees, which have been planted on an ample tract of land he purchased. These trees have been a success, and the Duke is preparing to bring out a number of Italians from his estates and establish the business here. Considering the successful culture of silk in early days this movement should then be regarded as a revival of an old rather than the establishment of a new industry.



*F. W. Wagener, President of the Exposition.*

The domain of woman is presided over by a Calhoun of the John C. Calhoun family, so distinguished in the annals of the state. Mrs. Sarah Calhoun Symonds, a woman of marked amiability, gentleness and tact, and whose signal success has easily placed her in a national position as manager of a successful woman's department of a great Exposition.

The President of the Exposition itself is Mr. F. W. Wagener, a prominent and progressive business man of Charleston. He has devoted much of his time, ability and money to making a success of this Exposition.

#### OLD CHARLESTON.

A brief outline of the history of Charleston is necessary in order to estimate accurately the value of an Exposition held there. Ranking as one of the oldest cities in this country, being founded in 1670, two hundred and thirty years ago, it did not acquire the name of Charleston until ten years later, succeeding a town of the same name previously located across the Ashley River. That site was soon abandoned for the superior shipping facilities afforded by the new location on the Peninsular at the confluence of the wide Cooper and Ashley Rivers. Commerce grew with rapid strides until in a very few years it had established a large coastwise and foreign trade, and was a pioneer of American foreign commerce. In a century it was second to no city in America, and in 1773, Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, wrote:—

"This town (Charleston) makes the most beautiful appearance as you come up to it, and in many respects a magnificent. . . . I can only say in general that in its grandeur, splendor of buildings, decorations, equipages,

numbers, commerce, shipping, and, indeed, almost everything, it far surpasses all I ever saw or expect to see in America

"All seems at present to be trade, riches, magnificence, and great state in everything; much gaiety and dissipation. . . . State and magnificence, the natural attendant on great riches, are conspicuous among the people. There being but one chief place of trade, its increase is amazingly rapid. The stories you are everywhere told of the rise in the value of lands seems romantic, but I was assured that they were facts."

Journey from distant old Spanish Monterey, beside the Pacific's shining waters, come from quaint French Quebec, above the slow St. Lawrence, or forsake your near or far-away home, wherever it may be, and your journey would not be wasted to see only the city of Charleston. Beyond all doubt, not excepting Monterey and Quebec, it has preserved more of its fascinating romance of houses, of locality, of memorable spots, of families and customs, than any city in all America. Charleston is the last stand of the traditional and original in place and people against

the leveling, common-place aspect which is the most marked characteristic of the twentieth century. In commerce, business, enterprise, transportation, and all that goes to make up the material side of life, Charleston is certainly up to date, yet in other respects a real Colonial and Revolutionary city, in the midst of modern surroundings. The electric cars of Meeting and King streets, whose very names recall the first Church and the British sovereignty, speed by houses built of brick brought from England when the land was young and "the United States" was never dreamed of by the Cavaliers who strutted up and down these queer, narrow, self-willed streets, whose names they bear to this late day. There is Legare street—have a house here and worship in old St. Michael's Church and your social position in Charleston is unassailable—which runs a block and then makes a little, imperceptible deviation in crossing Queen street and becomes Friend street, a recollection of the sober Quakers



*View on the Midway: The trained pig; Feeding the seals; The Midway Boulevard; The Esquimau Village.*





*A gateway typical of aristocratic Charleston.*

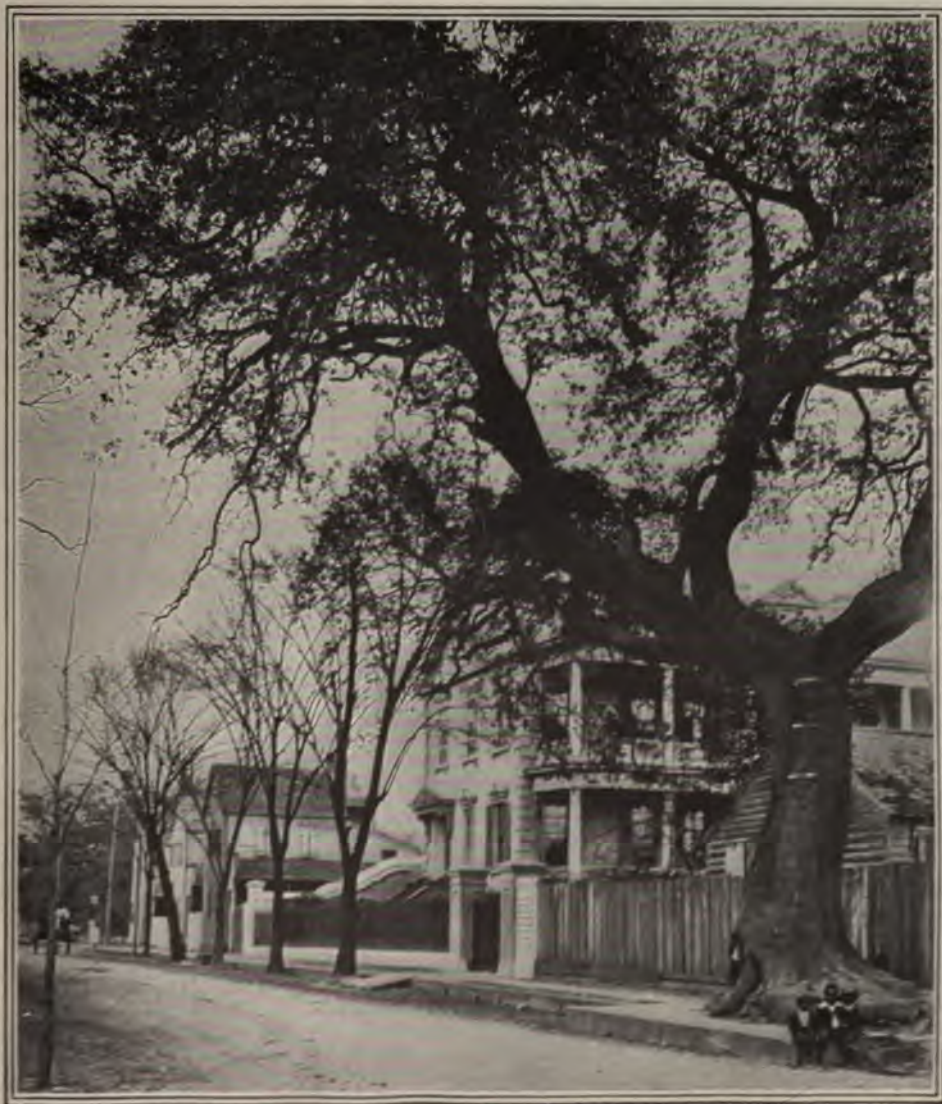
of the long ago. Then another short block, called Archdale street, and you are out on Beaufain. Legare street is the Southern Fifth Avenue, and on it reside families now in their tenth generation of occupancy of the very same mansions, along with unbroken possession of a pew inside, and a vault outside, of storied St. Michael's, the

Trinity Church of Charleston. In this age of rush and constant change it is interesting to attend service in a church now over two hundred and fifty years old, and which has withstood the crash and confusion of two bombardments, several fires and an earthquake, and to see sitting in the ancient pews representatives in name and blood of the very



men who built this model church edifice. Go there on Sunday, if possible, and go there anyway. Six years passed in building it from the day when, amid "a numerous concourse of people," Sir Francis Nicholson, first Royal Governor of the Colony of South Carolina, laid the corner-stone and gave to the church the name of St. Michael's, after that at Marblehead the oldest church in New England. After the ceremony the Governor and gentlemen went to "Mr.

Gordon's, where a handsome entertainment was provided." The bill for this feast is yet extant, and shows, "Dinner, £20; toddy, punch, beer, wine, claret, £41 5s.; glass broak, 5s." The Colony gave money, and the sale of pews brought more, and while the Established Church was in existence anyone dying a resident south of Broad street, which intersects Charleston, and is the principal business and banking street, had a right to be buried in the



*Ashley Street.*



churchyard. The high, white spire of St. Michael's is the most prominent feature of Charleston, and the melody of the chimes recalls their interesting history. Brought from England, they were hung high overhead. When the British evacuated the city they carried these bells to England. Rhyner, a merchant, bought them and brought them back. When the overjoyed citizens learned that the brig "Lightning" held their precious bells they boarded her in force and took possession, and hurried the bells up to the church and into the steeple. Rhyner had once been a citizen of Charleston, and knew how the people held dear their chimes. He applied to the vestry for payment, and their answer was: "The vestry having never interfered in any shape with the matter, Mr. Rhyner is perfectly at liberty to do what he pleases with the bells." He knew better than to take them down. Payment may have been made, as a subscription was started for that purpose. During the Civil War they were sent up state to Columbia for safety, only to be burnt by Sherman's army. When peace was restored the precious fragments were gathered up and sent again to London, where they were recast of the same amalgam and in the original moulds; 1867 was the year they were once more hung. The tremors of the earthquake of 1886 caused

the clock to stop at 9.45, at which fatal hour they paused for a week, until a brave man ventured up and set the clock going.

Inside the church are the old pews. Two large ones on the central aisle were used by the Governor and Council, once designated by chalking, "Governor's pew" and "Council's pew" on the doors.

From the south gallery, a lunatic, displeased at a new clergyman, cast a net at the preacher while he was reading the text, but the meshes caught on the great sounding board, and the man was removed before he could repeat his throw.

At the seaward end of the city and of Meeting and King streets, is the famed "Battery," Charleston's most fashionable

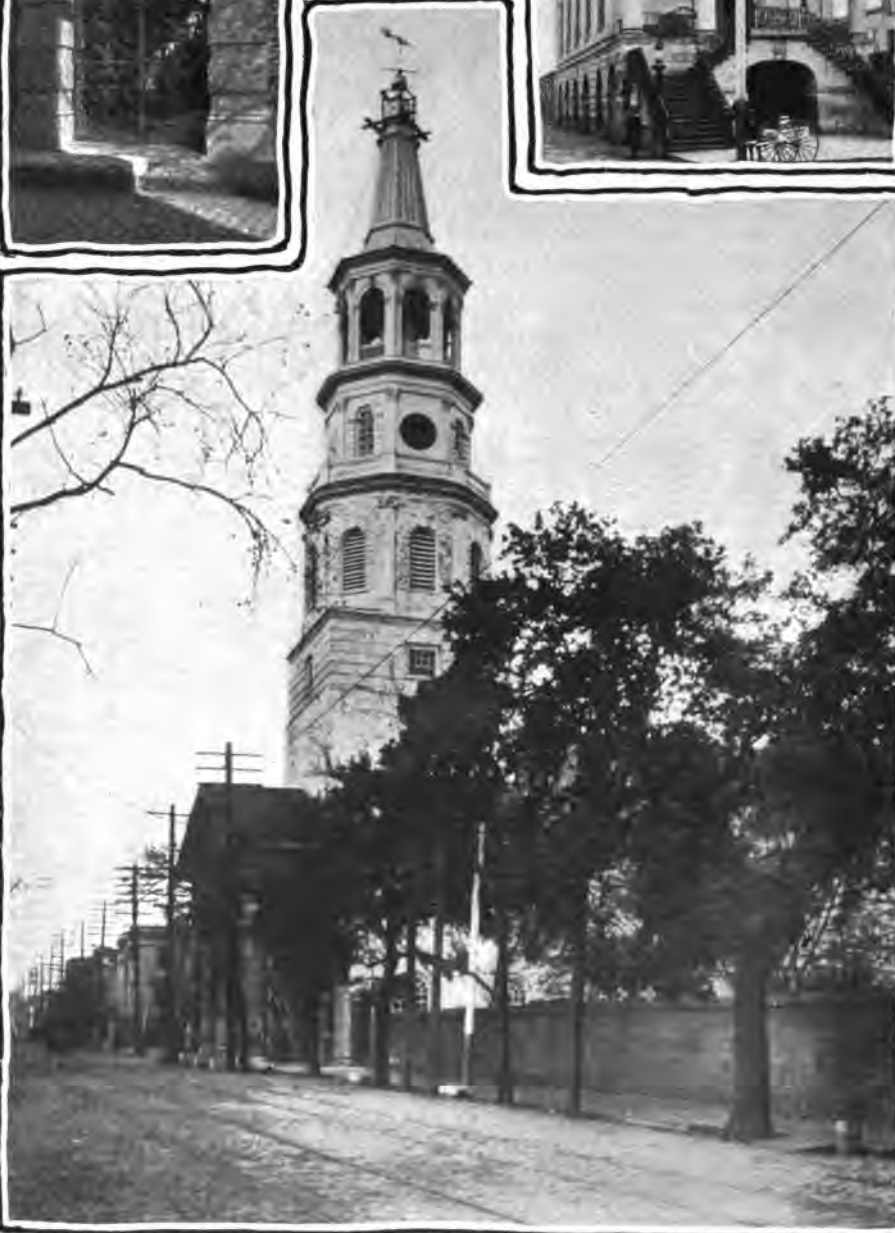


*A fine old gate.*

residential section. Back in the Eighteenth Century this narrow park along the South sea-wall and the street, besides the East sea-wall of the bay, were like the Battery and Bowling Green of old New York, but New York's quaint, gabled Dutch houses have given way to vast office buildings, while here the huge Georgian residences of the planter and agricultural kings of early times yet remain, the admiration of every beholder. Generally they are three to four stories high, with broad galleries along one or two sides, and many with Grecian columns of the best proportions, surrounded by a lib-



A GATE  
BROUGHT  
FROM  
ENGLAND.  
THE OLD  
MARKET.



*St. Michael's Spire.*



*View on the East Battery.**View on the South Battery.*

eral garden and bowered in Southern palms. The view looks over the glittering waters of a harbor unexcelled.

Any Charleston boy can tell you that English prison ships were once anchored in this harbor, and it is interesting to note that, in 1780, an ancestor of President Roosevelt, a youth named Daniel Stewart, was confined on one of them. This intrepid young patriot, unobserved by the deck guard, and under cover of night, leaped overboard and swam to the distant marshes, and making his way to the American lines, lived to battle for his country and finally attain the rank of general.

#### TWO DECADES OF SOUTHERN ADVANCE.

Emerging from the confusion of the reconstruction days, the Southern people set to work to regain their onetime commercial and agricultural supremacy. For a generation these people remained rich without money, yet all the while steadily building up the material side of their country, along with splendid educational efforts, in order that the wealthy days of the Twentieth Century might not find them poor with money.

By comparing the agricultural and industrial situation of the South between 1880, the year of the epoch-making Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, and 1901, in which is held this equally important Charleston Exposition, is year they at a glance the almost incredulous tremors of the Cotton states.

In 1880 the Southern capital invested in manufactures was only two hundred and fifty-seven million dollars. To-day it amounts to one billion, twenty million, and grows by leaps and bounds.

The total factory wages paid for that year was estimated at seventy-five millions, and to-day three hundred and sixty millions barely meet the annual Southern pay rolls. The value of manufactured products of their labor had then an annual value of four hundred and fifty-seven million dollars, but this year is estimated to be one billion, five hundred and twenty millions, with cotton goods responsible for the gain.

In the two decades under consideration Southern railway mileage has expanded from twenty thousand, six hundred to over sixty thousand miles of track, and its leading systems are equipped with the best rolling stock, yet this is not adequate for transportation of the great and rapidly growing products of this section. Its mileage should equal that of Ohio, with one mile of railway to 4.6 miles of area, and now be ninety-seven thousand miles in extent. It therefore presents an open and most profitable field for railway capitalists.

The total value of Southern farm products in 1880 was five hundred and seventy-one million dollars, while last year they were about one billion two hundred million, and this enormous increase in two decades has been achieved without the aid of immigration to any great extent.



*Doorways and Gates of Meeting Street Residences.*

Petroleum was scarcely reckoned as a Southern product twenty years ago. Last year the oil wells yielded more than fifteen million barrels, and Texas alone gives promise of producing as much oil as the present output of the United States, if not the world.

It is interesting to note, in connection with Charleston's effort to expand Southern commerce, that the value of the export trade through Southern ports has risen from two hundred and ninety-one million dollars, in 1880, to five hundred and thirty millions during 1900, the last year for which accurate figures are obtainable.

#### THE FUTURE.

Capital from home and abroad is pouring into Southern industrialism, finding it the best field for investment in this country. But with all this

material progress the real wealth of the South lies in the splendid young manhood of the rising generation. To unearth the buried talents of the youth of the South to train her young men in industrial efforts is the task to which fourteen states are now bending their energies. Development is not possible without that knowledge which polytechnic institutions supply. To afford ample and suitable technological education to the Southern boy is to-day the watchword of Southern progress.

Considering the inexhaustible national resources of this favored section of our country, and reckoning upon their speedy development by these trained and enterprising young Southerners, the world must soon reckon with the South. Charleston has sounded the tocsin of progress in Dixie, summoning the hosts of the South to industrial combat.



*The Cotton Palace at Night.*





## THE DAY'S DISGUISE

By KATE M. CLEARY

Illustrated by HENRY HUTT



"The woman who made heaven within my house,  
my very spouse,  
As well as love—you are to recollect!"—ROBERT BROWNING.

**I**T had been so appallingly sudden. The shock of it still thrilled—engulfed him. Now and then a dull sense of self-blame smote him. He ought to have been afraid of losing her. Had he dreamed of such a possibility he might have been in some vague way prepared for her death. Death—in connection with her! Who could think of death coming near that beautiful young body? She had seemed the spirit of youth incarnate. She was so much younger than he. Almost two years ago she had given herself to him. Ah, the glorious hours that lay between!

"Don't go in, Geoffrey! Not so soon again. You need rest."

A figure stood between him and the door—the door that shut her from him. He looked up with an impatient frown from the envelopes he held. Telegrams chiefly—he had swept up at random as he passed the hall table. The act had been mechanical. He was hardly conscious he had taken them. The sight of his sister, standing there straight and pale in her black gown, stirred in his blank bewilderment a sense of irritation—almost of resentment.

"I loved her!" he said. There was defiance in his tone. "I," he went on slowly, "I have always loved her."

She shrank a little at sound of the challenging accent on the first pronoun. She resembled the stricken man confronting her. She had the same delicately-cut features, and the cleft in the chin. But his hair was thin and silvery on the temples—hers still black and abundant. One thought in looking at her of Meredith's assertion that sorrow

can beautify only the heart, not the face of a woman. Sorrow had left its lingering intensity in Adelaide Leith's dark eyes. They gazed at you with a look of loss—of hopeless, irretrievable, irreparable loss. Geoffrey saw it, and it stung him to further speech.

"You look," he said bitterly, "as though it were you—you—who had to give up——" He broke off. He recollected that look had been there before Doris died. It had not been there a year ago. Now, he remembered having noticed it often of late—indeed, whenever he had noticed Adelaide at all. The recognition of his error annoyed him. The annoyance found expression in reproach.

"You never cared for her," he said.

"Geoffrey!" Her lips quivered, but her steady gaze did not leave his face. "You have no right to say that!"

"At first," he said, "I thought you were fond of her. My God! how could any one help being fond of her? She was only a child, of course—just a lovely, laughing, innocent child. Not so much younger than you in years, I admit. But otherwise there was great disparity." Now that he had begun talking it seemed a relief—a possible mitigation—to keep on. "You had been in a position of responsibility so long. Our mother's death had given you her place and garbed you with her authority. I have thought of that. And I—I have tried to make allowances."

"Yes," she said, "yes." A flicker around her mouth provoked him. It looked like the shadow of a smile. "Go on—you made allowances."

"I told myself it would be hard for you to take second place. One does not lightly resign a sceptre. I depended partly on your old affection for me. We were so much to each other always, Adelaide. I don't think a deeper affection ever existed between brother and sister, nor a closer companionship. You and I and—and Charlie," he spoke hesitatingly there, "were content together. When she," his yearning eyes seeking the closed door over his sister's shoulder, "promised to be my wife, I looked forward to deeper happiness for all. When I asked her to be my bride I felt almost—blasphemous! It was as though I were entreating one of God's angels out of heaven to live with me. That she should give herself to me—Doris!" The name broke huskily in his throat. "She whose soul was as white as a snowdrift—whose life was as sweet as a rose! No one," he burst out fiercely, "could help loving her—no one!"

"You are right," the woman assented. "No one could help loving her. Everyone—loved her!"

He paused, with the handkerchief he had lifted pressed against his damp forehead. A pregnant silence followed. Then a short laugh broke from him. "I really believe you did—at first. But you learned successfully to subdue such an emotion. You have not been the same to her in your manner for some time. I am not observant, but I became aware of that. She knew it too, although she never spoke of it to me."

"Geoffrey," she said, and made as though she would put her hand on his arm, then let it fall to her side, "don't let us talk—longer. If I have not shown enough warmth of manner during the year past, remember—I—I have not been happy."

"I know." He was fingering some envelopes restlessly. "I never knew what came between you and Charlie. I understood that was all settled long ago. That was why I felt sure that you would not resent my marriage. Your future arrangements and his were already complete. You have never confided in me. I do not know what trifling affair caused you to break your

engagement. For it was you who broke it—he told me so himself."

She did not speak, but her pitying look deepened, and that indescribable gleam still illumined her face.

"Try to remember," she urged in a breathless sort of way; "try to remember how full of joy she made your life. If you haven't her you have the memory of all your happiness—together. No one can take that memory from you. Geoff! Dear—dear old boy! Try to remember only that!"

His brooding gaze came back from the great carved door, to fix itself in sullen suspicion upon her face.

"I wish I could remember—only that. I wish I could say to myself that your change of manner towards her—slight though it was—had its foundation in your fondness for me, and that this should be your extenuation. It is no extenuation. The hand he laid over his mouth for a moment was shaking. "No extenuation," he repeated, "although I do not doubt its truth. You should have been glad of the glory she brought into my life. I was fool enough for awhile to think you were. And when she refused to reign in this house, when she insisted you should still be mistress as you had been, when she only asked to live out her sweet, fair, young life in the gay, light-spirited fashion of the child she was, I was sure you must take her into your heart and never let her go."

His voice shook with passion.

"There was no hint of unkindness between us ever," Adelaide Leith said. "I left nothing undone for her comfort."

"Comfort!" he echoed scornfully. "Adoring devotion! That is what she had a right to expect. That is what you should have given. And you did not."

"I—I have never been demonstrative, Geoffrey."

"No," he agreed. "You are not demonstrative."

His head drooped on his breast. The woman watched him in miserable silence—in the longing agony of utter helplessness. How he had suffered—dear God, how he had suffered! And

all in one night! Could it be only yesterday that Doris had smilingly risen from his side to sing the song he asked? Only last night she had paused half way across the room, stood still with a little sharp cry, tottered and fell? The smile was still on her lips when he had lifted her and laid her on the lounge—dead. Now, if she, his sister, could only do anything, say anything. There was nothing that she might say! She pressed her lips tightly together. Her hands in the folds of her black gown clinched tight.

"Why, it wasn't the same house at all after she came to it," he said. A dreaminess had come into his voice. He had turned from that grim door and was looking away down the vast deserted corridor toward the winding stair at the end. "Her parties and friends, and flowers, and music! I did not know there was so much delight to be got out of life. Even Charlie Dever said it did not seem like the same house. He came oftener than ever for awhile. Everyone said the same."

He seemed to be seeing there, just where the stair turned under the wide window through which the westering sun sent now a shaft of crimson, of violet, of amber,—a girlish young form, gowned in her wedding-robe, coming down to her revels, her guests, her dancing, only to linger when all were gone, alone with him!

She wore her wedding-gown once more to-day, lying in state in the room beyond that closed door. A sharp sob escaped him at the recollection. He strode forward. The woman now made no effort to prevent him. Indeed, she moved slightly to let him pass. His hand on the knob, he turned to her.

"Couldn't you understand that although I loved her more I never loved you less? Don't you know the difference between the love a man gives his sister and that which he gives his wife? Say you were not jealous of her! Say that you were not jealous of her!"

Two scarlet spots stained her cheeks. She looked suddenly confounded, almost afraid. Her lips parted, but no sound came from between them.

"You cannot deny it!" For the

second time he laughed,—a short, harsh laugh. "You were jealous—you were!"

Then he had dashed wide the great door, had passed into the gloom beyond, his stride and air that of one who goes to find his own.

The library was darkened. Without were the sounds and scents of late summer. Now and then a breeze blew the blind inward, and then a lancelike ray of light penetrated the soft green shadows and found its way to the broad couch whereon lay the body of Geoffrey Leith's young wife. He sat down with his back to the window. He leaned forward, looking at her. She might have been asleep. A pall of white velvet swept the floor, its gold fringes glinting in that uncertain light. Her wedding-robe swathed her slender limbs in long shimmering folds. Her little hands lay lightly, palms upward, like those of a tired child. He caught the gleam of her heavy wedding-ring. The head upon the satin pillow was covered with riotous curls—little, soft, airy curls that lifted and fluttered when the breeze came in. The face in death had all the soft clearness of a cameo. The smooth forehead with its fine, dark brows; the perfect outline of nose, chin and throat; the cheek's soft curve, undepressed by illness; the crescent sweep of the long lashes; the pathetic little smile that seemed to linger around the lips—his hungry eyes fed on them all.

He had turned the key when he came in. None would dare disturb him. So he sat silent and secure, feasting upon her face. How colorless was his life until she danced into it, how monotonous! He had known many women, but he had not thought of marrying. His business, his books, Adelaide, his home, Dever—his closest friend, Charlie Dever—these had satisfied him. But after he met Doris Farwell he knew that without her nothing would ever satisfy him again. But he had feared to speak. He—so old and serious—to hope to win her! No, he would never let her know! And just when this resolve was at its firmest—its most determined—he had burst out with it all in a passionate whirlwind of confession that swept her off her feet and into his arms!



*He held it closer to the wavering lance of light and read.*

Why had no one told him until her aunt did last night, that Doris had not been strong; that only her indomitable spirit had kept her up so long; that her heart had been weak since birth? He would have been more careful, more tender with her. He knew that he had gathered a white flower that no other hand had touched. He bore it reverently in his bosom. She had had admirers before her marriage, but no lover. He was the first, and he would be the last, she had told him laughingly in those wild wanderings of their beautiful bridal days abroad. It was all so old to him; so new to her. And he had seen the world through her glad eyes as he had never seen it through his own—a garden of illimitable delight, a place of enchantment where all wonders were possible, and wherein lay beyond the boundaries of vision, fresh and inexhaustible wells of pleasure, of ecstasy!

How she had enjoyed it all. He had hoped they would make such a congenial quartet, they and the two at home whom he loved. He had told her about Adelaide's romance, and of the man she was to marry. He had told her, too, that Dever was younger than he, but that no man could have a more loyal, a more devoted friend. All had been as he wished for awhile, but of late months a shadow had fallen upon the hearthstone. It must have been Adelaide's fault. It had not been worth her while to grudge his love for Doris, he thought bitterly. No. It had not been worth her while.

How the thing glittered! It was the buckle on her slipper, a jeweled star clasping the slender straps. The shine of it held his eye. It seemed to evoke queer lines of verse. They bubbled up in his consciousness,—odd, disjointed.

"Over her brows and her beautiful face,  
They tied her veil of marriage lace."

"They drew on her white feet her white silk  
shoes;  
Which were the whiter no eye could choose."

"And over her bosom they——"

That was all he remembered. He could not even recall the name of the

author. What was that other couplet which haunted him?

"Death that hath sucked the honey of thy  
breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty!"

Oh, how futile to keep remembering such things! He rose impatiently. The envelopes he had laid on his knees fell to the floor. He picked them up,—idly broke the seals of the telegrams. One was from a man high in the councils of the nation; one from an old, almost forgotten friend; one from a dictator of wealth, whose benefactions were the sensation of the decade. And all brought sympathy and friendliness in this, his hour of desolation. It was with a shock he noticed that the white envelope which came next was addressed to "Mrs. Geoffrey Leith." He had never become accustomed to hearing her called by the formal title one associates with dignified matrons. Why the other letters were all addressed to her! Why not? They had been mailed the day before. He would open them. She would wish him to do so. She had frequently brought him her letters and notes to read. Anything which was connected with her still seemed to him a living link between them. He felt her nearer when he read the printed card, although he smiled grimly. An invitation.

Ah, this looked businesslike! This was a bill. What a lot of pretty pouting she had done over those dreadful bills, pretending he might think her extravagant, and that she must conciliate him before she dared mention the amount. Two hundred dollars for the gown. Which one, he wondered. He held the slip loosely between his fingers as he fell to thinking about her gowns. Was this for the wonderful evening costume, that silvery thing he had admired, and which had made her, as Charlie Dever remarked, look "like a creature of moonlight and mist!" There was something pink about the gown, too. He remembered how the roses slipped on the shoulder, and when she asked him to adjust them he had been awkward, and the pin had stuck her. Then he had kissed the pure, fair flesh, and



she had laughed, and told him they were old married folks, and must stop such nonsense. Or was it for the blue trained velvet that fitted her so charmingly, and gave her such a regal air? Or for that simple rose-colored gown, which made more appealing than ever her shy loveliness? He was still wondering for which of these, if any, was the bill sent, when he opened the next letter. He unfolded the sheet. Something familiar about the chirography struck him. It was as familiar in a way as his own. So it was almost without interest, certainly without curiosity, that he held it closer to the wavering lance of light—and read:

"DORIS—DARLING:

To-morrow, at the same hour, at the same place. My love, my love, how can I live till then? Don't trouble your dear head about disloyalty. It is nothing of the sort. He is my friend, of course. But you are mine! Had we met before your marriage you know that no power on earth could have kept us apart. As nothing keeps us now! For this blame Fate, Kismet, Destiny—whatever you choose to call it—only you must not blame yourself, nor me, nor least of all—Love. Adelaide! You harp on Adelaide! I thought she was dear to me—once. But then, you fancied you cared for him. And when we met—we knew! Till to-morrow, then, at the same hour, at the same place. I shall be waiting. I am always first. How can I wait? Mine! My beloved!

CHARLIE."

The room was quite dark when the knocking at the door aroused Leith. He called in reply. He rose, turned on the electric lights. Then he opened the bodice of his wife's wedding gown, and gently laid a letter over the quiet heart within. He fastened it up again with clumsy care, and set the roses back in their place. He was muttering something when he opened the door. Adelaide's scared face looked up at him.

"Geoffrey!" she cried in terror. What are you saying?"

He was white as ashes, but he was smiling.

"Oh, verses have been going in my head all day. There's one of Brown-ing's now—or is it the other fellow's?"

"There! this is our secret—go to sleep! You will wake—and remember—and understand!"

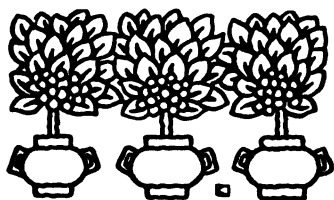
He walked away. She followed him. "Geoffrey—you are ill! Geoffrey!"

He turned on the stairs. He was still smiling when he put out his hand, and softly stroked her hair.

"Don't worry—about me. I'll be all right—after awhile."

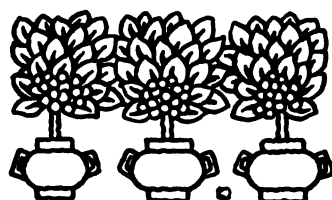
Their eyes met in a long look. Her pale face flamed scarlet when he suddenly stooped and kissed her.

"Poor Adelaide!" he said.



## THE LITTLE MAN

By MAY HARRIS



**I** MET such a charming girl while you were out of town," Brathwaite told Miss Leveret.

He was calling on her as had been his custom for rather more than a year, and was trying—with little success—to interest her in the things he had done during her absence.

"She was the smallest lady alive," he painstakingly quoted.

Miss Leveret looked up from her embroidery and met his eyes.

"Really," she absent-mindedly murmured.

"She was," he continued his poetic efflorescence,

"Made in a piece of Nature's madness,  
Too small, almost, for the life and gladness  
That over filled her."

"I do so like small people," Miss Leveret said handsomely, by way of comment on his effort.

"There's less of them, certainly," Brathwaite said moodily. Miss Lev-

eret's incuriousness was an effect opposite to the one he desired. She didn't even ask him the girl's name.

"I suppose," he continued, "you can in time understand them or make them understand you. But tall, slim people—" he paused eloquently.

"Well?" Miss Leveret patiently questioned.

"They're complex," he continued.

"I see."

"And," Brathwaite blundered, "a man likes to pretend he's not a fool to a woman, and when she's always just a little taller than he is—" with another expressive pause.

"Bluebeard's wives, I am sure, must have been divinely tall," Miss Leveret said flip-pantly. "Poor things, if they had only understood and lowered the heels of their slippers."

"Of course," Brathwaite said vindictively, "*All* men are Bluebeards—incipient, and declared."

"And equally, of course, *all* women stand on tip toes for the especial confusion of men," she said with a lifted chin.

Even the silence that followed was quarrelsome.

Brathwaite stared at some white chrysanthemums in a little green jug until he was willing to swear they were the most hideous flowers he had ever beheld.

Miss Leveret busied herself with her embroidery.

Into this entered suddenly, unannounced, a chatterbox in palest mauve and silver fox furs, small, vivacious, irresistible.

"So glad," said Miss Leveret, rising with alacrity, and she kissed her visitor and gave her a comfortable chair.

"This is Mr. Brathwaite, Kitty," she parenthetically indicated. "Miss Strong."

Brathwaite was shaking hands with the newcomer with a smile judiciously arranged for her, and what he fancied a gentlemanly scowl for his hostess.

"We have—met before," he explained.

"Several times," Miss Strong said graciously.

Miss Leveret was still standing and her eyes met Brathwaite on the level.

She had remarkably fine eyes, and there was a faint gleam in their depths of comprehension. Brathwaite suddenly capitulated.

"Miss Leveret's been giving me my deserts," he said, laughing and sitting down by Miss Strong, where he could see Miss Leveret's profile. "When she gets through with me I feel particularly meek."

"Unlike me," said Miss Strong, "When the Bishop gives me a drubbing I'm too waspish for words. Last night—"

"I saw you," said Brathwaite, amused.

"And I you," she said, flushing. "It *was* horrid, but when I accepted Mrs. Brixton's invitation for the theater party I knew nothing whatever about

the piece. And the Bishop wouldn't believe it. Fancy it. He said I wasn't a child or an idiot, so my sense of the rightness of things had been perverted."

"Well, if he put *that* to Mrs. Brixton—" said Brathwaite, encouragingly.

"But he didn't. I suggested her shoulders were broader than mine, but he wouldn't hear of it."

"The Bishop's lovely," Miss Leveret contributed.

"Not when he's your uncle," said Miss Strong. "He's quite different at the breakfast table—or in his study—ready with the matutinal lecture, with his glasses on his dear old hump-shouldered nose. When he looks at you *so*, and asks searching questions, my heart goes 'way down in my boots."

"Your *what*?" Brathwaite disbelievably enquired.

Miss Strong made a little grimace.

"He thinks," she continued, "that

Drawn by G. Yeto.



White chrysanthemums in a little jug.



*Drawn by John Wolcott Adams.*

*"I do so like small people."*



it's awfully hard lines that I require so much looking after. Your father has his sister, Helen, to help *him*; but the Bishop plays a lone hand, and I," she shamelessly told them, "always hold the trumps. I feel sorry for him," she demurely confessed. "All those visitations and sermons and dull young clergymen, and then the trial of *me*."

She spread her hands in a gesture of burlesque grief.

"If you are a handful for the Bishop," Brathwaite suggested, "it's clear you'd be two handfuls for an ordinary person."

"Wouldn't I?" she laughed with zest.

"Now, Helen," she maliciously added, "would never allow herself to be made a handful—she would float on and on, don't you know? and you'd never be able to catch up with her."

"But," said Brathwaite loyally, "one would always know she was there—on ahead."

Miss Leveret's profile took a very sweet expression.

Miss Strong unfastened from her fur a big bunch of double violets and handed them to Miss Leveret. "For you," she said, "with the Bishop's love. He was so pleased when I told him I was going to you this afternoon."

"Delicious; give him quantities of thanks and my love also." She buried her face in the pale purple flowers.

"Had the Bishop lived in St. Paul's day he would have called Helen the 'Elect Lady,' wouldn't he?" Miss Strong asked Brathwaite. "Every time I come to see Helen I think perhaps if I were tall and slim I'd have the opportunity of receiving adulation—of having people prostrate themselves to me. Now, I," she cheerfully chattered, "always have to look up. I've a pain in my neck sometimes with the effort. People always look down upon *me*, you see."

"Dear Kitty. You know your chariot wheels have countless victims," Helen Leveret reassured her. "Mr. Brathwaite was telling me of one."

"Really? Who is it? Tell me!" Miss Strong asked with interest.

Miss Leveret hesitated.

"Ask Mr. Brathwaite," she murmured.

Miss Strong turned eyes of clear question upon his somewhat stricken countenance.

"As you are strong be merciful," he mocked hu-

mility with brazen impressiveness. "Just fancy! It is myself!"

"You two are beyond all things!" declared Miss Strong with eyes of suspicious regard. "But this poor, dear little head of mine," giving it a delicate little pat, "is firmly fixed. It takes impressions, however; and one is that you are rather electric—both of you. I am going on—before the atmosphere is too much charged—to the Cuyler's tea. I shall tell the Bishop—what shall I tell the Bishop?" she demanded, rising.

Miss Leveret said nothing. Her profile was turned away, but there was the hint of a dimple in her cheek, and

*Drawn by John Wolcott Adams.*



*Nodding good-bye.*



*Drawn by John Wolcott Adams.*

*"All men are Bluebeards, incipient and declared."*





Drawn by John Wolcott Adams.

*"The Bishop's lovely," Miss Leveret contributed.*

Brathwaite felt suddenly elate.

"Tell him—a woman's always just a little taller than a man," he put it.

Miss Strong had reached the door.

"Do you know what he will say when I tell him?" she asked, holding the door handle and nodding good-bye.

"It will be, 'Bless you, my children.'"

## MARCONI, THE MAN

By A FRIEND

**M**UCH has been written about Chevalier Marconi's work the past few months, but comparatively little about his personality. I use the word "chevalier" advisedly, for he was honored with this title—corresponding to an English knighthood—by the King of Italy, in 1897. He is not partial to the prefix "Signor"; in Italy he is recognized by the more exalted one, and in English-speaking countries prefers to be known as plain "mister," although he is not a British subject, but still yields allegiance to the monarch in the Quirinal. Until his recent marvelous achievement little was known of him beyond his professional record, and his meteoric progress since he leaped the ocean at one single bound has made it difficult for even trained observers to study him closely enough to articulate his mental anatomy. But I saw him familiarly for three weeks, partly before and partly after his spectacular leap into public notice, and may fairly claim to be able to present certain aspects of the man with which the public are not familiar.

Primarily, of course, it is his youth which impresses one. He is not yet twenty-seven. Next comes his modesty—the complete absence of boasting which marks him. His third characteristic is his absolute faith in his system. Many persons might put this first, with justice, for really it is no mean achievement in itself for a man of



*A snapshot of Marconi on Signal Hill.*

alien birth and nationality to attain at such an early age the prominent place in the scientific centers of England and America which he has won by sheer merit. It would be difficult to imagine any scientific endeavor calling for greater moral courage than his action in crossing the Atlantic to stake his all on the cast of the dice,—to attempt a practical demonstration of his theories across two thousand miles of ocean when success would merely mean confirming his supremacy among the new school of electrical experimenters, whereas every prospect seemed against his triumphing, and a failure might have meant disaster to his whole conception.

Yet, as his countryman, Columbus, dared the terrors of the unknown seas to prove the truth of his theories, so this latter-day Columbus, with the same splendid daring, faced the broad expanse of waters to demonstrate another mighty scientific fact. He spanned the sea and sent his magnetic wave circling round the globe, yet, with the comment: "Such is fame nowadays!" he handed me a message from an American manager offering him \$12,000 for twelve lectures in the leading cities of the United States. Lucky Columbus, in whose day there was no lecture platform!

"Will you accept?" I asked.

"Not I," he replied. "The success of my project is more to me than the waste of time this offer would involve. And I am not a lecturer, anyway!"



*Guglielmo Marconi, born April 17, 1875.*

Marconi came to Newfoundland in the first week of December, 1901, ostensibly to communicate with the Cunard liners traversing the ocean beyond the Grand Banks. These ships are fitted with his apparatus, the workable limit of his system at that time was about 200 miles, and his expressed intention was to test the possibility of doubling that distance. He brought with him an apparatus for the receiving of signals, but not for the sending of them, and we understood that his underlying motive was to make possible the safeguarding of the approaches to our rocky coast line, so that ships might be located when well to sea and kept in touch as they approached, thereby reducing to a minimum the dangers of disaster along the Atlantic seaboard.

When I asked him, on his arrival, what sort of messages he expected to receive, he answered that he would get the ship's name, location, weather, passage and other reports, and, possibly messages from some passengers. These usually refer to the experiences of the

seasick ones or contain affectionate expressions. He instanced two he received at the Lizard—"Maud is very bad," another, "Love and kisses to Jack."

Marconi's reputation had preceded him—that of a wonder-worker in the domain of electrical science, an original thinker, an audacious experimenter, a man who has largely complemented whatever promises he has made. It was known that he had succeeded in making wireless telegraphy a practical feature, both by sea and land, for certain distances,

and it was accepted that he was now preparing for bolder ventures, but none imagined a project so amazing as he entertained. We were aware that his system had been accepted by the British Admiralty, for only a month before the British warships *Niobe* and *Diadem*, part of the Duke of York's naval entourage, had lain in our harbor, with the Marconi aërials hanging from their masts.

On Wednesday, December 11th, he first swung his balloon in mid-air above Signal Hill, the lofty eminence at the entrance to the harbor which he had selected for his base of operations. The balloon, fretting and chafing in the gusty breezes, soon broke clear from its tail rope, and went sailing away through the cerulean. The very vaguest ideas as to Marconi's methods of working prevailed among the people, and many of them believed that he went up in the balloon to receive the messages. An amusing instance of this was afforded by one man who rushed breathless into my office to inform me that the balloon



had just gone, and carried off Marconi with it; my informant had seen his legs hanging down out of it. As a matter of fact, the balloon would not support a mastiff, much less a man. It was only designed to uplift a guide rope and an aerial wire—about thirty pounds in all. But it was hard work to convince this volunteer reporter that he was mistaken. Curiously enough, when I told Marconi the story he remarked that once, while conducting tests on Salisbury Plain, in England, he was spilled off his bicycle by a powerful kite, the rope of which he had tied to his handle bars so that he might pursue it awheel. He was knocked senseless by the fall, and the bicycle was carried off by the kite.

Guglielmo (he prefers this to its English equivalent, "William") Marconi

Leghorn, and later proceeded to the University at Bologna. He determined upon pursuing electrical investigations, and took up the study of this branch under Prof. Righi, famous as the inventor of the Righi oscillator. Like most boys with a passion for a special study he gradually acquired the requisite equipment—incomplete though it was—for rudimentary work, and began systematic researches when he was sixteen. His father's estate was his theater of operations, and here, by slow degrees, he resolved his crude theories into actual, pregnant facts. As he worked over the electrical problems which his tests vitalized, that of telegraphing without wires soon seized upon his imagination as the one offering the best prospects for successful



*Mr. Marconi and his assistants; Mr. Paget at the right and Mr. Kemp at the left.*

was born at Marzabotto, Italy, on April 17, 1875. His father was a land owner and his mother, an Irish woman, was a Jameson, one of the family of famous distillers in Dublin. He was first trained by a tutor, then entered college at

original effort, and he determined to devote himself exclusively to it.

In its elementary, imperfect features wireless telegraphy was not new, for a score of inventors had preceded him in this line, and Heinrich Hertz, the fa-

mous German savant, had proven that electric waves, or shocks, generated by a special apparatus, would travel through space for long distances, and were also unaffected by hills or other natural obstacles. Marconi devoted himself to this subject, and spent five years before he solved the difficulties presented. He converted his father's estate into a large electric demonstrating room, as it were, and in time could send messages to any part of it, the signals passing either through or around the hills it contained. But his apparatus was defective, and two miles was the utmost he could reach. His father, being well to do, assisted him with the financial necessities, and he strove persistently to surmount this obstacle. But it was a prolonged and almost desperate struggle ere he triumphed, only being satisfied that he had rounded the corner when he was twenty-two years old.

"Of course," he said to me, "it is true that I have had some fortunate accidents, as every inventor has. But the fundamental features of the discovery were the result of painstaking and exhaustive investigations, and every course in the structure of my achievement was laboriously built up after its solidity had been fully tested. It is not true that my inspiration came suddenly, like Newton's apple; I formed my original conception in my father's garden, and worked unceasingly until I established its truth beyond the possibility of mistake."

The keynote to his success is his un-failing industry and energy. He is a human dynamo. He diagnosed himself to me thus: "I must be working. I cannot remain idle. Ever since I was a child I have been active and persistent. Time means everything, and I am wasting time here (over the Anglo deadlock). If you cannot do a thing in one place do it somewhere else, has always been my motto, and I am going somewhere else—to Cape Breton. An hour saved is an hour gained, and in that time may be accomplished the one thing you have been striving for."

The first message flashed across the primal Atlantic cable was, "What hath God wrought!" How much more ap-

propriate does that phrase not seem to-day in the light of Marconi's marvel! And yet he modestly maintains that it is as nothing compared with what he hopes to accomplish in the future. When the world throbbed with the surprise of his exploit, and the cables were loaded with congratulatory messages to him, he manifested no elation, but calmly assured us that he never doubted his ability to impel the magnetic waves across the Atlantic. "When I am able," said he, "to send a message from Cornwall to New Zealand across the Isthmus of Panama, the only land that intervenes, then I shall count that I have accomplished something."

"But will you not require a repeating station on the Isthmus?" I asked.

"No!" he replied. "The force I shall generate will be sufficient to send the signals the whole way. And there is an even more difficult proposition which I intend to tackle, more difficult because it involves transmission over land, with all the diversities of the different countries. I shall not rest until I have inaugurated wireless telegraphy between London and Calcutta, over-land."

Marconi stands about five feet ten inches, has a slim but well-knit figure, evidences energy and great capacity for work, and in face, form or characteristics shows little trace of his Italian paternity. His head is large and well-shaped, with a high forehead and sloping crown. His manner is reserved, his carriage erect, and his bearing confident. While his relations with his assistants are pleasant and comrade-like, he never permits to be forgotten who is the master spirit. He impresses one as a man possessed of a great idea, an all-absorbing thought, from the contemplation of which he detaches himself with difficulty. He has neither the volatility of the Italian nor the cheery cordiality of the Irishman. He most resembles the cold, deliberate, almost stolid Englishman—a strange fact in view of his parentage. In only one respect does he show evidence of Irish blood—in the genial, winning smile which sometimes flickers on his face for a moment or two, giving way again to



his ordinary aspect of extreme gravity.

He is of an intensely nervous and energetic temperament. He would toil all day with his kites on Signal Hill, pulling and hauling with his workmen, and then a missing slipper would worry him at his hotel on returning. He is easily "rattled" by trifles when in the stress of work, or by a miscarriage of his plans, and his plea against undue pressure is, "Hold on, or I'll lose my head!" He smokes little and drinks less. A cigarette and a light wine satisfy him in these respects.

Marconi is a musician of unusual talent, as seems proper in a man with an Italian father and an Irish mother. He is gifted with a keenly artistic taste, has the long, supple fingers and restless activity of the virtuoso, and possesses a most acute sense of hearing. It was his musical training which enabled him to devise the process of syntony or tuning by which he alters the periodicity of the oscillations in the ether which enables the intelligible interchange of his signals. His instruments can be attuned to sympathy, or the same vibration, and only those in this same pitch or beat will respond to each other. He explained to me that a note of music or a discharge (spark or shock) of electricity is susceptible of subdivision into countless inflections or variations, each capable of being indicated by an instrument of sufficient sensitiveness.

In some respects he manifested extraordinary caution. On Friday, December 13th, Marconi, his two assistants, Dr. Mackenzie (physician to the hospital on Signal Hill, in part of

which Marconi had his apparatus) and the writer, were walking down from the site. The conversation was, naturally, of the experiments. The medico observed that he understood that the curvature of the earth affected the signals.

"Not at all!" broke in Marconi. "We have exploded that idea long ago. In England, with a pole 150 feet high, we have been working 225 miles, in which distance there is a curvature of several thousand feet, so that if that was a drawback we should be hopelessly hampered."

"Then," I remarked, "it only needs a sufficiently powerful sending apparatus on one side, and a sufficiently powerful receiving apparatus on the other, for you to signal across the Atlantic."

"That is it, precisely," he rejoined.

At the time he spoke these words he had already received, on two different days, the signals which assured him of the truth of this proposition. But he breathed not a hint of the matter for another twenty-four hours.

With an assured achievement and practical daily working of 200 miles, and an experimental success of 2,000, it is beyond dispute that Marconi's work warrants the confidence which enthusiasts have in its future. The discoverer himself believes that, in due time, he will be able to send his electric waves right round the globe. The Pacific cable will be unnecessary. The Atlantic cables will be abandoned. Land lines eventually may be forced out of business. Explorers will use it in darkest Africa and the Polar solitudes, and the progress of expeditions will be reported daily.

## THE EXPERIMENTS AT ST. JOHNS

By C. R. WATSON



FORTY-THREE years ago the first message by cable was flashed across the Atlantic, and there are many to-day who can remember the enthusiasm displayed on that occasion. Numbers then found it exceedingly difficult to credit the report that telegraphic communication had really been established between the

old world and the new, just as to-day there are many, including even prominent electricians, who warn us that, while Marconi may believe in his remarkable achievement, it is possible that he may be mistaken, and that the signals received be, after all, simply the result of disturbances of earth or atmosphere. Mr. Marconi, however, as he himself reminds us, is no novice at wire-



*Cape Race. The signal station and lighthouse.*

less telegraphy. His discoveries and inventions have so far all been of a surprising nature, and he has never before been suspected of exaggeration. He is confident that he has not been deceived by atmospheric disturbances, and is content to let the events of the near future prove the success of his recent experiments in Newfoundland.

In conversation with Mr. Marconi shortly after his arrival, he informed me that while in Newfoundland he proposed to study all the difficulties which up to that time had confronted the development of his system, particularly with regard to long-distance signaling. He was of opinion that better results than heretofore could be obtained by utilizing an additional height for the aerial wire, and with this object in view he proposed to have the wire suspended from balloons and large kites, in place of a mast as used in permanent stations. It was also his intention to study closely the peculiar rock formation of the coast, in the hope that something might be learned from the physical character of the ground which would serve as a guide in the erection of stations here and elsewhere.

The Colonial Government gave him a hearty welcome, and took advantage of the opportunity afforded by his visit

to discuss with him the feasibility of establishing a number of small stations on the southeast coast in conjunction with the various lighthouses and fog alarms, together with a complete system of wireless telegraphy on that portion of Labrador over which the island has jurisdiction. For the purpose of assisting him in his general experimental work, the Government placed at his disposal the Cabot Memorial Tower, recently erected on Signal Hill, St. Johns, where his apparatus was immediately stored.

It will be noticed that Mr. Marconi made no reference at first to the greatest of all tests which he intended to carry out, that of signaling across the Atlantic. He did indeed remark that there were some matters in connection with his visit which it was desirable not to make public just then, but, as far as long-distance signaling was concerned, the most that the public anticipated was that communication would be effected with one or more of the great ocean liners which pass near the Grand Banks, about 300 miles from the land, on their way to and from Europe. It was known that a grant of land had been obtained in the vicinity of Cape Race, the extreme southeast point of the island, for the purpose of erecting a



Marconi station, by which ships could be signaled, and it was understood that, in addition to the local matters which would be discussed with the Government, the visit of the inventor was for the purpose of ascertaining whether after all Cape Race was the most suitable location for the station or whether some point nearer St. Johns, or even the capital itself, might be a more favorable site.

Mr. Marconi lost no time in removing his apparatus to Signal Hill and commencing work. Near the Cabot Tower are a number of buildings erected at the time St. Johns was fortified. In one of these, until lately used as a hospital, a room was secured, and here the receiving instruments, connecting with the vertical wire to be suspended from the balloons, were at once installed. Owing to the high velocity of the wind the balloon tests had soon to be abandoned. One of the balloons broke loose the first day it was sent up and was carried away in the direction of Labrador. In some respects this was unfortunate, as, next to a mast, the inventor considered a balloon to be most suitable for his work. Nothing daunted, however, he proceeded with the experiments. A few years ago he made some important tests with a kite designed by a friend of his, Major Baden-Powell, brother of the hero of Mafeking, and he had brought with him a number of these kites, each of which measured about nine feet square. One was immediately got ready, sent aloft with the wire, and Mr.

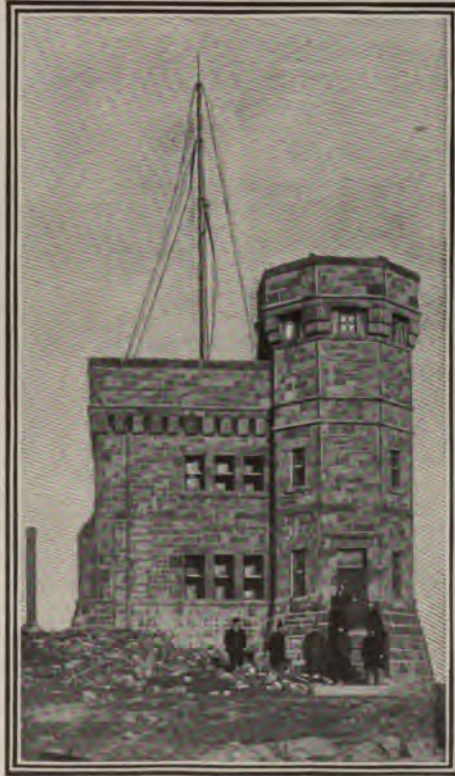
Marconi expressed himself as satisfied with the result. During the next few days the inhabitants of St. Johns who cast their eyes towards Signal Hill saw the Baden-Powell kite suspended in the air, and watched with much interest and sympathy the experiments, the success of which was shortly to astonish the world.

While traveling with Mr. Marconi on Christmas day across Newfoundland on our way to Nova Scotia, he said to me: "When I write the story of my work at St. Johns I intend to mention that next to his excellency the Governor, and the members of his cabinet, you were the first to be informed of the magnitude of my experiments and the success with which they were finally attended." I need not say here how

much this was appreciated. I will confess to feeling proud that day when I met him so opportunely at the club on December 14, 1901, and learned from him the news which was soon to cause such a sensation in cable circles.

Before repeating the wonderful story in the words in which Mr. Marconi gave it to me, it is well to explain that the wireless message is transmitted to the very delicate receiver from a little instrument called the *coherer*, which Mr. Marconi has evolved from previous inventions made in Italy and France.

In brief, this *coherer* is a small tube of glass, a couple of inches long, plugged from either end with silver. In the center, however, is a small space where the silver does not penetrate, but which



*The Cabot Memorial Tower, put at the disposal of Marconi by the Newfoundland Government.*

glass, a couple of inches long, plugged from either end with silver. In the center, however, is a small space where the silver does not penetrate, but which

is filled with a powder consisting of particles of nickel and silver. At one end the *coherer* is connected by wire with the kite which floats in the air far above the receiving station, while at the other another wire connects it with the receiver. The waves which come over 2,000 miles of ocean are received upon the wire pendant from the kite, but they are so enfeebled from their long journey that of themselves they could not be recorded by the receiver alone. Strangely enough, however, weak as they are, they have sufficient strength to make the little loose particles in the center of the *coherer* rush together, and the instant this is accomplished these same particles form, as it were, a continuous metal chain, and so become an excellent conductor of electricity. Simultaneously with this a current from a battery near by sweeps along the upper wire, through the tube, and then running down the wire operates the Morse instrument below. No sooner has the impression been recorded than a tiny tapper, operated by the same battery, strikes the *coherer*, jars the particles of silver and nickel apart and thus breaks the current automatically. This process is repeated again and again, all the time the Morse instrument recording its dot or dash, and the little tapper above, dashing apart the particles within the *coherer* and breaking the current.

"I have much pleasure," said Marconi, "in informing you of a very important development in my work here. About a year ago my company decided to erect two large stations, one at Cape Cod, Massachusetts, and the other near the Lizard, Cornwall, England. The cost of each station is estimated at seventy thousand dollars. The object of their erection was not so much to attempt communication between the two places, but rather to test the extent to which application of a large amount of power would increase the practical distance by which it was possible to communicate by our system of wireless telegraphy. The stations consist of very heavy machinery, each having twenty poles, 210 feet high, supporting a large number of vertical wires. The Lizard station was partially destroyed during a heavy gale in September last, and it will not be completely repaired for another two or three months. The Cape Cod station is not yet finished. It occurred to me that it would be interesting to see if, with the machinery that had escaped damage at Cornwall, it was

possible to obtain signals here from that station at the same time that I tried experiments with transatlantic liners. Accordingly I gave instructions that, when I was in readiness to receive the same, a number of signals, consisting of the letter "S," which is represented in the Morse alphabet by three dots ( . . . ), were to be sent regularly at stated intervals. On Thursday, when the kite elevated the wire to a height of nearly four hundred feet above Signal Hill, a number of these signals were clearly recorded by my receiving instruments. The signals were received again yesterday (Friday). I should mention that they were only obtained when the kite was at a great height. The weather to-day was unfavorable for our work. The wind each day has been too heavy for our balloon, which is unfortunate, as the results might have been even better than with the kite. Nevertheless, I am convinced of the success of the experiments. My plans will now be altered. I intend to suspend, for a short time, the tests with kites and balloons, and, provided there is no governmental or other objection, I will proceed immediately with the erection of a large station here, with towers or masts, similar to the stations at the Lizard and Cape Cod. This will necessitate my returning immediately to England in order to arrange for the necessary equipment to be sent here, together with suitable transmitting machinery. By the time the Newfoundland station is completed I expect to have Cape Cod also in working order, thus completing a regular triangular service. I have no doubt the announcement of my success here will cause a tremendous sensation in cable circles, and many will find it difficult to believe that I have really received signals across the Atlantic."

The following day Mr. Marconi made a further statement, embodying more exact facts. The instructions to the Cornwall station were to send the signals at short intervals, between three o'clock and six o'clock Greenwich time, which would correspond approximately with half-past eleven to half-past two here. On Thursday indications of the signals were obtained at half-past twelve, and quite a succession of the letters were received with certainty and unmistakeable clearness at ten minutes after one. A further number came at twenty minutes after two. Signals were received on Friday at twenty-eight minutes after one o'clock, but these were not as distinct as on Thursday. Mr. Marconi gave as his opinion why continuous results were not obtained, first, the fluctuation in the height of the kite which suspended the aerial wire, and second, the extreme

delicacy of his receiving instruments, which were very sensitive and had to be

nent station was installed, he hoped in a very short time to establish commun-



*Marconi in the room where he received the first recorded message carried over the ocean without wires.*

adjusted repeatedly during the course of the experiments. As these difficulties would be overcome when a perma-

ication between the two continents in a thoroughly commercial manner.

The news of Mr. Marconi's success,



considered by far the most wonderful exploit in the history of electrical science, was quickly wired to London and New York, where it naturally created quite a sensation. The story is told that one press correspondent received from his principals a cablegram saying, "Your bulletin about Marconi simply incredible. Please be extremely careful what you wire." So amazing was the achievement that the papers all insisted upon signed statements by Marconi confirming the reports.

So far, so good. Everything looked bright and promising. Mr. Marconi, confident of further success, issued invitations to the Governor and a number of gentlemen interested to meet him on Signal Hill and there see and hear for themselves the signals from over the water. The day came, an ideal morning, the weather being the most perfect for Mr. Marconi's work since his arrival in St. Johns. The tests, however, were no longer to be continued. There had come, as Sir Cavendish Boyle put it, "an interruption in the circuit." In other words, the Anglo-American Telegraph Company had appeared upon the scene. "The sole and exclusive right to work for fifty years any line of telegraph in or on the island, or to extend to the island any telegraphic cable, wire, or other means of telegraphic communication from any other place whatever," had been granted, in 1854, to the Anglo-American Telegraph Company. The monopoly will consequently not expire for another two years. Now that Mr. Marconi had announced the receipt of signals direct across the Atlantic the company considered that he had infringed upon its rights under Government charter, and it formally notified him to that effect through its solicitors, requesting him to remove his appliances forthwith.

Mr. Marconi at once disclaimed any intention of infringing upon the company's rights. He did not propose to enter into commercial competition with the company until its charter had expired, and it seemed incredible to him that the monopoly should be of such a nature as to prohibit the continuance of his scientific experiments. He con-

sidered the action of the company a practical admission that its electricians believed in the success of his achievements.

The attempt of the Anglo-American Company to stop the wireless experiments caused widespread indignation, not only in the colony, but throughout the world. The press on both sides of the Atlantic discussed the subject very warmly, the result being that the company sent a further communication to Mr. Marconi informing him that all it required was to have its rights recognized, and, this being done, it would give careful consideration to any proposals put forward for obtaining its consent to the experiments. To this the inventor replied that his company in London would enter into negotiations with the Anglo-American Company, but that for the present the tests in Newfoundland would be discontinued.

With regard to the ultimate use of the system for commercial and other purposes now that Mr. Marconi believes that the electric waves which sweep across the ocean follow the curvature of the earth, he maintains very reasonably that the world generally will be astonished at the short time now required to bring this to a successful issue. He will not be surprised if six months hence sees wireless telegraphy a commercial competitor of the cable companies. After the service with ships and across water is made perfect he proposes to extend his operations on land.

One of the greatest marvels in connection with the system is the perfection already attained in the tuning of the instruments, by means of which a receiver can shut out certain classes of message and record only those intended to be received by it. There are, of course, a number of developments yet to be worked out, and not the least of these is in connection with the application of the system to lighthouses. Mr. Marconi believes it is possible for lighthouses to give by wireless telegraphy, to ships coming in on land in fog or stormy weather, a certain course by which to escape danger. The protection thus afforded to shipping should appreciably diminish the average losses.

# AN IMPERIAL AMERICAN YACHT

By the Builder, WALLACE DOWNEY

**T**HE Kaiser's yacht *Meteor*, which will be launched from Shooter's Island, in Newark Bay, on February 25th, has fairly become an international institution. It was hardly supposed, when the order for the ship was received in a quiet enough way last fall, that its christening would become an event of such world-wide importance, or that it would furnish the occasion for an unwonted demonstration of international friendship. The boat, however, achieved an unprecedented fame even while it was still a gaunt steel skeleton under the maker's shed, and, before the riveting of the plates began, was visited by thousands of the curious, photographed by dozens of enterprising journalists, and became a fruitful topic for the paragrapher abroad and at home. It had ceased, as it were, to be a yacht and become an idea. Its importance as a noteworthy American contribution to shipbuilding had practically been lost sight of, and its significance as a conservator of international good feeling and as a possible disturber of international relations and friendships, was what was foremost in the public mind. The notion even became prevalent that the building of the *Meteor* in an American shipyard was only part of a deep-laid plan; that the idea of the ship had been conceived, not in the spirit of sportsmanship, but as a clever stroke of far-seeing diplomacy. In other words, the coming ceremonies of the launching, the graceful participation in them of the President's daughter, the visit of Prince Henry and the attendant festivities, have been popularly thought, not as the result of the yacht's building, but as the cause.



Wallace Downey.

This is a view of the case to which the yacht's builders can hardly be expected to assent. Their interest in the boat has been almost entirely as a boat, and not as a symbol of international good feeling. They have bent all their energies to turn out a yacht that would be the finest thing which an American shipyard could do in that line. Probably the fact that their patron was a foreigner and the head of a great European state has been an additional stimulus to good work, but that is all. When the order was received, through the German Ambassador at Washing-

ton it was accepted in a matter-of-fact way, as would have been a contract from any other source. The yacht has never been officially referred to in the shipyard as the Kaiser's boat; it has been labeled simply "Job No. 24," and if "Job No. 24" differed in any important essential from "Job No. 20" or "23" there has been no outside evidence of that fact. The yacht has been only one of a number of important operations upon which the yard has been engaged in the last six months.

In spite of the glamour that has been thrown about the present yacht I think that the Emperor's guiding motive in sending an order to an American shipyard was the natural ambition to own an American boat. His Majesty is a splendid sportsman, has a natural passion for yachting, and has been a keen observer of the half century's struggle of his English cousins against American boats. He has been especially impressed, I believe, with the experiences of Sir Thomas Lipton in the last five years. The Kaiser, however, wanted something more than a mere skimming dish. He wished a fast boat, one that he could

enter in regattas with some prospect of success, but he also wished a serviceable yacht. He likes to race, but he also likes to cruise. Nothing comprises both these qualities so admirably as an American schooner, for comfort and speed are probably combined more effectively in the product of American yards than those of any other nation. The main reason, however, why the Emperor desired an American yacht above all things was that he had had personal experiences with that style of craft. In his extensive fleet to-day is the *Yampa*, built in 1887, by Harlan & Hollingsworth, from designs by A. Cary Smith, for the late Chester W. Chapin. Mr. Chapin, who had already owned two of Mr. Smith's boats, cruised all over the world for several years in the *Yampa*, and finally sold her to Mr. William Suydam Palmer, who, in one of his deep-sea voyages, put in at Kiel. There the *Yampa* attracted the attention of the German Emperor, who was so charmed with her that he wished to possess her himself.

To the Emperor's fondness for the *Yampa*, therefore, is directly traceable the building of the present boat. The *Meteor*, indeed, is an enlarged *Yampa*. The *Yampa* has a length over all of 135 feet, and the Emperor last fall decided that a schooner with a length of 160, combining all the finest qualities of the former vessel, with such improvements as have been made in the last fifteen years, would be his ideal of a speedy and seaworthy yacht. Under these circumstances it was inevitable that the commission should be given to the *Yampa's* designer, Mr. A. Cary Smith, and that the building should be entrusted to an American shipyard. As a designer of schooners Mr. Smith has no equal here or abroad—a fact demonstrated in all of his achievements from the *Whim*, built seventeen years ago, to the *Elmina* and the *Muriel*, turned out only last year, but already with established reputations. All the best qualities of these boats, it is fair to assume, have been reproduced in the present undertaking. The Emperor, however, did not leave the designing unqualifiedly in Mr. Smith's hands.

He was too much of a sportsman not to desire to have a hand in making the plans himself. Mr. Smith's designs, therefore, were sent to Berlin for his majesty's approval, and a number of serviceable suggestions were forthcoming from the future owner. It may also be remarked in passing that the Emperor has kept in the closest touch with the designer during the whole five months of construction. At every important stage of the work he has been consulted, and his suggestions have always been found valuable and instructive.

The keel of the boat was laid in October, 1901; it will probably be sailing in German waters by the middle of May. The vessel, from stem to stern, is the product of American designers, of American builders, of American workmen. When the order was given the several component materials of the vessel were scattered over the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Only a few months ago the polished masts of white pine were growing wild in their native Oregon forest; the steel angles and plates were unmined ore in the Pennsylvania hills. The hardwoods for the finishing of the interior were all hewn by American hands in American forests; the interior appointments, the plumbing and the like, are all the work of American factories; the sails will be made by American sail-makers, from American canvas; the rigging will all be the work of our own countrymen. The christening of the yacht by an American girl will gracefully emphasize the national character of the whole performance, and it remains for the boat to acquit itself according to the best American traditions to make its Americanization complete.

After the materials were gathered from the various sources indicated above, the work of the ship-yard in transforming them into a fast and comfortable boat began. It is interesting that the whole of this work was done at Shooter's Island, at the shipyards of Townsend & Downey. The steel and the lumber companies sent on to us the raw material, and it was hewn into its present shape in our own forges and



*H. R. H. Prince Henry of Prussia.*

our own shops. The masts were cut by the woodmen, sent in their natural state east, and floated from the Pennsylvania dock to Shooter's Island. Here, by our own workmen, they were transformed from rude trunks into as perfect

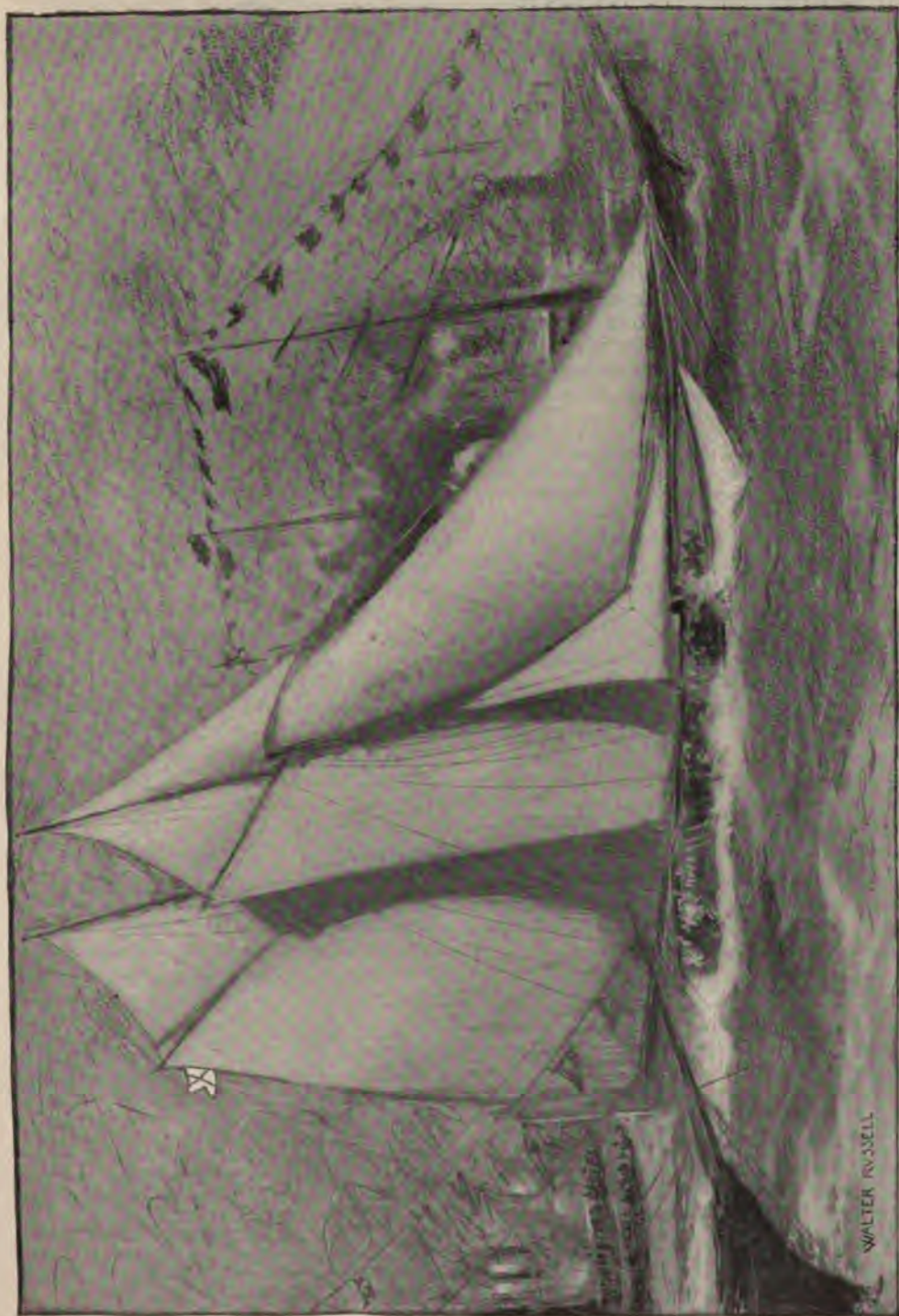
and unblemished sticks as skill could make them. The plates, as rough sheets of steel, were sent from the Tidewater Steel Company, of Chester, Pa.; they were bent in our own shops, and rivetted by swift working pneumatic

tools from Cleveland. The angles—the name which, in these days of steel ships, has supplanted the “ribs” of the old wooden vessels—also came to us in the rough, and were fashioned for the Emperor's yacht in our own forges. All the woodwork for the cabins, the mahogany carvings, the skylights, and the other accessories of furnishing were turned out in our own joiner shop. The construction has been directed by Mr. Theodore E. Ferris, a man with a wide reputation as a ship constructor. The work has progressed rapidly since the laying of the keel, and a few months hence the *Meteor* will figure conspicuously, and, it is to be hoped successfully, in foreign regattas. It is a large yacht, having a length over all of 160 feet, and a water line length of 120, a beam of twenty-seven feet and a draught of seventeen. There is thus deck room enough for a court reception; accommodation is furnished in the forecabin for a crew of at least thirty men; there are two saloons, the main and the ladies' cabin, and three large staterooms, in addition to the Emperor's spacious suite. In size, indeed, the *Meteor* is the largest schooner yacht ever put forth from an American shipyard. In her design speed has not been a negligible quantity. His Majesty has taken pains to emphasize this point, and whereas, in all matters of pure technique, such as the sheer of the hull, he has wisely left the details to the designers, the interior arrangements have largely been his own work. Thus the supplementary mushroom ventilators, with which the vessel is supplied, have been made from designs furnished by the Kaiser himself.

Both fore and aft are two large tanks, one for oil for rough weather use and the other an air-tight compartment. In the rear of the forward tank are the forecabin, the officers' quarters, the captain's and steward's rooms and the owner's and the crew's galleys. On the starboard side is the mates' quarters, the ice chest and other housekeeping accessories, and directly back of this is the main saloon. This is a commodious affair, extending from one side of the yacht to the other, and having a

length of eighteen feet. It will be furnished with considerable elegance, though without any great ostentation. It will be the living room of this floating home, and as such the comfort of the voyagers will be the point chiefly aimed at. At the fore end there will be a large fireplace, and at the aft end a piano. The finishing will all be in oak and mahogany, though the furnishings in detail will not be put in until the yacht reaches the other side. A fair idea of the size of the main saloon is gained, however, when it is said that it will contain an extension table capable of seating twenty-four persons. Aft of the saloon, on the port side, are three large staterooms and a bath for the gentlemen-in-waiting. Comfort, rather than mere display, is also the point aimed at in the arrangement of these rooms. Each room will be provided with a bureau, a brass bedstead, a marble washstand and a sofa. Directly opposite these rooms, on the starboard side, will be the Emperor's suite. This is a large saloon, thirteen feet long, and besides a brass bedstead, contains a writing desk, several wardrobes and a dressing table. In addition to the dead lights at the side this room will be ventilated by a large skylight. The woodwork throughout the Kaiser's quarters will be of mahogany enamel, painted ivory color, touched up with gold, a small amount of the trim showing the natural wood. Aft of the owner's saloon is a bathroom and the quarters of his personal attendants. Directly behind is the ladies' cabin, which will contain two berths, sofas, writing tables, and will be decorated with carved mahogany and other hardwoods. The ladies' cabin leads into a vestibule, which, in its turn, leads to the stairs up to the deckhouse, which will be built of steel, encased in teakwood, serving both as a companionway, and, in rough weather, as a lookout. All the woodwork on the deck, the skylights, etc., will be of teak. The metal work, the winches, capstans, etc., will all be of bronze; the wheel, a fine piece of workmanship, will be of rosewood, the rim inlaid with white holly. The cost will be in the neighborhood of \$150,000.





Drawn by Walter Russell. *The Meteor as she will look under full sail—Drawn after lines furnished by the builder.*

# THE GOVERNOR PRO TEM

By JAMES EDMUND DUNNING

Pictures by J. J. RAY

**T**HE legislative deadlock between Byminster, who wanted to be a United States senator, and Governor Wycoff, who coveted that lofty station for himself, was coming to a very nasty pass when Wycoff's inside man, Brenslow, on duty in the state-house lobby, read this message from his chief:

Last count shows us one vote shy. Bradley, of Denham, has mortgage on his house—three thousand. See him. Try him for all you have left before they assemble for final ballot.

Ten minutes later the two houses re-assembled in joint convention. To the reporters it was only another scene in a prolonged, unprofitable act, but the sharp eyes of Wycoff's lieutenant, searching the rear seats, found Bradley, of Denham, and knew that the poison he had planted in a hurried whisper at the door was at work. Bradley's cheeks were chalky.

Byminster's men had temporary strength enough to get a yea and nay vote. Brenslow saw his danger, and adopted desperate tactics to keep his man in line. Bradley's name was only the eighth. The clerk was already reading the first of the A's when Brenslow wrote on a bit of paper:

Bradley, remember your family before any political ambition. The check is yours. Vote yea and pay off that mortgage to-morrow morning.

Brenslow folded the check for thirty-five hundred dollars into the paper, and a page whose father held a janitor's berth under Wycoff did the rest. The clerk was on the first of the B's as the gentleman from Denham read the note and the check under cover of his desk. He was trembling visibly when, after an agonizing but wholly imaginary delay, his name was called. He gave himself a single moment to take breath.



*His left hand touched the perforated edge.*

The forefinger of his left hand touched the perforated edge of the check and ran along it to the corner. When it reached there Bradley's nerve was screwed up. They might suspect him here, but the women at home, and his babies—

"Bradley!" called the clerk.

"Yea!"

He had tied the vote unless one side lost another man. Neither did lose, as well knew the astute newspaper men, who instantly left their tables and wired:—

Final vote 10:17 to-night, 178th ballot. Bradley, Denham, went over, but otherwise Byminster's strength held, and session adjourned with deadlock after three month's balloting, both houses consenting to recess. Feeling on both sides bitter. Wycoff can appoint under constitution, but will undoubtedly refuse to do so. He cannot hold both offices, and to name himself in present critical situation would endanger his party's position in the state. He will probably block every effort to fill senate vacancy until he gets ready to call another special session legislature. He probably gains most by the delay.

It was so. Byminster was disap-

pointed, and the opposition, making triumph out of its practical defeat, was correspondingly jubilant. If its senator-candidate could not be elected, then there should be no new senator until the legislators experienced a change of heart. Meanwhile the Wycoff agents might contribute materially to rendering that process entirely painless.

They were sitting in Byminster's library—Byminster, Seamans, the Lieutenant Governor, and Phillips, the *Tribune's* state-house man, talking about the chances of forcing Wycoff to break the deadlock with his vested power of appointment.

"It's rough, Byminster," Phillips agreed, to keep the conversation warm, "but I've been here a good many years and seen a lot of good men like you go down while they waited for something to break loose. Wycoff's money is enough to hold him in line for a good many months yet. He won't appoint you except as a last chance—to save himself."

"We might enjoin him," suggested Seamans, who generally had good ideas at the wrong time, "and I'd take the case for you, Byminster. I'd—I'd like to have a case—"

"One before you die!" laughed Phillips. "That would be a sensation. Billy, if you ever get a case don't forget to give me a tip in advance, for—"

Byminster broke in. He did not like this chaffing of his guest, even when the personage happened to be only poor, woodeny Billy Seamans, nominated as a joke and elected because he belonged to the right party and had no duties outside certain banquet rooms.

"I believe, Phillips," he said, deep in gloom, "that there's no further use in it. I'm in over my head now. That last session cost me a fortune, and the worst of it is that it wasn't my fortune I was spending. My grocer ought to be paid and my wife's winter clothes are going to embarrass me this season, and I'm not fit to carry this thing on. I've got to dig up the ruins of my practice and make a living."

"I don't like to discourage a man," Phillips said, "but I do—"

The doorbell jangled, and a messen-

ger presently handed Phillips a telegram. He read it mentally:—

Wycoff speaks to-night at Buxton, eight miles over state line. For six hours Seamans will be, by the constitution, acting Governor. Have him act in deadlock and appoint Byminster a senator. Then wire us two thousand early. Mail second-day story immediately after.

KELLEY, Managing Editor.

Phillips tried to show no signs of the excitement which possessed him as he signed the messenger's book. He re-read Kelley's orders a dozen times. Then he said as gently as he could—he could scarce believe it.

"Byminster, have you a map of the state in the house?"

They got out the map, and Phillips, with a finger it took all his strength to manage, placed the capital and traced out the line of the Consolidated over which Wycoff must have traveled that night to the border and beyond, only a dozen miles from where they were sitting. And Buxton? There it was, a finger-breadth from the state line. Kelley was right. Kelley didn't make errors when he ordered two thousand on the wire; topography and typography were his long suits. There at Buxton Wycoff, to gratify his party's demands, had slipped away for an evening of speech-making, only a score of miles from his capital and a paltry three leagues from the borders of the dominion where his money ruled supreme. Phillip's excitement was not so smotheringly great that he could not see the meaning of the situation for Byminster.

He looked at his watch and almost wished he hadn't. He lost no more time, but said:—

"Byminster, putting all joking aside, because time is devilish short around here, I want you to lend yourself to me for two hours with the understanding that when I am done you are to be a United States senator. Don't break in, please! Of course you will do what I want. Therefore, since you are mine, I will inform you that there, in your comfortable chair, reposes in sublime innocence of his greatness, the present executive of the state, His Excellency, Governor Seamans!"

Seamans appeared to be swooning, but Byminster had a tongue:

"He isn't dead!"

Perhaps it was regret in his face; possibly only average interest.

"No, not physically. But politically the excellent Wycoff is both dead and buried. To-night we will attend his official obsequies, as an escort to the Governor *pro tem*."

"What's happened?"

"Speech-making at Buxton. Somebody told Wycoff he could save the day for those fellows with his tin-pan-nish old rubbish about emigration, I suppose, and so he climbed into his regimentals and leaves us to the mercies of his eminent lieutenant over yonder."

Byminster apparently only half sensed it. Phillips whipped him up:

"Can't you see it's the chance of a lifetime? Wycoff's authority when he is out of the state is vested in the lieutenant governor. We can prove it by the constitution. That gives Seamans the power to appoint you senator to fill the seat now vacant."

"And—" Seamans was puffing himself out with amazing complacency—"and I'll—I'll consider it, yes, I'll con—consider it, in due season, gentlemen."

"You will, indeed, Your Excellency," retorted Phillips, running across the room while he spoke to take down Byminster's copy of the constitution; "and the due season is this very night, and you'll consider it on the fly or we'll founder you in the attempt! Look at this, Byminster."

They studied the constitution for two minutes. Byminster half whispered it:—

"You're right, Phillips—you're right. Seamans has Wycoff's authority while Wycoff is out of the state. Section Eight of Chapter Two provides for appointment by the Governor when election fails. We're all right unless he gets the Supreme Court to upset us."

"Which the Supreme Court won't do since he vetoed the judges' salary bill last session," cried Phillips, picking up his hat in the hall.

"Then I'm ready," replied Byminster; "but we can't do it here—"

Seamans was prancing with delight.

"I'm Governor, Governor sure now, Phillips, ain't I? I want all the papers to have it that way. To-morrow I'll be photographed, and—"

"To-night you'll be drawn and quartered if you don't keep still and do as I tell you," said Phillips. "Byminster, this is a touch-and-go game for us. The law is with us. The time-tables are not so kind. It's eight o'clock now. I figure Wycoff's speaking will be over at nine-thirty, and he ought to be on his way home soon after that. That nine miles between Buxton and the State line can be covered in thirty minutes counting delays and stops. Use your telephone with the railroad people while I try to beat into Seamans what we want of him."

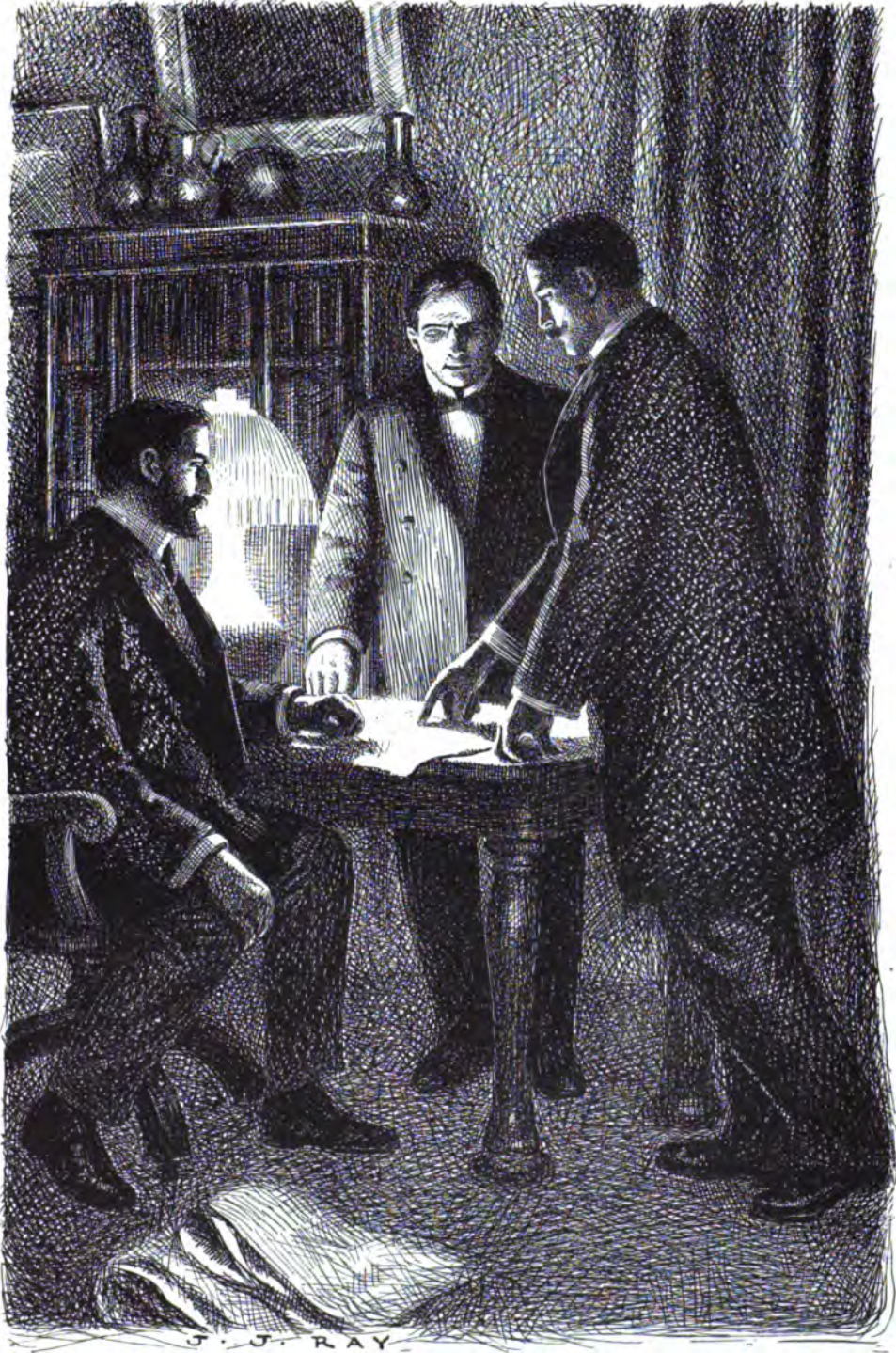
"Leave Buxton nine-thirty-five, arrive state line nine-forty, making one stop at Lyshon, three miles this side of Buxton, at nine-forty-five," was the report Byminster brought from the telephone.

"Unless he drives back with horses," suggested Phillips. A message by telephone again brought back the information that Wycoff's party had gone in a special car. That fixed their manner of return, then.

The watches showed eight-ten o'clock. Byminster's term as Governor years before had made him familiar with the procedure, and Phillips' face fell as his senator-candidate began to describe it. Seamans must make out the official appointment in due form and in the presence of witnesses, and signed by himself and the Secretary of State if every possible chance of legal objection were to be headed off. To this the official seal of the state must be affixed by the secretary. How to find the Secretary of State and the official seal and use both of them within an hour was the question.

The telephone told them the secretary was in a theater party. He was a Byminster man, of course, or he would not be playgoing with his chief at a rally. The seal, as Byminster only too well knew, was in the state house under lock and key, where none but the secretary could secure it. Even if he





*Phillips . . . traced out the line  
over which Wycoff must have  
traveled that night.*



fell in readily with the plan, the secretary might be delayed, and it was now eight-twenty o'clock. In a little more than an hour Wycoff would be starting from Buxton back toward the state boundary and his endangered governorship.

Phillips lost no more time. Leaving Byminster and Seamans together, the former with instructions to keep the acting Governor from committing any indiscretions meanwhile, the reporter dashed off to the theater and dragged the irritated secretary into an ante-room where he explained the case. Phillips nearly wept with joy when the amiable old gentleman fell in heartily with the scheme, but did not dare tell him it was then eight-forty-five.

They were on the way to the state house, having telephoned Byminster to bring Seamans there, when the secretary remembered that in changing from his ordinary apparel to an unwonted swallow-tail he had left his keys at home. The clocks rang for nine as Phillips pushed the bewildered official into a carriage and started him off homeward for the keys, and when, for the five hundredth time, Phillips looked at his watch, it was nine-thirty and they were still warming themselves on the state house steps awaiting the delinquent secretary's return.

At nine-thirty-three he came pounding up the steps. Byminster was shivering and dejected. "We can't do it—can't possibly do it, and we might as well surrender now," he said. "His train will be starting in less than two minutes and he's sure to be over the line before we can get the papers properly signed and sealed and witnessed. We've got to have witnesses here, too, have you—"

"They're coming! they're coming!" cried the secretary, as he led the way in. "I called on several of our people on my way up and they'll be here within a minute or two. Plumb forgot that Charley Wood and I don't speak since last election, and called him out, too. They'll be here all right. If we could only hold that train somewhere and keep the old man over the line while we—"

Phillips gave a whoop of mingled rage and delight. "We've the whole state government and don't know how to use it!" he cried. "Byminster, you get those papers ready. Seamans, come with me. We'll go down across lots to the station and have Wycoff's train held at Lyshon. Seamans is Governor and can order it. They daren't stop him. I'll tell him what to say. Byminster, you complete all the papers, write and file your acceptance and have it duly acknowledged. We'll hold that train until you can get there to the station, where Seamans can sign everything all straight. There won't be a place the law can touch us when it's all done. Rush! Come on, Billy!"

The train dispatcher wondered when two wild-eyed young men slammed open his door at nine-thirty-six o'clock that night. Seamans was pale as paint and his lips were moving over and over on the speech Phillips had taught him as they sped down in the dark. Phillips did the talking:—

"Operator, you hold Train Fifty-three at Lyshon until further orders!"

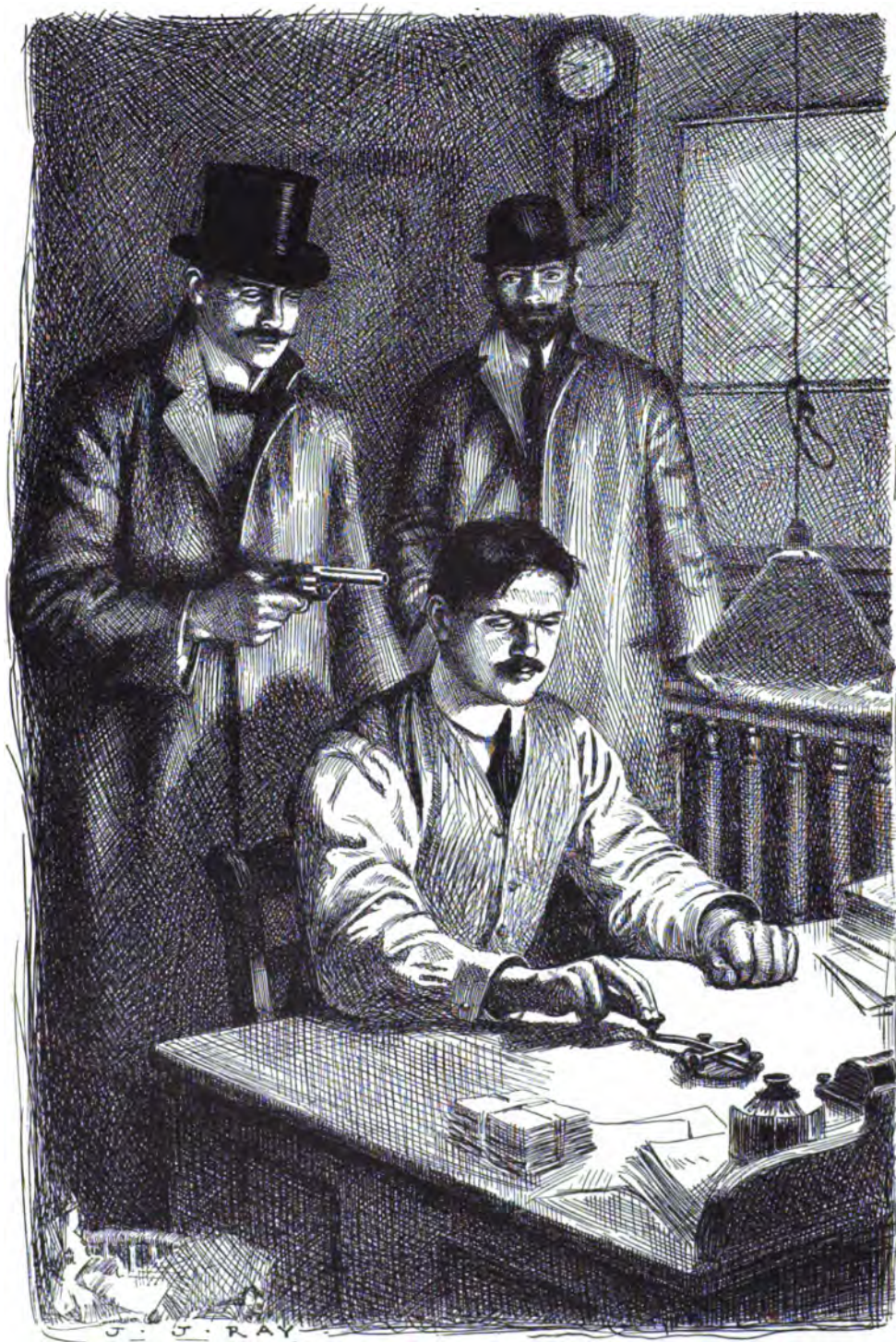
The operator looked wistfully toward his desk, halfway across the room. Phillips knew there was a gun in the top drawer.

"No fooling, old man," he said pleasantly, hoping to conciliate and gain time. "This is official. I am—well, private secretary to His Excellency, the Acting Governor of the State—right here, you see. He orders you to stop and hold Fifty-three. Am I quite correct, Your Excellency?"

Seamans gulped down his qualms and smothered his fears under the joy of real power. "Sir," he began, on the speech Phillips had hammered into him, "in the name of the constitution of the state, which I represent, I direct you to hold this train at Lyshon—"

"There you are, operator!" said Phillips. "Now, then!"

The dispatcher's gaze returned to his desk, but something in Phillips' eyes made him hesitate about reaching for it. "You're crazy," he said at length, with an admirable self-possession which gave Phillips a great Sunday story months afterward. "You're only the Lieuten-



*"Send it straight, old man."*



*"A scoop on all creation."*

ant Governor. I know you, and you nor anybody else can't stop trains without orders from the Super. You'll have to see him."

Phillips' eye was on the clock. The time was nine-forty. In five minutes Wycoff's train would be stopping at Lyshon. Even if the dispatcher could be persuaded to send the order, the Lyshon operator might be slow and sleepy. Every second was counting against them. Phillips recalled Kelley's instructions: "Have him appoint Byminster."

He suddenly threw open the little gate and walked straight up to the operator. He knew that this meant the state prison if Wycoff got him for it. With his face not five inches from the telegrapher's, he said:—

"My friend, this is state business and serious business. We are not to be trifled with. In the absence of Governor Wycoff, whom you know very well is out of the state, Colonel Seamans is acting in his authority and orders you to hold Fifty-three at Lyshon. Now you are going to stop that train there by order of Governor Seamans and for the

good of the state, or—or d—n you, my lad, I'll break every bone in your body and then I'll come back and send the message myself. Besides, I'll see you fired before daylight, for I've got a pull with Davidson, your boss. Don't you get any guns out of your desk, either. It's high treason and sure death to resist the chief executive, and it'll mean handcuffs and a dozen years if you show fight."

The operator sat down abruptly and put his hand to the key. Phillips jerked open the top drawer of the desk and took out the six-shooter he found there.

"Send it straight, old man," he said, grinning, but determined, for the clock said nine-forty-one, "H-O-L-D Fifty-three, you know, and four plain dots for the H. I can read it as well as Lyshon can, and one break will put you out. Go it, now!"

Phillips has had many a pang of remorse for what he did to that operator, but there was no time for regrets then. The operator was sensible of superior force and did as he was bid:—

Hold 53 at Lyshon, further orders.

Phillips heard Lyshon's O. K. and the hour of receipt, nine-forty-two. If everything else worked, Byminster was safe for the senatorship. He telephoned the state house.

It was nine-sixty, just on the dot of the hour, when Seamans dipped an uncertain pen in the station ink pot and wrote his name on the bottom of Byminster's appointment to a senatorship for the term of six years. Lyshon had been calling frantically for fifteen minutes, but Phillips had so persuading a look in his face that his victim at the instrument failed to hear the racket. At length Phillips remarked:—

"Governor Wycoff, for state reasons, takes possession of the line," and went to the sending table. His fingers moved busily and then Lyshon acknowledged with suspicious alacrity. Phillips had visions of swearing politicians and a sweating conductor as he spelled out:

Gov. Wycoff says,—Gov. Wycoff says,—says,—says,—wait a minute W. O. (the local call),—



"What's the matter with Lyshon?" asked the benumbed operator, for Lyshon was one of the best senders on the line. Presently he resumed:—

W. O., W. O., W. O.,—Gov. Wycoff says what in Hades is matter with everything? Call Super to long distance telephone at once. Hell to pay here. Can't understand.

Phillips looked at his watch. "We've kept them waiting long enough, Senator," he grinned at Byminster. "Better release Fifty-three for them, Operator."

Phillips led the way out. "For obvious reasons, gentlemen," he observed, pulling out a pencil and whittling at its point, "I'm going to take this train Fifty-three in to town to-night. I can get to the *Tribune* before twelve, which is better than wiring two thousand to Kelley about this little affair. Seamen, you go home. Don't see any reporters—tell them you have typhoid or something. Illness won't interfere with your official duties. You made a good Governor. The *Tribune* will undoubtedly print your portrait three columns

wide under a four-deck head to-morrow morning, and that's glory enough for any one man!"

Three extras were rushed out of the *Tribune* office that morning, and Kelley and the board of directors were jubilant, for it was a scoop on all creation. Phillips slept late. When he awoke two telegrams awaited him. One was from a division superintendent of the Consolidated, who wasn't in politics, of course, and to whom an hysterical dispatcher and a cursing conductor had reported great news:—

Phil, old boy, you're a peach! And it's all fixed!

Byminster sent the other:—

Wycoff rages, but we are safe. Chief justice morning confirms your action fully and Seamen's appointment is valid. Have asked Kelley to release you next winter to be my secretary during session. Please wire acceptance.

But Kelley had something to say about that, and when Phillips went to Washington the next winter it was in charge of the central bureau of the biggest news syndicate of the Central West.

## THE UNIFIER

By W. L. ALDEN

Illustrated by W. GLACKENS



THIS happened," said the Honorable Daniel Smith, "during the first year that I was in Torrizonia. General Larranaga was President at the time, and he and I were as thick as thieves. You see, he was the only man in the republic who could speak English, and being mighty proud of the accomplishment, he liked to practice it with me. Besides, he was a remarkably intelligent and well-educated man, having once spent a year in the United States, and learned to play a strong game of poker. I don't mind saying that he wasn't quite a match for me, which wasn't strange,

considering that I had been for three years in the House of Representatives, and for two years of that time was on a committee composed chiefly of Southern Democrats, which used to meet for business and poker three times a week.

"Well, as I was saying, I used to see a good deal of Larranaga in those days, and he used to talk over his plans with me and ask my advice about this and that. He had a big scheme, which was afterwards carried out, though not by him, of uniting the four independent republics of Torrizonia, Orizaba, Cotopaxi and Culebra into one federal republic, of which he was to be the President. Barring Orizaba, which was twice as big as any of the others, the rest were about equal in size and inhabitants. They each

had an army of about fifteen hundred men, while Orizaba's army was over twenty-five hundred strong. Orizaba lay just north of Torrizonia, and both bordered on the Gulf of Mexico. On the west of Torrizonia was a narrow strip of territory from ten to twenty miles in width, which belonged to the Republic of Cotopaxi, the greater part of which lay southwest of Torrizonia. Further to the west was Culebra, but you couldn't enter it from Torrizonia without going through Cotopaxi, which would have been awkward if Torrizonia had wanted to go to war with Culebra alone. This may not be very interesting to you, but if you want to understand my story you must first get hold of the geography of the country, and be particular to remember about that little strip of territory belonging to Cotopaxi, which kept Torrizonia and Culebra apart."

After having slaked the thirst which this prolonged geographical and political description had awakened, Mr. Smith resumed his narrative.

"Now Larranaga was mighty anxious to annex Cotopaxi and Culebra, for he believed that if he could get control of the united armies of the three republics he could conquer and annex Orizaba, and so make himself President of the United States of Middle America. But he knew that if he declared war against Cotopaxi the chances were that Culebra would join the enemy against him, and he didn't want the job of fighting both the republics at once.

" 'What I greatly fear,' he used to say to me—meaning that he greatly hoped—is that Cotopaxi and Culebra will some day go to war and exhaust one another, and then I shall have to step in with my fresh army and make them both see the blessings of peace and union. I know perfectly well that President Partagas, of Culebra, and President Murias, of Cotopaxi, hate one another, but they keep on friendly terms because they think I would take some mean advantage of them if they were occupied in fighting one another. That is tricky and insincere conduct, and they ought both to be punished for it.' "

"Of course I agreed with my friend, for he wasn't the sort of man that it was safe to disagree with. All the same, I couldn't see how he was going to manage to make Cotopaxi and Culebra quarrel without showing his own hand. So I calculated that peace wouldn't be destroyed until I had had plenty of time to carry out my contract to build a railway from the coast up to the capital of Torrizonia, which was about a hundred miles up the country; and I wasn't anxious to build the road in a hurry, seeing as I got a big salary, paid monthly, while the job lasted; and I didn't think it right to offend the prejudices of the natives by hurrying.

"One day Larranaga sent for me to come and dine with him; and the moment I saw him I knew that something had happened to please him. However, he didn't say anything about it until dinner was over and we sat smoking our cigars; but he just talked on about the blessings of peace and unity, and what a grand thing it would be for the four republics if they were to form a federation, so that there would be no more chance of war breaking out between them. I didn't myself quite see how forming a confederation would prevent the republics from fighting among themselves, for when a South American feels that his system requires to be braced up by a revolution or a war, he isn't going to be held back by any articles of confederation. However, that wasn't my affair, and I let Larranaga talk, and agreed to everything he said, knowing that after a while he would tell me what it was that was pleasing him.

"It came out about the time we had finished our coffee. 'Don Daniel,' said he suddenly, 'I have just made a purchase that I think will have important consequences.'

" 'What's that?' said I; 'a cargo of soap?' For, according to my idea, soap was what the inhabitants of Torrizonia needed more than anything else.

" 'It's not soap, my friend,' he replied; 'here we need not the soap, for we do not work and cover ourselves with dirt, like you Americans. It is a



gun—a Krupp gun of the most immense size, and it will be known in history as the Unifier of Middle America.'

"What's the size of her?' I asked, supposing that he had bought a thirty or forty-pounder, which would have been a novelty in Torrizonia, where the biggest gun was an eighteen-pounder, dating back to the time of the buccan-  
eers.

"It is a gun of a hundred and ten tons,' said Larranaga. 'It was made for the English Queen, but it was refused, and afterwards it was sold for

among your own people, or among the neighboring republics, and if you take to shooting balls weighing a ton into Cotopaxi or Orizaba there will be a row.'

"I certainly should not throw a shot into either of those republics unless I was at war with them,' replied the President. 'But has it occurred to you, my friend, that from the top of the hill where I mean to mount the gun it is only ten miles to the frontier of Culebra?'

"Well!' said I, 'what of that?' for



*"It's a miracle, my friend, a positive miracle."*

some songs. It will arrive here by the steamer of next month, and then I shall mount it on the hill which overlooks Cotopaxi.'

"It must be a pretty big gun,' said I. 'How many miles do you calculate that it will carry?'

"That gun,' said Larranaga solemnly, 'will send a ball weighing more than a ton fifteen miles. It is a miracle, my friend—a positive miracle!'

"It will be an interesting thing to see,' said I; 'but I don't exactly see what you are going to do with it. You can't fire it without sending the shot

I couldn't precisely see Larranaga's little game.

"Only this,' said he. 'Suppose, when I am testing the gun, a shot accidentally passes clear over the narrow strip of Cotopaxi's territory, which, as I just observed, is only ten miles wide in one place, and falls into the territory of Culebra. Is it not possible that the President of Culebra, never having heard of Krupp guns, would think that the shot came from Cotopaxi? And in that case would he not naturally declare war against Cotopaxi at once?'

"Then I saw Larranaga's plan, and

I couldn't help admitting that it was a mighty good one for his purpose. It did stand to reason that if the President of Culebra found himself bombarded from the direction of Cotopaxi he would think that the latter had begun war against him. It would never occur to him that the shot had come all the way from Torrizonia, and had passed completely over the Republic of Cotopaxi.

"'You've hit it this time,' said I to Larranaga. 'Unless the President of Culebra gets near enough to see the smoke of your gun, and locate it, he can't help thinking that he is being bombarded from Cotopaxi. If you really carry out your plan, Cotopaxi and Culebra will be flying at one another's throats within a day or two after you fire your first shot.'

"'Precisely so, Don Daniel!' said Larranaga, with a look of sadness. 'I fear that we shall have the horrors of war at our very threshold, and perhaps we shall be compelled to intervene in the interests of peace. Why will men fight when they might live in peace and devote themselves to the great and noble work of diffusing intelligence, prosperity and happiness? Will they never see that all war is wrong, unless it is undertaken to bring about peace? Sometimes, my friend, I almost despair of the future of mankind!'

"When Larranaga turned on his philanthropic tap he always meant mischief, and I knew perfectly well that he hoped to involve Culebra and Cotopaxi in war, and then to step in and thrash both of them. But then he wasn't the only man who talked better than he acted. What I liked about the man was that he knew what he wanted, and he usually got it. I've no sort of use for the kind of President who never knows his own mind, and never, consequently never, does any good to anybody.

"The next fortnight the steamer arrived and brought the new gun up the river to within a dozen miles of the place where Larranaga meant to mount it. I was down to see the gun landed, and a tremendous big affair it was. Larranaga had a truck all ready to carry it across the country, and it took forty teams of oxen to drag the

thing. However, just at that season the road was fairly level, and though the oxen moved mighty slow, and the gun was every now and then stalled in a soft spot of the road, it was finally got up to the top of the hill and mounted on its carriage. It didn't stand directly on top of the hill, but a few yards below the crest of it, so that it could not be seen from the direction of Cotopaxi or Culebra. Considering that Larranaga meant to fire it at an elevation of forty-five degrees so as to have it carry as far as possible, and that he didn't mean to aim at anything in particular, except the whole Republic of Culebra, I saw that he had put the gun in the best possible place.

"You'd naturally think, not knowing the country, that the inhabitants of Torrizonia would have been a good deal excited about the new gun. On the contrary, they didn't know of its existence. There were a few dozen Indians, who couldn't read and write, who saw the gun landed, and there were a few more who dragged it up the country, but none of them could write to the solitary newspaper of Torrizonia, which was published at one of the coast towns, and mention that a big gun had been landed. They just took their pay and forgot all about the thing. Then there were half a dozen artillerists of the army who took charge of the gun when it was in position, but they were soldiers who had their orders not to talk, and, besides, there was no one within twenty or more miles for them to talk to. So it happened that scarcely any one knew that a hundred and ten ton gun had been brought into Torrizonia, and the way was open for giving the President of Culebra a first-class surprise.

"The day after the gun was placed in position, Larranaga asked me to come with him and see it tried. 'You will notice, Don Daniel,' said he, 'that the wind to-day is blowing directly from the west. This will probably prevent the smoke of the powder from being noticed by our friends and neighbors of Culebra, and that will increase their surprise if the shell happens to fall among them.'



*An elevation of forty-five degrees at the Republic of Culebra.*

"The gun was loaded as soon as Larranaga and I arrived at the hill. It was pointed at an elevation of forty-five degrees directly at the Republic of Culebra, and when it was fired we could hear the shell humming away on its errand of good will—that is to say, we heard it for a second or two, and if we hadn't been directly behind it we could have seen it.

"That shell," said Larranaga, 'might fall somewhere near President Partagas's capital. I do hope it will not do any harm. It would be a great pity if it were to fall into the town and blow up the presidential palace. However, one cannot make experiments in science without running some risk; and in this case we can only hope for the best.'

"It took some time to load and fire the gun, and after we had fired four shots Larranaga said that we would make no more experiments that day, but would wait and see if any harm had been done. In order to prevent the men from continuing to bombard Culebra without orders he had the gun slewed round till it pointed directly north, and told the officer in charge on no account to change its position. We didn't have long to wait. The third day after we had cannonaded Culebra, we heard that President Partagas had declared war against Cotopaxi because the latter had wantonly attacked him and bombarded his capital. The Culebran army was already on the march, and the Cotopaxians, knowing that they had never bombarded Partagas's capital, were rushing to arms, full of indignation against the outrageous attack which Partagas had made upon them.

"This is very sad," said Larranaga to me as he read the news aloud. 'President Partagas is, I fear, a very wicked man. He is plunging two republics into all the horrors of war merely because he will not take the trouble to ask where the shells came from that fell into his capital. Had he inquired, I should have told him that they were the result of an experiment in gunnery that I have been making, and I should have apologized for the

inadvertent harm that they had done. Then there would have been no war. But the man is fond of bloodshed, and we shall have the pain of watching day by day the progress of a needless and inexcusable war.'

"I thought this was pretty steep, even for Larranaga, who, when he started to talk in a humane and pious way, could talk the legs off an iron pot. But I didn't take the trouble to argue the matter with him, or to remind him that before he fired his big gun he knew what the consequences would be. Besides those Spanish-Americans were always fighting, and the only time there was any peace among them was when they had just come out of a good stiff war and were too much exhausted to fight any more. You can't reason about a Spanish-American as you can about a human being. Their nature is different, and you make allowances for it.

"Culebra and Cotopaxi had neither of them had a war or a revolution for pretty near three years, and naturally they were both spoiling for a fight. They went at it tooth and nail, and each being a fair match for the other, the prospect was that the war would last for a long time. Larranaga took the greatest interest in the struggle, and every day he read the news to me and commented on the bloodthirsty nature of the struggle. 'They are not only killing hundreds of men' said he, 'but they are destroying an enormous amount of property. This is a great injury to Torrizonia and to the rest of the world. Coffee and mahogany will be dearer than ever, and trade between Torrizonia and her two unhappy neighbors will experience a blow from which it will not recover for years. I would give a great deal if I could induce the combatants to listen to reason and make peace.'

"I knew what the old fox was waiting for. He had set the war a-going, and now he was waiting till both Culebra and Cotopaxi should have become pretty well exhausted, when he meant to interfere and whip them both. But he was in no hurry. Occasionally he would say to me that if the war lasted

much longer it would be his painful duty to compel both parties to make peace, even if it should first be necessary to annihilate their armies. But he knew that the longer he postponed interfering, the weaker the combatants would be and the less trouble he would have in making them submit to his dictation. I asked him one day why he didn't fire his big gun into both armies by turns—the two armies being most of the time within reach of the gun. I suggested that this would stir up their wicked passions and render the war still fiercer than it was. But he replied that he had no right to interfere except in the cause of peace and humanity, and that, moreover, he had heard that the cholera had broken out in the Culebra camp, and he calculated that the disease would kill more Culebran soldiers than the Cotopaxans could possibly kill.

"Well! The war went on for about four months, during which time the combatants had fought four pitched battles, besides a lot of smaller engagements, and had reduced their forces by at least two-thirds. In fact, Larranaga felt sure that, what with losses in battle and by disease and desertion, the Culebrans had not more than five hundred men in the field, and the Cotopaxans not more than three hundred. 'The time has now arrived, Don Daniel,' said he, 'to put an end to this disgraceful slaughter, and I have this morning informed the governments of Culebra and of Cotopaxai that they must lay down their arms at once and submit to a humane and intelligent government that is strong enough to keep the peace. My army will be on the march by daylight to-morrow, and I should be happy if you would accompany me as a special aide-de-camp.'

"I thought I might as well see the thing out, and so I agreed to go along, not as an aide-de-camp, however, but as a correspondent of the *London Times*, which made me a non-combatant. Of course I hadn't a thing to do with the *Times*, but then nobody knew that except Larranaga and myself, so it didn't matter.

"The job of annexing the two republics didn't pan out quite as well as Lar-

ranaga expected. As soon as he marched into Cotopaxi and proclaimed his purpose of fighting both the combatants, and compelling them to lay down their arms, they patched up a truce and joined forces against him. You see they perfectly comprehended his little game, and they preferred to postpone their own quarrel for a time in order to preserve, if possible, their independence. I will say for them that they were good fighters, and in the first battle that we had with their combined army they had rather the best of it. Neither side was exactly beaten, you understand; but after the fight both armies fell back to take up stronger positions. You've read enough war news in the course of your life to know what that means.

"Larranaga didn't like the look of things, and the night after the battle I could see that he was greatly disappointed. However, the next morning we found that the enemy had retired to Partagas's capital, and Larranaga saw that he had them just where he wanted them. He sent back an order to the officer whom he had left in charge of the big gun to open fire immediately, and as the shells that he had fired when he first tried the gun had fallen into the capital of Culebra, he naturally concluded that any subsequent shells would find the same billet. He didn't tell me of the order until the next night, and when he did I could see from his look that he calculated that the big gun would bring the enemy to terms in double-quick time.

"'What sort of a man is the officer who commands that gun?' I asked.

"'He is a most admirable soldier,' replied Larranaga. 'He will obey any order, no matter what it may be, without an instant's hesitation.'

"'If you remember,' I continued, 'when we finished our experiments with the gun you had it slewed round and pointed due north.'

"'I remember the fact,' he answered. 'I gave the order because I feared that if by any chance the gun should be fired the Culebrans or the Cotopaxans would find out that it was my gun and would accuse me of joining prematurely in the fight.'



"Just so," said I. "Now it's my opinion that unless, when you sent that last order to your officer, you told him to train the gun on Partagas's capital he will not venture to alter its position, and will blaze away against the Republic of Orizaba."

"Larranaga turned as white as a Spanish-American who has spent most of his life in camp can possibly turn. 'Don Daniel!' he exclaimed, 'I fear that you are right. I did forget to tell the officer to train his gun on Partagas's capital, and the chances are that he will do precisely as you have said.'

"Then send another order off at once," said I. "It may not be too late as yet."

"It will take twelve hours for the messenger to reach the gun," replied Larranaga: "and in half an hour from now that gun will begin to fire its first shot. That shot will fall into the territory of Orizaba, and before night we shall be at war with that powerful republic. The only thing I can do is to try to crush the enemy at once and then return to defend the sacred soil of Torrizonia."

"It fell out exactly as I had said. The obedient ass in command of the big gun never dared to alter its position, but he just banged away until he had fired twelve shots into Orizaba, and then he went to breakfast satisfied that he had obeyed orders."

"Now the President of Orizaba was pretty much the same sort of a man as Larranaga, though he didn't have quite so much enterprise. But the moment he found that he was being bombarded by a gun situated somewhere in Torrizonia he saw his way to becoming the President of the United States of Middle America. He didn't lose an hour in declaring war against Torrizonia, and in less than forty-eight hours his army had captured Larranaga's capital

without any opposition, had seized the big gun, and turned it on the three armies of Torrizonia, Cotopaxi and Culebra indiscriminately. He didn't need even to send a regiment into Cotopaxi or Culebra. The three armies just melted away when that terrible gun began to play on them, and Larranaga, Murias and Partagas bolted through the bush towards the Pacific coast, while the President of Orizaba proclaimed the annexation of the three smaller republics to his own, and took the title of President of the United States of Middle America."

"I didn't leave the country, because as I convinced the new President I was a foreigner who had nothing to do with the war, and was, besides, engaged in building a railroad that nobody in the whole country except myself knew how to build, I remained on good terms with the government as long as it lasted, which was about two years, and at the end of that time there was a revolution, got up by Larranaga's friends, which brought him back and placed him in the Presidential chair. Probably the revolution wouldn't have succeeded if it had not been that all the ammunition for the big gun had been exhausted and the government hadn't laid in a fresh supply. Larranaga sent for a hundred rounds the moment he came into power, and it was owing to his possession of that gun and that ammunition that he kept his place for nearly five years, thus breaking the record of Spanish-American Presidents. What happened after that time I will tell you some other day."

"He was a mighty interesting man, was Larranaga, and before he died he got to be known as the Pacificating Tiger of Central America, which he naturally held to be a big compliment."





*"I did forget to tell the officer to train his gun on Parlagas's capital."*



# THE AMERICAN GYPSY

An Accurate and Picturesque Account, Embodying the  
Results of Long, Personal Investigation

By RILEY M. FLETCHER BERRY



**I**T is now many years since first I climbed into a Gypsy "wardo," fat, jolly Marsella Harrison's *wagon*, and felt that indescribable fascination which lures one's feet from the beaten "Gorgio" paths and almost makes one long for the permanent freedom of Romany camp life, but with time the wild, subtle charm has only increased. "Pity 'tis" that a sympathetic understanding of these true children of Nature cannot come to every one. All may feel the tingling of human curiosity concerning them, but only those who stand on the broad, wholesome basis of fellowship with the out-of-doors and see with its farther sight will be able to discover good in the midst of the complex characteristics of the Romanys, for traditions have led us to believe them wholly black and bad.

## HISTORY OF THE GYPSIES.

Wanderers since prehistoric times through many lands, uninfluenced vital-ly by the social, religious and political changes which have crept or swept over the peoples of the earth, owning and usually *owing* no allegiance to any established form of national government, the Romanys have clung tenaciously—and as no other race of such antiquity has proven itself capable of doing—to the traditions, language and customs of their ancestors. Like that other but more modern "peculiar people," the race-loyal Hebrews, a certain degree of national coloring is evident after the residence of several generations in any one country, but all it amounts to is the learning of an additional language—Gypsies are natural linguists—the adoption of a few convenient or necessary customs, and quick, clever adaptations to the requirements of success among those of other nations,

for they are always the same mysterious but unmistakable Aryan race.

In the two words "Romany" and "Gypsy" lie centuries of ancient history, for "Rom," like the majority of their words, is from one of the East Indian languages, so old that it might well be called "prehistoric," and "Gypsy" is merely a contraction of "Egyptian." The Gypsies of to-day know but little of their migration from the great cradle-land, India, and usually claim Egypt as their "oldest, most native" country, though Gypsy residence in Persia was even prior to life as a people in Egypt. It is supposed that most of them left Egypt at the time of its conquest by Sultan Selim, when they refused to submit to Turkish rule and were banished. After that they passed through Greece and scattered all over Europe, going in great bodies from one country to another, often forbidden entrance to the walled cities, sometimes captured, persecuted, burned, hanged or outlawed, but always penetrating farther and farther, just as far, in fact, as civilization extended, for, though children of Nature, it was upon their cousins of Civilization that they depended for livelihood.

So black was the estimation in which they were held that by the Sixteenth Century nearly every European country had issued edicts against them, and their picturesque figures and shadowy reputations have served as striking themes for painters and poets of all time since. Maria Theresa of Austria, the only sovereign who has ever taken any direct personal interest in their condition as a people, provided for the education of large numbers of Gypsy children and the settlement of families as agriculturalists. To-day there are thousands of them in the Austrian empire, but they seem rather to have retrograded



*A typical dark Gypsy.*

[This is not a posed picture but a chance "snap shot."]

than improved in this, the only place where they may be considered "settled."

#### THE NUMBER OF GYPSIES.

There are nearly twenty thousand Romanys who roam the British possessions; there are about ten thousand in Russia; in southern Europe there are hundreds of thousands more—five million in all the world, it is said—but it is in America that the best type of Romany exists, where he has ample opportunity to follow the tribal "profession" of horse-trading [though, as Ed-die Lee, a most intelligent Romany, told me, "the bicycle and electric conveyances are hurting that some"], without an incentive for the less honest dealings in horse flesh usually attributed to him—and it is only in this land and century that the name of Gypsy has finally ceased to be synonymous with kidnapping and almost every other disreputable act one could name. It is not entirely that the Gypsy has vastly improved, but that he is better known, and that with more chivalrous treatment, with unlimited, fertile stretches, the Romany, like most of the rest of us, has a "better chance" than in the crowded European countries where he must exert his ever sharp wits to the farthest degree in order to gain a livelihood.

It is true that the Gypsy, as a class, will resort to trickery, but as for stealing—"What indeed could we do with most things if we *did* steal them?" It was John David Lee who put this question. He and his wife and child were traveling alone when I met them. "You see our wagon," he went on; "we travel as light as we can, and every bit of space is taken up with necessities. Where could we find room for stolen goods?" The Gypsy is a rover, but no vagrant, for he carries with him always his home, his family, his pride and traditions of race, and his Gypsy honor, and around his wagon and tent belongings is drawn a magic circle of content. As for the Gypsy woman, she is famed like the ideal of Solomon of old, for virtue and devotion to home and family.

#### THE GYPSY'S HOME.

Gypsy wagons are marvels of comfort

and convenience, with their soft white beds, lace curtains, pictures on the walls, cubby holes for storing gay holiday attire, and the kitchen compartments at the rear of the wagon, where food and utensils are kept. But it is not everyone who is permitted to enter and examine these more private possessions, for the Romany rightly resents the intrusion of the merely idly-curious; even in the case of well-meaning Gorgios it sometimes takes months and years to earn the seldom-bestowed welcome to a Gypsy tent circle.

Camp-fire cooking is almost entirely a thing of the past, and light, modern cook-stoves are used instead, though for boiling the kettle the "sarshta" is often used, not the old tripod, but a straight piece of iron sharpened at one end and having a hook at the other. The sharp end is driven into the ground and the hook bent down at an angle great enough to permit hanging the kettle on it over the fire.

There are always horses, usually dogs, and, almost without exception, children to be seen about a Gypsy camp, though sometimes elderly couples travel alone, at least temporarily. And one may often hear the sound of the "bosh" or fiddle, and songs with laughter and jests, particularly at night, the time of gathering around the tent-doors and fires after the sunshiny work-hours have gone. During the day the women, if near towns or cities, go out "dukkerin" or fortune-telling, and the men trade horses and keep the camp from the intrusion of curious outsiders. The women are often clever basket-weavers, and sometimes sell other bits of handiwork, as, for instance, as a Romany once said to me, "The ladies of those families" (Irish Gypsies) "does a little different from our ladies—they sell lace; peddles it in their baskets."

#### FORTUNE TELLING.

It is the "fortune telling" which is the Gypsy woman's greatest source of profit, and it is that which attracts to them the outsider, or "Gorgio," who otherwise would take little interest in them. It was natural that after studying palmistry a year or two I should



wish to investigate the Gypsy methods of "dukkerin," and an opportunity soon arrived, as it happened. I was visiting in the heart of the bituminous coal-regions of Pennsylvania when a caravan of Gypsies, mostly Whartons and Harrisons, under Peter Guy, encamped for two weeks within a mile of us. Scarcely a day passed of which I did not spend some part "rakkerin" (talking) with the beautiful Priscilla and her kinfolk in camp or under the trees of the interesting old town. The prices for fortune telling range from fifty cents upward (it is almost without exception "upward"), but the Gypsy women will sometimes make a reduction for a large party, or because of the judicious presentation of some gay or useful article of apparel.

#### THE SECRET OF GYPSY KNOWLEDGE OF PAST AND PRESENT.

It seems but little short of the miraculous to have the hidden history of one's life read so perfectly by utter strangers, but the means by which they make it appear that they do so is not entirely palmistry which, regarded as a science, has little part in Gypsy fortune telling. Romanys gather every possible bit of information about the inhabitants of the neighborhood where they happen to be sojourning, by judicious questioning of servants and neighbors, and hoard the treasure in their marvelous memories. Add to this the fact that their naturally keen powers of observation have been trained for centuries to read character and life-history from the face, that certain generalities always obtain with certain types of hands and faces, that general facts may apply to anyone's past history, and that only "what comes to pass" is remembered out of the mass of information given one, and you have the key to their apparent, uncanny knowledge of past and present.

As for their prophecies for the future, Romanys themselves believe in the power of some of their women to peer into it, but the utterances of the ordinary Gypsy fortune teller in reality only *seem* to have been fulfilled when looked back upon through the "mists of

years" because of coincidence. It cannot be denied, however, that certain Gypsies are psychic as to present conditions, and that at rare intervals a Romany "dye" may be found who possesses the gift of "second sight." If one's pocketbook can stand the drain, and one's nerve the strain of being told of impending evil it should be a merely pleasurable, "mild excitement," in these days of psychological research to seek a Gypsy fortune teller. It is no case for nerve-depression for, leaving out the probability of being told "fairy tales," it must be remembered that the lines of the palm are subject to change, and that each individual has in himself more power to influence the future than any prophecy of misfortune. Moreover, if harm *has* been done because of blind belief in Gypsy "dukkerin," this is pretty well balanced by a fact of which, "Gorgios" seldom think, or indeed have an opportunity of knowing: namely, that Gypsy women are virtuous women, and those among them who possess unusual common sense and heart above the price of "dukkerin" have often been able to save the ignorant, the weak or the troubled who seek their advice, from falling into greater error.

Gypsies travel at any season of the year that the spirit may happen to move them. From the east to the west, as far as the Rocky Mountains, and even the Pacific Coast; from the forests of the North to the palmetto-skirted lakes and cypress-bordered bayous of the South one may meet them. Some own houses and land in the country in the North, and live there throughout the winter months. Others rent rooms or houses in the larger cities during the coldest weather, tell fortunes and have a social time with each other, while many families seek the southland with the fall and there remain till spring. I have met them all over the country at different seasons, sometimes in companies and at other times with one or two families together. But in the latter case they are never entirely without communication with other Romanys. In these modern American days they sometimes use the telegraph, as well as the



*A Slanko family group.*

U. S. mails, but the directions and instructions they give each other in regard to their movements are not contained in letters or telegrams.

#### THE "PATTERAN."

The ancient road-sign of the Romany, the "patteran," takes the place of sign-boards or maps. The "patteran" is a little, carefully arranged pile of sticks, grass or stones, placed at cross-roads, where none but a Gypsy would notice it any more than any one but a Romany could read it; but to him it is as plain as the noonday sun, and by it—a succession of such wayside tokens—one family or company can follow others who may be days ahead of them for hundreds of miles.

Though the Gypsy has uses for other methods of communication besides the mysterious "patteran," he is not a letter-writer. He rightly cares first for his own immediate family circle; the closest "in-laws" do not travel together unless perfectly congenial or

unless it is convenient for them to do so, and as the roving life is not conducive to letter-writing, even the nearest relatives do not usually hear from each other directly more than once or twice a year at most.

In the city livery stables and pawn-brokers' shops opportunities are afforded for the exchange of news, but for those who roam in small groups and rarely strike a large city or the great bureaus of information, summer camping-grounds, where all the gossip of the year is retailed, communication of personal family news is uncertain.

#### THE ROMANY LANGUAGE.

In America the "kalo jib," the "black language," spoken by one Romany to another, is found in purer form, nearer to the original speech of the old wandering Aryan tribes than in any other country, but the Gypsy guards jealously his forbears' language (which may be spoken in an entirely pure form or with an admixture of

*In camp.*

foreign phrases), and few there are among Gorgios who can "rakker" even slightly in the Romany tongue.\* The exceptions are a few students of philology, those who can claim a dash of Romany blood, or others who, fascinated by Gypsy life, have wholly or semi-adopted it, and are indulgently looked upon by Romanys. Those who can speak even a little Romany from legitimate Gypsy associations may consider themselves honored indeed, for a real welcome the suspicious Gypsy gives no one who is distinctively an outsider. Those who are merely curious and attempt to force one may beware, for the Gypsy can be "ugly" like other human beings when his resentment is aroused in regard to his home privacy.

#### THE GYPSY RELIGION.

It is said that the Gypsy has no religion, but, to be strictly true, the statement must be modified. In the United States there are some hundreds of German-American Romanys, the list

headed by the Freyers, and many Irish (of whom the Gormans are the best known), and Hungarian Gypsies. The distinctively foreign Romanys, including all those just mentioned, but excluding the pure English and American Romanys (the latter of English ancestry near or remote), usually profess the Roman or Greek Catholic religion, and have their children baptized in the ceremony of the Catholic Church. I have seen rosaries and pictures of the Madonna, as well as images of the Romanist and Greek saints, in the wagons of Irish and other more strictly foreign Gypsies, but the outward eye-evidences and ceremonials are the most that Romany Catholicism amounts to. The pure English and American Gypsies do not profess a religion, though I have known of one or two of the higher class attending the services of the Church of England when "across the water." One Romany told me that he did not deny the existence of God, or that Christ (to the Gypsies usually indefinite-

\* Note.—As a rule, Gypsies do not care to trouble themselves to learn to read or write, and their English is decidedly ungrammatical.—THE AUTHOR.



*The wagon is laid up for repairs.*

ly known as the "Tickno Duvel" or "Small God") was the Son of God. A Gypsy will do many things for expediency, and church-going may sometimes be among the number, for tradition and training do not incline the Romany churchward; but one will find always, though perhaps but half-acknowledged, the recognition among them of the "Boro Duvel," the "Great God," and of the "Small God, his Son."

#### CHARMS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

Strange ivory or coral charms, fashioned like miniature horns, are often worn to avert the influence of the devil. The most beautiful Gypsy girl I ever saw wore a marvelous string of large, exquisite pieces of deep pink coral "horns" as a necklace.

There are many curious charms and superstitions among Romanys, part of which they practice or profess when dealing with the gullible Gorgio. At such times they would deny wholesale or assert their own belief in them, just as seemed the more politic, so that it is really difficult with the majority of gypsies to get at the truth of their degree of faith in these matters: professing and yet scoffing at them, they guard their real feelings and ideas jealously and sacredly.

The Gypsy marriage ceremony in this

country is generally performed at the office of a civil magistrate, or, among Catholics, by a priest, for here the ancient custom of jumping over the tongs is but a tradition. They seldom marry outside of their own race, and they bury their own people together—that is, in Romany burial grounds. They will send the body of one of their number a great distance to have it interred in the family resting-place of the dead.

#### GYPSY QUEENS AND ROYAL RULE.

The general supposition among Gorgios is that all Gypsies are ruled over by one Gypsy queen, but there is more in the name and the romance of it than in the reality. The German-American Gypsies looked to Sophia Freyer, and the Irish-American Romanys to Bridget Gorman; the Stanleys also have a queen to whom they give the respect due to years of lineage, but the pure-blood English and American Gypsies in this country are usually as unfettered by such allegiance as every free-born American, and many of them will openly resent the idea that they are subject to any such rule. Gypsy government is virtually patriarchal.

Lineage is esteemed, the more so if added to it are years and experience; but above all is honored the wisdom of womanhood. No other race more high-



*Interior of a Gypsy wagon.*





*Irish Gypsies. Some of the Fuerrigs and Corriganes.*

ly respects women, and the Gypsy wife has an acknowledged equality in those matters wherein both men and women require training. In the "talents," which are "born, not made," including business sagacity, she is accounted the superior, yet Gypsy men do not lack manliness. Therefore one hears so much more of the sway of "Gypsy queens" than of the rule of the other sex.

#### THE CLEANLINESS OF THE GYPSY.

Cleanliness is not supposed to rank high with the Gypsy, but in reality it is one of the marked characteristics of the higher-class American and English Romany. As an example of this prevalent belief I quote an incident related to me by Margaret Boyd Lee, wife of John David Lee, types of the wealthy, upper-class Gypsy. These Lees and their little daughter Mary were traveling alone, as they usually preferred, with the exception of a servant boy. Just before my first visit to their tent they had been into the city to take tiny Mary to see an evening performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Mrs. Lee told me of a conversation she had overheard on their return on the electric car. A woman sitting next her

asked a friend opposite if she had been to have her fortune told "by the Gypsies." "No, indeed!" replied the other woman emphatically, "you wouldn't catch me going into their dirty tents! I don't believe they ever even wash their faces." And yet the pretty woman next her, so clean and Gorgio-looking, was one of the objectionable Romanys!

Road life brings conspicuous surface-dust and grime to faces and camp appurtenances, but the American Gypsy spends as much time generally over personal ablutions and "washing-up" as the Gorgio.

#### PEOPLE OF GYPSY BLOOD IN MANY WALKS OF LIFE.

The Lees just mentioned were English Gypsies, who return to England every few years, meantime roving over the country, sometimes stopping in Vermont, where they own property, then going on to the western states, tenting, or in cold weather, boarding at hotels for a while. It is a well-known fact that there are people of Gypsy blood in many walks of life who conceal their descent because the love of mystery and of practising on the unsuspecting is in the blood, while the innate feeling of superiority to the com-



mon herd prevents the discussion of Gypsy life with the Gorgio.

#### SOME PICTURESQUE "DARK" GYPSIES.

Quite a contrast to that of the Lees was the camp of one of the Stanko (the foreign "Stanley") families, part French and part Hungarian, people of very dark complexion and picturesque dress and manner, who are now to me "old friends."

It was in the summer that I met these Romanys in Ohio. The following autumn, in Indianapolis, a pretty, young, married woman came to the house where we were staying to tell fortunes. Of course she was amazed to meet any one who could speak to her in her own language, and sat down sociably to smoke a cigarette, her two months' old baby in her lap, while we talked. She asked me questions, and in returning the compliment I discovered that she spoke French, and that her name was Stanko. When she saw the photograph I produced of the other Stanko family her astonishment and delight bordered too nearly on the pathetic not to be real. For a second she was dumb with bewilderment, then, pointing to the central figure of the group exclaimed in broken English, "My mother!" She talked so rapidly for a while that I could scarcely understand her. She named the other members in the picture, and when she spoke of the paralytic affliction of her sister (the girl by the stove in the Stanko group, page 564), a fact hardly to be detected by a stranger, the relationship was not to be doubted. She begged for the photograph and was not quite satisfied by my promise to take it out to her at the camp. She had not seen her mother or the other members of her family for over two years, and she valued the photographic glimpse of them.

#### GYPSY WIT AND HUMOR.

Next to that crown of admirable Gypsy qualities—respect for women—comes the wonderful talent they possess in being "flick o' the jib," or quick of tongue. Witty replies and humorous sallies seem to fly out with the opening of Romany lips. The best ex-

hibition of the more broadly humorous side of this gift which it was ever my fortune to enjoy, was given by two Gypsy women who were "jallin' the drom" in the Middle West. They had passed the house at so rapid a pace that it took fast walking to overtake and keep them in sight. But, four blocks away J— and I found them seated under some trees on a grassy slope, and with them a third woman, an elderly Gorgio, who had evidently been resting under the trees when they arrived, and was a stranger to the Gypsies. When we joined them and greeted the Gypsies in Romany, they replied. At this sign of their interest in us, the last arrivals, the elderly Gorgio sniffed with a ludicrously superior air, which was too plain to be misunderstood. With a side-glance at the Gypsies, who were as much amused as were we, I said: "You think we're not Romanys? Can you look me in the eyes and say you've jalled'n the drom yourself?" With their quick wit the Gypsies recognized the allusion to their method of "dukkerin," and laughed openly. The elderly Gorgio did not understand, but with no acknowledgment of her ignorance she simply sniffed again, and looking at me, said, "You're no Gypsy!" Her glance and tone were intended to be withering; we were going to attract too much attention.

The Romany women had scented game at the first words of this peculiar specimen of humanity, and the opportunity to guy her was not to be allowed to pass, particularly as they seemed to think that in us they would have an appreciative audience. We all feigned great interest when the elderly Gorgio volunteered, "I'm a Sperratualist myself. Are *you* Sperratualists?"

We all shook our heads.

"Sperratualist! Now tell me," the fat Gypsy demanded, "do you mean that you 'ave to do with the sperrets of them that's dead, er you kin tell about them that's livin'?"

"Both, but I don't go into no trances except at my own rooms."

"That's business," said the slim Romany.



*"If we lead a life of pleasure,  
It is no matter how nor where."*

*Now for a trade.*

"But I'm a clairvoyance, I am," went on the "sperratualist."

"And what do you mean by that?" said the fat Gypsy, with a deceitfully innocent air.

"Well"—the woman fingered her basket nervously—"I kin tell about ye by just lookin' at yer face and yer hand."

"And so you can tell fortunes?"

There was a world of awe and admiration to conceal the Romany irony.

"Oh, yes, I only charge a quarter. Now ye know everybody's born under some planeck—one of them big stars in the sky—"

The fat Gypsy held out her hand with the most delicious, affected timidity.

"Would you please be tellin' me, ma'am, 'ow old I is, and w'ich planets rules my 'and?"

"Well now, you're twenty-eight, and I should say you was born under some of them very biggest planecks—Jub'ter, er it may be Morris."

"Morris," repeated the Gypsy, wonderingly, "I never 'eard tell of that one."

Then, after a meditative pause, "Well, ma'am, can you tell me 'ow many 'usbants I've 'ad?"

"Two, and likely threë. And ye've children and grandchildren."

"That's right! That's right!" exclaimed the second Gypsy, who was listening with abnormal glee.

"Hold yer tongue!" commanded.

*Washing dishes.*



the fat Gypsy as her questioning went on. "And was my fust 'usband a blond or a dark man, can you tell me?"

"He was a blond, and he was the very devil, and now he—" The gaze of the "clairvoyance" became more intense and searching as she paused. The Gypsy cast down her eyes. "Yes," resumed the woman, "he's either dead or yer divorced; anyhow yer parted from him."

ist was becoming excited with her apparent success.

"Oh, yes, he beats her till she ought to kill him." The abused wife had been pulling blades of grass with a thoughtful air as if embarrassed at having her affairs made public. Her face was turned away and for a minute she shook with laughter, then calming herself, and with another wink at us, she pointed to a mosquito bite over her eye.



*The essence of comfort.*

"I is," replied the Gypsy solemnly, with a wink at us.

"An—an—yer second husband," continued the "Sperratualist," pleased with her success, "is dark, and he's a devil, too."

"You're a good one, you are; why you're worth a dollar!" cried the second Gypsy, clapping her hands and adding, "and he beats her, too, don't he?"

"Stop 'elping 'er so much," said the first Romany severely. The Spiritual-

"Wot done that?" she said.

"He hit you!" replied the Spiritualist, emphatically.

"And that?" pointing to another mark.

"He bit her there, didn't he?" put in the slim Gypsy.

"Yes!" almost screamed the "Clairvoyance" in ecstasy.

"Oh, there comes my 'usband now! Wot *will* I do! Wot *will* I do if 'e sees me?" She turned her broad back and grabbed an umbrella. Three men were



*The Lees, good types of the upper class of Gypsy.*

passing who were no more related to the Gypsy than were we.

"'e's the one in the middle!" she exclaimed helplessly.

"Here, let me hold it over you!" This sympathy was too much for the rest of us, and we could only attempt to conceal our amusement. The "Speratualist" appeared a little disturbed, but the second Romany made it all right by tactfully asking if she wouldn't teach her to tell fortunes.

"If you'll come to my house I will. I didn't always have to do nothin' for my livin'; but I've been through several fortunes. I'm such a spendthrift, she explained with pride, 'I'm Irish.'"

"The meanest people on earth. Now, I'm 'Ungarian!'"

When the "Clairvoyance" presently rose to go we rose also, allowing her to take her departure first, however. As she walked away the fat Gypsy looked after her with pitying amusement.

"'e 'it me 'ere, did 'e?" she exclaimed; "'an' bit me 'ere, did 'e? I'm twenty-eight, am I? And I 'ave grand-children!"

Our American Indians, the negroes and all other representatives of peculiar and primitive peoples who live among us have villages, communities, or some form of local government. The Gypsies alone wander "to and fro in the earth." A race-trait too strong to be eradicated by contact with other peoples, they will forever, as always, roam. The uncertainty of their appearance and sudden flittings, their clannish ways and strange traditions and beliefs, serve to keep up a mysterious charm for those who have once recognized it. Like the gay beauty of some rare butterfly the brilliant picturesqueness of the Gypsy would add color and life to the most monotonous landscape, and the Romany may well be considered the finishing artistic touch to Nature's masterpiece, America.





## THE STAGE CAREER OF MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

By ALAN DALE



*Mrs. Patrick Campbell.*

**N**O sooner has a hardworking, conscientious actress loomed into international prominence than birds of biography swoop upon her childhood and adolescence and make frantic efforts to discover the lovely stories that are so persistently in vogue. They are happy if they find that at ten years of age she had recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade" to a palpitant bevy of admiring relatives. They hug themselves joyously if they can learn that at six she used to steal away to the solitude of her nursery and pore over the pages of Shakespeare. They revel in the statement that she surreptitiously haunted the theaters to study all sorts and conditions of acting.

I am extremely sorry to say that in the sinuous, tinkling, well-conceived career of our latest importation, known—not too euphoniously—as Mrs. Patrick Campbell, I am a biographical bird that will not fly. I have studied her carefully (in London) from the time she made her first positive success in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and I regret to say that I have made no pre-natal

discoveries of interest, nor have I found anything effectively to adorn a moral for the stage-struck.

When an actress makes her "first appearance" with amateurs I give up all romance. It is a rather banal method, don't you think? Mrs. Potter used it; so did Miss Elsie De Wolfe; so did a number of others. Romance dies from anemia in the presence of an amateur performance. I always see a blue disenchantment when I learn that a non-professional beginning led to all these gorgeous, luminous happenings. Of course this is merely a personal view. I suppose it is due to the fact that I have steeped myself in the biographers' favorite essence.

There are no fairy stories woven around Mrs. Patrick Campbell. She appeared with amateurs at Norwood in a play called "In His Power" and made a hit. (Please pardon the expression "made a hit." I try to avoid it, but it is in the air—my air.)

Perhaps the nicest thing she did—for the purposes of this and other articles—was to run away when she was seventeen years old and get married to Mr. Patrick Campbell, who was then nineteen. Although, later on, her dramatic specialty has always been what I shall call "dangerous love"—love that eschews the conventions and does not invariably hanker for a wedding ring—it is pleasant to know that a runaway, Romeo and Juliet marriage began it all. I may mention that Mr. Patrick Campbell was the son of a father of the same name, who was for many years in the East, and later in London, as manager of an Oriental banking concern.

Young Campbell was obliged to leave his delicate, Italianly temperamental little wife and go to South Africa to seek a position. So Mrs. Campbell, having appeared at Norwood with amateurs, determined to support herself by

the stage. This is dreadfully prosaic, isn't it? It is a sad knock to those ideas that harp around an insistent genius. But it is true, and Mrs. Campbell need not worry about it.

She appeared in plays called "Bachelors" and "Tares." As she has since won renown, they say that she was extremely good in these plays. Personally, I don't believe it, because I have watched the actress in her perpetual crescendo, and I did not admire her until she had "arrived." She was not a genius, but she was conscientious. Genius is not "an infinite capacity for taking pains," though that pleasant epigram always sounds well.

Then came an engagement with Ben Greet, who, like our own Charles Frohman, "presents" things. During this engagement Mrs. Campbell was seen in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Twelfth Night," "Love's Labor Lost" and "As You Like It." May I add—as I am making this a trifle personal—that I am rather glad I never saw these productions? Fancy watching these mild Shakespearian outbursts to find them followed in century 19-20 by Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande" and Echegaray's "Mariana."

The actress's opportunity was coming. She had played a part called *Clarice Berton* in, I think, "The Black Domino." George Alexander at that time was about to produce Pinero's "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and was looking around for an actress to play *Paula*. The first choice was Elizabeth Robins, of Ibsen renown, but it was hopeless. Then he sought out Mrs. Campbell, and the result was a new sensation for London. In "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" Mrs. Campbell electrified the English metropolis, and nothing that she has since achieved has equaled this performance. It was, as a fact, her "discovery," and she immediately took her place in the front rank of the stars. A certain nervous delicacy, a *morbidezza*, an unconventionality, made a swift appeal. Mrs. Campbell made one or two subsequent efforts to escape from the thralldom of "dangerous love" stories and then gave it up. To-day she holds fast to *Mrs. Tanqueray*, and her sisters.

Now that she is a star, with all the license implied by that strange and very much misunderstood position, she has focussed her peculiarities and has developed into a sort of fad. Calmly and dispassionately it must be admitted that Mrs. Campbell is not a great actress.

She has a charming personality, but no very far-reaching originality. Her voice is pleasant, and I imagine that she modeled her diction—in her earlier career—upon that of Ellen Terry. She has Miss Terry's peculiar staccato utterances, and there are times when, with your eyes shut, you could believe that Miss Terry—the Ellen Terry of some years ago—stood before you. But it is a satisfactory model, and Mrs. Campbell's imitation is not nearly as noticeable now as it was five or six years ago.

I was present at Mrs. Campbell's first appearance in "Magda" at the Lyceum Theater, London, in June, 1896. I had seen Sarah Bernhardt, Duse and Modjeska play the part, and Mrs. Campbell did not convince me. She played *Magda* as a delicate, high-bred Park Lane lady, whom you could imagine at an afternoon tea or a swagger social function. It was a picture that filled the eye but left the imagination quite empty. Of course *Magda* is an impossible part. A cold-blooded, mental actress like Mrs. Fiske failed to make it appeal. Since then Mrs. Campbell has "reconsidered" it, and its first production, which was a failure in London, was followed by another, which was successful.

Mrs. Campbell's art generally touches the emotions in an illicit, clandestine way. She cannot illumine the simple, direct characters that are supposed to impress "that which is best in human nature." (And I don't pretend to know what this mystic "best" is.) She can portray certain emotions of certain women, and portray them admirably. There is a good deal that is feline and clinging about her. Her voice has a strange effect upon you—sometimes a painful one. It gets "beneath the skin"—if I may use such a phrase—and sways you. She has none of the rampant power of Bernhardt or the re-



*Mrs. Campbell as "Paula Tanqueray."*

markable subtlety of Duse. But her qualities are none the less certain because they are apparently indefinable.

I never realized her limitations so completely as when I saw her play *Lady Teazle* after the initial *Magda* experiment. She will probably never repeat *Lady Teazle*. It was an interesting performance, but it was not "it." Mrs Campbell, lured from the *Paula's* and *Magda's*, tried to make *Lady Teazle* popular by portraying her in a romping, up-to-date, modern-improvement manner that was amusing. In this production of "The School for Scandal" you thought of golf and automobiles and tennis. Her peculiarities were all there but this time they were misplaced, and this frivolity with the English classics was scarcely to be commended.

Of late, Mrs. Campbell has sought in all directions for eccentric rôles that nobody else could, or would, play. Curiosity seekers have worshipped at her shrine, and it is perhaps the very greatest tribute to her fascinating personality, that she has managed to make pecuniary successes with plays that no other living actresses could vitalize. At her little Royalty Theater, in Soho, she has a large and loyal clientèle, and some of the plays she produced there would have been unintelligible at any other house. It was always this ultra-feminine, sinister, almost fearsome "dangerous love," that people crowded to see.

To those who demand a direct conventional appeal, a banal "heart interest," a simple bout of coquetry or some magnificently disclaimed passion, Mrs. Campbell is a book, locked, and with the key lost. She is a product of this day—a day of which Mr. Nordau writes very unpleasant things. She is fond of dark-green, mystic plays, of weird ladies who gaze into pools, and of complex princesses who lose their crowns for a man's love.

In Maeterlinck's "*Pelleas and Melisande*," she moves snakily through a rôle that long-haired gentlemen would call symbolic, though I prefer to use a shorter and less parliamentary adjective. I saw it in London, and it gave me the blues. It was one of the most painful

things I have ever witnessed, and its climax came when a little child was held up to a window to spy upon the actions of *Pelleas* and *Melisande*.

And still—through it all—there was the picturesque, moving figure of Mrs. Campbell, giving a strange, furtive significance to proceedings that came close to burlesque. In one scene, *Melisande* on a balcony, let down her hair. Her lover, below, took the hair and wound it round the trunk of a tree, crying, "Cover me with it! Oh, it is overflowing! Oh, that beautiful flood of hair! Do you hear my kisses all down your hair?"

And again, in Echegaray's "*Mariana*," at the Royalty Theater, London, last summer, I watched her eerie work. This time it was magnificent work, full of strength and purpose. But once more, I say that Mrs. Campbell is not a "genius," but a conscientious, clever worker. She has steadily improved, and her art to-day is much more intelligent than it was eight years ago. She has gained in forcefulness, and she has retained "mannerisms" enough to make her popular in this age of fads. For Mrs. Campbell is a fad. She is by no means one of the sturdy pillars of the English-speaking stage, but rather an exotic growth in its midst.

One play, produced by Mrs. Campbell just outside London, will illustrate the truth of my remark that she has sought in all directions for eccentric rôles. This play was called "*Carlyon Sahib*," by Gilbert Murray. It was a nightmare, with a cerebral tumor as its sensation. It had the atmosphere of a dissecting room, and it quickly flashed in the pan. Mrs. Campbell could do nothing with it. It was the apotheosis of the abnormal.

Just before sailing for America Mrs. Campbell accepted a play called "*Gypsy Marie*," by Miss A. Constance Smedley. In this she is to essay a rôle quite unlike the "tired woman" parts that have made her famous. It is a child's part, and, in a letter I received from Miss Smedley, I am informed that it is electric, and that it will do for Mrs. Campbell what "*L'Aiglon*" has done for Bernhardt.



*a favorite gesture.*



But in the meantime Mrs. Campbell comes to us with the typical bridge that has characterized her. Perhaps "Mrs. Campbell" belongs to the new era—perhaps

to the era of reformation. Yet however this may be, we are at present visiting the evolution of *FRANK FISKE*.



## MRS. FISKE\*

### A STUDY

By NORMAN HARGOOD



**W**HEN Mrs. Fiske was playing *in Boston* at a second-class theatre some fourteen years ago, I spoke to an American dramatist about "Leporello," which had just delighted me on a sophomore night in the Hitt. "Yes," said he.

"The little woman has genius. When she finds the right play the public will recognize her as a great actress." This prophecy by the playwright had its fulfilment in the production of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," the medium in which Mrs. Fiske first won the place which she now occupies, which is artistically the most enviable position held by any woman on the American stage. Like many actors who have ended near the top of the theatrical hierarchy she began as a child, and so attained, while still young, that variety of experiment and experience which is almost a necessity of the best histrionic accomplishment. As she became a star when still a girl, the parts in which she was first known were naturally lighter than those which are now familiar to the public and which are more fitted to test the full powers of her matured art; and even now she has a degree of liking for amiable roles in simple and sympathetic plays which might surprise one who knew her work alone. She is often happier, for instance, while acting the

comedy of "Leporello," or the sentiment of "Miranda of the Balcony," than she is when her spirit is attuned to the crueler mood of *Ugolino* or even of "Little Italy." Wickedness, suffering and death do not specially attract her, although her powers often show best when she is depicting the ruthless or the ironical side of life, and although the three one-act plays of which she is the author contain a fair measure of sadness. The actor, like any other artist,—more almost than any other,—is in his private existence the slave of his work; the man or woman is the servant of the artist; and to play a wicked or an unhappy woman well at night it is often necessary to keep the mood hard or gloomy during the day,—a large sacrifice to one who, like Mrs. Fiske, is a vital person off the stage, sensitive to real wrong, to actual suffering, to the welfare of the living.

Mrs. Fiske's impression on the large public has been made in the half dozen years since her return to the stage, following a retirement after her marriage. That this impression has been so favorable is due to a number of talents. She is an actress not only of power but of originality, and as a producing manager she has shown both variety and self-reliance. As she has remarked herself, women on the stage are much more

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than men addicted to single lines of work, following their temperaments and appearances. Bernhardt is a notable exception, her parts differing as widely as Sir Henry Irving's or Richard Mansfield's, but as a rule you will hardly find an actress playing women old and young, sweet and cruel, depraved and heroic, ugly and beautiful. Except Mr. Mansfield, who makes up more variously than she, nobody prominent on the American stage is covering the area of human nature embraced in the parts taken by Mrs. Fiske. In "Becky Sharp" she is a satirical, buoyant and reckless adventuress. In "Tess" she is a naïve and innocent victim goaded to desperation. In "Little Italy" she is a passionate foreigner. In "Love Finds the Way" she is a morbid and yearning cripple. In "Miranda of the Balcony" she is much the ordinary sympathetic heroine of romance. In "Cyprienne" she is a devil. In "Divorçons" she is in the field of artificial light comedy. In the "Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" she is a mother going through agonies and abnegation for her child. "My Lady," "A Bit of Old Chelsea," "The Doll's House," and others are plays which could be described, in her gallery of characters, in which one of which she puts something devoted to it alone, although, of course, most of them have in common many signs of her own peculiar personality, which at the best is originality, and at the worst is mannerism. Among the plays which she has produced have been several by unknown American authors, three of them among her greatest successes. This ability to discover and use native hidden talent is one of the most important gifts of a manager, and one of the ways in which the actor-manager, with his more artistic intelligence and his more enthusiastic nature, is likely to be superior to the mere business man of the type now controlling most of our plays. The business man is timid on ground where he does not feel himself strong, and he seldom understands a play which differs from others that he has seen. The most common country

Fitch and Augustus Thomas, but he refused them until those authors had as assured a market as Pears' soap. For the transformation of novels into plays he selects the books which sell most widely, irrespective of their dramatic possibilities, and turns them over to Edward E. Rose, who treats them all in the same manner, with no taste, appreciation or judgment, but with a set of melodramatic rules which our most business-like group of managers have come to accept as fairly safe. Mrs. Fiske, on the other hand, represents the originality of many of the better class of actor-managers, the keenness for new opportunities, and she has been in her treatment of unknown Americans a stimulating influence on the drama.

In her selection of plays she meets an obstacle which is in part a misfortune, in part a boon to our theater. It is impossible properly to realize her importance in the dramatic world without taking account of the fact that she stands as a protest. Her opposition to the theatrical syndicate would make it difficult for her to obtain plays from writers already successful, since it would cut them off from the largest market for their wares. This exclusion of the foremost American actress now on the stage from the regular theatrical mill seems to me, broadly considered, something to rejoice in, because it keeps the public mind more awake to the dead routine and mental vulgarity of the dominating powers. Of course it makes Mrs. Fiske's financial problem a harder one. It is not only that she is limited in her plays, theaters and actors, but that some of the most powerful newspapers in the country, notably the *Sun*, and only less openly the *Herald*, keep alert to do her a mischief at every opportunity. Knowing the public, with cheap astuteness, they indulge less in hostile criticism than in the use of the news columns, which have a certain authority for the innocent mind. The *Sun* seldom lets a fortnight go by without concocting a paragraph, intended to catch the eyes of the out-of-town papers and be copied by them, implying that whatever Mrs. Fiske happens to be doing is a peculiarity; deserving its fate for

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## MRS. FISKE\*

### A STUDY

By NORMAN HAPGOOD



**W**HEN Mrs. Fiske was playing in Boston, at a second-class theater, some fourteen years ago, I spoke to an American dramatist about "Caprice," which had just delighted me, on a Sophomoric raid in the Hub. "Yes," said he, "the little woman has genius. When she finds the right play the public will recognize her as a great actress." This prophecy by the playwright had its fulfilment in the production of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," the medium in which Mrs. Fiske first won the place which she now occupies, which is artistically the most enviable position held by any woman on the American stage. Like many actors who have ended near the top of the theatrical hierarchy she began as a child, and so attained, while still young, that variety of experiment and experience which is almost a necessity of the best histrionic accomplishment. As she became a star when still a girl, the parts in which she was first known were naturally lighter than those which are now familiar to the public and which are more fitted to test the full powers of her matured art; and even now she has a degree of liking for amiable rôles in simple and sympathetic plays which might surprise one who knew her work alone. She is often happier, for instance, while acting the

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Mrs. Fiske's impression on the large public has been made in the half dozen years since her return to the stage, following a retirement after her marriage. That this impression has been so favorable is due to a number of talents. She is an actress not only of power but of originality, and as a producing manager she has shown both variety and self-reliance. As she has remarked herself, women on the stage are much more

\* This is the first of a number of studies to be published in *LESLIE'S MONTHLY* upon the most prominent men and women of the modern American stage. Each study will be a careful analysis and estimate, written by a critic of recognized ability and standing, and in every case the article will be accompanied by a supplementary portrait printed in colors, after a drawing made from life especially for this magazine. This series of portraits, taken altogether, will form a picture gallery of the best of our contemporary players.—THE EDITOR.

than men addicted to single lines of work, following their temperaments and appearances. Bernhardt is a notable exception, her parts differing as widely as Sir Henry Irving's or Richard Mansfield's, but as a rule you will hardly find an actress playing women old and young, sweet and cruel, depraved and heroic, ugly and beautiful. Except Mr. Mansfield, who makes up more variously than she, nobody prominent on the American stage is covering the area of human nature embraced in the parts taken by Mrs. Fiske. In "Becky Sharp" she is a satirical, buoyant and reckless adventuress. In "Tess" she is a naïve and innocent victim goaded to desperation. In "Little Italy" she is a passionate foreigner. In "Love Finds the Way" she is a morbid and yearning cripple. In "Miranda of the Balcony" she is much the ordinary sympathetic heroine of romance. In "Cyrienne" she is a devil. In "Divorçons" she is in the field of artificial light comedy. In the "Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" she is a mother going through agony and abnegation for her child. "Magda," "A Bit of Old Chelsea," "A Doll's House," and others among her plays could be described, extending her gallery of characters, into each one of which she puts something devoted to it alone, although, of course, most of them have in common many signs of her own peculiar personality, which at the best is originality, and at the worst is mannerism. Among the plays which she has produced have been several by unknown American authors, three of them among her greatest successes. This ability to discover and use native hidden talent is one of the most important gifts of a manager, and one of the ways in which the actor-manager, with his more artistic intelligence and his more enthusiastic nature, is likely to be superior to the mere business man of the type now controlling most of our plays. The business man is timid on ground where he does not feel himself strong, and he seldom understands a play which differs from others that he has seen earning money. The most powerful manager in the country now uses the plays of Clyde

Fitch and Augustus Thomas, but he refused them until those authors had as assured a market as Pears' soap. For the transformation of novels into plays he selects the books which sell most widely, irrespective of their dramatic possibilities, and turns them over to Edward E. Rose, who treats them all in the same manner, with no taste, appreciation or judgment, but with a set of melodramatic rules which our most business-like group of managers have come to accept as fairly safe. Mrs. Fiske, on the other hand, represents the originality of many of the better class of actor-managers, the keenness for new opportunities, and she has been in her treatment of unknown Americans a stimulating influence on the drama.

In her selection of plays she meets an obstacle which is in part a misfortune, in part a boon to our theater. It is impossible properly to realize her importance in the dramatic world without taking account of the fact that she stands as a protest. Her opposition to the theatrical syndicate would make it difficult for her to obtain plays from writers already successful, since it would cut them off from the largest market for their wares. This exclusion of the foremost American actress now on the stage from the regular theatrical mill seems to me, broadly considered, something to rejoice in, because it keeps the public mind more awake to the dead routine and mental vulgarity of the dominating powers. Of course it makes Mrs. Fiske's financial problem a harder one. It is not only that she is limited in her plays, theaters and actors, but that some of the most powerful newspapers in the country, notably the *Sun*, and only less openly the *Herald*, keep alert to do her a mischief at every opportunity. Knowing the public, with cheap astuteness, they indulge less in hostile criticism than in the use of the news columns, which have a certain authority for the innocent mind. The *Sun* seldom lets a fortnight go by without concocting a paragraph, intended to catch the eyes of the out-of-town papers and be copied by them, implying that whatever Mrs. Fiske happens to be doing is a pecuniary failure; deserving its fate for

moral and artistic depravity. It was forced recently to withdraw one of its statements, but usually keeps on the windy side of the libel law. Mrs. Fiske this year obtained the lease of the Manhattan Theater, and if she succeeds against great difficulties in establishing a paying clientèle there she will have begun in New York the system now in vogue in London, where the principal theaters are controlled by actors, Sir Henry Irving, Beerbohm Tree, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Charles Wyndham and George Alexander, with results much better than follow from having our play-houses nearly all governed by a group of untutored money-makers.

Mrs. Fiske's nature is nowhere more clearly exhibited than in the three dramas which she has written. All are moral and all are dramatic; all direct, excellent in style, strong and pure. Each has sadness, but also the cheerfulness of faith in humanity. In each there is a sin or a sorrow, and in each it is met or overcome. In "A Light from St. Agnes," in which Mrs. Fiske played for a season, the strong spiritual atmosphere is almost definite religion. It shows the heart of a rough and reckless wanton softened by the influence of an unselfish woman who is dead, and it gives the picture in quick, sure strokes, full of dramatic instinct, with no moralizing, and with every superfluous word struck away by a strict, literary pen. "The Rose" was acted for several seasons by the Rosina Vokes Company, and it also had a season at the Lyceum Theater in New York. Its theme is given in these verses:

"Some measure love by gold,  
By endless time, by soundless sea,  
But I—I love you well enough to leave you  
If needs must be."

It is called a comedy, but what hap-

piness there is in it is gentle enough. A young woman, married to an old man, loves a young man, but is faithful to her husband. The younger man is willing to give up his career and go to another town, because he loves her. The older husband, for that he is, hastens his departure from this world, because he too loves her, and knows that she has been to him the source of his better life.

The third, "Grandpapa," remotely founded on an Italian play, is written in the same tone of half melancholy but consoling human feeling that fills the others. It tells of a very old and blind man, who is kept in ignorance of the family misfortunes by his relatives, but who finds them out and who is as happy after the discovery as before, because his own good impulses when he thought himself rich have stirred others to deeds as magnanimous as his own, and because although his eyes are closed his heart is open.

The excellence of these little plays, their elevation of view, their dramatic directness and force, and their literary taste, make one of the pleasantest commentaries on Mrs. Fiske's career as an actress. Had she possessed only her technical gifts she would have had, of course, the reward given to excellence of workmanship in any art, but it is her mind that gives the special stamp and value to her acting. Her various performances have their faults as well as their high merits, but they have always this rare quality, that one can hardly go to see her act, whether or not it be in a good part or play—at least I cannot—without getting something with worth, something with meaning, that makes the theater seem a place where one lives, and lives with value, not a vulgar haunt to kill time for those who need to kill it.





# MARGINALIA

## MR. JUDD WAS AWAKE

By CLOUDESLEY JOHNS

A NUMBER of stock-raisers and herders had come to town in search of vaqueros for the round-up, and many riders seeking employment were there.

"Here's Pete," was suddenly passed in a small group of intending employers lounging on the porch of the "Maverick," and all turned to greet the new arrival.

"Hello, Pete!" they cried.

"There's plenty of the sort of truck you gener'ly pick up, Pete," announced one.

Mr. Peter Judd smiled—just a little, he never smiled very much—and rode on. Presently he met a man who was riding down the street at a tearing gallop. He looked at him, but apparently without giving any sign, yet somehow the man received an impression that Judd wished him to stop, and he did—throwing the bronco back on his haunches. These two men had never seen each other before. One was a half-Mexican, with very black eyes, which lacked repose, and a countenance suggestive of disagreeable things. The other had cold gray eyes, which were never in a hurry; the prominent feature of his countenance was large and red, and his pointed beard and drooping mustache were another shade of the same color; the mouth was a short, straight line, and the forehead broad and high, pro-

tuberant. This face told some things of its owner, but chiefly this—that there was more than it told.

The black eyes flashed up and down, examining horse and rider, but nervously, for the gray ones were trying to catch and hold them, which they presently did for the part of a second.

The cold gray eyes belonged to Mr. Peter Judd.

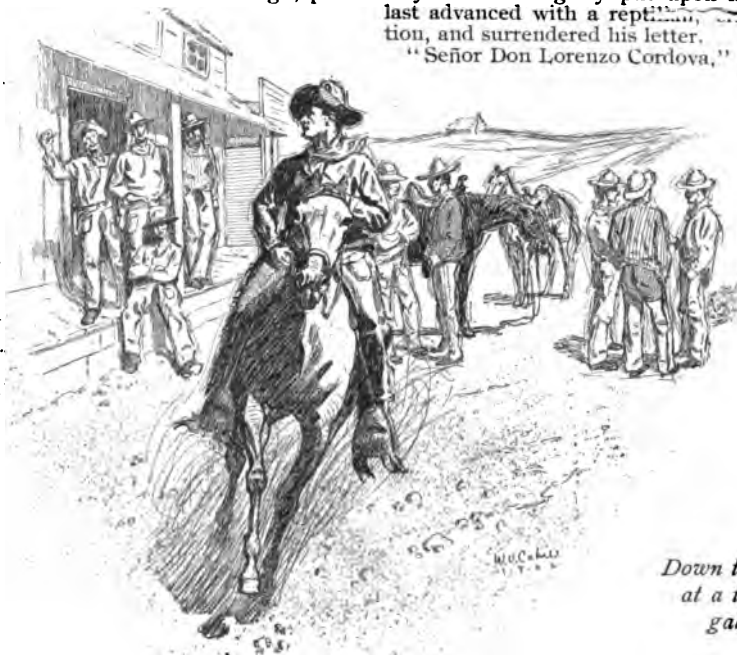
Judd nodded after a moment, and touched his horse's flanks with the spurs. The half-breed, angry, but obedient to the unspoken command, wheeled his bronco and followed.

Several more Judd picked up, speaking a few words to some and engaging others by a short nod. The last man to be added to his force was a Mexican—as, indeed, were most of the others—whom he found coming out of the postoffice with a letter in his hand.

"Darne la carta, hombre," commanded Judd, riding up to the man, and leaning from the saddle with hand outstretched for the letter.

The Mexican looked up quickly with blazing eyes and white teeth showing in a savage snarl, then cringed. For a moment he hesitated, swayed by terror of those gray eyes and fury at the indignity put upon him, but at last advanced with a reptilian motion, and surrendered his letter.

"Señor Don Lorenzo Cordova," read Judd,



*Down the street  
at a tearing  
gallop.*

sneering. "How the h—ll did a brute like you come by so much name?"

"No lo entiendo," protested the Mexican in a high voice, something between the snarl of a wolf-dog and the wail of a frightened child.

"You don't? Well, neither do I. You don't understand English, eh?"

"No, Señor."

"The h—ll you don't! Can you punch cattle?"

"Sí Señor," eagerly; this man's personality did not appeal to the average employer, and he had come to anticipate difficulty in disposing of his services.

"Can you ride anything with hair on?"

"Sí, Señor," earnestly.

"And you don't understand English? H'm!"

"Un poco, Señor."

"A great deal, you mean!"

Judd handed back the letter.

"Agradezco mucho, Señor," said the Mexican, taking the letter, and stood waiting.

"Come on—Señor—Don—Lorenzo—Cordova. I believe you're about as dastardly a scoundrel as ever stole a steer or knifed a brother, but you'll not be lonely with my crowd."

## II.

A man who, so far from excluding vicious types from his round-up crew, actually refuses to employ any other sort—whose method is to choose the best riders among the worst men—and then goes out on the range with them alone, must take some precautions, or he does not live long, especially when he uses silver-mounted bit and spurs; and when a man of considerable intellectual attainment follows such a course it is safe to conclude that he was impelled, not attracted, to his environment ("a woman," doubtless), and also that he has no fear of death; but one capable of indulging in such a form of diversion as this is never the suicidal type; he gambles with death for love of the game, but does not throw his life away.

Peter Judd (that was his name in the cow country) made it a point to find a cabin to sleep in when on the round-up; if the cabin was wanting he did not sleep. Because of this it was that Señor Don Lorenzo Cordova, thinking of the spurs and some insults he had smilingly accepted from time to time, stood shivering with terror at the door of a cabin on the prairie one pitch-dark night near the end of the round-up, after waiting in vain for an opportunity to destroy his employer in the open. Lorenzo knew Judd did not sleep out-of-doors, for he had seen a half-white countryman of his act on the hypothesis that he did—

that he was asleep, and so lose most of his right hand—a "44" lead bullet spreads frightfully on striking anything so hard as a knife-hilt.

The question in Lorenzo's mind now was, whether or no Judd slept when inside, and if so, how soundly? He was quite convinced that he slept, for the deep regular breathing he had heard within the cabin while holding his ear against the outer wall at the point nearest Judd's bed, attested the fact; and now the latter part of the question which had

tortured the Mexican for months was to be answered at last; there might not be another opportunity given him, and he had bolstered his flimsy courage with hate and cupidity.

Slowly Lorenzo Cordova pushed open the cabin door, while his heart beat loudly in the silence. Inch by inch it moved, till suddenly the rusted hinges creaked, not loud, but terrible to the trembling man. Was it loud enough? He grew dizzy and sick with fear, yet still the lust for slaughter held him there. One moment of agonizing suspense, with senses in abeyance, and then through the half-opened door he heard the sound of breathing. Had it ceased? Lorenzo answered, "No." Had Judd awaked he would not have slept again so soon.

Silent as a shadow Lorenzo glided through the aperture, and, with a muttered prayer to the Madre de Deos, gently closed the door, wincing at

each faint sound. Then, inch by inch, he made his way across the room, guided by the sound which told him he was safe, lifting his bare feet high from the floor and cautiously probing the darkness in front of him before completing the step which would bring him nearer to murder—or death.

Lorenzo paused, gulping, licking his dry lips, and made a sweep with his knife through the air—one step more, a leap; then that motion repeated, and the thing would be done. There was a strange ringing in the ears of the craven Cordova; infinitesimal bright sparks seemed to float and whirl in the darkness before his staring eyes, and the surging blood beat a muffled death-march at his temples. It was time to finish, if ever. Something clutched at his throat from within, and many cold gray eyes came out from the blackness, staring at him, luminous. A chill sweat covered his quaking body; horror weighed with crushing force on heart and mind; a scream struggled for life and died in his throat; then, all of a sudden, he knew why these things were—the sound of breathing had ceased!

Loud in the silence as the crash of cymbals,



*The rusted hinges creaked.*

but sharp and clear, the hard *click-click* of a "44" told Señor Don Lorenzo Cordova that death lurked there in the dark. For a moment he waited in helpless despair for the roar of the shot, and the bullet—he felt it ripping through him all the time—but the hideous silence was unbroken. Lorenzo's flesh crawled, the knife fell from his palsied hand, and he reeled backward. In two spasmodic leaps he reached the door, flinging

himself through. One wild screech rang out across the prairie; it was answered by a grim chuckle in the darkness of the cabin, followed soon after by deep breathing. Mr. Peter Judd was asleep.

In the morning one of the round-up crew failed to turn out of his blankets.

"Lorenzo, he mucha seek," explained a countryman of the sufferer.

And Mr. Judd smiled wonderfully.

## A LAST WORD

By MAY HARRIS

"I AM not pleased, Katherine," the Bishop slowly enunciated, "that you allow young Stafford to call so often. When he comes again, I should prefer that you—er—"

"Tell James," Miss Strong gently suggested, looking up from the pattern she was drawing on the cloth with her coffee spoon, "to say I am 'not at home'?"

On the rising inflection her voice sweetly paused. The not-at-home fiction was an un-failing red rag to the Bishop.

"Certainly not!"

"But, dear Uncle, if not James, must I? Don't you see, he wouldn't believe it, for I'd be there —"

"There are times, Katherine," the Bishop said severely, "when your levity distresses me. This—er—young man has been calling, I regret to know, very frequently. I think it would be better taste if you did not encourage his visits. You could show by your manner that his visits were not—er—appreciated."

"It's so hard to be inhospitable," Miss Strong murmured, demurely. "So difficult to gracefully tell anyone they can't come to see you—especially an old acquaintance."

"It requires tact," the Bishop agreed.

On his way to his study a few moments later, an afterthought made him follow his niece into the drawing-room. "I wish you to understand, Kitty," he mildly explained, with his back to the fire, "that I have no prejudices. A prejudiced person is always unjust. But Harold Stafford has made nothing of his opportunities. Since he left Princeton, what has he done? And while at college—?"

"He broke the record in his dash for the goal," Miss Strong reminiscently murmured.

"Football," said the Bishop, "is a savage amusement for gentlemen. It is—er—brutal."

"When they get hurt," Miss Strong conceded. "But Har—, Mr. Stafford, never did."

The Bishop regarded her over the top of his glasses.

"I am afraid," he began stiffly.

"Uncle, dear, don't you bother," Miss Strong entreated, sweetly. "Next time Mr. Stafford calls, I shall be cool and distant. I'll be starched so stiff that unbending would break me into bits."

She burlesqued the stiffness for his benefit

with an upheld chin, an impertinent nose, and as commanding a pose as her very diminutive stature would allow.

"Very well," the Bishop said, ignoring the burlesque. "As I said, you are the proper person to do that—to let him see he is—er—too particular in his attentions. With a little tact—and graciousness —"

"Well, hardly *graciousness*," Miss Strong said, amused.

The Bishop went on to his study, and his niece sat down before the open fire and wrinkled her brow with introspective thinking. This occupation was interrupted by the servant, who announced:

"Mr. Stafford."

"The Bishop doesn't approve of you," Miss Strong said to her visitor apropos of nothing, when she had shaken hands with him, and he had taken the chair he usually preferred across from hers. She looked, Stafford thought, distractingly pretty with a Duchess rose in her dark hair, that matched the pale pink of her fluffy dinner gown.

"No?" he somewhat absently queried.

"It's odd, isn't it?" Miss Strong went on. "He seems to have the idea that you are—well—"

"A good-for-nothing?"

Miss Strong agreed, with deprecation.

"It's too bad, isn't it? How does he get such an impression of you?" There was a shade more of curiousness than of sympathy in her tone.

"Why didn't you say a good word for me?"

"I did! I told him what a splendid half-back you were."

"And that was the best you could do for me?" he laughed a little bitterly.

"It's the biggest thing you ever did," Miss Strong reminded him, with innocent sincerity.

"I remember," reminiscently, "how *wild* I was about your playing that day. You were such a hero! When you came round after the game and spoke to me, I was eaten up with satisfied pride because I knew you, and so many of the girls were envious! Don't you remember how glorious it was?"

"It was brief glory," he gloomily assured her. "It's all exhausted—not a glimmer of it left."

"Why don't you do something to make it come to you again?" she asked severely.



"Don't you feel, don't you know, how stupid it is to be nothing—to do nothing but lead cotillions and play bridge? Why don't you keep on making people proud of you?"

Stafford looked up from the fire.

"Oh, it's easy," he mocked her raillery, "to live at high pressure. When I was on the winning side in a football game, I was of a moment's consideration, but life isn't all football. I haven't had to work for my living—more's the pity!—so, as you put it, I've led cotillions and played bridge. And I liked it," he confessed, politely, "as it has given me the opportunity of seeing you."

"If you call that carrying the war into the enemy's quarters——"

"I never call names. I'm a vagrant—but you're a butterfly."

"Soulless? Ah!" she mused.

"I think," he suggested, "you are begging the question."

"We look at things from two points of view," she frostily told him.

"Yes. I've tried to convince you it ought to be one, but it's always two."

She tapped the toe of her slipper on the tiled hearth.

"Why don't you do something?" she demanded. "How can you be content to go through life just——"

"Myself?" he laughed good humoredly. "Don't you think it was my misfortune more than my fault that my father left me a fortune?"

"If you hadn't a cent perhaps you'd be worth something," she paradoxically told him.

"Oh, yes! you'd pity me then," he coldly assented.

There came a little silence, and Stafford put a book he had been holding, on the table between them.

"The book you lent me," he explained. "I didn't like it, thanks."

"What poor taste!" she impolitely commented.

Stafford was not much of a reader, as she knew. Indeed, he only now and then borrowed a book from her to give himself a justifiable excuse for calling, and the volume of Meredith she had last somewhat cruelly selected, had been deep waters to his unaccustomed feet; for the pleasure of swimming after elusive problems was one he could deduct with ease from his share of worldly happiness.

"I," Miss Strong continued, taking up "Richard Fèverel," "like it exceedingly. I am devoted to Meredith. As Helen Leveret says, he holds a candle to the mirror for you to see yourself."

"She'd better leave that to Brathwaite; he'll arrange it more flatteringly than Meredith."

"Mr. Brathwaite? Ah, he's charming!"

"Is he what a woman calls 'charming'?" Stafford desired to know. "He's a great friend of mine, but—'charming'——"

"Yes, *charming*! He's so pleasant, and so intelligent. He adores Meredith——"

"Mistaken man!" Stafford interpolated.

"And then he's such a success in his profession," Miss Strong proceeded. "The Bishop says he is distinguished as a lawyer."

"Oh, he's a good fellow, and he has plenty of talent," Stafford agreed. "I think he and Miss Leveret will be very happy."

"Yes, he gives the impression of being thoroughly in earnest about making his way in life—making the best of it," Miss Strong said, making an obvious peg of Brathwaite.

Stafford agreed again.

"Why can't *you* do that?" she suggested, abandoning the peg.

"Make the best of life? I'm trying to," he said.

"Oh!" she tonelessly murmured.

"I assure you I am," he seriously asserted, and rising, put out his hand.

"Since the Bishop doesn't approve of me, and you didn't take up the cudgels for me, I suppose I mustn't come often any more?" he questioned.

She smiled at the sombreness of his tone.

"Well—I suppose not—until he does! You see, I'm improving the shining moments by giving you a last word of friendly admonition—as the Bishop would call it!"

"On my side it will have to be a word of something you like—admiration."

"Really!" She sat up indignantly straight.

"You do. So I am going to give it," he said rapidly, "I *have* been a good-for-nothing, as the Bishop imagines, and you appreciate; and I'm not 'charming,' like Brathwaite. All I have been fit for has been to think you—well, everything!—we'll put it for short. There will be others who will do it with more success."

"This is about the tenth time you have prefaced a quarrel with 'others.' It's monotonous."

"I'm not quarreling," Stafford told her; "I'm saying good-bye." As he spoke he stooped, and, with unexpected audacity, kissed her. She sprang to her feet with her face angrily crimson, but the door was already closing on Stafford's retreat.

She was still angry the next morning at breakfast, when the Bishop put down a note he had been reading and prepared for speech.

"We were speaking of young Stafford yesterday evening," he said, taking off his glasses and tapping the table with them; "he has lost his fortune—every cent gone in that break of Belford and James." Miss Strong put down her share of the morning paper. "Brathwaite had an appointment with me yesterday even-

ing on some business relating to his marriage," the Bishop discursively explained. "He writes me the reason he did not keep it was that he was helping Stafford—who seems to be a great friend of his—make arrangements for leaving for the West. A hurried decision, I suppose. Brathwaite helped him pack, he said, so he could make some calls. He left on the half-past ten o'clock this morning. Brathwaite seems to sympathize with him—er—greatly."

"West? Why West?" Miss Strong asked the Bishop.

"He had a little land out there, it seems. Brathwaite says he never saw anyone meet such a loss so bravely. It alters my opinion—quite. After all, Kitty, perhaps I was hasty in my judgment of him."

"Perhaps," Miss Strong agreed absently.

## MUSINGS

Written and Pictured by BUTLER-BRANNAN



### PHILOSOPHY

Upon the hottest summer days  
I do not fume and frown;  
I just take my thermometer  
And hang it upside down.

The mercury, as it climbs up,  
Marks less and less degrees,  
Until on very torrid days  
I often nearly freeze.



### ATTRACTIVENESS

The law of gravitation is  
No proper theme for mirth;  
It is the only tie that binds  
My body to the earth.

If it should break I would not dare  
To walk upon the street,  
Unless I had two pair of hands  
Or fingers on my feet.



## EAST SIDE SKETCHES

By WILBUR SARLES BOYER

### ROSENSHEIN

POOR Rosenshein died last Monday. Mrs. Dinkeldein says, "I tink he must pe awful glad he got dead."

A few years ago he owned the house next door. Then he was prosperous, though not happy. He kept a dry goods store on the first floor, there was a lager beer saloon in the cellar, and the five upper stories were filled with a perfect menagerie of tenants. He had a good wife, but his daughter was a perfect coot. There was a fellow running after her whose name was Piddigan—Patsy Piddigan. He was one of your swing-shoulder toughs, always hanging around the saloons, never working a day—a regular loafer. Poor Rosenshein used to come down into our basement (we keep a little willow-ware store), and, sitting on a pile of split canes, he would tell us his troubles.

"Vhy, would you pelieve," said he one time, "I don't nefer go bei dot saloon any more, all on account of dot feller! De oder night I vas sittin' on der table, drinkin' mein peer und playin' cards, und, says dot loafer, says he:—

"'Come, Poppy, come off! You'd better go home, it's getting late.'

"I told him I vould smash me off his snoot if he called me 'Poppy,' but he laughed und said it vas only a little previous, und I must excuse him. Vat's dot 'previous'?"

We tried to explain the matter and to console the old fellow, but within a week his wife died and he was in greater need of consolation than ever. He came into the shop a few nights after the funeral and unfolded his troubles once more.

"You know dot Piddigan," he began, "dot loafer I vas tellin' about? You know vat he did vwhile mein vife lay dead in mein house?"

We did not, but were anxious to hear.

"Vell, he come up to me at der funeral und said, 'Come in der oder room a minute, I vant to shpeak mit you.' I didn't vant some troubles mit him den, so I vent. Den he said, 'Vat you gif me, Poppy, if I marry your daughter? I dink it vas petter you gif us der house und der furniture, und you can come und lif mit us.'

"I told him if mein vife vas not dead in der house I vould peak him his neck off und drow him der vinder oud. He said, 'You'll pe petter soon, Poppy, I'll call again.' Und den he vent down shstairs, vistlin' 'I Need der Money.' Now, vat you dink?"

It was too bad, but we could not help him, and a few nights afterward he told us his daughter had married Piddigan. The old man was obliged to come to terms, and Mr. and Mrs. Piddigan commenced housekeeping with her father as a boarder.

Then the circus began. All hands claimed the right to collect the rent, and the tenants found that the landlord and his son-in-law and

his daughter would each lie in wait for the first tenant who opened a door on the first of the month. The occupants of the house demurred to paying Piddigan, but when he threatened to bounce the man that dared dispute his claim they made the best of it and acted on the principle of "First come, first served." Sometimes the old man would get ahead, sometimes the daughter, but Piddigan was generally the most successful.

Finally, the old man, finding himself in the minority in his own house, went off and married a widow who owned and occupied a house in Attorney street. The widow had two grown up sons, and when Rosenshein tried to boss their ranch they took him and "fired him," as he afterward told us. Then the widow, true to her marriage vows, followed her new lord and master and took up her abode in the Piddigan nest, from which the whole crowd were eventually ejected by the sheriff, acting for a new owner, who bought the property in on a foreclosure.

Poor Rosenshein wandered around disconsolately for a couple of weeks and then was found taking his final sleep on the steps of his old store. We all agree with Mrs. Dinkeldein:—

"I tink he must pe awful glad he got dead."



### DAN'S SCIENCE

The only place to get a square meal in the old Eleventh Ward is in a saloon, and Mike Duffy, sub-contractor on the tunnel, knows that as well as we poor chaps. Mike is a short, fat Irishman with the signs of wear on the top of his head, and stiff, red, mutton-chop brushes sticking out from the side of his round, ruddy face, the principal features of which are jolly blue eyes and a serio-comic mouth that seldom breaks into a smile. He walked into Grossweiler's the other day and seated himself in the little back room for his noonday meal.

In one corner sat Cosgrove—the one who ran for alderman last fall—picking his teeth, a brown bottle standing amid the ruins of his corned beef and cabbage.

"Hallo, Moike!" he shouted, as he recognized the newcomer; "how's the conthractin' bizness?"

"As good as polytics," rejoined Mike, diving into his chowder.

"Thin it's dam bad f'r th' other feller," ejaculated Cosgrove, looking around with a chuckle to see how the rest of the boys took it.

"Ye're misthaken there, Danny," declared Duffy, slightly piqued; "if there's anny bizness that pays to be honest, it's conthractin'."

"I suppose yer read th' Boible, Moike," persisted his tormentor.

"Yes."

"Well, do yer remimber th' place where Demosthenes wuz out wid a lanthorn lookin' f'r 'n honest man?"

"I don't quite recall it," replied Mike, dubiously.

"Well, he didn't foind a conthtractor."

"Now, see here, Danny," retorted Duffy, determined to get back at his elated fellow countryman, "do ye know much about the Bible?"

"I've sthudded it considtherable."

"Well, we're all descinded f'rm Adam, ain't we?"

"We're all descinded f'rm Noa-ah," declared Cosgrove with a rising inflexion, more to show his knowledge than to correct his interlocutor.

"Well, first from Adam. Well, if we're all brothers and sisthers, where did the Dagos an' Chinese an' Niggers come f'rm?"

"Yer don't moind thim bein' yer relations, do yer?" asked Danny.

"Well," replied Mike, "I don't want to shleep wid 'em."

"Yer sh'udn't moind that. Yer foind th' same in polytics; sure, haven't we jist got rid iv a Dago f'r a coroner and a Dutchmon f'r a mayor? an' Lord knows what the last eliction brought us!"

But Mike came back to his problem: "Well, how do ye account f'r all th' nationalities? Cain killed Abel, didn't he?"

"Yes," assented Dan.

"Well, did he marry his sisther?"

We all thought that a stumper for Cosgrove, but it wasn't.

"Not a-tall," he answered, disgustedly; "he wint off an' married a monkey."

"That's not half bad," laughed Mike; "ye know Darwin sez we're all descinded f'rm monkeys."

"I believe him," said Dan, feeling the end of his backbone under his coat tails, "I can feel th' sthump iv me tail yet."

As Cosgrove crossed the room to the seat opposite the contractor, taking the precious bottle with him, the latter mused aloud with an appreciative nod of his head, "Eve must 'ave been a purty gur-il whin she wuz young!"

"Adam didn't have to be jealous," put in Dan; "he wuz the on'y man there."

"Ah, but it's human na-tcher to be jealous, Danny," sighed Duffy.

"Yer say yer read th' Boible, Moike," said his comrade.

"I didn't say so, but it's thrue," was the reply.

"Well, do yer remimber where King Jericho chased Moses across th' Red Sea?"

"King who?"

"King Jericho."

"King Phar—e—oh, ye mean."

"Yes, that's it."

Mike chuckled, "King Jericho!" and his fat face shook.

"Well," declared the talkative Cosgrove with decision, "it can all be explained be modern scoience."

"How's that?"

"Why, recint scoientific invistigation has proved that th' weather wuz so dthry at th' toime that th' Jews c'u'd 've crossed it without wettin' th' fetlocks iv their ho'ses."

"Is that so!" ejaculated Duffy, winking at the boys.

"Yes, sir; gospel truth," Cosgrove reiterated, "an' yer remimber readin' about th' death iv Mohammedan?"

"Is that in th' Bible?" asked his listener.

"I'm not sure; but, annyway, he says, says he, 'Whin I doie, put me in this oir-ron box—'"

"Ir-ron, ye mean, Danny. What a brogue ye have!" put in Duffy with another comical wink; but Cosgrove was too busy to be interrupted.

"An', an' fetch me to th' fut iv th' moniment."

"What moniment?"

"The wan h'ed built on purpose."

"All right, go-wan." Mike leaned back and lit his segar.

"Well, he says, says he, 'If there's a god in Heaven an' Mohammedan is his prophet, I'll go up, an' if I'm a liar, I won't.' An' he died, an' begob th' coffin did go up an' sit on top iv th' moniment, an' iv'rybody t'ought he wuz great. But what happens? On'y in th' last few years some scoientists gits a laddher an' cloimbs up there, an' whin they'd knocked off a couple o' ton o' lodestone an' put his casket on th' ground, they says, 'Now go up ag'in, ye divill!' but he didn't budge a bit. Why, anny ould corpse w'u'd 'a' gone up—even that drunken bum, Patsy Piddigan. Scoience explains iv'rything, Mike—scoience explains iv'rything!"

Mike laughed one of his rare, good-natured laughs.

"I guess th' Bible ye read wuz a queer old book, Danny," said he, and as Cosgrove left to settle with Grossweiler, Mike looked around at the chuckling crowd and added:—

"I t'ink Danny has more wid 'im to-day dthan his good na-tcher."



"O, seel!" he wrote, "The cat-kins long  
Are dangling from the trees;  
The cat-nip sprouts, and in the swamp,  
The cat-tails greet the breeze."

"The dog-wood blooms, the dog-bane  
starts;  
The dog-rose is well-met;  
And in the woods, one now may see  
The dog-toothed violet."

"The cat-bird calls, the cat-tle range  
Upon the Cat-skills high;  
The cat-amount doth watch for prey  
In yon cat-alpa high."

"The dog-star shines once more in heav'n—  
Come, let us all be merry!  
'Tis time to cease dog-matic themes,  
And seek the ripe dog-berry.

"The cat-erpillar feeds upon  
Cat-awba vines beside  
The roaring cat-aract that falls  
Into the river wide."

'Twas after dog-days, that this bard  
His dog-eared manuscript  
Put by forever. Dog-gedly,  
He crept into his crypt.

This cat-acomb catastrophe  
Was caused by grim cat-arrh.  
And cat-alepsy stopped the thoughts  
Not catalogued thus far.

And so, the strangest form of verse  
That ever I've heard tell  
Is this the poet mad composed,—  
The cat—and dog-gerell!

BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE.



## KINSHIP

By B. CORY KILVERT

"A daisy-wood dog I possess,  
The dearest dog!" said Willie S,  
But what strikes him and me as crazy,  
Is to see a dog-wood daisy.



## MEN, WOMEN AND BOOKS

**CLIVE HOLLAND**, whose latest novel, "Mousmé," attracted much favorable notice, resides at Bournemouth, England, and is strongly interested in collecting Japanese photographs,

prints and old books. The reproduction of a photograph of one of the most charming Japanese faces that we have ever seen is given on this page through the courtesy of Mr. Holland, and is from one of the photographs in his collection.

Mr. Holland's reputation as an author was made by the novel entitled "My Japanese Wife," which has been called "a prose poem tinged with the glow of the Orient," and "a beautiful fragment of the unusual." This dainty idyl has been out of print in America for some time past, but the author has made an arrangement with his New York publishers for a new American edition, to be issued at once, in a most attractive manner, from new plates and with new illustrations.

Mr. Holland is now at work upon another novel in his chosen field. This is likely to be entitled "The Eyes of His Father," but is not to be published for some time to come.

\* \* \*

The complete "American Diary of a Japanese Girl," parts of which were given to the readers of this magazine in the November and December numbers of 1901,



Clive Holland.

is to be issued at once in book form, with a large amount of new material, and with all the illustrations published in the magazine and additional ones as well. The book is to be bound attractively in some distinctively Japanese material.

\* \* \*

"Margaret Tudor," a

romantic novel of old St. Augustine, is announced for immediate publication in book form, with several illustrations by W. D. Gilbert, and with a cover by Miss Evelyn W. Clark, showing the old Spanish watch-tower so well known to-day.

The story was printed serially in the *Pocket Magazine*. It is the work of a talented young Southern girl, Miss Annie T. Colcock, who

bids fair to rival the youthful authors of "The Helmet of Navarre" and "To Have and To Hold."

"Margaret Tudor" gives a most interesting picture of the stirring life of the year 1670, in what is now our state of Florida, and what was then under the dominion of Spain.

It has an historical basis, but is rather a story of love and exciting adventure than an "historical novel."

\* \* \*

Naples will always be one of the most interesting cities of the world, especially when it is taken with nearby Pompeii and Capri.

Arthur H. Norway, in his recent important work on Naples and its neighbors, has had the wisdom to provide

little information that is given in the guide books, but to bring fresh thought and experience to each part of his subject. The numerous photographs and halftones lend the strongest possible interest to the two large volumes comprised in Mr. Norway's work, and these have been chosen with great care from the most interesting of the older photographs, as well as from those that are most recent and "up to date."

As time progresses, the famous cities of the world, from Cairo to Peking, are likely to assume a more or less commonplace appearance, as the electric trolley, the automobile and steel-frame buildings make their inevitable way toward the destruction of romance throughout the globe, but Naples, with its Vesuvius and Pompeii, should be one of the last of the unusual and interest-compelling spots to yield up individuality.

\* \* \*

"Not on the Chart" is the title of a forthcoming novel by Charles L. Marsh, which is said to have one or two features of especial



Panorama of Naples.

novelty, although it is based upon the "desert island" idea. This idea has, of course, been exploited by numberless writers of all degrees of skill; but in this utilization of it there is an original composition of the group of castaways—two men and one woman.

This combination, we believe, has never been tried before, and it is said to result in the development of some really notable situations and a widely varied display of conflicting temperaments and emotions.

The heroes and the heroine are young people of to-day, and are of an attractive sort likely to arouse the strongest interest in their fate. A carefully executed map has been prepared of this new desert island which lies not far from the track of men-of-war bound from San Francisco for the new possessions of the United States in the Pacific.

\* \* \*

The author of "Wolfville" writes of his new work in the following decidedly original manner:—"The 'Old Cattleman' is rude, storm-beat and of a shaggy roughness. Yet he is as well titled to a place in the circle of general appreciation as 'Roger de Coverley' himself; he but runs the peril of my inability to draw him and display him as he is. At least, the old fellow comes frankly before you; he strives not to bushwhack or trap a public interest. . . Let him go forth; not to the critic but to the public. I distrust a critic as I distrust myself. A critic never buys a book and as often understands one. All that is good in literature has survived against the critics. A

critic is a book cook; he boils books and seldom tastes one. In the steams and vapors of his labors your critic's palate is dulled."

\* \* \*

When Mr. Lewis gave the publishers of "Wolfville Days" the "copy" for the title-page of this book, they were surprised by the mention on it of a former volume by the author entitled "Pearls and Swine." Inquiry developed the fact that this is the new title of the "Life of Richard Croker" which, as is well known, was written by the author of "Wolfville" prior to his difference of opinion with the head of Tammany Hall. After the rupture between Mr. Lewis and Mr. Croker, the former had a new edition of the biography of the Boss printed and took this opportunity for the decidedly sensational change of title just referred to.

\* \* \*

The Harpers are bringing out a life of Cecil Rhodes ("Cecil Rhodes: A Study of a Career"), written by Mr. Howard Hensman the author of "A History of Rhodesia." This life is in no wise a eulogistic biography, which is the more remarkable by reason of the fact that the subject is still living; but is rather a clear, fair-minded review of Rhodes's career as it has borne upon great issues and significant developments in the world's history. The course of events is entertainingly covered from the first discovery of diamonds in the country north of the Orange River in 1867 to the relief of Kimberley.





"Hands Up!" by Frederic Remington.

Frederic Remington seems to keep his hold upon the public and even to have improved in his admirable delineations of Western types. We are able to give a greatly reduced copy of one of Mr. Remington's recent paintings, entitled "Hands Up!" This work was executed by him for "Wolfville Days," the new volume by Alfred Henry Lewis.

\* \* \*

The forthcoming novel by Robert Barr, on which the author of "The Victors" is now at work, is to be in the same manner as that shown in "Tekla," although both the period and scene of the new novel are to differ from those of what was, perhaps, this author's most popular success.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Frances Hodgson (Burnett) Townesend is again in America, from which—as she herself has said—it is impossible for her to remain long absent.

Her new novel, "The Methods of Lady Walderhurst," displays the most admirable qualities that have marked the work of this favorite writer from the beginning of her career. The title is a characteristic one, and, in fact, one who remem-

bers such titles as "The Making of a Marchioness," "A Lady of Quality," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "That Lass o' Lowrie's," is impressed by the fact that this author has never chosen a title that has not been marked by such distinctiveness and originality as to render it almost wholly impossible that it could ever have been used before.

In these days a great difficulty facing novelists is that of titles, and the complaint is frequently made that it is most troublesome to find a title that has not been used, but this difficulty has never, apparently, been Mrs. Townesend's.

"The Methods of Lady Walderhurst" is illustrated by Charles D. Williams in the same effective manner as that shown by this excellent artist in "The Making of a Marchioness" and "Monsieur Beaucaire."

\* \* \*

It is a matter of widespread interest whenever a new novel by Mr. Howells is forthcoming. His latest work of fiction will be entitled "A Family Affair,"—a name, by the way, decidedly characteristic of Mr. Howells' titles—which will be published by Harper & Brothers in the Spring.

\* \* \*

Another new novel of considerable interest will be "The Siege of Lady Resolute," by Harris Dickson. Mr. Dickson is a young Mississippi lawyer, who made his reputation through the success of his first novel, "The Black Wolf's Breed." It was almost by chance that he drifted into literature. He had no definitely settled aim in that direction, and had written "The Black Wolf's Breed" at odd moments, largely for his own recreation and pleasure. A publisher happened to see the manuscript, declared it excellent, and carried it off in triumph. The success of this book led Mr. Dickson to adopt authorship professionally.

\* \* \*

"The Red Anvil: A Romance of Fifty Years Ago," Mr. Charles Reginald Sherlock's forthcoming novel on the "underground railway," derives its title from Whittier's words:

"—Safe on Freedom's vantage-ground  
Our feet are planted; let us there remain  
In unrevenged calm, no means untried  
Which truth can sanction, no just claim denied,  
The sad spectators of a suicide!  
They break the links of Union:  
shall we light  
The fires of hell to weld anew the chain  
On that red anvil where each blow is pain?"



The Villain in "The Methods of Lady Walderhurst."

The description of the old-time trotting race, which was spoken of by the magazines and newspapers in their reviews of "Your Uncle Lew" as the best thing of its kind in fiction, has not been slow to fall under the eyes of the elocutionists.

One of the most popular of these recently requested of Mr. Sherlock the privilege of including in his programmes this selection from the novel—a recognition of the author's rights for which he was grateful. Nevertheless it is understood that he and his publishers have no objection to this use of the book.

As Mr. Sherlock is averse to the exploitation of the horse race chapter in the dramatization of his story, except as a mere incident, the elocutionists are not anticipating the stage version in telling how Lewis Dunbar drove Crazy Jane to victory.

\* \* \*

"Son!" by Lord Gilhooley, of "Yutzo" fame, is nearly ready for publication, and is to be printed on tobacco paper and to have a binding of blue denim with roughened edges.



"'Son!' All de loud prayin' an' psalm singin' yo' kin do ain't a gwine to help yo' credit at de co'n'er grocery."

Each of the aphorisms in the book is to be introduced by the word *Son!* as coming from the lips of *Uncle Eph*, whose likeness is reproduced here, with a characteristic quotation from the book.

\* \* \*

For some time past Paris has seldom played the once too frequent part as a background for fiction, and we feel disposed to welcome kindly "Mademoiselle Fouchette," by Charles Theodore Murray, a very recent novel brought out by the Lippincotts. The central figure of the story is a girl of nondescript parentage and vicious surroundings, but of exceeding shrewdness, whose character develops under the influence of love. The novel is the work of a man who has lived for many years in Paris, and is evidently familiar with the life he tells of. The descriptions of the quartier, its dissipations and its sacrifices, and of the exciting days through which it passed during the recent student riot, are of graphic interest. Mr. Murray adds another name to the long list of the writers of Indiana.

\* \* \*

Many of the names most familiar to novel readers will appear on the spring list of Dodd, Mead & Co. We are promised a new novel by Marie Corelli, on the subject of the hour, said to be similar to that dealt with in "The Master Christian." John Watson brings out a new novel, "Children of the Resurrection"; Mrs. Alexander, "The Yellow Fiend"; while Jerome

K. Jerome breaks a silence, rather longer than usual, with "Paul Kelver."

\* \* \*

The comments which follow below upon certain current tendencies in fiction, especially on the side of sensational advertising of popular novels, were recently made by the editor of the New York *Times* *Saturday Review*:—

"How may a reader tell by what he reads about a book whether it is worth his while to buy it? Well, of course, the publisher's name is a certain sort of guarantee; so, too, is the author's name. The review, too, of a book should be indicative enough for some. But the question is asked: What is one to do if the review has been missed or is looked for in vain, while one sees flaming posters of the book displayed on all sides? That perhaps is the surest criterion of all, for in all our experience we never met an author who desired a permanent place in the literature of his country, and who in earnest endeavor was doing his level best to enrich that literature, who craved that the public might be introduced to his book as though it were a patent medicine. Publishers usually respect an author's feelings on this point. The reading public may judge accordingly. But it should also be borne in mind, as Dr. Van Dyke said the other day: 'Although the fact that a book has reached its 200,000 mark cannot possibly prove that the book is bad, such a figure is unfortunately no sure sign of its real literary value.'"

\* \* \*

It is stated that there is a decided revival of interest in palmistry, and that books on this subject have been in greater demand than has been the case for many years past.



A nearly perfect hand. Compare your own with it.

\* \* \*

It is noted that nearly all of recent successes in fiction have been by new American writers or by British novelists of the very first class. The decline in the demand for the work of British novelists of the second class has been so marked that it is probable that few of their future works of fiction will be exploited in the United States.

# April

By EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE

I am pining for the shining  
Of the sun,  
When as tide of life arises,  
Nature's magic art devises  
Manifold and sweet surprises,  
Like th' unveiling of a nun.

When the streams harbor dreams  
Of new life,  
And the happy birds are singing,  
And the errant breezes bringing  
Fairy sounds of hare-bells ringing,—  
All the world with rapture rife.

Earth, awake! Rise, and break  
Winter's chains!  
Ah, but thou hast waited long  
For thy growing—sing thy song,  
Reap thy sowing, life is strong,—  
Life is flowing in thy veins!



CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

(See page 625.)

*"Neighbors."*

*Drawn by Charles Livingston Bull.*

# FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY

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## FARMING OUT CONVICTS

By BENJAMIN F. BLACKBURN

Illustrated from photographs taken expressly  
for LESLIE'S MONTHLY.

**T**HE convictlease system of Georgia furnishes, probably, a greater field for psychological study than any penal system in the world, in that it is made up mainly of the worst element of negro law-breakers, who, for the most part, are without malicious design.

Like all systems involving the punishment of crime, it has its vulnerable places, and yet there are to be seen in it some striking points of excellence.

Without the filth and brutality of the confined prison, it is nevertheless without the healthful and merciful provisions of the ante-bellum system of slavery.

The criminal class is always difficult to reform. Even the criminal negro is tractable. But, occupying, as he does, the questionable middle ground of criminology, he is a problematical creature to control, for the reason that he neither



*The hounds.*

possesses the ability to do very great harm to society, nor the moral sensibility necessary to raise himself in the social scale.

Child of crude morals, if, indeed, he may be considered a moral being in the light of ethical comparison, it is necessary to make greater allowances for his misdeeds than would be safe with any other development that is subject to the penalties of statutory law. When, therefore, he falls a victim to the bonds of imprisonment, he should be treated with the firmness, and yet with the tenderness, used toward a child. Where other and extremely harsh remedial regulations are applied, the results are disappointing, and humanity is outraged.

To confine a negro criminal within closed walls or crowded cells, however

The idea of a sovereign State leasing out men convicted of offenses against its laws to a private individual, to be used by him for money-making purposes, is certainly repugnant to American sentiment. Thinking that the readers of LESLIE'S MONTHLY would be interested in the practical workings of a system which in the abstract reminds one of the old Roman method of farming out the revenue, the editor requested the author of the following article, who was already well versed in the subject, to make an extended tour through the State of Georgia to ascertain the exact facts and to set them down in black and white. Mr. Blackburn's observations may be regarded as entirely accurate and accepted without reservation. The conclusion every reader must draw for himself.—THE EDITOR.



sanitary the environment, is to visit upon him death by slow and horrible degrees. He must have an abundance of air and sunshine—and talking room. The negro lives as truly by the wag of his tongue as by the process of digestion. So true is this that in general physical condition he thrives, even in malarial districts, where he is unconfined, and yet dies in a crowd of his fellows in the best appointed prison.

This by the way of preface. The fact that ninety per cent of the convicts in Georgia belong to the negro race make

went Georgia's walled penitentiary. The change involved the care of twenty as against one. The negro was naturally vicious without being malicious, but even in the changed relation the erstwhile master felt for the well-being of his former slave.

Therefore, when a system was being devised looking to the protection of home against the ravages of an untried horde of new-made freemen, no longer subject to the moral influence of the master, the legislators of Georgia were forced to abandon all thought of the



*A typical Georgia camp.*

it important that the peculiarities of the individual criminal be kept in mind in order that the system may be intelligibly understood.

When the abolition of slavery snatched from the watchful care of the master a creature who had been trained to rely upon the judgment and thrift of others, and this slave, by one stroke of the pen, was converted into an ignorant and confused citizen, subject to the designs of corrupt political highwaymen, it was like sending an impressionable child into a world of vice to make a living.

With the emancipation of slavery

walled penitentiary. This was done in answer to the demands of economy, but not without regard to the health of a new class of criminals in embryo, who, having been disciplined by the system of slavery, were naturally inclined to disregard the early training as the best means of showing the equality of citizenship.

These conditions led to the inauguration, in 1877, of the convict lease system proper, by which the felons, or long-term convicts, were hired under lease contracts to different persons or corporations at a given price per head.

*The noon-day rest.*

These felons were worked in coal and iron mines, brick yards, saw mills, and on the farms of lessees, by a boss and physician under the pay of the lessee, and therefore directly responsible to him. While the chief keeper of the penitentiary had general supervision of the convicts, it was a physical impossibility for him properly to inspect the various camps throughout the state, and for this reason many abuses arose not contemplated by the framers of the law.

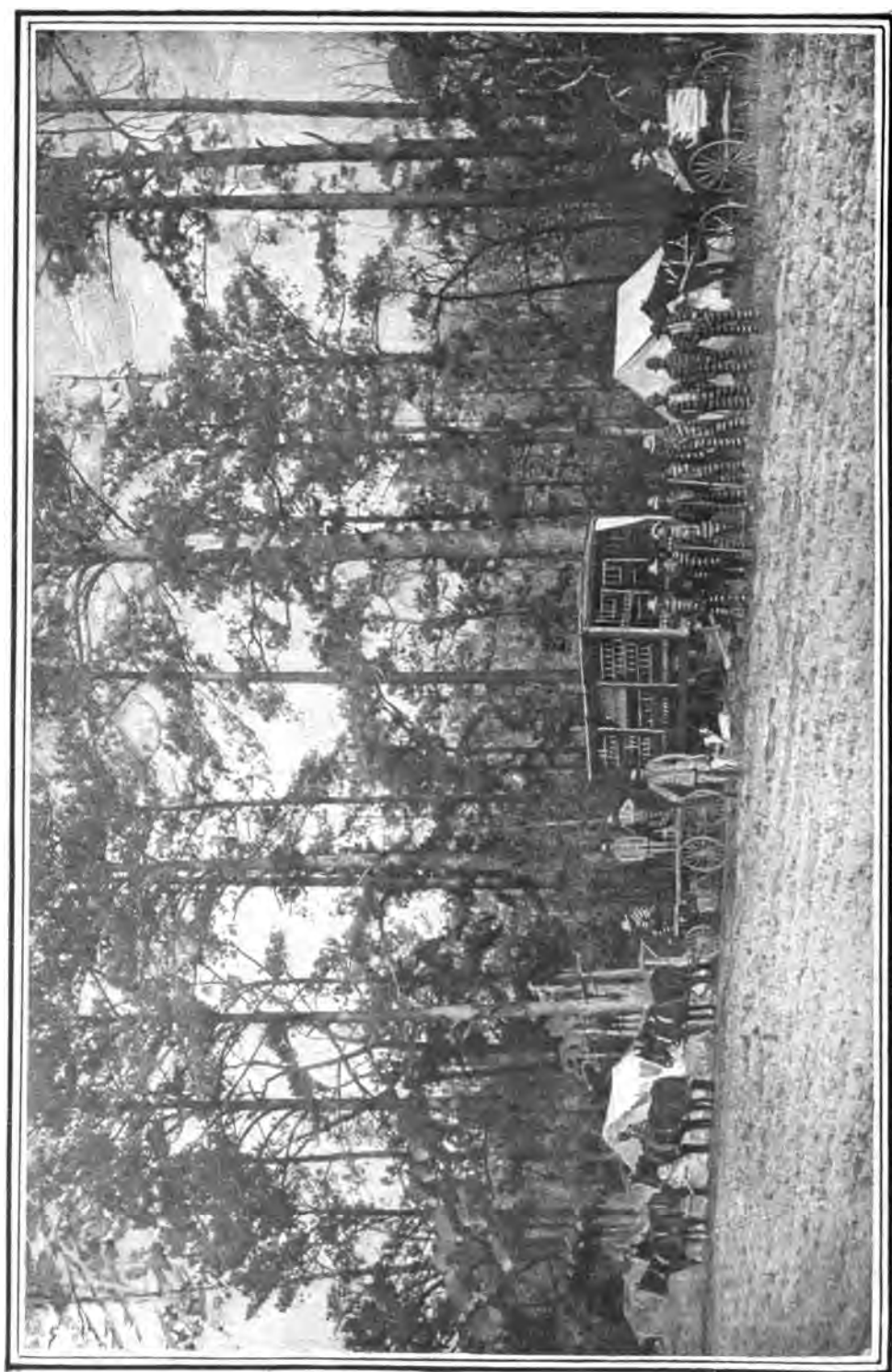
As certain of the lessees learned to appreciate the profits of their contracts,

arising from the absoluteness of their control, instances cropped up where convicts were not only worked beyond the legal limit, but were whipped into insensibility, and, in isolated instances, unto death, when it was supposed they feigned sickness in order to avoid work.

That was the old system. The outrages are referred to here with a view to being absolutely fair in presenting the convict lease system as a whole. It was a system thrust upon an untried situation in a most unusual way. The state was not responsible for this condition,

*At work under guard.*





*A photograph showing the method of housing convicts safely, employed when at a distance from a permanent camp. The mattresses can be seen behind the grating of the cage.*

Courtesy of the Department of the Interior.

## Farming Out Convicts.

and the remedy lay in the process of intelligent evolution.

In the light of analysis, the old law was good or bad in its operation, according to the sense of humanity of the individual lessee. It was, in point of fact, so much in favor of the lessee that the state and the criminal were his unwitting and unwilling tools. For twenty years the lessee of Georgia was master of the situation. Fortunes were made through lease contracts, and there are wealthy citizens in Georgia to-day who represent the most cruel manifestation of the old system. It is fair to add that there are others who have succeeded without violating the law of humanity.

Convicts were leased at one dollar per head per month, gross, netting the state about fifty cents each per month. The new law took the control absolutely from the lessee, and in addition forced him to pay \$8 per month for shorter hire. The old law contemplated long leases at \$25,000 per year, gross, for the

entire system; the new law cut the lease term and netted \$200,000 per year. It was not to be expected that such an opportunity to amass fortunes at the public expense would be surrendered without a struggle. The old system, sound as it was intended to be, venal as it had grown to be, was protected by an almost impregnable political ring. When the fight of reform finally succeeded, it was

not without its dramatic incidents.

It was in the legislature of 1897, that Hon. Phil Cook and Hon. J. W. Kilpatrick, in the senate, and Hon. Hewlett Hall, in the lower house, exasperated at the delay and timidity of preceding legislatures, succeeded in passing the present law as the perfection of the originally conceived system.

In speaking of the old system and the actuating motive that led him to oppose it, Senator Kilpatrick, one of the most gifted and fearless young lawyers in the state, said: "When I saw, in a camp in Middle Georgia, a negro convict whipped so cruelly for being so unfortunate as to fall in exhaustive overwork, that he died before he could be hauled to his quarters, and realizing that the crime would never be punished, I made up my mind to stand for the state senate from the Twenty-eighth district, and fight the law that made such outrages possible."

Governor Atkinson, now dead, a man whom I fought politically, gave the whole moral support of his administration to the statutory change. The friends of the old system, with their money, threats and paid lobbyists, were present when the vote was taken, and so determined was their opposition to any change, that the law as it now stands was not concurred in by the lower house until after the constitutional hour for final adjournment had passed by, and a conference committee from each house had waited, until it seemed that the whole



*A guard.*



*The convict type.*



work of the session had been lost.

After much recrimination, the present law was adopted in 1897. Some notably praiseworthy changes were made. The office of chief keeper was abolished and a prison board of three, elected by the people, was placed in control. Each camp was placed under the direction of an assistant warden and a physician, under the pay and direction of the State Board. Regular and detailed weekly reports of the health, treatment and punishment of convicts were required. The sanitary conditions of camps and bodily cleanliness among the convicts were

which has become self-sustaining.

#### THE STATE FARM.

If no other reform had been enacted than the separation of men, women and children, and the more humane care of the aged and infirm, such as is to be seen in the splendid conduct of the state farm at Milledgeville, the change would be a cause for gratulation.

This farm, although comparatively new, is complete in every detail, and already self-supporting. The buildings are of modern type, and so arranged as



*The chain gang.*

greatly improved. Long term and short term offenders were separated. A state farm, for the care of women criminals, for the aged and infirm among men and for youthful criminals, all of whom are being kept apart, was instituted. A head warden, whose duties require him to keep on a tour of continuous inspection, was one of the very necessary features of the improved system. In addition, the convicts were placed under a better system of hiring, and the state instead of realizing \$25,000 per year, is now receiving \$200,000 per year gross. Besides, it holds a state farm for women, children and infirm,

to provide comfort, convenience and health to the inmates. Whites and blacks are kept apart, as in the leased camps, with the same regard to racial superiority which prevails in the free schools, and men and women, in separate squads, are assigned such duties as best comport with their strength and sex. Some women are required to sew, others to cook and wash, while others hoe and gather growing crops. None plow, drive carts or work in shops. It has been regarded, from the days of slavery until the present, as unchivalrous to make even a negro woman do any masculine work. On the other



*Supper.*

hand, the men plow, feed the stock, drive wagons, prepare compost heaps for fertilizing, cut and haul wood, repair shoes, work at blacksmithing and in the wood shops.

This farm is conducted very much on the lines of the old plantation in the days of slavery, the difference being that the criminal is kept single-shackled, except in the more vicious instances,

whereas the slave always had the freedom of his legs.

This shackle, while a necessary safeguard, is not burdensome. It is a small trace-chain, about an inch across the link, locked around the waist, then dropping to the ankle, where it is again wrapped and locked just above the foot. It is confined to one leg, leaving the other free, and never removed except



There  
the state  
infirm me  
girls unde  
this numb  
women.

In the

*Bed time.*



*A group of convicts, showing methods of shackling.*

when the convict is seriously ill. In going to and from work the various gangs are lined up separately, and a similar chain long enough to hold together the entire squad is run through an iron ring attached to the waistband and then locked at either end of the

line. This is considered a necessary precaution against possible escape.

Both in sanitary environment and regulation and moral custodianship, the farm is a splendid improvement on the old system, or any system in the world, for that matter. The inmates have an



*The oddest glee club in the world.*

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abundance of air, room and medical care, whereas their food is more varied than in the camps of the able-bodied. In addition, the work required of them is no more severe than that which they followed prior to imprisonment.

The farm is not operated under lease contract, but directly by the state, for the reason that it had been demonstrated that the lessee did not always show the care in nursing the diseased and disabled that conditions demanded, and could not be expected to look after their medical care with the same consideration as would the state. The lessee was not a promoter of sanitariums. He paid

2,245. Of these 1,908 are negro men and 252 white men. [In the county chain-gang system there are 2,084 total, including 93 whites. Of this number 1,145 are on the public roads, and 939 in the 66 camps. Over these the state has only superficial control].

The death rate under the present system is 1.4 percent, a decrease of 6 percent since 1896. A most commendable vindication in itself. In 1877 the percentage of illiteracy was 90. To-day it is 45.

#### HOW THE CAMPS ARE MANAGED.

In the preparation of this article I have endeavored to be scrupulously fair.



*Indoor work.*

his money for the labor of the individual per head, and naturally enough wanted its value in toil. The hospital rat had no welcome in his camp. Under the existing law the camp physician is expected to guard against possible wrong by deporting the afflicted to state farms as soon as it shall appear that infirmities have set in.

There are under the management of the state farm at present 157 aged and infirm men, 85 women and 19 boys and girls under fifteen years of age. Among this number there are only four white women.

In the entire state system there are

To this end I visited the various camps, where I remained long enough to get an intelligent insight into their operation.

In the camp at Cole City, where "long-termers" are required to mine coal, I found much to interest me. Captain Brock, the assistant warden, and Dr. Brock, the camp physician, allowed me every opportunity of inspection. The different apartments were splendidly kept. The health of the camp seemed perfect, with the exception of one man with a dislocated shoulder, caused by a heavy ledge of slate falling unexpectedly, and another who had been struck in the face by a pick in the

hands of an infuriated brother criminal.

In this camp there were 97 convicts, 90 of whom were negroes. With these I mixed and talked without the presence of the guards. I found that they were not only fed well—their condition showed this—but their tasks were so arranged that they frequently finished work an hour before sunset.

Their sleeping quarters were as neat as a private house. Their stationary cots, arranged so as to accommodate only one person, were well provided with straw mattresses and warm covering. I found that they were supplied with two suits of clothing each, and that their bill of fare consisted of meat and bread three times a day, vegetables once a day, coffee at night, syrup thrice, and a pound of tobacco once each week.

As a measure of bodily cleanliness they are required to bathe their necks and faces twice a day, and take a plunge bath twice a week.

When a convict commits an infraction of the camp rules he is punished with a leather strap on the bare body, bent over a barrel. This strap is about two inches wide and eighteen inches long, made of belting. The punishment is from one to twenty-five lashes. About twenty per cent of the crowd require punishing each month, and fifteen lashes to the subject is a rather full estimate. The offenses covered by such punishments are gambling, swearing, idling, insubordination and fighting.

His proneness to gamble is as great as it is to petty theft—whether in imprisonment or enjoying freedom—and I doubt the justice of punishment for such infractions. There are some amusing incidents of gambling in the camps—craps and skin games being the rule. But a negro will bet on anything—from which toe a fly will light on first to who will be the first to catch an insect in another's woolly head. They get their money for extra work, done at will, for which they are paid on free labor basis. The per capita circulation in the camps will average \$3.00.

In this camp I talked to many criminals. Out of fully twenty that I questioned only three admitted their guilt.

The negro denies everything on principle. One tall, clerical-looking black, with Burnside whiskers, who was sent up for car-breaking, remarked to me that they had "'cused him of trespass."

Another, up for cow-stealing, said he had "des met dat cow in a lonely place, and was keepin' her down under de hill in a nice pen, where she could get fresh branch water." He was "wait-in' for de owner, case he did'en want sech a gude cow to be erlone."

While at this camp I had the good fortune to witness a man-chase by bloodhounds. A convict had broken bounds and the dogs were put on the trail that was still warm. It was an exciting scene. I know the thrill that comes with brushing the fox, but it is nothing to the bay of the bloodhound on the trail of a man, which makes the blood leap wildly in one's veins. It was wild country, picturesque in the extreme. No one was near except a few prison officials in charge of a hundred desperate felons, and I felt the exciting sense of a sentinel on a lonely outpost as the six bloodhounds bounded through tangled forest, baying madly at every leap. It was my chance—the chance of a lifetime—and it was not long before I had even passed the warden so eager was my desire to see the finish. It came soon. The negro's force was spent and he took to a tree in his effort to save himself from the baying dogs. I could not help thinking of the scene when a 'possum is treed. But I doubt whether the simile occurred to the wretched felon. He had broken off a branch and was desperately lashing "Dynamite," one of the finest bloodhounds in the state, whose mouth was only a foot or two below him. Dynamite has been known to climb trees, and to make a spring of ten feet in getting up to the first branches. It was a scene such as the Yankee press loved to picture before the war. Fortunately I was quick enough to get a snap-shot when the black rascal was six or seven feet above the ground. Then the dogs were called off, and the negro, unharmed, was taken back in less than an hour after he began his run for liberty.

All the conditions in operation at

Cole City may be seen at Lookout Mountain. While in the latter I was amused, just after the supper hour, to hear a symphony of engaging instruments, such as the guitar, banjo, mandolin and tambourine. It turned out that there was a regularly organized symphony club at this camp, and that Mr. James W. English, Jr., the lessee, had, at his own expense, bought these instruments for the entertainment of the negro criminals. This symphony club

other, George Stanton, a negro, who is to serve two years longer for shooting at an Atlanta policeman, is very gifted in painting. He has never had lessons under the brush, but some of his canvas paintings—and I saw many in oil—show not only fine technical execution, but splendid originality in conception.

#### THE COUNTY CHAIN GANG.

The convict lease system of the state is almost entirely removed from the



*Men and dogs.*

is regarded as a police regulation, on the theory that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." The negro is essentially a creature of song. Nor is this the only instance of the kind in Georgia. At the Chattahoochee camp, where the convicts are engaged in brick-making—one of the camps of the old system—a vaudeville entertainment may be witnessed each Sunday.

There are some real artists in the camp. One "long term" has made a number of musical instruments. An-

county or misdemeanor system. One involves the care and discipline of felons, and is under a state prison board, whereas the other concerns the treatment of minor offenders, who are sent to the county chain-gang for a period of from one to twelve months.

The county system is under the commissioners of roads of each county—though these commissioners are nominally subject to the prison board, to the extent that they can be prevented from violating the law by a suggestion



from the higher authority to the lower.

This system works a great hardship ; and, in many instances dreadful cruelty. At times county commissioners have been known to place these petty offenders under the sole control of lessees who have allowed them to be whipped, without the law or decent authority, by negro bosses, and maltreated in such other ways as to call for investigation.

These offenses have become so flagrant that the state board absolutely forced the abolition of the camp of Wall & Peagler, in Coffee County, for these gentlemen, in addition to other cruelties, had denied the proper food and clothing to their wretched gang.

However, the work done on the public roads under the authority of the counties themselves is now creditable to all concerned. Of the 2,084 county convicts, 1,145 are on the public roads and 939 are hired to private individuals, who, in some instances, treat them very much as they please, desisting only when their offenses become notorious.

Such is the county system—a system

of Hell. It cannot be considered the Georgia lease system, for it is not under the direction of the state board. Under the state system the convicts are well treated, better by far, for the class affected, than any walled system provides. The allowance for good behavior shows up favorably, averaging 25 per-cent for ten-year terms, and even greater for longer time.

The state system, however, is not as good as it will be, for the prison board is constituted of sincere and painstaking men, who are constantly looking to its betterment. Method is the thing, and this always grows. The main plan is good, and the results are encouraging. Mr. Pearson, the state transfer agent, says that he has observed a wonderful change in the last few years, and I believe the history of the system endorses his view. The statistical record of health speaks for itself. In this and in different instances of individual kindness on the part of lessees, the Georgia convict lease system to-day will compare favorably with any penal system in the world.



*This remarkable photograph is a snap shot taken by Mr. Blackburn at the very moment a runaway was treed by six bloodhounds. It recalls scenes before the war.*



# A DAUGHTER OF RAASAY

## A TALE OF THE '45

By WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE



### CHAPTER I.

#### THE SPORT OF CHANCE.

**D**EEP play!" I heard Major Wolfe whisper to Lord Balmerino. "Can Montagu's estate stand such a drain?"

"No. He will be dipped to the last pound before midnight. 'Tis Volney's doing. He has angled for Montagu a se'nnight, and now he has hooked him. I warned the lad, but—"

He shrugged his shoulders.

The Scotchman was right. I was past all caution now, past all restraint. The fever of play had gripped me, and I would listen to nothing but the rattle of that little box which makes the most seductive music ever sung by siren. My Lord Balmerino might stand behind me in silent protest till all was gray, and though he had been twenty times my father's friend he would not move me a jot.

Volney's smoldering eyes looked across the table at me.

"Your cast, Kenn. Shall we say doubles? You'll nick this time."

"Done! Nine's the main," I cried, and threw deuces.

With that throw down crashed fifty ancestral oaks that had weathered the storms of three hundred winters. I had crabbed, not nicked.

"The fickle goddess is not with you to-day, Kenn. The jade jilts us all at times," drawled Volney, as he raked in his winnings carelessly.

"Yet I have noted that there are those whom she forsakes not often, and I have wondered by what charmed talisman they hold her true," flashed out Balmerino.

The steel flickered into Volney's eyes. He understood it for no chance remark, but as an innuendo tossed forth as a challenge. Of all men, Sir Robert

Volney rode on the crest of fortune's wave, and there were not lacking those who whispered that his invariable luck was due to something more than chance and honest skill. For me, I never believed the charge. With all his faults Volney loved fair play.

The son of a plain country gentleman, he had come to be by reason of his handsome face, his reckless courage, his unfailing impudence, and his gift of *savoir vivre*, the most notorious and fortunate of the adventurers who swarmed at the court of St. James. By dint of these and kindred qualities he had become an intimate companion of the Prince of Wales. The man had a wide observation of life; indeed, he was an interested and whimsical observer rather than an actor, and a scoffer always. A libertine from the head to the heel of him, yet gossip marked him as the future husband of the beautiful young heiress Antoinette Westerleigh. For the rest, he carried an itching sword and the smoothest tongue that ever graced a villain. I had been proud that such a man had picked me for his friend, entirely won by the charm of manner that made his more evil faults sit gracefully upon him.

Volney declined for the present the quarrel that Balmerino's impulsive loyalty to me would have fixed on him. If Lord Balmerino wanted to measure swords with him he would accommodate the old Scotch peer with the greatest pleasure on earth, but not till the time fitted him. He answered, easily:—

"I know no talisman but this, my lord; in luck and out of luck to bear a smiling front, content with the goods the gods may send."

It was a fair hit, for Balmerino was

well known as an open malcontent and suspected of being a Jacobite.

"Ah! The goods sent by the gods! A pigeon for the plucking—the lad you have called friend!" retorted the other.

"Take care, my Lord."

"But there are birds it is not safe to pluck," continued Balmerino, heedless of his growing anger.

"Indeed!"

"As even Sir Robert Volney may find out. An eaglet is not wisely chosen for such purpose."

It irritated me that they should thrust and parry over my shoulder, as if I had been but a boy instead of full three months past my legal majority. Besides, I had no mind to have them letting each other's blood on my account.

"Rat it, 'tis your play, Volney. You keep us waiting," I cried.

"You're in a devilish hurry to be quit of your shekels," laughed the Irishman, O'Sullivan, who sat across the table from me. "Isn't there a proverb, Mr. Montagu, about a—careless gentleman and his money going different ways, begad? Don't keep him waiting any longer than need be, Volney."

There is this to be said for the Macaronis, that they plucked their pigeon with the most graceful negligence in the world. Out came the feathers with a sure hand, the while they exchange choice *bon mots* and racy scandal. Hazard was the game we played, and I, Kenneth Montagu, was cast for the rôle of the pigeon. Against these old gamesters I had no chance even if the play had been fair, and my head on it more than one of them rooked me from start to finish. I was with a vast deal of good company, half of whom were rogues and blacklegs.

"Heard George Selwyn's latest?"\* inquired Lord Chesterfield, languidly.

"Not I. Threes, devil take it!" cried O'Sullivan in a pet.

"Tell it, Horry. It's your story," drawled the fourth Earl of Chesterfield.

"Faith and that's soon done," answered Walpole. "George and I were taking the air down the Mall arm in arm yesterday just after the fellow Fox was hanged for cutting purses, and up

comes our Fox to quiz George. Says he, knowing Selwyn's penchant for horrors, 'George, were you at the execution of my namesake?' Selwyn looks him over in his droll way from head to foot and says: 'Lard, no! I never attend rehearsals, Fox!'"

"'Tis the first he has missed for years then. Selwyn is as regular as Jack Ketch himself. Your throw, Montagu," put in O'Sullivan.

"Seven's the main, and by the glove of Helen, I crab! Saw ever man such cursed luck?" I cried.

"'Tis vile. Luck's mauling you fearfully to-night," agreed Volney languidly. Then, apropos of the hanging, "Ketch turned off that fellow Dr. Dodd, too. There was a shower, and the prison chaplain held an umbrella over Dodd's head. Gilly Williams said it wasn't necessary as the Doctor was going to a place where he might be easily dried."

"Egad, 'tis his great-st interest in life," chuckled Walpole, harking back to Selwyn. "When George has a tooth pulled he drops his kerchief as a signal for the dentist to begin the execution."

Old Lord Pam's toothless gums grinned appreciation of the jest as he tottered from the room to take a chair for a rout at which he was due.

"Faith and it's a wonder how that old Methuselah hangs on year after year," said O'Sullivan bluntly before the door had even closed on the octogenarian. "He must be a thousand if he's a day."

"The fact is," explained Chesterfield confidentially, "that old Pam has been dead for several years, but he doesn't choose to have it known. Pardon me, am I delaying the game?"

He was not, and he knew it; but my Lord Chesterfield was far too polite to more than hint to Topham Beauclerc that he had fallen asleep over his throw. Selwyn and Lord March lounged into the coffee house arm in arm. On their heels came Sir James Craven, the choicest blackleg in England.

"How d'ye do, everybody? Whom are you and O'Sully rooking to-night,

\* The author takes an early opportunity to express his obligations to the letters of Horace Walpole, who was himself so infinitely indebted to the conversation of his cronies.



*Drawn by Stuart Travis.*

*"Better come, Kenneth."*

Volney? Oh, I see—Montagu. Beg pardon," said Craven coolly.

Volney looked past the man with a wooden face that did not even recognize the fellow as a blot on the landscape. There was bad blood between the two men, destined to end in a tragedy. Sir James had been high in the graces of Frederick Prince of Wales until the younger and more polished Volney had ousted him. On the part of the coarse and burly Craven there was enduring hatred toward his easy and elegant rival, who paid back his malice with a serene contempt.

The talk veered to the new fashion of spangled skirts, and Walpole vowed that Lady Coventry's new dress was covered with spangles big as a shilling.

"'Twill be convenient for Coventry. She'll be change for a guinea," suggested Selwyn gloomily, his solemn face unlighted by the vestige of a smile.

So they jested, even when the play was deepest and while long-inherited family manors passed out of the hands of their owners. The recent French victory at Fontenoy still rankled in the heart of every Englishman. Within, the country seethed with an undercurrent of unrest and dissatisfaction. It was said that there were those who boasted quietly among themselves over their wine that the sun would yet rise some day on a Stuart England, that there were desperate men still willing to risk their lives in blind loyalty or in the gambler's spirit for the race of kings that had been discarded for its unworthiness. But the cut of his Mechlin lace ruffles was more to the Macaroni than his country's future. He made his jest with the same aplomb at births and weddings and deaths.

Each fresh minute of play found me parted from some heirloom treasured by Montagus long since dust. In another half hour Montagu Grange was stripped of timber bare as the Row itself. Once, between games, I strolled uneasily down the room, and passing the long looking glass scarce recognized the haggard face that looked out at me. Still I played on, dogged and wretched, not knowing how to withdraw myself from these elegant dandies who were used to

win or lose a fortune at a sitting with imperturbable face.

Lord Balmerino gave me a chance. He clapped a hand on my shoulder and said in his brusque, kindly way:—

"Enough, lad! You have dropped eight thou' to-night. Let the old family pictures still hang on the walls."

I looked up, flushed and excited, yet still sane enough to know that his advice was good. In the strong, fallow face of Major James Wolfe I read the same word. I knew the young soldier slightly and liked him with a great respect. I had even pushed back my chair to rise from the table when the cool, gibing voice of Volney cut in.

"The eighth wonder of the world; Lord Balmerino in a new rôle—advisor to young men of fashion who decline to enjoy life. Are you by any chance thinking of becoming a ranting preacher, my Lord?"

"I bid him to do as I say and not as I have done. To point my case I cite myself as an evil example of deep play."

"Indeed, my Lord! Faith I fancied you had in mind even deeper play for the future. A vastly interesting game, this of politics. You stake your head that you can turn a king, and zounds! you play the deuce instead."

Balmerino looked at him blackly out of a face cut in frowning marble, but Volney leaned back in his chair and his insolent eyes never flickered.

As I say, I sat swithering 'twixt will and will not.

"Better come, Kenneth! The luck is against you to-night," urged Balmerino, his face relaxing as he turned to me.

Major Wolfe said nothing, but his face, too, invited me.

"Yes, better go back to school and be birched," sneered Volney.

And at that I flung back into my seat with a curse, resolute to show him I was as good a man as he. My grim-faced guardian angel washed his hands of me with a Scotch proverb:—

"He that will to Cupar maun to Cupar. The lad will have to gang his ain gait," I heard him tell Wolfe as they strolled away.

Still the luck held against me. Be-



fore I rose from the table two hours later I wrote out notes for a total so large that I knew the Grange must be mortgaged to the roof to satisfy it.

Volney lolled in his chair and hid a yawn behind tapering, pink finger nails. "Slife, you had a cursed run of the ivories to-night, Kenn! When are you for your revenge? Shall we say to-morrow? Egad, I'm ready to sleep round the clock. Who'll take a seat in my coach? I'm for home."

I pushed into the night with a burning fever in my blood, and the waves of damp mist which enveloped London and beat upon me, gathering great drops of moisture on my cloak, did not suffice to cool the fire that burnt me up. The black dog care hung heavy on my shoulders. I knew now what I had done. Fool that I was, I had mortgaged not only my own heritage but also the lives of my young brother Charles and my sister Cloe.\* Our father had died of apoplexy, without a will, and a large part of his personal property had come to me with the entailed estate. The provision for the other two had been of the slightest, and now by this one wild night of play I had put it out of my power to take care of them. I had better clap a pistol to my head and be done with it.

Even while the thought was in my mind a hand out of the night fell on my shoulder from behind. I turned, with a start, and found myself face to face with the Scotchman, Balmerino.

"Whither away, Kenneth?" he asked.

I laughed bitterly. "What does it matter? A broken gambler—a ruined dicer—what is there left for him?"

The Scotch Lord linked his arm through mine. I had liefer have been alone, but I could scarce tell him so. He had been a friend of my father, and had done his best to save me.

"All is not lost. I have a word to say to your father's son."

"What use?" I cried rudely. "You would lock the stable after the horse is stolen."

"Say, rather, that I would put you in the way of getting another horse," he answered gravely. So gravely that I

\* The spelling of the day.

looked at him twice before I answered:—

"And I would be blithe to find a way, for split me, as things look now I must either pistol myself or take to the road and pistol others."

"There are worse things than to lose one's wealth—"

"I hear you say it, but begad! I do not know them," I answered with a touch of anger at his calmness.

"When the way is open to regain all one has lost and more," he finished, unheeding my interruption.

"Well, this way you speak of," I cried impatiently, "where is it?"

He looked at me searchingly, as one who would know the inmost secrets of my soul. Under a guttering street light he stopped me and read my face line by line. I dare swear he found there a line or two of recklessness, and perhaps some trace of the loyalty for which he looked. Presently he said, as the paving stones echoed to our tread:—

"You have your father's face, Kenn. I mind him a lad just like you when we were out together in the '15 for the King. Those were great days—great days. I wonder—"

His unfinished sentence tailed out into a meditative silence. Yet awhile, and he snatched himself back into the present.

"Six hours ago I should not have proposed this desperate remedy for your ills. You had a stake in the country then, but now you are as poor in this world's gear as Arthur Elphinstone himself. I have a man's game to play. Are you for it, lad?"

I hesitated, a prophetic divination in my mind that I stood in a mist at the parting of life's ways.

"You have thrown all to-night—and lost. I offer you another cut at Fortune's cards. You might even turn a king."

He said it with a quiet steadfastness in which I seemed to detect an undercurrent of strenuous meaning. I stopped, and in my turn looked long at him. What did he mean? Volney's words came to my mind. I began to piece together rumors I had heard but never credited. I knew that even now men

dreamed of a Stuart restoration. If Arthur Elphinstone, of Balmerino, were one of these, I knew him to be of a daring mad enough to attempt it.

"My lord, you say I might turn a king," I repeated slowly. "'Tis more like that I would play the knave. You speak in riddles. I am no guesser of them. You must be plain."

Still he hung back from a direct answer. "You are dull to-night, Kenn. I have known you more gleg at the uptake, but if you will call on me to-morrow night I shall make all plain to you."

We were arrived at the door of his lodgings, a mean house in a shabby neighborhood, for my lord was as poor as a church mouse despite his title. I left him here, and the last words I called over my shoulder to him were:—

"Remember, I promise nothing."

It may be surmised that as I turned my steps back toward my rooms in Arlington street I found much matter for thought. I cursed the folly that had led me to offer myself a dupe to these hawks of the gaming table. I raged in a stress of heady passion against that fair, false friend, Sir Robert Volney. And always in the end my mind jumped back to dally with Balmerino's temptation to recoup my fallen fortunes with one desperate throw.

"Fraoch! Dh'aindeoin co theireadh e!" (The Heath! Gainsay who dare!)

The slogan echoed and re-echoed through the silent streets and snatched me in an instant out of the abstraction into which I had fallen. Hard upon the cry there came to me the sound of steel ringing upon steel. I legged it through the empty road, flung myself round a corner, and came plump upon the combatants. The defendant was a lusty young fellow, apparently about my own age, of extraordinary agility and no mean skill with the sword. He was giving a good account of himself against the four assailants who hemmed him against the wall, his point flashing here and there with swift irregularity to daunt their valiancy. At the moment when I appeared to create a diversion one of the four had flung himself down and forward to cling about the knees of

their victim, with the intent to knife him at close quarters. The young man dared not shorten his sword length to meet this new danger. He tried to shake off the man, caught at his white throat and attempted to force him back, what time his sword still opposed the rest of the villains.

Then I played my small part in the entertainment. One of the rascals screamed out an oath at sight of me and turned to run. I pinked him in the shoulder, and at the same time the young swordsman fleshed another of them. The man with the knife scrambled to his feet, a ludicrous picture of ghastly terror. To make short, in another minute there was nothing to be seen of the cutpurses but flying feet scampering through the night.

The young gentleman turned to me with a bow that was never invented out of France. I saw now that he was something older than myself, tall, well-made, and with a fine stride to him that set off the easy grace of his splendid shoulders. His light, steady blue eyes and his dark, ruddy hair proclaimed him the Highlander. His face was not what would be called handsome, the chin was over-square, and a white scar zigzagged across his cheek; but I liked the look of him none the less for that. His frank, manly countenance wore the self-reliance of one who has lived among the hills and slept upon the heather under countless stars. For dress he wore the English costume, with the extra splash of color that betokened the vanity of his race.

"Fore God, sir, you came none too soon," he cried, in his impetuous Gaelic way. "This riff-raff of your London town had knifed me in another gliff. I will be thinking that it would have gone ill with me but for your opportune arrival. I am much beholden to you, and if ever I can pay the debt do not fail to call on Doner—James Brown."

At the last words he fell to earth most precipitately, all the fervent ring dropping out of his voice. Now James Brown is a common name enough, but he happened to be the first of the name I had ever heard crying a Highland



*Drawn by Stuart Travis.*

*A bow that was never invented out of France.*

slogan in the streets of London, and I looked at him with something more than curiosity. I am a Scotchman myself on the mother's side, so that I did not need to have a name put to his nationality.

There was the touch of a smile on my face when I asked him if he were hurt. He gave me the benefit of his full seventy-three inches and told me no, that he would think shame of himself if he could not keep his head with his hands from a streetful of such scum. And might he know the name of the unknown friend who had come running out of the night to lend him an arm?

"Kenneth Montagu," I told him, laughing at his enthusiasm.

"Well then, Mr. Kenneth Montagu, it's the good friend you've been to me this night, and I'll not be forgetting it."

"When I find myself attacked by footpads I'll just look up Mr. James Brown," I told him dryly with intent to plague.

He took the name sourly, no doubt, in an itching to blurt out that he was a Mac-something or other. To a Gaelic gentleman like him the Sassenach name he used for a convenience was gall and wormwood.

We walked down the street together, and where our ways parted near Arlington Street he gave me his hand.

"The lucky man am I at meeting you, Mr. Montagu, while we were having a bit of a splore down the street. I was just wearying for a lad handy with his blade, and the one I would be choosing out of all England came hot-foot round the corner."

I made nothing of what I had done, but yet his Highland friendliness and flatteries were balm to a sick heart, and we parted at my door with a great deal of good will.

## CHAPTER II.

### A CRY IN THE NIGHT.

"Past ten o'clock, and a clear, starry night!" the watch was bawling as I set out from my rooms to keep my appointment with Lord Balmerino. I had little doubt that a Stuart restoration

was the cause for which he was recruiting, and all day I had balanced in my mind the pros and cons of such an attempt.

I will never deny that the exiled race held for me a strong fascination. The Stuarts may have been weak, headstrong kings in their prosperity, but they had the royal virtue of drawing men to them in their misfortune. They were never so well loved nor so worthy of it as when they lived in exile at St. Germain. Besides, though I had never mixed with politics, I was a Jacobite by inheritance. My father had fought for a restoration, and my uncle had died for it.

And yet I hung back. After all an Englishman, be he never so desperate, does not fling away the scabbard without counting the cost. Young as I was I grued at the thought of the many lives that would be cut off ere their time, and in my heart I distrusted the Stuarts and doubted whether the game were worth the candle.

I walked slowly, for I was not yet due at the lodgings of Balmerino for an hour, and as I stood hesitating at a street corner a chaise sheered past me at a gallop. Through the coach window by the shine of the moon I caught one fleeting glimpse of a white frightened girl-face, and over the mouth was clapped a rough hand to stifle any cry she might give. I am no Don Quixote, but there never was a Montagu who waited for the cool second thought to crowd out the strong impulse of the moment. I made a dash at the step, missed my footing, and rolled over into the mud. When I got to my feet again the coach had stopped at the far end of the street. Two men were getting out of the carriage, holding between them a slight, struggling figure. For one instant the clear shrill cry of a woman was lifted into the night, then it was cut short abruptly by the clutch of a hand at the throat.

I scudded toward them, tugging at my sword as I ran, but while I was yet fifty yards away the door of the house opened and closed behind them. An instant, and the door reopened to let out one of the men, who slammed it

behind him and entered the chaise. The postilion whipped up his horses and drove off. The door yielded nothing to my hand. Evidently it was locked and bolted. I cried out to open, and beat wildly upon it with the hilt of my sword. Indeed, I quite lost my head, threatening, storming and abusing. I might as well have called upon the marble busts at the Abbey to come forth, for inside there was the silence of the dead. Presently lights began to glimmer in windows along the dark street, and night-capped heads were thrust out to learn what was ado. I called on them to join me in a rescue, but I found them not at all keen for the adventure. They took me for a drunken Mohawk or some madman escaped from custody.

"Here come the watch to take him away," I heard one call across the street to another.

I began to realize that an attempt to force an entrance was futile. Staid citizens were already pointing me out to them as a cause of the disturbance. For the moment I elected discretion and fled incontinently down the street from the guard.

But I was back before ten minutes were up, lurking in the shadows of opposite doorways, examining the house from front and rear, searching for some means of ingress to this mysterious dwelling. I do not know why the thing stuck in my mind. Perhaps some appealing quality of youth in the face and voice stirred in me the instinct for the championship of dames that is to be found in every man. At any rate, I was grimly resolved not to depart without an explanation of the strange affair.

What no skill of mine could accomplish chance did for me. While I was inviting a crick in my neck from staring up at the row of unlighted windows above me, a man came out of the front door and stood looking up and down the street. Presently he spied me and beckoned. I was all disheveled and one stain of mud from head to foot.

"D'ye want to earn a shilling, fellow?" he called.

I grumbled that I was out of work and money. Was it likely I would re-

fuse such a chance? And what was it he would have me do?

He led the way through the big, dimly-lighted hall to an upstairs room near the back of the house. Two heavy boxes were lying there, packed and corded, to be taken down stairs. I tossed aside my cloak and stooped to help him. He straightened with a jerk. I had been standing in the shadow with my soiled cloak wrapped about me, but now I stood revealed in silken hose, satin breeches, and laced doublet. If that were not enough to proclaim my rank a rapier dangled by my side.

"Rot me, you're a gentleman," he cried.

I affected to carry off my shame with bluster.

"What if I am?" I cried fiercely. "May not a gentleman be hungry. Man, I am a ruined dicer, as poor as a church mouse. Do you grudge me my shilling?"

He shrugged his shoulders. Doubtless he had seen more than one gentleman cover poverty with a brave front.

"All one to me, your royal 'ighness. Take 'old 'ere," he said facetiously.

We carried the boxes into the hall. When we had finished I stood mopping my face with a handkerchief, but my eyes were glued to the label tacked on one of the boxes.

John Armitage, The Oaks, Epsom, Surrey.

"Wot yer waitin' for?" asked the fellow sharply.

"The shilling," I told him.

I left when he gave it me, and as I reached the door he bawled to be sure to shut it tight. An idea jumped to my mind on the instant, and though I slammed the door I took care to have my foot an inch or two within the portal. Next moment I was walking noisily down the steps and along the pavement.

Three minutes later I tiptoed back up the steps and tried the door. I opened it slowly and without noise till I could thrust in my head. The fellow was nowhere to be seen in the hall. I whipped in and closed the door after me. Every board seemed to creak as I trod gingerly toward the stairway. In the



empty house the least noise echoed greatly. The polished stairs cried out hollowly my presence. I was half way up when I came to a full stop. Someone was coming down round the bend of the stairway. Softly I slid down the balustrade and crouched behind the post at the bottom. The man—it was my friend of the shilling—passed within a foot of me, his hand almost brushing the hair of my head, and crossed the hall to a room opposite. Again I went up the stairs, still cautiously, but with a confidence born of the knowledge of his whereabouts.

The house was large, and I might have wandered long without guessing where lay the room I wanted had it not been for a slight sound that came to me—the low, soft sobbing of a woman. I groped my way along the dark passage, turned to the left, and presently came to the door from behind which issued the sound. The door was locked on the outside, and the key was in the lock. I knocked, and at once silence fell. To my second knock I got no answer. I turned the key and entered.

A girl was sitting at a table with her back to me, her averted head leaning wearily on her hand. Dejection spoke in every line of her figure. She did not even turn at my entrance, thinking me no doubt to be her guard. I waited awkwardly, scarce knowing what to say.

"Madam," I began, "may I—is there—?" So far I got, then I came to an embarrassed pause, for I might as well have talked to the dead for all the answer I got. She did not honor me with the faintest sign of attention. I hemmed and hawed and bowed to her back with a growing confusion.

At last she asked over her shoulder in a strained, even voice:—

"What is it you're wanting now? You said I was to be left by my lane to-night."

I murmured like a gawk that I was at her service, and presently as I shifted from one foot to the other she turned slowly. Her face was a dumb cry for help, though it was a proud face, too. I have seen fairer faces, but never one more to my liking. It was her eyes that held me. The blue of her own

Highland lochs, with all their changing and indescribably pathetic beauty, lurked deeply in them. Unconsciously they appealed to me, and the world was not wide enough to keep me from her when they called. Faith, my secret is out already, and I had resolved that it should keep till near the end of my story!

I had dropped my muddy cloak before I entered, and as she looked at me a change came over her. Despair gave way to a startled surprise.

"Who are you, sir? And what are you doing here?" she demanded.

I think some fear or presage of evil was knocking at her heart, for though she fronted me very steadily her eyes were full of alarm. What should a man of rank be doing in her room on the night she had been abducted from her lodgings unless his purpose were evil? She wore a long cloak stretching to the ground, and from under it slippered feet peeped out. The cloak was of the latest mode, very wide and open at the neck and shoulders, and beneath the mantle I caught more than a glimpse of the laced white nightrail and the fine sloping neck. 'Twas plain that her abductors had given her only time to fling the wrap about her before they snatched her from her bedchamber. Some wild instinct of defense stirred within her, and with one hand she clutched the cloak tightly to her throat. My heart went out to the child with a great rush of pity.

"Madam," I said, "for all the world I would not harm you. I have come to offer you my sword as a defense against those who would injure you. My name is Montagu, and I know none of the name that are liars," I cried.

"Are you the gentleman that was for stopping the carriage?" she asked.

"I am that same unlucky gentleman that was sent speldering in the glaur.\* I won an entrance to the house by a trick, and I am here at your service," I said, throwing in my tag of Scotch to reassure her.

"You will be English, but you speak the kindly Scots," she cried.

"My mother was from the Highlands," I told her.

"What! You have the Highland

\* Speldering in the glaur—sprawling in the mud.



*Drawn by Stuart Travis.*

*Aileen MacLeod.*

blood in you? Oh, then, it is the good heart you will have. Will you ever have been on the braes of Raasay?"

I told her no; that I had always lived in England, though my mother was a Campbell. Her joy was the least thing in the world daunted, and in her voice there was a dash of starch.

"Oh! A Campbell!"

I smiled. 'Twas plain her clan was no friend to the sons of Diarmaid.

"My father was out in the '15, and when he was a rounded fugitive, with the Campbell bloodhounds on his trail, Mary Campbell hid him till the chase was past. Then she guided him across the mountains and put him in the way of reaching the Macdonald country. My father married her after the amnesty."

The approving light flashed back into her eyes.

"At all events then I am not doubting she was a good lassie, Campbell or no Campbell, and I am liking it your father went back and married her."

"But we are wasting time," I urged. "What can I do for you? Where do you live? To whom shall I take you?"

She fell to earth at once. "My grief I do not know. Malcolm has gone to France. He left me with Hamish Gorm in lodgings, but they will not be safe since—" She stopped, and at the memory of what had happened there the wine crept into her cheeks.

"And who is Malcolm?" I asked.

"My brother. He is an agent for King James, in London, and he brought me with him. But he was called away, and he left me with the gillie. To-night they broke into my room while Hamish was away, weary fa' the day! And now where shall I go?"

"My sister is a girl about your age. Cloe would welcome you. I am sure you would like each other."

"You are the good friend to a poor lass that will never be forgetting, and I will be blithe to burden the hospitality of your sister till my brother returns."

The sharp tread of footsteps on the stairs reached us. A man was coming up, and singing languidly a love ditty.

"What is love? 'Tis not hereafter,—  
Present mirth has present laughter.  
What's to come is still unsure;

In delay there lies no plenty.  
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,—  
Youth's a stuff will not endure."

Something in the voice struck a familiar chord in my memory, but I could not put a name to its owner. The girl looked at me with eyes grown suddenly horror stricken. I noticed that her face had taken on the hue of snow.

"We are too late," she cried softly.

We heard a key fumbling in the lock, and then the door opened—to let in Volney. His hat was sweeping to the floor in a bow when he saw me. He stopped and looked at me in surprise, his lips framing themselves for a whistle. I could see the starch run through and take a grip of him. For just a gliff he stood puzzled and angry. Then he came in wearing his ready, dare-devil smile and sat down easily on the bed.

"Hope I'm not interrupting, Montagu," he began jauntily. "I daresay though that's past hoping for. You'll have to pardon my cursedly mal à propos appearance. Faith, my only excuse is that I did not know the lady was entertaining other visitors this evening."

He looked at her with careless insolence out of his beautiful dark eyes, and for that moment I hated him with the hate a man will go to hell to satisfy.

"You will spare this lady your insults," I told him in a low voice. "At least so far as you can. Your presence itself is an insult."

"Egad, and that's where the wind sits, eh? Well, well, 'tis the manner of the world. When the cat's away!"

A flame of fire ran through me. I took a step toward him, hand on sword hilt. With a sweep of his jeweled hand he waved me back.

"Fie, Kenn! In a lady's presence?"

Volney smiled at the girl in mock gallantry, and my eyes followed his. I never saw a greater change. She was transformed. Her lithe young figure stood out tall and strong, every line of weariness gone. Hate, loathing, scorn, one might read plainly there, but no trace of fear or despair. She might have been a lioness defending her young. Her splendor of dark auburn hair, escaped and fallen free to her waist, fas-

cinated me with the luxuriance of its disorder. Volney's lazy admiration quickened to a deeper interest. For an instant his breath came faster. His face lighted with the joy of the huntsman after worthy game. But almost immediately he recovered his aplomb. Turning to me, he asked with his odd, light smile:—

"Staying long, may I ask?"

My passion was gone. I was possessed by a slow fire as steady and as enduring as a burning peat.

"I have not quite made up my mind how long to stay," I answered coldly. "When I leave the lady goes with me, but I haven't decided yet what to do with you."

He began to laugh.

"You grow amusing. 'Slife, you are not all country boor after all! May it please you, what are the alternatives regarding my humble self?" he drawled, leaning an elbow on the pillow.

"Well, I might kill you."

"Yes, you might. And—er—what would I be doing?" he asked.

"Or, since there is a lady present, I might leave you till another time."

His handsome face, with its curious shifting lights and shadows, looked up at me suffused with genuine amusement.

"Stap me, you'd make a fortune as a play-actor. Garrick is a tyro beside you. Someone was telling me that your financial affairs had been going wrong. An it comes to the worst, take my advice and out-Garrick Garrick."

"You are very good. Your interest in my affairs charms me, Sir Robert. 'Tis true they are not promising. A friend duped me. He held the Montagu estates higher than honor."

He appeared to reflect.

"Friend? Don't think I'm acquainted with any of the kind, unless a friend is one who eats your dinners, drinks your wines, rides your horses, and"—with a sidelong look at the girl—"makes love to your charming adored."

Into the girl's face the color flared, but she looked at him with a contempt so steady that any man but Volney must have winced.

"Friendship!" she cried with infinite disdain. "What can such as you

know of it? You are false as Judas. Did you not begowk my honest brother with fine words till he and I believed you one of God's noblemen, and when his back was fairly turned—?"

"I had the best excuse in London for my madness, Aileen," he said, with the wistful little laugh that had gone straight to many a woman's heart.

Her eyes flashed and her bosom heaved. The pure girl-heart read him like an open book.

"And are you thinking me so mean a thing as still to care for your honeyed words? Believe me, there is no viper on the braes of Raasay more detestable to me than you."

I looked to see him show anger, but he nursed his silk-clad ankle with the same insolent languor. He might have been a priest after the confessional for all the expression his face wore.

"I like you angry, Aileen. Faith, 'tis worth being the object of your rage to see you stamp that pretty foot and clench those little hands I love to kiss. But Ecod! Montagu, the hour grows late. The lady will lose her beauty sleep. Shall you and I go down stairs and arrange for a conveyance?"

He bowed low and kissed his fingers to the girl. Then he led the way out of the room, gallant and debonair.

"Will you be leaving me?" the girl cried with parted lips.

"Not for long," I told her. "Do not fear; I shall have you out of here in a jiff," and with that I followed him.

Sir Robert Volney led the way down the corridor to a small room in the west wing, where flaring, half-burnt candles guttering in their sconces drove back the darkness. He leaned against the mantel and looked at me out of half-closed eyes.

"May I ask to what is due the honor of your presence to-night?" he drawled at last.

"Certainly."

"Well?"

"I have said you may ask," I flied rudely. "But for me—Gad's life! I am not in the witness box."

He took his snuff mull from his waistcoat pocket and offered it me, then took a pinch, and brushed from his satin

coat imaginary grains with prodigious care.

"You are perhaps not aware that I have the right to ask. It chanced that this is my house."

"Indeed! And the lady—?"

"—Is, pardon me, none of your concern."

"Ah! I'm not so sure of that."

"Faith then, you'll do well to make sure."

"And — er — Mistress Antoinette Westerleigh?"

"Quite another matter! You're out of court again, Mr. Montagu."

"Egad, I enter an exception. The lady we have just left is the court of last resort, and, I believe, not complaisant to your suit."

"She will change her mind," he said.

"I trust so renowned a gallant as Sir Robert would not use force."

"Lard, no! She is a woman, and therefore to be won. But I would advise you to dismiss the lady from your mind. 'Ware women, Mr. Montagu! You will sleep easier."

"In faith, a curious coincidence! I was about to tender you the same advice, Sir Robert," I told him lightly.

"You will forget the existence of such a lady if you are wise?"

"Wisdom comes with age."

"Yet you will do well to remember your business and forget mine."

"I have no business of my own, Sir Robert. Last night you generously lifted all sordid cares from off my mind, and now I am quite free to attend those of my neighbors."

He shrugged his shoulders in the French way. "Very well. A wilful man! You've had your warning, and — I am not a man to be thwarted."

"I might answer that I am not a man to be frightened."

"You'll not be the first that has answered that. The others have '*Hic Jacet*' engraved on their door-plates. Well, it's an unsatisfactory world at best, and Lard! they're well quit of it. Still, you're young."

"And have yet to learn discretion."

"That's a pity, too," he retorted lightly. "The door is waiting for you. Better take it, Mr. Montagu."

"With the lady?"

"I fear the lady is tired. Besides, man, think of her reputation. Zounds! Can she gad about the city at night alone with so gay a spark as you? 'Tis a censorious world, and tongues will clack. No, no! I will save you from any chance of scandal, Mr. Montagu."

"Faith one good turn deserves another. I'll stay here to save your reputation, Sir Robert."

"I fear that mine is fly-blown already."

"Yet I'll stay."

"Gad's life! Stay then."

"Volney had been standing just within the door, and at the word he stepped out and flung it to. I sprang forward, but before I reached it the click sounded. I was a prisoner, caught like a fly in a spider's web, and much it helped me to beat on the iron-studded door till my hand bled, to call on him to fight it out like a man, and to storm up and down the room."

Presently my rage abated, and I took stock of my surroundings. The windows were barred with irons set in stone sockets by masonry. I set my knee against the window frame and tugged till I was moist with sweat. I tried my small sword as a lever, but it snapped in my hand. Again I examined the bars. There was no way but to pick them from their sockets by making a groove in the masonry. With the point of my sword I chipped industriously at the cement. At the end of ten minutes I had made perceptible progress. Yet it took me another hour of labor to accomplish my task. I undid the blind fastenings, clambered out, and lowered myself foot by foot to the ground by clinging to the ivy that grew thick along the wall.

The first fall was Volney's, and I grudged it him; but as I took my way to Balmerino's lodgings my heart was far from heavy. The girl was safe for the present. I knew Volney well enough for that. That his plan was to take her to The Oaks and in seclusion lay a long siege to the heart of the girl, I could have sworn. But from London to Epsom is a far cry, and between them much might happen through chance and fate and — Kenneth Montagu.

(To be continued.)





## A CHRONICLE OF THE REAR GUARD

By LEO CRANE



THE old man, bent and showing plainly the touch of age in his dragging step, plodded along contentedly, tapping the staff upon the crisp and hardened earth, and occasionally resting in the fence corners to view the stretches of hilly country. Upon a distant rise a line of shadowy trees were gauntly silhouetted against the steely blue of the fall sky, their branches an endless tangle of black and rustling arms. Here and there a blotch of vivid crimson shone in the painted glare of the evening sun, a token that the sacrifice of browned leaves to the failing year had not yet ceased. They crisply crackled in the chilling breath of the coming night wind. In the dim distance a thin wreath of smoke whirled lazily and disappeared, showing where a forest fire smoldered, and adding a bleak touch to the drawing of early winter.

A flock of dirty sheep huddled together in the half twilight of the lonely road. A few straggled alone, now rustling knee deep in leafy billows of russet red and gold, now trampling down the last patch of bright-hued flowers into a desert waste of their dried fellows. A boy, young, tousle-haired and tattered, followed at their heels, whistling and waving a gnarled stick vigorously, now calling in a fresh and shrilly voice at the laggards.

"How are ye, sonny?" greeted the old man kindly.

"Pretty well, sir, I thank ye," returned the boy.

"Likely lot o' sheep," ventured the man, plodding in step with the boy, and urging on a stubborn animal.

"Middlin' fair," acquiesced the boy, glancing at him curiously. "Yonder's one that belongs to me," said he proudly, "that young one. Pap give him to me last year. His name's Dan, same's mine."

This information was given with an air of quiet importance and a shy glance to notice the effect. There was a brief silence.

"Ye ain't from these parts," stated the boy, half inquiringly.

"No—ain't been here fur nigh forty year. Long time that. . . . Don't s'pose ye remember back that far, sonny? Last time I was here I got a drink of water from the well just round the bend. Live at that house, sonny?"

"Why, ye mean Jim Potter's. He's a mean cuss. Forty year— Why, that must hev' been durin' the war, hey?"

"Yes," acknowledged the man, that was durin' the war. There was Billy Martin an' Sam Woodward an' Jim Lock in our company. We all stopped at the next house an' got a drink o' well water—remember it just like yesterday. Billy, he were killed at the last Wilderness fight; Sam Woodward, he pegged out at Richmond, an' Lock, lemme see, Lock finished at Beaver Dam Creek. All gone, them fellars. All gone."

"What were ye?" asked the boy, looking at him suspiciously through half closed eyes, "what were ye?"

"Johnny Reb," said the man quietly. "S'pose I'm one of the rearguard now. . . . Yes, they're most all gone. . . . My company all gone but me."

"Say, you come home with me an' git that drink o' well water. Pap'll be glad to see ye, and 'sides, if I do say it m'self, he's a greebler man than Jim Potter, and 'sides, the water's better."

"No. . . . Guess I'd better stop at Potter's fur the water. Stopped there last time, ye know. . . . Me an' Billy Martin an' Sam Woodward an' —an'—an' who's that other fellar I said a minute ago? Lock. . . . Yes, me an' Jim Lock."

"Say," said the boy in a voice of

awe, "did ye do any fightin' 'round here?"

"Well, now, sir, I certainly think we did. Why, along this yer road was nothin' but dead and dyin' men. That 'ere ditch was full of 'em, and that 'ere hillside, why, I tell ye, sir, they were as thick as bees."

"My!" exclaimed the wondering boy, "Pap never told me 'bout that."

They stopped at Potter's and waited until the old man drained his tin of well water. He mouthed it, and tasted it various ways, and then holding the cup in hand, thought about it. Then they trudged after the sheep, picking up one here and there, and calling at them harshly.

"Taste the same?" asked the boy.

"Much the same"—then with a dry laugh—"Long time between drinks. Forty year—considerable time."

The peaked roof of a tumble-down house loomed up at an angle of the road, a place as old as the countryside and not half so fresh.

"Where's Pap?" bawled the boy to a smaller urchin playing in the dirt.

"Ain't come home from the cuttin' yet," replied the other.

"Won't ye come in?" he invited the veteran.

"Think I'll walk a piece up the hillside there. . . . That's where we had our last stand. Old Simpson's battery held it and nigh on to 400 men killed up. Want to go long?"

"Course," said the boy.

"Ye see," said the man, waving his cane in an explaining sweep over the country, "all this yer section were full of Rebs and Yanks, but mostly Yanks. We came up this yer road, and in the first day's fightin' took that 'ere hill and held it all the second day. Mac held the other road and rushed troops up fast, an' took that other hill from Larkins' men, an' drove 'em straight across the open, killin' 'em like so many sheep. Then on the second day Mac sent nigh a whole brigade through that last field, an' deployed em along—"

"What's deployed?" interrupted the boy, sharply.

"Sorter scatterin' 'em," explained the warrior.

"Oh!" ejaculated the boy, satisfied.

"Then Old Larkins, who was in command of us, but who wasn't fit to command a lot of sutlers, he says we'd hev' to drive 'em back on their side of the country, an' down we goes, the hull of us. An' after we went down, we went down, we fought like cats for 'bout an hour, an' then crawled back badly crippled. I tell you, sir, we lost 'bout hundred an' fifty men right at that 'ere stream. We had bit off considerable more'n we could chaw."

"What did ye do then?" queried the boy, anxiously.

"Mac, he thought it his turn to play the fool then, an' ordered forward a brigade or two, and up they came at us. We shotted 'em with grape and tore holes in 'em that you could drive a cart through. Next day we fell back a piece, an' the next day we licked 'em the worst of the war, at Cold Harbor."

Slowly they climbed the long hill, the boy listening with great interest to the rambling tale of nothing at all, the old man gasping in his effort to keep pace with his lithe companion, planting his cane in the scrub and slipping over dried grass and roots. The smell of smoldering wood blew down upon them from the crest, and the shadows of the forest's black archways grew more and more somber at their approach. A wild bird called plaintively and something rustled from their path and skurried away in the brush.

They crossed the summit and came out again into the twilight of the other slope. Two men were busily chopping at a tall pine, the strokes of the blades sounding harsh in the stillness and the echoes roaming over the country.

"Pap," called the boy, "yer's a man wot fought with Bobby Lee."

The grizzled chopper greeted the veteran with eagerness.

"Yessir," half choked the old one from his efforts, "yessir, right on this hillside we fought."

"We'll hev' this one down in the next two minutes, an' if ye'll wait we'll talk it all over after supper."

The old man and the boy sat down on a ragged piece of rock and watched the workers.



Drawn by F. L. Bennett.

*"This yer road was nothin' but dead and dyin' men."*

"Was this rock here forty year ago?" asked the boy.

"No doubt, sonny, no doubt."

"Don't ye know for sure," questioned the boy, pointedly.

"Wasn't thinkin' of rocks then, sonny, we was fightin', an' fightin' hard. Hadn't had anything to eat for two days, an' the hull Union army acomin' up. Wasn't no time fur lookin' up rocks then. Right down in that little glade was where I first saw Bobby Lee, an' I heard him tell Larkins, said he, 'Ye must hold 'em back fur half an hour sure,' says he. 'D—n 'em, we'll hold 'em back,' says Larkins, an' we did, an' held nigh on four hundred back so hard they never moved away.'"

"Ye heard Bobby Lee say that?" said the boy, astonished that he had discovered another wonderful happening in which this great old man figured.

"Yessir, I heard ole Bobby Lee say them very words."

The man nodded his head slowly.

"Gee!" whispered the boy, faintly, in a tone of half adoration. He shifted his seat on the stone so as to get a better view of the man who had once heard Bobby Lee speak words.

"Pap often told me 'bout Bobby Lee, but Pap never heard him talk."

This man had heard the very words; this man had heard Larkins swear; this man was therefore something beyond, far beyond the ordinary; a wonder out of another age.

"That was forty year ago," mused the man, softly, "forty year ago you were unthought of. . . How old are ye? Ten? Thirty year before ye were born. Place looked much the same then; no doubt it'll look much the same after ye are forgotten."

The thought expressed in such a matter-of-fact style made the boy shudder. It was the first time he had heard of things remaining after he departed; it really was the first time his departure had occurred to him; he could not fully appreciate its importance.

The steady chop of the axes had nearly cut the thread of life from the pine. Occasionally it had creaked and moaned as if in protest. Now it cracked ominously and tottered, swayed.

"Look out!" yelled the foresters. "Look out! She's acomin'!"

Over it bent, farther, farther, and with a loud swishing sound, settled with a crash. A shower of dust arose.

"Many a man fell on this yer hill in the same fashion, though some of 'em didn't make so much noise," commented the old fellow.

"Look here, ole man, what's this?" asked the man who had helped in the felling.

"Well, by all," said the veteran in an excited tone, "that's a shell. Gum! but it's been there since the war."

"No!" exclaimed the chopper.

"Forty year," whispered the boy.

"Chop it out," said the man.

They picked it from the ground and examined it closely, while the boy peered into the jagged hole of the trunk in search of anything else dating from the war.

"It's a Union shell. They were thick as cones 'round yer in them days. An' it ain't gone off yet. Let's see."

The old man took three steps forward and tossed the iron missile into the smoldering fire of leaves some ten yards away. The action was that of a child, and he waited with a smile for the result. A blinding flame sprang upward, and the hills echoed with a rending stupefying report. A cloud of choking smoke and floated skyward.

"What a fool trick!" muttered the woodchopper, half in anger. "Hurt ye, boy? Hurt ye, Sam? Gawd, it's hurt him!"

They ran to the man sprawled upon the ground.

"It waited fur me forty year," he gasped, painfully. "Forty year awaitin' fur me. They all said the war was over, but I knew better. This is the last action and the rearguard is peggin' out. Mac's a rushin' up troops, but Bobby Lee 'll make 'em think yet. That's him over there with Larkin, an' Larkin says, 'D—n 'em, we'll hold 'em.' It's been a long war—forty year!"

His head went back on the dingy red ground.

"The rearguard has pegged out," said the chopper solemnly.





LEAVES  
FROM A HUNTER'S  
SKETCH BOOK

*by*

CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

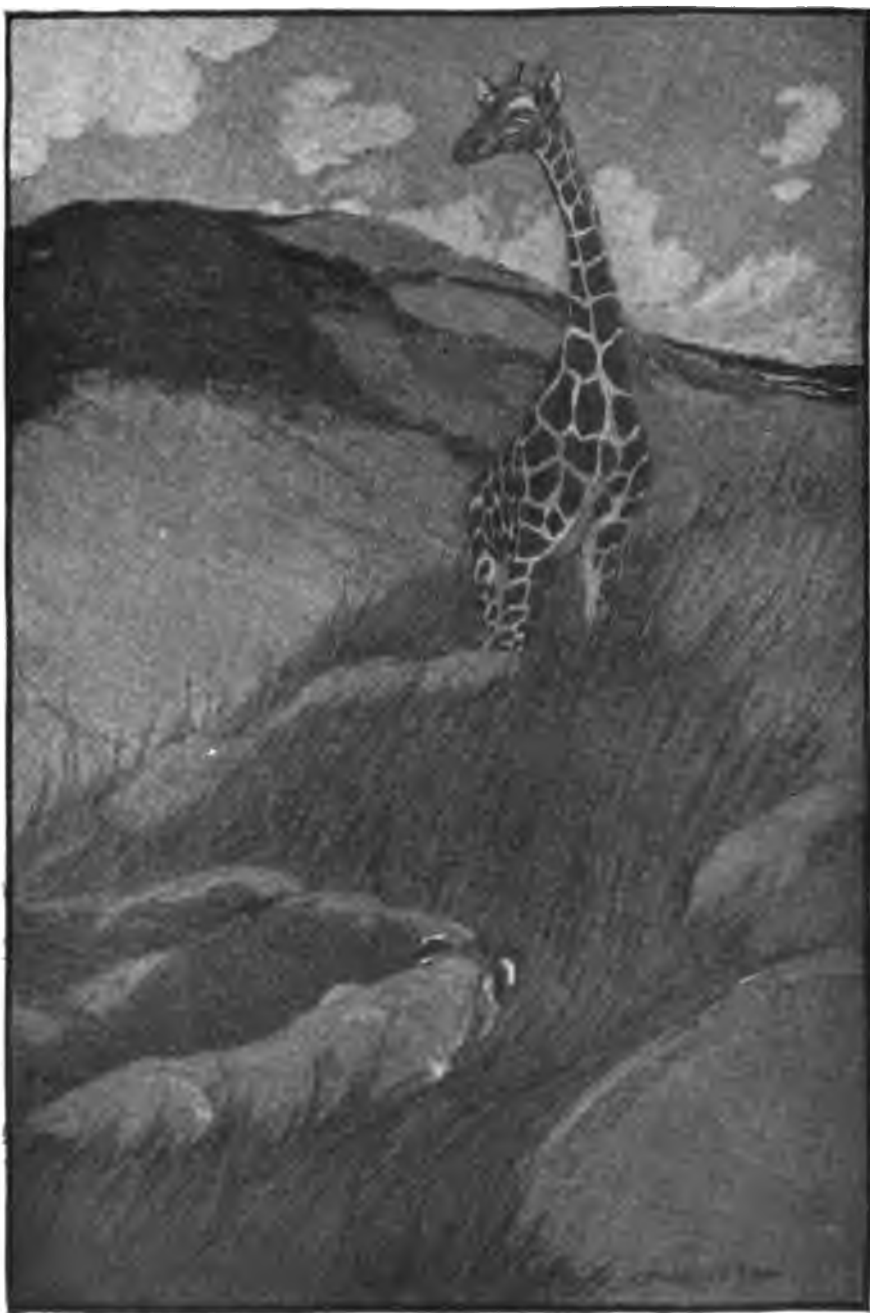


J. J. RAY





*The grizzly raised his huge bulk above the snowy cliff.*



*The giraffe caught the scent of the lioness and threw up its head.*



*The big gray baboon marched up and down like a sentinel.*



*The rhinoceros came charging up the bank, rolling his little eyes wickedly.*

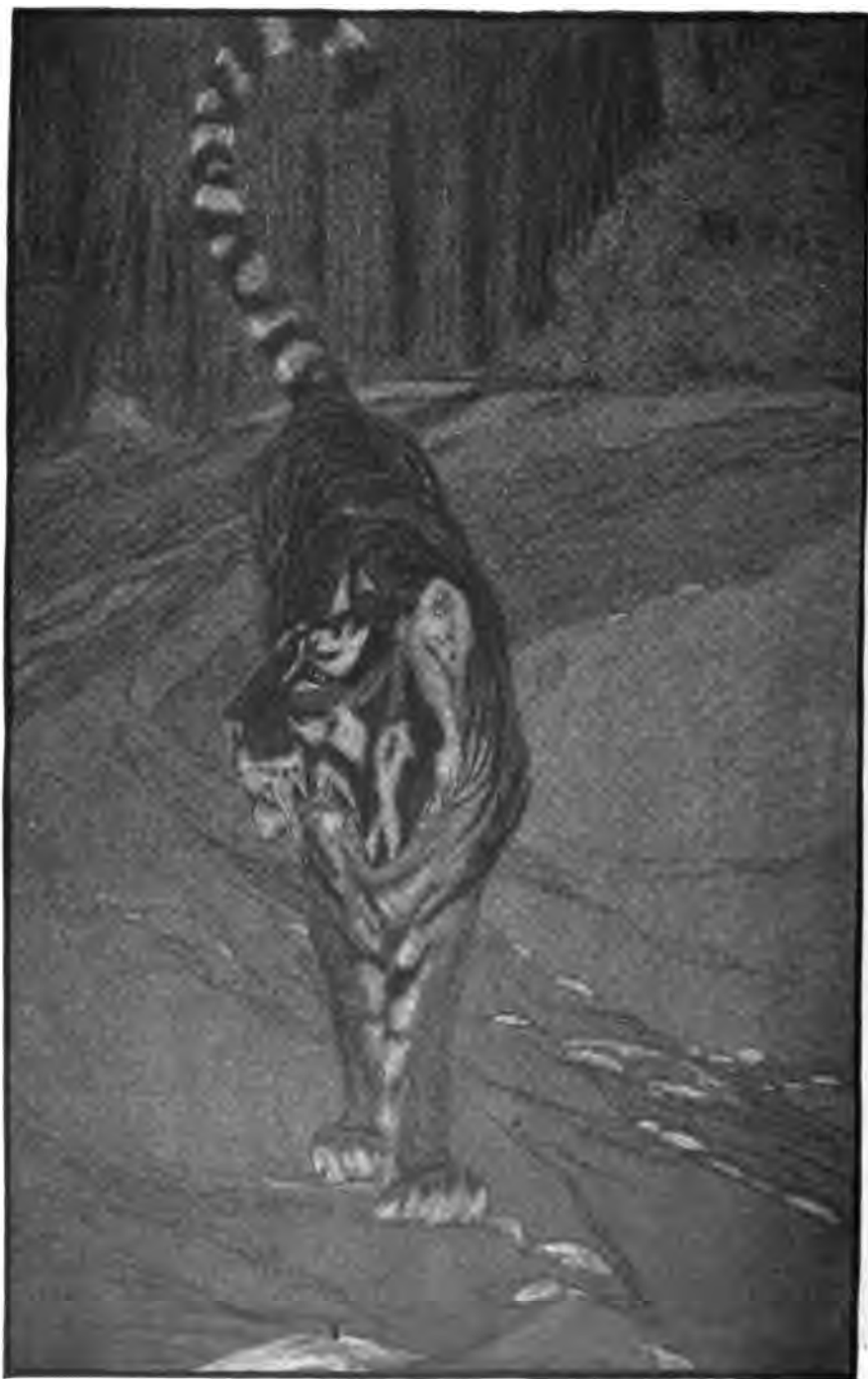


*The lynx crouched watching intently as a cat watches a mouse.*





*The puma slunk along the edge of the cliff.*



*The tiger stalked down to the beach, his tail waving proudly.*



## NORTHERN KENTUCKY IN WAR TIME\*

By JOHN URI LLOYD

Author of "Stringtown on the Pike," Etc.



**A**BOUT one hundred feet back from the highway, as you approach the village from the south, you will observe a single house among the trees. No other building is in sight; excepting a church spire, there is no evidence of a village.

At any hour between sunrise and sundown in the summer, excepting at "meal time," you will probably behold a white-haired man seated on the front porch of the house. Stop, ask a question, and the reply will terminate with a cordial, "Alight, suh, alight and rest yoahself." Take the old man at his word, hitch your horse and seat yourself in a chair beside him, first, however, stopping at the well for a drink of water "from the northeast corner."

Your entertainer, if he be the man I have in mind, lives largely in the past. He may talk about Clay and Jackson, of Colonel Johnson who killed Tecumseh, as though they were of yesterday; or he may go into details concerning Lafayette, who, in his journey from Lexington to Cincinnati, ate his dinner in this very house. He may point to the grass-clad buffalo path, beaten into clay that holds yet the track of hoofs long since silenced, which, fronting the house and winding through the field beyond, still is plainly visible. And this thought of the spectral forms that in the flesh tramped by in the past may next lead to stories of bears and wolves, "varmint" familiar to the old gentleman's recollections of the backwoods of Northernmost Kentucky.

Should he chance to dwell on local

affairs, he will give a graphic history of his state from the day of Daniel Boone to the present. As incident after incident rises before him from out the past, a panorama is pictured such as history book never did and never can impart. He may go back to colonial times, or to the war with England, and tell of his grandfather's service as a Virginia artilleryman in the Revolution; next, of his father's part as a settler of the canebrakes and grapevine tangles that originally covered the richest part of the Blue Grass region; then of his brother who fought in Mexico; and, finally, of his own part in more recent political affairs of his state. Fresh with him as if but a day back ate these things, but to you a part of written book lore, not of living, moving men. He may even turn to the sad story of the scholarly Blennerhassett, who was arrested in Lexington and tried when the old gentleman's father was young. "A gentleman was he, suh, and defended by our own Henry Clay, suh!" Then, if he becomes very communicative, he may relate how, more recently, a Northern regiment, in the spring of one of the sixties, camped on his farm, burned his fences, plucked his chickens and butchered his sheep and hogs. Chuckling, he will tell you that, to crown it all, the "green" Northern soldiers found in the clearing his "plant-bed," where the young tobacco plants were about four inches high; and, "by Gad, suh! they ate it all! Thought it was lettuce, suh! Cut it up in vinegar and ate it for lettuce. Stole my old tobacco out of the barn to chew, and my young tobacco right

\* An endeavor has been made to handle this fragment so as to avoid identifying individuals. With this aim I have ventured to touch more than one village. Yet, to persons familiar with Florence (Stringtown on the Pike), Boone County, forty years ago, many points both of location and of incident must be recognizable.—J. U. L.



*A Kentucky village scene.*

out of my plant bed to eat, suh!"

Ask about himself, and he will say he is "no account" now; concerning his family, he will declare "they ain't worth shucks!" Let him alone when he strikes this theme and he will tell you he bought all the land in sight so as to leave each of his children "a farm, suh." That if you stand in the middle of the plantation you cannot see a foot of "anothah" man's land. That the first child, a boy, went to college, then studied medicine, located in a large city and is getting rich, but too lazy to work. That the second, a boy also, was educated in Lexington, studied law in the University of Virginia, settled in a northern city, and, lazier and more shrewd than the doctor, is getting richer. That the third, a girl, married a city chap, a business man, who never did work, a trifling sort of a fellow, but as energetic as city people usually are; seems to enjoy life, but too trifling to drive the cows out of a cornfield. And that the fourth, a girl of twenty, spends most of her time visiting the others.

A shadow comes over the face of the old man at this point. Abruptly he ceases to speak of his children and becomes intensely in earnest concerning

the affairs of his country. "If you live to be my age, suh, you will learn that great distinction is to be drawn between a politician and a statesman, suh! We have politicians in plenty now, but by the shades of Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson, very few statesmen, suh!" He next belabors the politicians for misleading the youth of the land, scolding first the Republicans for squandering the treasures of the people, exciting the negroes to antagonism against their former masters, and building up monopolies, and then the Democrats, for departing from the ways of the fathers. "No bettah now than the Republicans, suh!" He will probably refer to the barbecues and political meetings of other days, and compare them with the dull picnics of the present, telling about the fights of this or that family of the olden time. He will interest you in general conversation as never man did before. Through every sentence runs the courteous style of the Kentucky gentleman of other days, with quaint sentences, words beautifully abbreviated and accented as no other people can modulate the English language, accents so charming that pen cannot convey their subtle melody.





*This roomy house of the old Kentucky gentleman is typical of hundreds.*

At last you rise to depart, but, "Dinah is ready, suh!" and the invitation is given in a tone that will admit of no refusal. When, finally, after your meal of corn bread, bacon and snap beans, buttermilk and corn on the cob, you "mount" your horse, hours may have elapsed.

This roomy house of the old Kentucky gentleman, with its windlass well midway between the front door and the pike; its oblong front building and long "L," the latter usually a dining-room; its low-roofed ice house just over the fence near the spring-fed pond, and its row of tumble-down negro cabins back of the kitchen, is typical of hundreds of similar houses that, destined ere long to become recollections only, still add to the beauties of Kentucky—this land of grass, woodlands, weeds and thicket tangles, of pikes and mud roads, of bottom land, highlands, sink holes, caverns, hills and mountains.

\* \* \* \* \*

But let us not neglect to touch on what the old man evaded, when, in speaking of his children, the shadow came over his face.

When the sun rises in the morning he

is wont in pleasant weather to give his arm to his wife. Together they pass through the long L of the house, back along a grassy path, until in a secluded spot on a beautiful knoll they stand beside an iron railing that encircles a group of stones.

Conspicuous in that family burying ground rises a rough hewn marble shaft; two hillocks opposed to each other abut upon its base, one lying north, the other south of the stone. The mother drops to her knees and rests her head on that cold marble; the white-haired father, with bowed, uncovered head, stands erect.

The silent prayer on the lips of the kneeling woman ends; she rises, again twines her arm in that of the man, and in silence they wend their way to the house.

Step with me now to the spot where knelt the woman, and you may read the epitaph on the north side of that marble shaft:—

Sacred to the Memory of  
Andrew J. Nordman, a Federal Soldier,  
Son of Martha and George Nordman.  
Died of Suffering and Privation in Libby  
Prison, Virginia.  
January 18th, 1863.





*Down the Knobland Pike.*

The inscription upon the south face runs thus:—

Sacred to the Memory of  
Joseph C. Nordman, a Confederate Soldier,  
Son of Martha and George Nordman.  
Died of Privation and Suffering on Johnson's  
Island, Ohio.  
January 1st, 1863.

#### THE VILLAGE.

Having bade our genial host good-bye we soon reach the outskirts of the village, and directly a square brick church appears, before which a stile block by the sidewalk faces the roadway. The door and two windows, which diversify the front of the edifice, remind one of a nose between two glaring eyes of a great face. A steeple and belfry rise above the comb of the roof, indicating the transverse hall or vestibule below, where, depending through a square hole in the ceiling, the bell rope hangs. You need not enter the church—take my word that the rear partition of this cross hall is pierced by two doors directly back of the front windows, each door opening into an aisle flanked by pews extending to the back of the church. The door on the right is for the men, the other for women, and dur-

ing church service the men and women, separated, sit on opposite sides of the central railing that runs from the "Amen" seat fronting the pulpit to the seats reserved for negroes in the rear. This meeting-house is one of four—belonging respectively to the Methodists, the Baptists, the Presbyterians and the Reformers, or Disciples—that you must pass before you get through "town."

We pass next a few residences, then a blacksmith shop and beyond this a grocery, which is a drygoods store as well; and along the street are to be found other "stores," and a few doctors' offices, after which dwelling houses again appear, another blacksmith shop, and two more of the four churches; finally the village disappears, giving place to meadows and cornfields which close in to the turnpike boundary. The hamlet, squatted on the borders of the field fronts, has almost thrust itself into the pike's right of way, many of the houses being in the floating dust, close to the edge; few of them having more than a small door yard, yet, strangely enough, limitless acres unused in the rear.

Have I overlooked or evaded any-





*The little Church of the Disciples.*

thing of importance that should take part in this description of Northern Kentucky rural life in those days? Let me think. Ah! there is one omission. My village has an industry. Near the junction where the Stringtown and Knobland pikes meet stood a shop conducted by an old man, who lived near his workroom. The Christian, or Disciples' Church was on one side of this shop, and over in the fields beyond it spread the village churchyard. The odor of freshly-cut walnut wood always hovered about this isolated building; a few walnut shavings and fragments of thin boards mouldered undisturbed in front of the door, for children who frequented the wagon-maker's did not come thither for chips and blocks. The old man who worked within was not ill-natured; he spoke kindly and mistreated no one, yet in common with other boys, I avoided him. He neither whistled nor sang while plying his tools, and, strangely enough for a wood-worker, never was the sound of hammer heard in his shop. The products of his skill were artistically joined with glue, smoothly sand-papered, carefully varnished, and brass screws with secreted heads held the polished planks

together. Yes, I neglected to mention this shop with its hollow wares, in whose neighborhood the children's voices were hushed in daylight, and past which, with scudding feet and beating hearts, the little ones slipped noiselessly if, in the night time, duty called them along the dust-bearing Pike. The home and shop of this man, whose parcels were always sold empty, should not be disregarded in a picture touching these times and scenes,—this solitary abode nestling snugly near a silent church and lonely graveyard, this dwelling place and storehouse of the village coffin-maker.

#### OUR PART IN WAR.

Within the borders of our village and in the country adjacent was to be found all that man really needed for life and comfort. Such necessary articles as coffee, sugar, "store tea," and "boughten" clothes came from abroad, but our people gave to outsiders in return from out our plentiful stores of hogs, corn and tobacco. Honors were easy, and, really, we were of greater concern to the world than the world to us. Whoever heard of one of our villagers going to Europe on a pleasure tour?





*The dust upon the Stringtown Pike lay quiet as before.*

Yet every year travelers from abroad came to our contented village, and while the stage horses in front of the tavern were being changed, these journeymen even asked questions concerning the town and adjacent country, thus indicating our importance.

But now the war that divided the nation burst upon us, and from our village, true to the traditions of their fathers and grandfathers, men were traveling, traveling with set bayonets, to meet, not an outside foe, but, alas! their friends from boyhood. Unhappy Stringtown! Farther south the young men turned their faces all in one direction, and amid the plaudits of their countrymen enlisted in behalf of the cause that lost. To the north, the young men, not less enthusiastic, marched from homes not less precious, to engage side by side with their comrades in a victorious cause. United to a man, those from the South opposed those united in a body from the North. To the member of a stricken southern home, tidings of death to him in the field spoke of a blow dealt by a *foe* from the North; while the mourner in the broken family circle of the North, thought of an *enemy* in the distant South.

But to this highland village near the border of northernmost Kentucky friends were not necessarily comrades, nor were antagonists foes. The roll of the drum, the music of the fife, the flaunting of banners, did not cheer the ear of Stringtown's new-made soldier boy; no mirth, no thought of glory could come where each step fell on a loved one's heart. Life-long neighbors stood not shoulder to shoulder. Our soldier boys shook hands, turned their backs to one another, sadly, silently seeking, some the North, others the South. Having enlisted, they faced about, enemies in principle, though friends at heart. When came death's herald to a Stringtown home, came next the thought of a brother's hand possibly red with a brother's blood. Between the North and the South our pike stretched; in one direction it led toward the land of blue-coats, in the other, toward that of the men in gray, and men of Stringtown rode both ways. Let us illustrate by an incident.

One afternoon in 1862, a group of citizens sat in front of the village grocery, discussing the war news, which came by newspaper from the North and by "grapevine" from the South.





*The Knoblands, whence they came.*

Among them were two young men, to be known herein as Joe and Bill. Next day the circle was smaller, for Bill was absent.

"Joe, where's Bill?" a companion asked.

"Gone."

"Which army?"

"Northern; went this mornin. Bill and I couldn't jest see thingslike," he continued. "Reckon I'll go South to-night." And that night the group lost another member. These young men had been sheltered by the same roof, caressed by the same loving hands, had knelt beside the same mother—they were brothers.

In these matters of principle not a hand was raised to prevent a free choice; no feeling of personal hatred stood between those who saw life's duty differently. A neighbor to the right of a little home called one evening on his neighbor to the left. He kissed the children and shook hands with the parents.

"I may not see you again; to-night I go to join Morgan," he said.

The host went to his little wardrobe, took therefrom his great-coat, thrust a pistol into the pocket, and threw it over

the arm of his guest. Both were poor men, and winter approached; the recipient attempted to return it. "No," said the donor, "no, you take this coat. Your path is to be one of privation; besides, I won't need it. Tomorrow morning I start North to enlist. My government has overcoats to spare, and pistols, too; you, who South may find neither. God bless you, friend; may we return to meet again."

Ah! I see that I misstated when I said that our people did not travel. Their journeyings, however, were not toward the attractions that entice pleasure seekers to strange lands. Forth they went when stern duty called. Then it was that men of Stringtown bade farewell to their homes and enrolled their names, not on hotel registers, but on enlistment books. Sleepy old Stringtown, she did her part well and has earned the right to rest!

And now I recall a time when, one hot autumn, divisions of these two armies surged alternately back and forth along that dusty pike. Morning might find our village in possession of men who followed the flag of two red bars, and the last rays of the declining sun might be reflected from the stars and

stripes. For several days roving bands see-sawed back and forth, and often the Gray rested south, and the Blue north of our village. Then we were between the lines. But at last the southern infantry turned about and tramped away. The army of the North followed, and again the many-striped flag waved over Stringtown. But though the rebel army was miles to the south of us, it was not too far distant for a raiding troop of cavalry in gray to meet a squad of blue within the village limits, at the junction of the pike.

Well do I remember that September day in the autumn of 1862. Without other object than to walk and look and breathe, to feel the sunshine on my head and the lazy breeze on my cheek, I wandered alone to the village limits, near the place where, six days in the week, slept the Church of the Disciples. Across the pike, in a corner of the old rail fence, I threw myself upon the tangled blue grass, the limbs of a drooping beech close above me, the little church opposite my resting place. In the distance, down the Knobland pike, uprose now a cloud of dust, a mighty cloud that slowly lengthened, as if no other end it had than that which crept lazily toward me. Then I saw, as down the hill it came, that in the advance two men rode abreast, while behind them, unwinding from out the woodland wherein the pike disappeared, a troop of horsemen followed, rank after rank, two, three, four aside of each other. Closer to the fence did I creep, very close, and sank beneath the stake that held the rider, a little boy hid in the shadows near a great beech tree's trunk, peering through the rails at the strange men who rode toward the junction of the Stringtown pike. Covered with dust were the cavalymen; no banner did they carry, no uniform did they wear, yet each man was armed with pistol-holstered belt, sabre and gun.

Slowly did the troop move up the hill; the two scouts far in the lead now threw themselves flat upon their horses' necks with heads close to the beasts' ears, and cautiously advanced into the edge of the Stringtown pike, the one

looking North, the other South. And next, by a sudden whirl of their horses, back they drew and galloped to the column behind. A halt, a start, and before I could formulate a thought, the troop, close pressed together, clustered directly opposite the spot where crouched the child among the iron-weeds, and there, just at the junction of the pike, it formed a phalanx beside the white fence of the little Church of the Disciples, which hid the group from whomsoever might be down the Stringtown pike. Then uprose in the hands of one horseman a tattered flag, a mutilated remnant; torn and shredded had it been by battle charge, this faded bit of blue and gold and two red bars.

From where I stood I now saw leisurely advancing up the Stringtown pike a troop of cavalymen dressed in blue, bearing proudly aloft a new bright flag of many stripes. This it was that had caught the eye of those two alert foreriders. No scouts were in advance, no guard with watchful eyes crept to the junction and peered down the Knobland road; no thought had they of Morgan or of Morgan's men. In a body, four abreast, came these unconcerned, bright-buttoned men to the very junction; and then from out the troop of waiting rebels one man burst forward, one man only, the captain, pistol in hand. Alone he faced the troop and I heard him cry aloud, "Surrender!" I saw the leader of the men in blue spur his horse forward to meet the stranger, and then, as he caught a glimpse of the ambushing troop of Morgan's men and saw that tattered banner, came the answer, "Never!"

Two arms were raised, two pistol shots broke upon the air; then, before my eyes both men sank, first down upon their saddles, and then into the dust at the junction of the pike. But scarce had this thing come to pass, than the well-trained horses of the rebel band sprang forward as if but one were there; great was the din that from gun of both blue and gray now broke upon the air. A moment only did it last, this snapping of the many guns, for soon the surprised men in blue turned in confusion and retraced their steps, disappearing



whence they came. But many horseless men lay now in the white dust of Stringtown pike, and many horses with empty saddles roamed at will. So suddenly had this thing come before my eyes and passed away that, possessed by a nameless spell, I gazed in charmed fascination, as if upon a pictured mind-play, scarce realizing what it was I saw. But when the gunshots ceased and silence fell upon the scene, I turned and fled into the beech-wood; thence I circled around the village and sought my home, the faces of those two captains yet before my eyes.

Later, when the noise of the conflict had died away and the dust upon the Stringtown pike lay quiet as before, and when my fears had somewhat given place to curiosity, together with others of our citizens, young and old, I ventured toward the place of the skirmish. Crossing the pike near the junction, I felt my bare foot slip. I turned and peered at the print; the track was red. I raised my foot; slimy red paste oozed up between my bare toes. I fled to the churchyard grass and vainly tried to wipe the stain away. Wounded and dead men were scattered in the shade of the churchyard locust trees, where rebel hands had hastily placed them. But the Confederates were raiders and could not remain to enjoy the fruits of their victory. Speedily remounting, they disappeared in the direction of Knobland whence they came.

Beneath the shadow of the church the two captains rested side by side. Timidly did I creep to him in gray, just beyond whom, with covered face, was laid the Union captain. The white dust of Stringtown's pike clung to the garments of both, and I thought, strangely enough, of a bluebird and a gray sparrow that I once saw flutter together in the dust,—but they left no red stain. The head of the rebel rested in a triangular space between three little briar stalks, and a blue cap was thrown over his face. Under one edge of its visor the untrimmed beard struggled to his chest; from beneath the opposite side bloody hair obtruded. A pool of blood sopped the short grass about the base of

the briars and crept near the man in blue, where its edges mingled with the other crimson stain. I stood and looked down and wondered, wondered as childhood does when scenes such as these come into one's child-life. Red was the blood of the man in gray, but not less red was that of him in blue; this I saw, this I thought and wondered at it all.

I shuddered and raised my eyes; the silent church was before me. I turned my head; the home of the coffin-maker faced me. Into my soul crept a strange sensation indescribable to this day. Feeling that blood-paste still, I crept away, mopping my foot on the grass, crossed the pike, and hid myself in the shadows of the beech-wood.

Our citizens took the wounded men into their little homes and cared for them tenderly; Blue and Gray were alike dear to us. The undertaker and the churchyard were near, and it made no difference to the owner of the shop at the junction of the pike with what color his wares were filled. But soon the tidings spread that two of the men who fought and died were not strangers to Stringtown.

The two captains were of our people. One was the neighbor on the right; love had drawn the rebel for a last farewell back; nearly had he reached his village home. The other was his friend of the cottage to the left, who had been led by duty through the village, past his home.

When the double funeral sermon was preached in the little country church, close together sat two mourning women, and by the side of each was a group of little children. The captains of the hostile bands,—he who gave the pistol to his neighbor and he who received it—had returned to their native village "to meet again."

Such as this is what war brought to our quiet village of Northernmost Kentucky; to us, who had no part in making war; to us, to whom—as neither North nor South can fully comprehend—the flag forever furled and the flag that ever waves alike are honored and must be forever dear.



## SAMUEL M. JONES GOLDEN RULE MAYOR OF TOLEDO

By ELWOOD SAULSBURY

Illustrated by Portraits Taken Especially for  
LESLIE'S MONTHLY.



**S**EASONED for the past four years beneath the steady white light of publicity, Samuel M. Jones, the "Golden Rule" mayor of Toledo, is to-day a unique and picturesque figure among men of national eminence. He is better schooled in experience, and more finely versed in political ethics now than on the day he was lifted into public view, yet his theories are still in an excellent state of preservation. The "man without a party" administers the affairs of a large city with wisdom and energy, and he is a man worth looking at.

Fame introduced Jones to the world in the rôle of mayor, employer of labor, and a thinker of things sociological. These are three poster studies which illustrate his career.

The mayor of Toledo sits at a big desk, easy of access to the humblest citizen. A comfortable seat at his elbow is as cosmopolitan as a barber's chair. The man who rises to greet the visitor is not a complex proposition. He is of ordinary height, square shouldered, muscular and alert. His features are regular and impressed with kindness. There is earnestness about the eyes; the mouth is sensitive, and sympathy has cross-hatched lines of pain about them both. His hair and mustache are tinged with grey and worn closely cropped. His characteristic dress is a business suit, a turned down collar with loose knotted necktie, and his hat is a broad-brimmed white one. His welcoming handshake may impress one as quaint. It feels like some sort of a ceremony.

The man who has no party likes to talk about his belief. In fact, it is quite impossible to prevent him. There is an honest ring in his words and a consoling

prospect in his predictions that pleases the ear and soothes the troubled mind. He does not weigh principles like an exact philosopher, but treats them with a natural license.

Mayor Jones looks candidly at his visitor out of his big blue eyes. His gestures are impulsive, and the tones of his voice are clear and appealing. There is at times a hesitancy in his expression and his eyes wander in a vague way until the idea comes to him. Then he weaves the intricate threads into a clear sentence with intertwining fingers and emphasizes the conclusion with a broad inward sweep of the arms. There is a charm in his simple, austere dignity.

It is natural to recognize instinctively a discriminating eye and a man with sympathy alive to progress. It is the attribute of a marked business ability. This is Jones, and the existence of unequal social conditions has impressed him through experience and keen observation. He gives one a second sight into the injustice of human relations. The Golden Rule is ever upon his lips. The faith is embodied more effectively in him than in his philosophy. He constantly seeks to introduce it as a regulation in municipal and private affairs. The path of this command is traced in ink-scored trail through his Bible; he finds it measured in the meter of poetic expression. Emerson thunders it with judicial severity; it rings in defiance from the pen of Tolstoy. It wails out in reproach from Edward Markham, and dances hopefully through the rose-hedged rural lane in Riley's verse. All of this Jones knows and he speaks thereof.

The Toledo mayor was an exceedingly obscure figure not many years ago. He was born in North Wales in



*The trip-hammer argument.*

1846. No insignia of high birth was embroidered on his swaddling clothes. When he was a child of three years his parents emigrated to America. The succeeding decade held out to him scarce two years' schooling amid the harsh routine of a farm-hand's life. He was of an athletic build and became an expert horseman. One day a circus with gaily painted wagons passed the farm and only a stern sense of duty saved the youthful performer from a career in the sawdust ring. He shut his teeth and continued at his work.

The boy's fourteenth birthday found him in Titusville, Pa. This town was the gateway of the oil regions. He was penniless and tramped about for days until he found employment. He toiled hard, saved his earnings, read good books and married a bonny girl. Always

before him was the living spectacle of inequality. Time passed and Jones became an influential operator in oil and the patentee of a successful sucker rod, used in pumping oil wells, which made him a rich man.

About seven years ago Jones quietly became a citizen of Toledo. At that time he was described by his neighbors as a man with odd notions about the eight-hour day, equal rights, the golden rule, and a common brotherhood. He had fashioned a dress suit philosophy out of homespun theories. The fit was good but hands that write checks were held up in fear lest it should become stylish. He lived in a fashionable part of the city and rode down the avenue in a rubber-tired equipage. From the environment of a monopolist he declared himself the friend of all the peo-



*Clinching a point.*

ple. Politicians caught the flash of a solitaire.

When the Toledo republican convention met in 1897 there was danger of a deadlock between two factions. In a spirit of compromise, necessity lashed the wits of James M. Ashley, one of the leaders, to rack his brains for an eligible dark horse. "I name Samuel M.

message to council. It was a clever vehicle and gave him a lift down the highway of fame. The observation of an eight-hour workday was recommended and the municipal ownership of public utilities was championed in no uncertain terms. The elimination of the contractor in public work was demanded. The entire aim of the docu-



*A persuasive gesture.*

Jones," he shouted above the din, "He is a friend of all the people."

Jones' career as a publicist dates from that day.

People turned their eyes upon the candidate. The rich charged him with being a demagogue. It was said he advocated popular rights to gain personal notoriety. The oil man was elected.

The new mayor wrote a thoughtful



*Letting his argument sink in.*

ment was to stop municipal waste. A republican body sat in the council hall, but the wheels of the city government squeaked with friction. The man at the mayor's desk veered from the trail blazed by party explorers. He was entirely oblivious to the demands of leaders. His frankness in meeting all questions was aggressive. Gradually it was gossiped that the mayor held dangerous notions as to civic rights, and

the news spread. He refused to close the saloon because he regarded the institution to be merely the product of a wrong social condition. Church worshippers repudiated the chief executive and Jones fell back upon the prestige that he had gained among the common people through the conduct of affairs upon the principle of the Golden Rule.

independent candidate. The campaign was spectacular and Jones was re-elected by an overwhelming majority. He regarded this as an endorsement of his creed. The people declared it a rebuke to bossism. The victor sought further conquest and heard the voice of duty call him to the governor's chair. He proclaimed himself to be a "man



*Illustrating an idea.*

During the Hanna senatorial campaign the Toledo mayor openly opposed the Cleveland politician. This brought the wrath of party leaders down upon his head and the dirk was unsheathed for his political death. He believed the people to be with him and announced his candidacy for renomination. Through the flagrant and vicious jugglery of party bosses he was defeated. The mayor announced himself as an



*As plain as two and two.*

without a party," and buckled his armor for the fray, singing "Divide Up the Day."

Ohio is a hothouse in the garden of national politics. It was a novel experiment, and gooseflesh crept up and down the back of party leaders, while this political minstrel pursued his solivagant course. The ranks were solid against him, but he came out with 100,000 votes. Defeated he was, but



smiling. At the expiration of his term as mayor he was re-elected.

The famous Golden Rule factory is situated near the corner of two streets. A small park adjoins the building lot, and beneath the shade of a score of fine old trees are grouped settees and benches. There are swings, see-saws, and Maypoles. Flower beds light the spot and gravel walks thread it. Here in summer time speakers of national fame in economic matters deliver addresses. The signs along the paths do not read "Keep off the grass," but instead, "Children take care of your property," "Don't keep others waiting longer than you would have others keep the places while you are waiting." The factory employees have an orchestral organization and a vocal quartette.

The factory building is a modern workshop. On the wall is this legend: "Rule governing this shop: Therefore, whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Under this rule the men work contentedly. The eight-hour day is in vogue and a percentage of the annual profits of the concern is distributed among them. Their children are educated in the factory kindergarten. There is a dining-room in the building and the workmen are served with a warm lunch at the noon hour for which they pay fifteen cents. Mayor Jones spends five hours each day in his office, but he invariably lunches with the men at noontime. He writes poetry for labor songs, plays the violin, and writes regular letters to the force. In these communications he sets forth the beauties of the brotherhood of man ideal. Frequently he addresses the workmen in the shop. He is not an orator, but he possesses the enthusiasm of deep conviction. He illustrates aptly with poetic sentiments, but does not smear them on like rouge. Jones touches the innermost feelings of the laboring man. He teaches them that wages alone do not settle the account between capital and labor.

It is as a thinker that the future has the most concern with the Toledo mayor. He stands for the common ownership of every resource necessary

to develop the highest possibilities of the soul and body of every baby born on the planet. He admits that public ownership in a nation of thieves would not produce a righteous social order. The adoption of this principle among a people whose ideal of success is possession or position, might mitigate to some extent the evils of our political system but it would not eliminate them. An immature and imperfect childish system of partisanship dominates politics. Common ownership will come as one of the results of a purer democracy and a more perfect understanding of the fundamental propositions of unity that constantly govern human affairs, parties, priests, or politicians to the contrary notwithstanding. The theory is but co-operation, says Jones. According to the high priest of the New Right, public office in a few years will become so exalted that it will be a disgrace for a man to carry his own petition.

There may be some workmen who do not believe in the idea of equality. For example, when the practice is universally extended, all distinctions between skilled and unskilled labor will disappear. As a matter of fact, all such distinctions are denials of the fundamental principles of brotherhood as interpreted by the Toledo advocate. A few men are skilled because there is opportunity for them to be skilled, but common labor is just as necessary to carry on the world's work. We have not learned the lesson of faith in humanity, nor learned to believe in the good in our fellow men. When we can accept without question the integrity of our brother we are on the highway that leads to the fullest kind of liberty. The conspicuous thing about our present stage of development is our lack of belief in our people, our absolute want of a social faith, and our belief in and dependence upon organizations, machines, parties, and sects.

The faith of Jones is not in anything that separates humanity into fragments, but rather in the growth of the divine principles of unity. In these days many millions are seeing over, and beyond and through all petty lines of separation, whether of geography, race, creed

or party. The recognition of the absolute unity and equality of the entire race is the only rational hope he can see for socialism and the brotherhood of man. It is the infidelity of unbelief that he seeks to destroy.

The Toledo mayor washes his hands of political conventions, caucuses, primaries, or other party machinery for usurping that which is both a right and a duty of the people. It is the duty of men to govern themselves; to select their own candidates without self-constituted machines. The democratic party he holds to be no better than the republican party. This classification is the parent of every political evil. It has done much to delay a revival of the social faith by training the people to question the honesty of all those who are not of our party.

In his relations with men this practitioner of the Golden Rule is interesting. He is modest, sincere, altruistic, and has an abiding faith in humanity. The tramp who applies at his door for food is astounded when invited to a seat at his dining-room table. All over this broad land of unparalleled richness, argues the mayor, men, honest and earnest, are compelled to tramp in enforced idleness and vainly beg for a share in the wealth their hands have produced. A man begging for leave to toil, in other words, begs for leave to live. This is not a new proposition, but one wholly at variance with any just conception of democracy or brotherhood.

The danger which confronts us and breathes the perpetuity of our institutions is not from the class popularly known as the lawbreakers, but is found in the lawlessness of capital and the anarchy of corporations. The greatest good that we are to find through municipal ownership is to be in the improved quality of our citizenship. The people will learn that they can serve themselves better without a profit than a corporation can with a profit. We have been in the habit of condoning cheap franchises on the ground that franchise manipulators furnish the capital, but we have learned

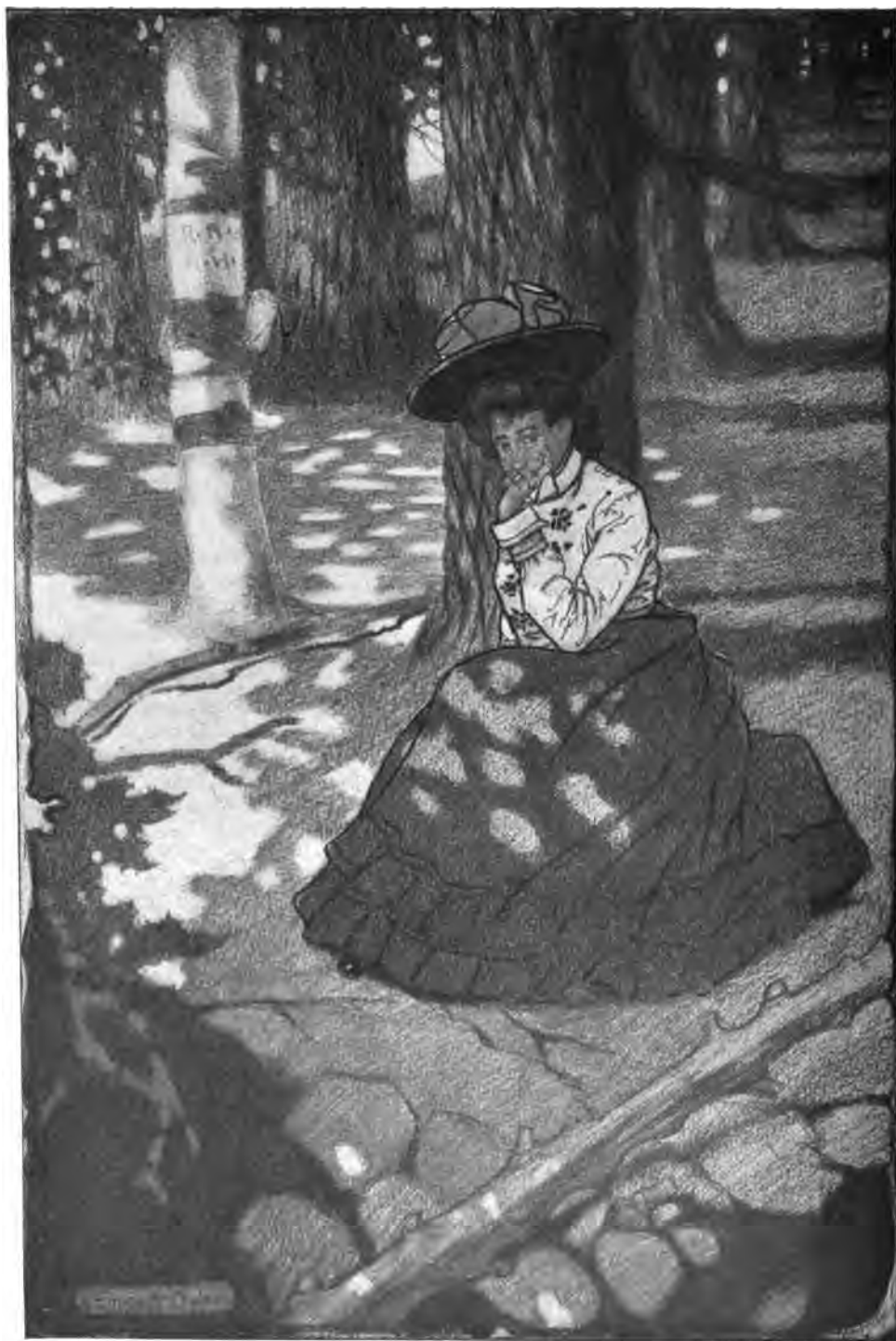
that the people are the capital and the grabber supplies but cunning. This is the Jones creed.

The factory employee finds Mayor Jones consistent. He is unorthodox. His agents buy labor at its highest price. Short-hour workdays are encouraged. There is the promise of permanency, there are no barriers between office and shop; high and low are on an even plane.

The big-hearted indomitable Welshman is to-day a commanding figure in this country. He has demonstrated that his ideas are no mere ephemeral theories, yet their application has not been general enough in character to satisfy practical thinkers. He is not a constructive philosopher. He would extend the power of the independent voter until it swept away the last vestige of party. The fallacy of this is patent. The ideal of a common brotherhood has been before the masses for ages. Its beauties have been extolled by the over-heated reformers through countless generations, but an organization dismembered springs into as many lives as there are parts. It is the weakness of human nature. The child loves stories of heaven with its streets of gold and love is everywhere. Generations have shown that the same inborn interest in the earthly ideal of a world family. Child and man alike ask, "When shall we get there?" The echo of one answer would serve for the other: "Sometime."

A political leader Jones is not. Such a position would be in flat contradiction to his ethics of government. The tidal wave of ballots which swept him into office came to the man through his personality. It was not the endorsement of a new system of independent candidacy nor was it the recognition of the principles of human brotherhood. It was Jones.

When "Golden Rule" Jones retires from the mayor's chair one year hence he will be out of politics. Many fields of endeavor will lie open before him, but the path he will take no one knows. The future lies beyond reach of the naked eye.



*Unable longer to bear up under the dread certainty, she sank down under the dead weight.*



## THE VENGEANCE OF RETT ADAMS

By ELIZA WALLACE DURBIN

Illustrated by R. EMMETT OWEN



**S**I ADAMS' girl Rett came out of her shanty home in lightness of heart and Sunday clothes and went down the mountain path as pride goeth before a fall. She was in haste, for her unpracticed fingers had bungled over the unusual intricacies of toilet, so when she became aware that something was wrong with her skirt adjustment it was with an impatient frown that she stopped and tried to pry open her tightly buckled belt.

For a time her fingers fumbled vainly, then she thrust a chip of rock under the tongue and succeeded in giving it a slight backward impetus. Her insurgent diaphragm did the rest, and for a few moments she stood swelling out in sweet unrestraint. The feel of the blue silk waist smoothed her ruffled temper. She had done up sixteen shirt-waists to earn it from a lady at the hotel, but it was worth its cost. No girl on the mountains had anything to wear beside it.

When she was ready for her belt again she took it from the sumac where she had hung it, let go her breath, and snapped the leather tight about her collapsed waist. The skirt band slipped from beneath it, but she went on in the bliss of ignorance.

As she neared an abrupt turn, her ears, alert as those of a wild thing of the woods, caught the sound of the slow footfalls of a plodding horse. She stopped, her violet eyes purpling. Was it Ralph? He had said he would come for her if she made him wait unbearably long. For a moment quivering delight held her still; then she ran forward to the turn.

A glance and her exaltation left her. Far away as the traveler was she knew it was not Ralph, and she walked on soberly. Her thorough familiarity with the peculiarities of dress and figure of

her neighbors soon told her the horseman was Sam Bates, son of the man who carried the mail. She saw that his attention was riveted upon her, and as they approached each other she became conscious that his interest was spiced with malicious triumph, and she held her head aggressively high as she went on to meet the attack she felt was coming.

Bates gave no sign of stopping her until she was directly before him. Then, with a dexterous wheel, he turned his horse across the narrow road, and sat looking at her, a sneer on his lips, grudging admiration in his eyes. Rett Adams was the prettiest girl on the mountains, and her appealing beauty now almost induced him to forego his revenge for her slights.

But she looked up at him contemptuously, and with quick retaliation he sneered:—

"Spruced up ter kill, hain't ye? Goin' to see yer beau, Rett?"

"It hain't no plowun' o' your'n where I'm gown'," retorted the girl, her bold front unmoved by the conviction that something was wrong, something humiliating to her, since it could so change Sam Bates' passive resentment.

"'Er maybe yer goin' down to the jail ter see yer dad."

The girl's hand flashed up to the horse's bridle.

"What d'ye mean, Sam Bates?" she cried. "What d'ye mean, ye lyin' skunk?"

"Lordy! don't shake old Billy so; he hain't got the news in 'im, it's me that's the letter, er ruther the envelop, 'cause Lindy Stark put the news in me an' sealed it with a kiss. Why, Rett, that swell beau o' yourn took ye in awful. He's a revenoo, an' he was slick enough to know that danglin' after you was pleasanter, and a damn sight safer 'n trackin' yer dad."

"Ye lie! ye lie!" screamed the girl.

"Oh, do I? Well, go down an' listen to yer father cussin' ye, an' then come back an' tell me agin I'm lyin'. I'll wait."

He gave the horse a sudden crack and bounded past Rett. But the look in the girl's face was so much worse than he had aimed to bring there that something bittered his satisfaction on his tongue so that he wished his mouth free of the taste.

"I wouldn't 'a done it if Lindy hadn't tanted me with Rett's slight-in' me," he apologized to himself as he rode on. He looked back over his shoulder. Rett was standing in the same spot.

"Looks limp as Cal Tick when Jim Sanders' bullet laid him up agin a tree," he thought uneasily, and reined in. After a little hesitation he rode back. She looked round and Sam's heart quailed before her eyes.

"Rett, don't take it so hard," he said, in a conciliatory tone, "maybe yer dad 'll git off easy."

With a movement too quick for warning she grabbed a bowlder, and, with the strength of a woman injured to man's work, flung it full at Sam's horse. The animal went wild and came near sending his rider over the two hundred foot fall that shot down from the roadside.

"You she-devil!" hissed Sam as he regained control and turned his white face from the sight of himself lying down there, but Rett was reaching for another stone, and with a muttered curse Sam let the charging horse go.

Rett turned into the woods and hastened on. She told herself fiercely that it was not true; but she dared not risk meeting another lest conviction be forced into her heart. She tore through the woods, unmindful that the underbrush was snagging the clothes that

were the envy of the neighborhood.

At last she reached the spot that had been paradise to her for these spring weeks. It was a jut straight out from the mountain, completely screened from view of passers on the path. But there was no one on the rock to greet her with admiring eyes and caressing voice. And too weak longer to push certainty away from her, Rett sank down under its dead weight.

Rett's mother had been a sweet-tempered little schoolteacher from the North, with sentiment unbalanced by sense. She had married Si Adams because he told her his life would be blue as the peaks of the Ridge unless she did. Afterwards she had spent a great deal of her time gazing wistfully across at that long stretch of purplish blue, and when her little girl was born, she had been startled to find the child's eyes filled with just that blue; and after that she had looked into the child's eyes instead. The life she had dreamed of was the character nourishment she furnished the child, and then, when Alvaretta was fourteen, she had died and left the girl to her father and a yearning after something finer than is found on the rough sides of the Ridge.

The girl thought the something had come to her when Ralph Herrick came into her life. She had met him at the camp-meeting in the valley, and she had experienced a change of heart not in accordance with the preacher's exhortations. To the unsophisticated girl, hungry for her woman's birth-right, yet averse to the crude love-making of the mountaineers, Herrick's polished, insinuating address and made-to-order clothes had filled the gap across which her mother had gazed at the blue of the mountains.

She clutched the rock until its rough edge cut into her flesh as she went over it all. Herrick had been so seductively tender, and she had been so passionately happy! She could have bitten her tongue in two as she remembered how, only yesterday she, in her ideal of truth toward the man she loved, had told him she was a moonshiner's



Si Adams.



daughter. She had sobbed it out with her head against his breast, and, under the spell of his love-making, had told him about the still. How he must have laughed in his black heart while he kissed her into a delirium of bliss, and told her nothing mattered while she loved him.

She sprang up and flung out her clenched hands to the sky. And if the hate in her heart could have reached Herrick's there would have been a government position open to applicants. It seemed to her that her heart must burst with its mad throb for revenge, and she walked on swiftly to give some vent to the insurgent energy of her soul. So absorbed was she that she started back in dismay when a sudden turn brought her up against a horseman, a young mountaineer of magnificent physique and the look of a man not averse to dying with his boots on.

"Humph! ye don't seem any too glad to see me, Rett," he said, his blue eyes steely as the glint of his gun.

He was an animal masterpiece, bespeaking all the possibilities of reckless might, and the girl saw and put forth her hand to the tool of her vengeance. She looked at him and said simply:—

"Jim, dad's took."

Jim eyed her suspiciously as he replied:

"Yes, I heard it in the valley."

"You know who done it?"

"Folks says——"

"Folks says what?"

Her eyes flashed aggressively into his as he paused. He met her look a moment, then seized her shoulder in a threatening grip.

"Rett Adams, do you keer fer that feller?" he demanded, his eyes glinting murderously from between half-closed lids.

"Keer fer him! *keer fer him!*" she cried, vehemently. She paused to recover herself, then she went on calmly: "Jim, I wouldn't have ye when ye asked me. Do you want me yet?"

"You know," he answered, his steely eyes soft as a babe's.

"Well, if you want me bad enough

to help me git even with that sneak Herrick fer pullin' dad, I'll marry ye any time ye say."

"Ye mean that, Rett?"

"You kin shoot me dead if I don't."

"By God, I will. Kiss me, then."

He pulled her toward him, but the tender memory of those other kisses hurt, and she shrank back.

"No, no, not till I've fixed him. I can't live while he's alive."

"Where is he?" asked Jim, fingering his gun.

"Don't be a fool. Shoot him, and then have the law between us?"

Jim's eyes darkened discontentedly.

"What'll I do then?" he asked sullenly.

"Come up about dusk. I'll have him come too."

"He won't be fool enough."

"I'll bring him—the sneak—somehow."

"An' then what?"

"Jim, this is my game, an' I'll do my own playin'! Bring a good long rope, and don't y'dare shoot unless he gits the best of us. Shootin's too good fer him."

The gleam in her eyes satisfied Jim.

"All right, I'll git a rope at Connor's," he said, docilely.

"And have evidence agin us! That's bright fer a man o' your age. You git a rope where no one sees ye, an' keep yerself under cover till ye git to our place. Hurry, I hear someone comin'. Good-bye."

*Rett.*

She turned into the woods again, and ran on down the road. Herrick had been staying at the hotel near the base of the mountain, and as it occurred to her that he might have gone away, she broke into a mad run, in a frenzy of fear lest he had escaped her vengeance. But as she neared the grounds she saw him sitting by the spring, which he had jestingly called the mainspring of the summer resort.





*Was it Ralph?*

He looked up carelessly, and for an instant his face betrayed his dismay, but he instantly recovered himself.

"Why, Rett," he said, and she quivered under the caress of his voice, "have you come to see why I failed you? I have been ill all day, sweetheart."

He reached for her hand, and she felt his eyes searching her face. To conceal her knowledge she covered her eyes, and said, brokenly:—

"O Ralph, they've took dad."

Rett's mother had taught her good English, and she had never before forgotten herself with Herrick. He smiled under cover of his mustache.

"What? Who?" he asked.

"The officers," sobbed Rett.

"There, there, don't cry, sweetheart, we'll get him out some way," he said, soothingly, and Rett caught the relief in his tone.

"But I'm afraid up there alone. I thought you would come up an' stay with me to-night, Ralph."

He looked at her sharply. Her innocent eyes met his appealingly. She was wondrously beautiful, well worth the risk of a man's life to hold in his arms, yet Herrick hesitated. She did not know now, but on her way back she might learn the truth, and then—he could not be sure of her.

"There is a lot of still things in the shanty, and some whiskey," she went on. "What if the officers should come there to-night?"

She saw his eyes light with eagerness and her hate rose so furiously she laid her face against the tree.

"There, don't cry, Rett. Of course I'll come, but you mustn't tell anyone, or folks—"

She looked up wonderingly and he could not say it. What a child she was!

"You must go now. I don't want you on the road after dark. And go through the woods, so that no one can taunt you about your father. Will you do that for me, Rett?"

"Yes," she said shyly, and added hastily as he bent to kiss her, "some one is coming."

When she was out of his sight she



made a detour to the side entrance of the hotel and sought out the husband of the lady for whom she sometimes did laundering. He was the resident physician, and under pretence of a raging toothache she secured a sleeping draught.

It was growing dusk when she reached home. Jim sat on the steps, his gun across his knees. He looked at her expectantly.

"Have you got the rope?" she asked.

He pulled it from under him.

"All right; come in."

He followed her and sat down on one of the three wooden stools in the shanty, his gun still across his knees.

"Well?" he said.

"He's comin'."

She drew the sleeping draught from her pocket and held it out to view.

"Pizen?" he asked, with the repugnance of the man who deals out vengeance with a gun.

"Only somethin' to make him sleep a while. Now go in there. If I can't get him to take this I'll call, an' you kin put a hole in 'im, but mind ye don't kill 'im."

"I'd ruther do it first. Seems kinder low not to go fer 'im open."

"Did he go fer dad open?" she flared.

"No, I reckon not. Well, it's your say an' my do, but after to-night—"

"It'll be anything you say, Jim. Now go in."

Jim entered the next room. It was a box of a place, but to him it was a sacred shrine, for it was Rett's room, and it was dainty with pictures and pretty trinkets suggestive of Rett's fineness and superiority over the other women in the region. He seated himself gingerly on the bed, his gun in his hands, and waited. After a long time Rett suddenly opened the door, but waved him back as he rose.

"He hain't come yet. I only wanted to tell ye not to mind if ye hear him gittin' luny about me. I'll jist be drawing 'im on."

"He'd better not let me hear 'im. I can't stand much o' that, Rett."

She advanced into the room.

"I'll let ye kiss me if ye be good, Jim."

She could not repress the shudder that shook her as he seized her, but he did not understand, and kissed her again and again before she escaped.

Herrick came soon afterwards. Rett was in the doorway. He sat down and put his arm about her.

"That was a tough tramp, but you are worth it, sweetheart," he said gaily.

"Are you tired? I will get you a glass of whiskey," she said.

He let her go, and with a laugh at the smallness of the drink she brought him, swallowed it at one gulp.

"Heavens! if that's the stuff they make they ought to go to the pen," he sputtered.

"It's nasty, isn't it?" she said innocently.

"Worst I ever found. Give me something to take the taste out of my mouth."

Rett feared to dilute the medicine she had put into his whiskey, and with a woman's quick resource lifted her face to be kissed.

With a murmur of delight in her he took her in his arms and drew her face down to his. She lay passively, but he could feel her heart beat tumult-

uously against his. He did not know that in that heart was venom more deadly than a rattler's, and he held her close until the drug took effect and his head began to rest heavily against her's.

At last she knew he was asleep. For a little while she lay quiet, trying to make believe that her happiness of yesterday was true, but the truth kept its torturing light in her eyes, and she laid him gently back against the door and called Jim.

With cautious fingers they wound the rope about his body, and when he was helplessly fettered, Jim said: "What air ye goin' to do with 'im, Rett?"

"I'll tell ye when the time comes. Lay down till he wakes up," answered the girl.

Mystified, Jim stretched his long length upon the bed in the corner and was soon asleep. The girl sat on the floor beside Herrick, looking from him to Jim. In feature and proportion he could not compare with the mountaineer, but there was about him that something which belonged to the world beyond Jim's mountains. She wondered, in her dumb misery, why fate had tricked her so. Why could it not have been real, the dream she had believed in all these weeks?

She saw the edge of a letter protruding from a pocket, and with a sudden jealousy she took it out. It was evidently a letter he had written and not mailed, for it was sealed and addressed, Miss Amy Newton, Pittsburg.

Without shame she opened it and saw, "My little sweetheart."

Purple with jealous rage her eyes flew over the endearments, and when she reached the end she leaned over and deliberately spat in the sleeping man's face.

Then, without another movement, she waited for him to come out of his sleep. When he stirred uneasily she woke Jim and sent him to get his horse ready. When he came back she was gagging Herrick with an apron. The look in the trapped man's eyes was a doomed soul's shriek.

"Put him on the horse, Jim, I'm goin' to take 'im to Pine Cliff," she said quietly.



Jim picked up Herrick and carried him out. Rett brought the coil of rope. In silence Jim tied Herrick to the horse, and in silence they started on their way, Jim leading the horse, Rett following.

Jim was absorbed in his surmises as to what was coming, and Rett was possessed by her vengeance. The man on the horse was

praying the God he had for years forgotten to send a traveler down that desolate road. But the procession moved on and no one came.

Slowly, silently, they toiled up through the

a cry past that choking gag, and succeeded in making an inarticulate gurgle. Instantly Jim's fingers closed round his throat. Then they went on.

As they reached Pine Bluff the clouds that had blackened the sky shifted, and the moonlight came in thick streams through the shadows of the trees. Jim stopped the horse and looked at Rett.

"Tie this end round his body, under his arms," she said, holding out one end of the long rope she held.

"His body?" exclaimed Jim. He had thought she meant to hang Herrick.

She motioned impatiently and he obeyed.

"Wait here," she said quietly, and began to drag Herrick to the edge of the bluff. And then Jim understood. Thirty feet below was an open cave, near which no man or beast knowingly ventured, for in its dark crevices lay scores of copperhead snakes. The place was called Copperhead Cave. Jim staggered back.

"God 'lmighty! Rett, not that!" he cried in awful horror.

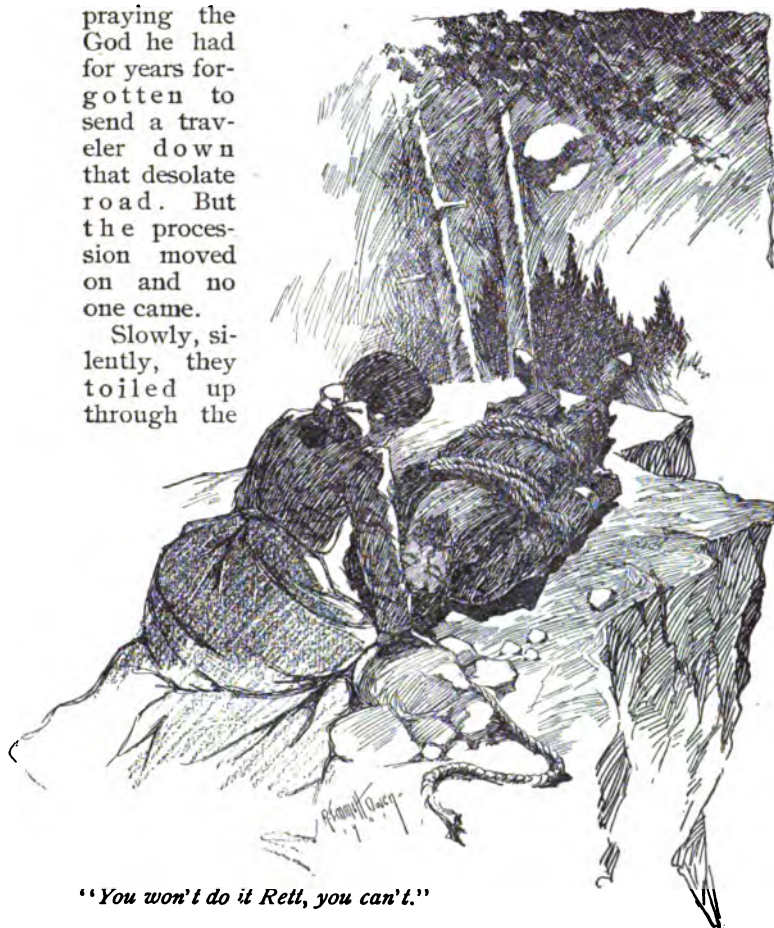
"What else?" she said defiantly. "He's pizener than any snake there!"

"O my God!" cried Jim, and stumbled out of sight and hearing.

At the very edge Rett bent over Herrick.

"Do you know where ye're goun'?" she asked slowly. "Yer goun' down into Copperhead Cave."

Drops of agony came out on Herrick's brow, and the anguish in his



"You won't do it Rett, you can't."

gloom, the nerve strain of each moment making an endless way of the two miles of winding road. Suddenly Jim stopped, and Herrick guessed that the mountaineer's keener ears had caught footfalls. A wild surge of hope quivered through the bound man. Then Jim led the horse into the woods and stood waiting. The torturing sound of hoof-beats approaching drove Herrick mad. With the desperation of despair he struggled to send



eyes went searching through her for pity and found none. She removed the gag, for her vengeance would not be complete without his pleading, and the pleading came.

"Rett, Rett, sweetheart, you won't do it, you can't do it."

"I'm not your sweetheart. Call Amy Newton," she said, bitterly.

"Oh you won't do it, Rett—you can't do it. I'll get your father out—I—"

She began to push him out into space. He shrieked for her to shoot him, hang him, anything but this, and he sobbed convulsively between his pleadings. But her only reply was the slow, steady increase in his descent. Down, down he went, and he prayed God to make him mad as he vainly tried to butt his head against the rock. Down, down until he heard horrible rustlings, and the stench nauseated him.

Then suddenly there was a jar, and he swung in mid-air, suspended from a jut of rock that had caught the rope where it was passed round his body. The moon was under cloud again, and Rett could not see. She pulled on the rope to test it. He shrieked again and she dropped the end she held and fled to Jim. The rope slid past Herrick, and as it struck below a chorus of hisses made his blood thick with horror. The rope holding him, drawn tense by his weight, was cutting into his flesh, but the dread of that horror below crowded the pain from his consciousness.

He dared not shriek now, for if Rett

knew he had fallen short of the fate she had meted out for him, she would return and dislodge him. He must give them time to get out of hearing.

So he hung there with the endurance of hope and tried, with the promise of a better life, to bribe the God he had ignored into letting him escape from the fate his treachery merited.

The rope cut cruelly, but the moon

kept flashing behind the clouds, and he dared not move in the darkness lest he dislodge his life line.

Then the physical anguish absorbed him utterly, and he shrieked, but the noise brought only its echo. He had no idea how long he had been there. In that grim solitude time was not. His lips were stiffening with the awful agony when he heard a sound, as of footfalls, on the bluff. He forced a cry through his swollen throat, and a voice called:—

"Where air ye?"

"Hurry!" besought the tortured man.

"Well, if that durn, frisky moon'd quit playin' peek-a-

boo with the clouds fer a while, I could—God 'lmighty!"

A sudden flirt of cloud had shown them to each other. The

man was Si Adams.

They stared hard, and Herrick's features began to work.

"I reckon y' didn't mean to call me," said Adams, grimly. "Who put ye there?"

"Rett."

"Rett! My Rett?"

"Yes—and Jim."

"God 'lmighty! and I thought the girl needed—the rest of the sentence



"My  
God!"  
yelled  
Jim.





MRS. LESLIE CARTER  
AS  
"MADAME DU BARRY."

trailed off into something inarticulate.

For a full minute there was silence. Then through the murmurings which sounded continuously in his ears Herrick heard the words repeated again and again: "Rett, my Rett."

Once more he forced the cry through his throat: "Help!"

Si Adams stood up. "I reckon it must take a woman to hate like that," he said. Then, with the sudden decision natural to him, he whipped out his knife and cut a long, slender branch from a birch tree close at hand. Next whittling off the twigs he left a small stump which, growing near the thicker end, formed a rough crotch. This done, he lay flat on his stomach and, leaning far over the edge of the cliff, lowered his pole carefully until the hook caught the slack rope which hung downward from the unfortunate man below. The next moment Si had the end of the rope in his hands, and bracing his lanky legs

against a jutting fragment of rock, was hauling vigorously at the line. Then with a final heave he brought the dead weight of the body to the cliff where he stood, and jerked it to its feet. Herrick's knees were like water beneath him, and as Adams released his grip he fell limply to the ground, writhing in an agony of nervous collapse awful to see.

Si watched the contorted face with an expression of mingled contempt and pity.

"Wall," said he, "Rett'd be satisfied now, I reckon," and with that he turned on his heel and strode off to look for help.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two hours later, as the dawn filtered grayly through the mountain mist, Si Adams reached his home. A horse and buggy stood before the shanty, and as Si came up the path the door opened and old parson Fuller of the village church came out. Jim had been in haste to claim his reward.



## MRS. LESLIE CARTER

### A STUDY

By FRANKLIN E. FYLES

With supplementary portrait of Mrs. Carter drawn from life for  
LESLIE'S MONTHLY by JOHN CECIL CLAY



**I**N Mrs. Leslie Carter's brilliant stage career, two contrasting scenes stand out strongly. Nine years of work, of sincere, tireless, endless study, such as few actresses undergo, passed between the two most memorable nights in her professional publicity. The first was November 10th, 1890, when she made her stage début at the Broadway Theater, in "The Ugly Duckling," the other was January 9th, 1899, when she revealed her embodiment of "Zaza" to New York.

The first scene in the Carter drama is memorable principally in its contrast to later occurrences. Louise Dudley, of Lexington, Kentucky, had married Leslie Carter, of Chicago, and, as his wife, had figured prominently in Western smart society. The causes and accomplishment of their legal separation

had been notorious and had stimulated enough curiosity to draw a large and rather bitter audience to the Broadway Theater to see the débutante. The spangled cynics of Broadway assembled to deride. New York first-nighters can be very cruel; not the noisily antagonistic cruelty of the Londoners, but coldly silent, actually freezing all the hopeful warmth of the anxious actor. Such was the audience that greeted Mrs. Carter. It had every opportunity to satisfy its bitterness. She was crude and amateurish, but she struggled against hopeless odds. Even endowed with her present developed genius she could have made nothing of "The Ugly Duckling," the play that Paul M. Potter had written for her. Added to her inexperience Mrs. Carter was so frightened on the first night that, as she describes it, "I stood in the wings

and heard my cue, yet was so numbed that I could not move. Mr. Belasco actually pushed me on the stage." After "The Ugly Duckling," Mrs. Carter retired, a target for shafts of satirical ridicule and tradesmen's dunnings. She was sued for many things, including the gowns of exceptional beauty which had been the only success of "The Ugly Duckling," and for the cabs that had taken her to and from the theatre, the latter suit bringing forth a famous facetious poem called "Carter's Little Livery Bills."

The scene of January 9th, 1899, was opposite in every detail. New York had heard of Gabrielle Réjane's Parisian success in "Zaza," but who in America could duplicate the performance of the deep-eyed, passionate Frenchwoman? New York had heard of Mrs. Carter's triumph in the same play in Washington, but did the American metropolis ever accept unquestioned the dramatic verdict of any other native city? The audience was representative of society and of its imitators, fashionably dressed by the same modistes and tailors. The habitual first-nighters of this city are an odd and interesting congregation. A burlesque actress has dubbed them the "death watch." Of the majority of the men a wit has said: "They have paresis at one end, gout at the other, and Bright's disease in the middle." A more cynical, cold-blooded, overfed lot of people rarely gather in a theatre. Mrs. Carter appeared before them and actually triumphed. Through the varying moods of "Zaza," progressive, developmental and passionately culminative, she carried them rapt, spell-bound, hardly realizing the wonderful art that so completely swept critical estimation aside in a riot of emotion. As scene after scene was disclosed, the pitiful tale wetting the auditors' faces with tears, drying them with the sunshine of sympathetic smiles, and then flushing them with the excitement of beating hearts and pulses, that glittering multitude sat rapt and speechless. So stunned was it that the applause at the ends of the acts did scant justice to the disclosures. The wonderful woman kept mounting

higher and higher on the ladder that only genius can climb. Finally she reached the very topmost rung, the dizzy height of that fourth act. The suppressed, muffled excitement became almost painful. Even the dramatic critics, the Sphinxes of the Rialto, leaned forward in the intensity of their scrutiny. At last the climax came, that great soul-stirring redemption of the fallen woman, her realization of her depravity and her vehement denunciation of vice. Time and time again the climax seemed to have been reached, but Mrs. Carter still climbed on to undiscovered heights of passionate frenzy. Finally the audience could no longer contain itself, and it burst into mad applause and cheers, drowning the last words of the hysterical woman before them. As she fell back against the mantelpiece exhausted and trembling, the tears streaming down her face, that audience of spangled cynics cheered and yelled in tumultuous enthusiasm. All over the house people arose, some standing on their chairs, waving handkerchiefs and programmes in fanatical irresponsibility. Mrs. Carter had triumphed.

Viewed at a dispassionate distance of years Mrs. Carter's victory is none the less complete. That of the play is, however. "Zaza" is a purely theatric fabric, devised rather to exhibit the range of a richly endowed woman than to satisfy the mind with a well-rounded, reasonable narrative. But all of the stage devices and artifices employed in construction could not have made "Zaza" interesting if it had not told a fundamentally human and appealing story. During the nine years between the two contrasting evenings of Mrs. Carter's career she worked daily more than the eight hours of the day laborer, tirelessly and sincerely. On November 1st, 1891, the then inconsiderable actress enacted the title rôle in "Miss Helyett," an adaptation by David Belasco of a French musical farce. Financially it was successful, but it did not materially advance Mrs. Carter's artistic standing. Her part of a Quaker girl, who during a visit to frisky Ostend falls down a hill, lands head-first in a bush, is sketched



in that position by a gay Parisian, and thenceforward searches for the man who has seen her thus and therefore must marry her, according to her father's Quaker beliefs, was an easy task and she accomplished it gracefully and charmingly

After two weeks of provincial trial, Mr. Belasco produced "The Heart of Maryland," on which he had been at work for many years, at the Herald Square Theater, on October 22d, 1895. In that Mrs. Carter more than indicated the emotional power that has since made her famous. The Belasco war play starts and ends poorly, but the second and third acts are as good melodrama as has ever been written. The end of the second is hardly overshadowed by the climax of the third, when Maryland Calvert fights desperately to save her Northern lover who is escaping from a Southern prison in an old church. Wrenching a bayonet from a table where it does duty as a candlestick, she tigerishly stabs the man who gives an order to shoot the fleeing soldier. By conjuring up memories of his old love for her, she persuades the sentinel to fire into the air. But a command is given to ring the bell in the tower, the signal that a prisoner has escaped. Crying hysterically, she mounts the steeple steps, running, stumbling, crawling, a white figure in the black tower that stands specter-like against the moonlit sky. At last she reaches the top. The great bell begins to move. Far out into the night she flings the lantern that has lighted her to her lover's rescue, and as the mighty gong swoops towards her, she grabs the clapper and swings to and fro, a human muffler, madly waving in the silent night which she herself keeps silent.

During the years between "Miss Helyett" and "The Heart of Maryland," Mrs. Carter studied and privately acted, with Mr. Belasco as the sole auditor, forty parts in the standard drama, from the declamation of Shakespeare to the emotion of French melodrama, from the formality of Sheridan comedy to the friskiness of French farce. Every one of the parts was studied, rehearsed and acted as carefully and com-

pletely as though a crowded house was to see the performance. And the application did not end with the "first night," but only started in anew at that point, restudying and perfecting. Thus she was trained in the system of the repertory stock company that turned out the great actors of old. "Of all the parts," Mrs. Carter has said, "*Beatrice*, in 'Much Ado About Nothing,' and *Leah*, in 'Leah, the Forsaken,' helped me the most." On April 9, 1898, Mrs. Carter made her London debut as *Maryland Calvert* at the Adelphi. Her success was instantaneous and positive. Royalty went to see and congratulate her, but unlike an American actor-author who played there about the same time, she did not use posters on her return to America showing the Prince of Wales, a crown on his head, leaning far out of the royal box, clapping madly, and backed by various royal ladies, also adorned with crowns, and smiling approvingly in a way that was a credit to their royal deportment and the American lithographer. Mrs. Carter's natural breeding would steer her clear of such an absurdity. It is regrettable that it has not kept her from some of the advertising methods she has employed. As a corset endorser she stands alone, and an art less brilliant than hers might have suffered a total eclipse from her testimony that her dramatic teacher dragged her about the floor by her hair that she "might realize physical suffering" and further aided her histrionic development by kicking her in the spine. Her latest declaration that she does not act *Du Barry* but that she *is Du Barry*, is another of these depressing shadows on the clear brilliancy of talent. Still, in these efforts for publicity, Mrs. Carter but follows the lead of Sarah Bernhardt, on whom she has founded her dramatic methods. But the title of "the American Bernhardt" is unfair. Mrs. Carter is too great an actress to be slurred by even the most vaguely suggested implication that she is a sort of suburban substitute for greatness.

Since the long run of "*Zaza*" at the Garrick, there has been no question as to her position. Her successes now are accepted enthusiastically, but without

surprise, as the best achievements of other acknowledged leaders such as Duse, Marlowe and Mrs. Campbell. On April 16th, 1900, Mrs. Carter showed herself as *Zaza* in London, duplicating her American success. "Du Barry," a sort of dramatic three-ring circus, surpassing anything ever seen here in pictorial beauty, and giving Mrs. Carter the sort of exhibition part that Sardou used to write for Bernhardt, was revealed in Washington for a few per-

formances before its New York production at the Criterion Theater, last Christmas night. Enthusiasm without surprise hailed its disclosure, and curiosity and delight have attended its run. Whatever Mrs. Carter may achieve in the future, whatever victories may be in store for her, she will never surpass the tumultuous triumph of her New York first night in "*Zaza*," an occasion that stands absolutely alone among dramatic events of this generation.

## THE MONGREL CHILD

### A STORY OF CHICAGO'S PRISON FOR JUVENILES

By THOMAS W. STEEP

Illustrations by W. J. GLACKENS.

The John Worthy School is situated in the outskirts of Chicago's great west side. That the city maintains a prison for the housing of its juvenile offenders is known generally; yet, few are aware of the effect which prison life is having on Chicago's up-growing generation of slum boys. Unfortunate male children are sentenced to this prison for prolonged terms, and most of them for indefinite periods; they are kept behind locked doors and barred windows; their view of life extends to a stone wall and no further. For offenses committed within the prison they are confined in solitary cells; since corporal punishment has been prohibited by the city council, another punishment for mild offenses, known as "ploughing," or circuitous walking for a number of hours, has been devised. Like adult criminals they march to their work, their meals and their dormitories. In justice, it is fair to say that the institution does give the boys a kind of schooling; it tutors them in manual training. Many of the children come from places worse than prisons—from fighting homes with drunken fathers and mothers, or from no homes at all. Still the John Worthy is a *prison*. It confirms the belief of the boys that they are born criminals; it denies them the grace of feminine influence; it humiliates them; it makes them belligerent, cunning, tricky, sly, sneaky. It is a sort of a preparatory school for penitentiaries. No one is to blame for it but the city of Chicago.

#### I.

**P**RISON life gradually had wrought upon Jeff until he feared it had an especial design to blot him out of existence. It was apparent to him that he would shrivel up—become as one of the bugs which often he saw darting in and out of the wainscoting in the dormitory, or cutting geometric lines across the dining-room table. He had reached the agonizing and humiliating depth of despair where he was beginning to envy Sputt's bland indifference.

The monotonous white of the lime-washed walls, and the dead sterility of the verdureless, gravelly courtyard filled the air with a desolation peculiar to the child's prison. It seemed the sun had not shone into the place for months. The cold wind swooped over the wall,

piercing Jeff's scant garb and adding to the bitterness in his heart. He stood in the open, bare-headed, shivering, with trembling lip, watching Spotts, who was engaged in daubing the wall with its winter's coat of whitewash. Something Spotts had said was cutting Jeff deeper than the chill of autumn. Jeff drooped his head, and Spotts, noting it, repeated with persecutive emphasis:—

"Yep! That's wut he sez. He sez when Billy comes out t' Hole Jeff goes in—thet's wut he sez. And Billy comes out t'morrer, yeh know. I feel sorry fer yeh, Jeff, I do—*nit!*"

"*Sure*, did yeh hear him say ut, Spotts?"

"On t' dead. I ain't givin' yeh no pipe dream."

"Sa-a-ay, Spotts. I'm-m-m-say—"



"Wut?"

"I'm-m-m-m—"

"Well, why don't yeh spurt ut out?"

"Youse fellers—is allus—er—I'm gittin' tired of this place."

"Ho-o-o-o!" Sputts shrilled with consequential ridicule. "Ho-o-o-o! Wut yeh t'ink? Ho-o-o-o!"

Boys whose incorrigibility and parental neglect drive them into child's prisons learn to endure their suffering with the stolidity of men, and though they lack expression their pangs are no less vivid and poignant than are sorrows to their elders. Jeff's feelings were stifled within him; if his facility to cry had not long since been deadened he would not have suffered so much. Sputts had completed his job, had slid down the ropes by which he had climbed about the walls, and, with his brushes and buckets, had disappeared. Jeff did

*"I feel sorry fer yeh, Jeff, I do—nit."*

not move at the departure of his companion. He stood still in the yard, his head dropped forward on his small chest, his hands in his pockets, clutched to his sides, his little shivering form standing in solitude before the white wall.

He had become so weak, so miserable. He pulled his hand from his pocket, and the sight of his scrawny fingers provoked a whimper. A lump of insufferable anguish arose in his throat, and when he had choked it back he felt it beating at the veins in his temples and quivering at the nerves in his chin. At best Jeff was nothing but a ragamuffin. He had come to the John Worthy through no fault of his own, for his parents had made an orphan of him by dying of an alcoholic malady called the D. T.'s. Until he was made a prisoner, his hardy endurance, his roguish spirit, his supreme wickedness,

were those born of a life in the streets. But that was a long time ago—so long ago he hardly could realize that he, the then strong, intractable, untamable, was now the feeble, meek, cowed thing that he was. Of late the prison had dealt hardly with him. Its gloom, its servility, slowly had sapped his health until only a wizened, bloodless shadow of his former self remained. Its unutterable horror found expression in the pallor of his face. As the brutal expend their strength upon the weak, so the boys of the John Worthy had learned to aim their blows at Jeff. Moreover, he had become sick, sick with fear, with keeping awake at nights, expectant, fearful, alert for the enemy's death thrust.

And now here was this taunt from Sputts. Jeff recounted the circumstances: Billy had been committed to "The Hole"—or the solitary—because the superintendent had caught Billy beating him; later Jeff himself had been detected in a self-defensive act, and, because the cells were full, his punishment had been deferred. Sputts was right—he would have to go to "The Hole" as soon as Billy came out; and Billy came out to-morrow. Oh, the terrors, the darkness, the silence of the solitary cells! Jeff coughed. His eyes traveled from the ground to the top of the wall. Just then the supper gong rang, and in a sense of habitual obedience to it he turned instinctively and shambled toward the building.

At supper, where the boys sat in long rows and exchanged their ruthless pother, Jeff munched small mouthfuls of food which he could not swallow. It was toward the end of supper, after the general hunger had been appeased, that Sputts, seated where the glow of an overhanging lamp emphasized his presence, rose from his place and vociferated in his most bickering tone:—

"Say, fellers, I feel sorry fer Jeff, I do. He goes inter t' Hole t'morrer when Billy comes out. I feel sorry fer Jeff—*nit!*"

Poor little Jeff was dazed. Scarcely realizing the enormity of his sudden audacity he grabbed the first thing his hand touched—a tin spoon—and hurled it across the table at Sputts. But the

spoon lacked carrying weight; it flew wide of its mark, and the blunder evoked a unanimous burst of derisive jeering.

Restraining as best he could the choler and sense of loneliness and helplessness within him, Jeff, after the others had clambered to the dormitory, lingered behind. The doom of to-morrow was upon him. He hated to go to the dormitory—it would hasten his fate. In his irresolution he wandered, quite inadvertently he thought—yes, he would have sworn it was quite unintentionally—through the hallway into the courtyard.

It was not yet dark, but the sky was murky and a lowering cloud was hastening night with an impending storm. Jeff watched the cloud until, it seemed, his eyes had formed an alliance with it. How easily it moved over the wall and disappeared beyond! How free, he pondered, was that cloud to roam where it pleased, while he—he—! In fancy he felt himself carried off his feet and floating as the cloud. The cloud was all gone now, but it had left in its wake a suggestion, a hint.

Jeff dropped his eye to the wall, and innocently, quite innocently, began to calculate its proportions. Sputts had neglected to take away the ropes, and these dangled from the top to near the ground.

On a sand pile, which had been used in making mortar to mend the wall, lay some boards. The partition wall, which ran out forming the angle with the outer rampart, separated the juvenile section from what was known as the Bridewell, where the men are kept. Through Jeff's mind flitted the remembrance that just at this place, several months ago, a number of the men prisoners had effected their escape.

Jeff turned on his heel and re-entered the building. He was disturbed by a temptation—a project.

When he reached the dormitory the boys were indulging in the madcap joy of throwing their clothes at each other. Bed clothing was tossed about. Shoes, hurled by figures standing on cots, were flying through the air.

"There he is!"

Instantly a shower of thick-soled, nail-heeled footwear beat down upon





..There he is!"





*"Running away to nowhere."*

Jeff. Struggling and pawing the missiles away from him, the injured boy emerged in a fury of exasperation.

"Youse fellers," he shouted, "youse fellers won't do that much longer!" His finger was raised warningly.

"Why?" yelled Sputts.

"Why? Why won't we? Why, Jeff, wut's a goin' teh stop us?" demanded the others.

"'Cause I'm goin' teh git away from here—that's why!"

"How yeh goin' teh do ut, Jeff? How yeh goin' teh?"

"O-o-o-o yeh'll see."

"Ho-o-o-o yeh'll come back. No fear, yeh'll come back, Jeff, sneakin' back like a dog—a dirty little onery poodle dog wut ain't got no otter home. Ho-o-o-o! Jeff's a goin' teh leave us fellers! Ho-o-o! *Goin' teh leave us!*"

"O-o-o-o yeh'll see," insisted Jeff with the insecurity of one who has made a rash promise.

In spite of his assertion Jeff was preparing to go to bed.

## II.

The lights of the dormitory had gone

out. The evening's jargon had subsided. Jeff had gone to bed but not to sleep. He lay on his cot, tossing in a tumult of worry. If it were not for the gloom of the Solitary, which even now in the darkness seemed to yawn for him, it would not be so bad. He was sure the boys did not believe his threat to leave. The impulse which had prompted the threat was taking strong root. To escape from prison, to prove that he meant what he said, to surprise the boys in the morning with the sight of his *empty cot*! Jeff sat up in bed. All the boys breathed alike except Sputts who, like a tyrant, snored loudest, to show, as Jeff imagined, his dominance even in sleep.

Jeff threw his bed coverings aside. He quietly felt for his clothes, pulled on his jeans, his little jerkin, and, with shoes in hand, crept softly out of the dormitory. Down the stairway he hastened toward the courtyard. Now as he slinked through the hallway it occurred to Jeff that his action was not unlike that of a skulking dog. The thought caused him to pause, startled.

The wind was blowing hard, so that

if he made a little noise it would not matter. Half way across the yard, he sat down on the gravel to put on his shoes. The ropes which Sputts had forgotten were still dangling from the wall top. With the aid of the boards which he took from the sand pile he easily reached the ropes, and by dint of desperate effort, twisting and pulling until his fingers caught the top ledge, he pulled himself up and sat down. Fear seized him when he glanced back.

The group of buildings lurked in the darkness like a crouching monster about to spring at him. He craned his head timidly and peered down on the opposite side of the wall. How was he to get down to the earth? Cogitating thus he noticed at some distance ahead black objects thrown up against the wall from the outside. It was necessary for him to avoid detection by the night watchmen, who were housed in the guard posts at opposite ends of the wall. So he crept on his stomach. He had crawled past the partition wall and was nearing the things thrown up from the outside when a noise in the men's yard beneath, a scuffling of gravel, made his heart leap. It was a noise as of some one walking, but it ceased and he went on. It amazed him to find a number of timbers thrown up from the outside to near where he had crawled. Strange that he should be so fortunate. He threw his feet over, slid down the timbers and stood on the ground, stock-still, like a cage-bird which, on sudden liberation, had found its wings useless. Across the field before him the lights of the city hung in a luminous haze. The clouds overhead rushed past like the current of a great river. The wind made the dead weeds rattle.

Jeff realized in a general way the ethical necessity for his confinement in prison; he understood vaguely the Juvenile Court Judge's explanation that his unparented growth was a menace to society; yet he often had wished he could have been imprisoned somewhere where his vision was not always broken by a stone wall. He had made up his mind he never could be happy so long as he was kept where he was. Now

the time was propitious for a change.

### III.

A drop of rain struck Jeff on the cheek. It was a cold drop. He was beginning to shake. Over there were the lights of the city, but they were a long way off. Now the wind in the weeds became noisier. It was like a thousand soft whispers at first. In a minute, suddenly roaring, the thousand whispers coalesced into a voice, loud, terrific, saying:—

"He is guilty! He is running away! He will be caught! Oh, he will be caught!" The rain came in more frequent spats and blurred the city lights; they were so far off! Jeff stopped in the field. His hands were very cold. Remembering his threat he stumbled a few paces, but his steps lacked decision. An entanglement of rubbish tripped his feet and he fell over. He had nothing with which to wipe the wet from his face. The city lights hid behind a veil of thickly falling rain. The voice of the wind in the weeds grew louder.

"He is running away. He is running away. He will be caught. Running away! Running away! Where to? Where to? Where is he running to? Crazy! Crazy! Fool! Fool! Running away to nowhere! Oh, he will be caught! Running away to nowhere! Crazy! Crazy! Running away like a poodle dog, a dirty little, onery poodle dog!"

Yes. Where was he running to? From misery, unhappiness and loneliness, but where to? He had not thought of that. To the city of course. But what comfort did the city hold out to him? Nothing but the streets, the hungry streets; the shelterless, hungry streets.

He stopped and turned to scrutinize the prison buildings lying back there in darkness. At any rate, the prison was warm, the rain had never reached him there; his bed always had been soft and clean; his food, such as it was, was never lacking. He could not leave it all in so much haste; he had been there too many years to shake it off in a moment. He would give it a last look.

But he would *not* go back to stay.

#### IV.

Climbing up the wall again, Jeff wondered why the timbers, which chanced to be at his convenience, should have happened to be so adaptable for use as a ladder. On each side of one heavy scantling nails projected so that he had good footholds. How careless the guards were! The only evidence of their proximity was a light shining from a porthole in the wall-top guardhouse in the distance. Yet he dared not expose himself, so, on his stomach, he started to crawl back to get a last glimpse of the prison. He would not go back to stay, only to look and think.

He had gone but a few inches when he heard a peculiar sound; it was in the men's yard. He listened.

"Si-ss-t!"

Perhaps it was only the wind.

"Si-ss-t!" This time it was louder and was followed by scuffling, like feet in the gravel. Then there was a low whistling, a low, penetrating whistling, a sort of an owl screech. What appeared to Jeff to be forms moved below. Another whistle, a repetition of the owl screech, blurted through the night. In an instant Jeff understood. Quickly he raised his head and piped through his hands toward the guardhouse:—

"Guards! Guards! Quick! Call t' guards!"

The gravel below shuffled.

"T' guards! T' guards! Quick! Quick! T' guards! T' guards! T' guards!" he shouted frantically. He stood up to give greater force to his call. The door of the guard house opened, throwing a flood of light toward him. Suddenly appreciative of his own exposure to betrayal he turned and ran in an opposite direction.

Something, however, something like a sharp, hard hand reached out from the dark and hit him in the jaw. He staggered as if in a delirium. His feet carried him he knew not where. He reeled and tottered over the wall.

He landed on the sand pile, which yielded slightly to his weight. His back was stiffening under him, not with pain, but with a numbness that robbed him

of the power to move. His little bony fingers wandered out, helplessly grasping the wet sand at his sides, the lights of the prison faded from his vision, his mind drifted into oblivion, and the rain beat down on his senseless body.

#### V.

"No bones are broken—all he needs is rest. He must be given light diet, such as broth and eggs, and perhaps a little wine occasionally."

Things were floating before Jeff's eyes as if the law of gravitation had been annulled. He was aware that a man had been leaning over him; then it dawned on him that he was in bed.

"For the life of me I can't make out how the kid knew it was going to happen," the superintendent was saying to the doctor. "Every man of 'em would have escaped if it weren't for his calling the guards when he did. The delivery was well planned and the men had nothing to do but climb over the wall. He's a little hero, Jeff is."

The doctor examined Jeff's jaw.

"They must have struck him with a rock, didn't they?" asked the superintendent.

"Yes, it was a rock,"

"He's a little hero," repeated the superintendent warmly; a little hero, I tell you. I never thought it was in him. He was to have been put in the Solitary to-day, but I guess—"

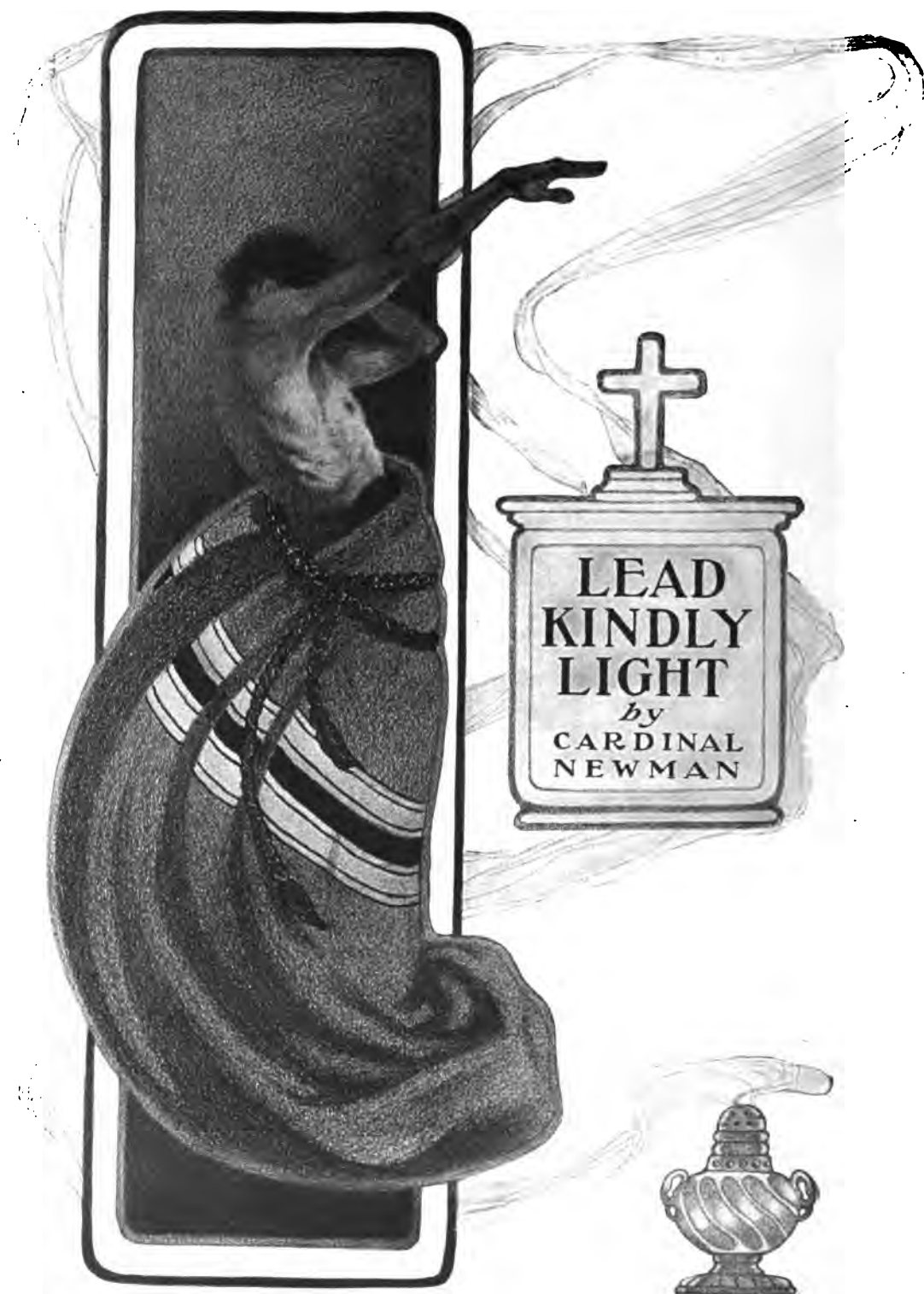
After that the voices were inaudible to Jeff. It was nice to be in bed. He would sleep a long time. Some words gamboled in his brain.

"For the life of me I can't make out how the kid knew it. He's a little hero, he is. He was to have been put in the Solitary, but I guess— . . . Ho-o-o-o yeh'll come back. No fear, yeh'll come back, Jeff, sneakin' . . . onery poodle dog wut ain't . . . Ho-o-o-o! Jeff's a goin' teh leave us, fellers. Ho!"

The doctor and the superintendent saw the small patient squirm and struggle in the bed. The boy's pale, thin arm wandered out over the coverings as if feeling for something to throw. The little hand clasped a fold in the quilt and relaxed. They could see that he was tired and had fallen asleep.



*Something like a sharp hard hand reached out from the dark and hit him.*







Lead, kindly Light ! amid the encircling gloom  
 Lead Thou me on ;  
 The night is dark and I am far from home,  
 Lead Thou me on ;  
 Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see  
 The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed  
 that Thou  
 Should'st lead me on ;  
 I loved to choose and see my  
 path ; but now  
 Lead Thou me on ;  
 I loved the garish day, and  
 spite of fears,  
 Pride ruled my will. Remem-  
 ber not past years.

So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still  
 Will lead me on,  
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
 The night is gone ;  
 And with the morn those angel faces smile  
 Which I have loved long since and lost awhile !





*Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover.*

***"Enough of this devil's nonsense!"***  
See page 672 "The Barred Window."



# THE BARRED WINDOW

By CHARLES RAYMOND MacAULEY

With illustrations by the Author



During a summer's sojourn in the old homestead, which fronts upon the Boston Road, I came upon these manuscripts in an old leather trunk, hidden away under the accumulated dust and debris of more than a quarter of a century. As I perused them, memory carried me back to the time when, as a boy, I filled in a small segment of our family circle gathered about a roaring fire in the wide-throated grate, and listened, intent—and oft with hair on end—to the reading of them. They were written by my great grandfather, George Kendrick, and embrace his personal experiences covering a period from A.D. 1770 to A. D. 1817. They are now yellowed and deckle-edged with age; in some places the writing is wholly obliterated, with here and there a fragment torn away. Where the threads of the narrative, have become frayed or severed I have drawn and pieced them together to the best of my small abilities. And thus I give them to the world.—C. R. M.

**O**VER the sagged portal—whence we make entrance upon this history—appeared the sign, "D. Burry, Contracting & Shipping." The humble, clap-boarded and weather-beaten frame structure from which it was swung formed the center of a wide circumference of vast mercantile interests, through which my master had succeeded in amassing a considerable fortune. It stood upon Delaware avenue, between Arch and Race streets, and fronted the wide sweep of the river.

I have ever been possessed of the restless spirit of the wanderer, and, in the early springtime of the year of our Lord, 1773, I left my frontier home upon the shores of the Sandusky River, in Ohio. Journeying by easy stages, afoot and on horseback, though in truth more often afoot, I came at length into the great city of Philadelphia. Being then a lad of little more than twenty years, and mindful of the fact that I must needs seek my fortune by another path than that of writing flighty sonnets and the delivering of occasional humorous lectures, I sought and obtained employment—I confess at a mere modicum per the month—of Mr. Daniel Burry, then the wealthiest merchant of that city.

He was a Quaker of the sturdy and orthodox sort, and I remember, as though it were yesterday, how his quaint 'thees' and 'thous' caught the fancy of my ear; albeit they were some-

times levelled at me in the way of stern reproof.

For before all else my master despised a laggard. Being possessed of tremendous energy, he was ever ready to condemn the lack of it in others. Many are the times I have seen him, through the open window, from over the dancing columns of figures in my ledger, bare his brawny arms and delve deep into the spicy hold of a merchandise-laden brigantine from India, and labor there, too, until the flickering lights of lanterns succeeded that of the sun.

It was come to be that time when autumn was slowly yielding up her charms to the frigid blandishments of winter that Mr. Burry said to me one evening, as I was closing up my books for the day:—

"George, thou shalt take thy supper with me this evening."

"Thank you, sir," I made answer. It was ever his way to command, and such was the force of his personality that obedience was wont to follow in its train.

Of his domestic life I knew but little, save that which had been borne to my ears upon the tongues of busy gossips. That he had a son I was aware; as we walked together up the sharp incline to the level stretch of Arch street and thence to his home on Chestnut, near Fourth, he talked to me of him.

"He is given," he confided to me, "to those vain pursuits of the devil—

music and art. Why, I have even caught him penciling the naked semblance of a female! I have watched thee closely, lad, and I believe that the influence of thy companionship will benefit him," concluded my master as we arrived at his doorway.

As we sat at table—which was plentifully laden with plain, substantial fare—I knew that a guest, other than I, sat all unbidden there; and his name was Fear! I knew it by the instant relaxation, like the throwing aside of a sombre mantle, when the master retired to give some instruction or other to his gardener.

I seemed to have fallen immediately into the favor of Mistress Burry, a beautiful lady whose ebon hair was shot with premature gray at the temples. She descanted, in her own sweet way, upon the sunny land of her birth, and I learned much that interested me of Spain—that far-away country which has ever been associated in my mind with follies, frolic and flowers.

Her son, Douglas—I could not bring myself to look upon him as the offspring of my master—was a pale, handsome stripling, then thirteen years of age, and, like his mother, the antithesis of the master at all points. I could scarce help but liken them to a pair of exotic flowers transplanted from across southern seas to the bleak atmosphere of a windowless hothouse, fit only for the development of hardy, homely plants and the rank growth of weeds.

The powerful mind of my master was in constant attendance upon the perplexing problems of Colonial emancipation. Shortly after that first visit, at his behest, I had taken up my board and lodge with him, and it followed, because of his preoccupation with other things, that the mistress, Douglas and I, were very often alone in the great house.

The influence which the master had hoped that I would wield over his son was turned the other way about. Douglas possessed indeed a splendid mind, wholly artistic, and I found myself encouraging, to the best of my small ability, those finer intellectual qualities. Nay, I confess to it, I even envied him their possession, and tried

to emulate him; till it reached that point where I boggled at my daily task and took to scribbling silly sonnets.

I shall never forget that evening when the master returned home early from a meeting in Carpenter's Hall. Douglas was playing an air upon the violin, the Mistress was daintily stepping through the intricate mazes of some graceful Spanish dance; and I, bungling lubber that I was, was clapping my hands loudly in appreciation of their combined performance. I noticed a startled look steal into the mistress's eyes as she stopped suddenly in the middle of her dance, and the sweet strains of the violin ceased, while I clapped my hands, stamped my feet upon the floor, and called energetically for more.

"Enough of this devil's nonsense!" exclaimed an angry voice at my elbow, and I wheeled about to discover the eyes of the master glowering into my own.

I recollect that I essayed some lame excuse not worth the recording.

"Enough," said he sternly; "I give thee till to-morrow to take away thy clothes; come then to the shop and receive thy wage and I shall be quit of thee."

From that time until the ides of March I saw little of Mr. Burry. Douglas met me whenever occasion offered, and we enjoyed many delightful rambles together along the Schuylkill and the Wissahickon. Sometimes the mistress would join us; and often I have stood amazed at her irrepressible spirits, as her merry laughter would be sent echoing through the dreary forests.

I had not succeeded in securing another position, and, in truth, would have been in bad case had it not been that Mistress Burry pressed upon me a weekly sum as tuition for sundry lessons in English which I was supposed to give to Douglas. Though, if truth be told, I stood the more likely debtor in that regard.

There came a period of several days near the middle of March during which I did not see my pupil. I was fuming and fretting one gusty evening in my lonely lodgings when there came a

note for me, by bearer, penned by Daniel Burry, in which he begged me to come at once to his house.

Upon my arrival I was shocked to learn that both Mr. and Mistress Burry were mortally ill of typhoid fever, which was then epidemic in Philadelphia, due, doubtless, to the necessity of drinking the polluted waters of the Schuylkill. I was conducted immediately to the bedside of my one-time master.

"I have made my mistakes, lad," said he in a low voice, sympathetically vibrant, "and I wish to correct at least one of them. I desire that thou shalt be the companion and tutor of my son until he shall have come to the age of twenty-one. Let him—" he paused a moment and sighed—"follow his artistic bent, if he will. It seemeth, lad, that every head was not made to wear a steel helmet. Teach him, I adjure thee, those sterling qualities of manhood of which I am convinced thou art possessed."

"And which you, sir," I answered him, "have taught me the true value of."

"Even to those clandestine meetings," said he, with just the trace of a twinkle in his fading eyes. "But I forgive thee, George. Indeed, I thank thee, since it brought a certain pleasure to mine which they had seldom known."

Here he fell into a peaceful sleep and I left him. That mundane sleep blended imperceptibly into the eternal sleep

which knows naught of waking. Within twenty-four hours of his passing the sweet mistress followed him, and I was left alone in the gloomy house with the frail and grief-stricken son. The bulk of Mr. Burry's vast wealth he bequeathed to his son, to be administered by his brother Ronald, a shipmaster, then living in England. In the event of Douglas' death before arriving at the age of twenty-one the entire fortune was to revert to his Uncle Ronald. There followed a list of legacies to the Quaker church and schools. Added to these was a codicil setting forth that I was to receive the sum of five hundred pounds the year, in return for which I was to act as companion and tutor to Douglas till he came of age.

From frenzied grief over his loss—that of his mother necessarily struck the deeper—the youth

lapsed into a pitiful lethargy. From out this dangerous bog of despair I ultimately succeeded in winning him, when we re-

ceived a message announcing the coming of his Uncle Ronald.

He arrived about the middle of the following September, submitted proofs of his identity to the proper authorities, took up his residence in the Chestnut street home, and at once assumed charge of the great estate. From the first, Douglas and I were of two minds relative to him. I did not fancy him, while the lad seemed happy and content to listen by the hour to his wild tales of

the sea, of which he possessed an apparently inexhaustible store.

He was an under-sized man, but heavy, well knit together, and muscular withal. A livid scar began near his



*Tapped . . . his head significantly.*



thin, sharp nose, upon the right cheek, and disappeared into the wiry black beard which grew abundantly from his cheek and chin. His discourse was thickly punctuated with sea terms; occasionally he let slip an oath, the which he never failed to qualify by an obsequious apology.

Since the passing of the master it had been my wont to employ a few hours of my time each day in the little office on Delaware avenue, whence it was Douglas' custom to accompany me. After I had finished my duties there we would ride or walk together to some picturesque spot, a semblance of which the lad's deft fingers would transfer to canvas or paper. After the arrival of his uncle these pleasant peregrinations ceased their continuity, became spasmodic, and finally broke off altogether. For days at a time I could not induce him to even leave the dreary house.

"I don't think he's riding on an even keel," said Ronald Burry to me one day, "perhaps we'd better call in a leech."

To this I agreed, and Burry called in a Doctor Miggle, whose shingle had but then recently been put out on the street, a few doors removed from ours.

I did not like the look of him, maugre his silk tile, gold stick and elaborately engrossed certificate, which hung conspicuously in his front parlor. When I pressed him for an opinion concerning the lad's illness he blinked at me and tapped the top of his ill-shapen head significantly.

Several times I surprised Burry and Doctor Miggle drinking and talking confidentially together. Upon more than one occasion these intercourses terminated in Bacchanalian riots that lasted far into the morning.

During the following November Burry roughly forbade me to visit the lad's room, and caused a brawny guard to be stationed before his door to the end that I might not call there surreptitiously. I came to his room one evening, demanding admittance, but the guard interposed so strenuously that I was forced to bowl him over before I durst enter.

I found the lad lying upon a sofa,

and, although his eyes were wide open, he did not appear to recognize me. I was trying to arouse him from his strange stupor when Burry strode furiously into the room and ordered me to leave. Believing that an altercation there might not result well for Douglas, I went out quietly enough.

We had it out in the library, Burry and I. I have never seen a more fiendish expression settle upon the countenance of a mortal than sat upon his when I told him point blank my opinion of him.

"You young hell-hound!" he roared, "if I had a quarter-deck under me, by God, you'd swing to a yard-arm and sun dry—damn my dead eyes if you wouldn't, you—"

I interrupted him with a blow upon his foul mouth, and with that we went at it.

Round and round the room we fought, overturning book-laden stands and chairs in our furious path. I recollect that we uptilted a cage containing a green parrot that Burry had brought with him, and it added its full share of falsetto oaths to the deep-toned ones of its maddened master. At length I got his back squarely against the great center-table and succeeded in holding him there. Inch by inch my hand crept to his hairy throat, and inch by inch he yielded till he was bent fair over the table with my hand clutching his windpipe. If I had known then that which I now know I should have throttled the miserable life out of him with as little regret as I should have bestowed upon a strangled mad dog.

"Have you had enough?" I shrieked into his purple face, from which his beady eyes were bulging.

He had strength left to nod his head, and I released him and left the house.

An hour later at the London Coffee House, at Front and High streets, whither I had come straight from my encounter with Burry, Doctor Miggle brought me a card. Hot-headed young dolt that I was I accepted the challenge, prevailed upon young Captain Chickering, with whom I was having a glass, to support me upon the field, and before the doctor left a meeting had been

arranged for the following morning upon the banks of the Wissahickon.

It recurs to me as though it were but yester morn—that scene in the early twilight. The rippling waters of the partially ice-bound creek, the silent, gloomy forests towering sentinel-like round about.

We wasted little time in preliminaries. At the first passage of the blades I recognized the firm touch of the master. It was no slip that undid me, but clean and perfect swordcraft. I felt a flash, as of red hot steel, kindled in my breast, the trees tilted to an acute angle; I remember marveling at the strangeness of it as the turf slanted up to meet me, and I lost further interest in *that* day's proceedings.

Also more than a score of others, for it was upon the twenty-third day after that foolhardy meeting with Burry that I struggled feebly from the fever which had been consuming me to discover an angel in the guise of Dorothy Chickering bending over me.

"Don't speak a word," whispered she, as she placed one dainty finger upon my parched lips, "I'll run and tell Jack that you're better."

Captain Chickering came in presently and sat by the bedside.

"I thought it best to bring you here," said he, "and now I want you to get well as a reward for the faithful attendance of Sis. You owe your life to her, George."

Far be it from me to deny him. Stood I in possession of the nine lives of a feline happy should I be to be indebted to such fair maidenhood for all of them.

The year 1775 had dawned before I was able to sit propped up over a mound of soft pillows. The Chickering home was located on Fourth street, directly opposite the Burry house, the which I could glimpse from out my window. I was surprised to see that a high brick and stone wall had been erected all about the grounds. I noted that a window in the upper story, of what I knew to be an abandoned wing, was heavily barred. At times I could have sworn that I saw a white face behind it, and the gravest fears for the welfare of my friend and pupil were aroused.

Chickering told me, when I was sufficiently recovered to sit by the window, that the lad, Douglas Burry, had become hopelessly insane; that he was kept a close prisoner, and that no one was allowed to see him. I learned also that Burry had taken a stand opposed to Colonial freedom, and had, for ~~that~~



*I stood beneath the lamp of the . . .  
Coffee House.*

and other reasons, come to be a very unpopular man. He told me, too, that no one was allowed within the walled grounds save Doctor Miggle and merchantmen and pedlars.

I was chafing under the restraint put upon me, as I had it in mind, when well enough, to claim the right to visit my friend. I was looking across, one evening, at that portentous barred window, when I noted a pedlar struggling along through the snow with a great pack strapped upon his bent back. I saw him knock upon the rear gate and gain admittance. I watched there until black darkness blotted out the house and grounds, and, up to then, he had not come away.

I was up betimes the next morning and watched the snow swirling through the deserted streets. As I looked along the opposite wall I saw the back gate open, rather hurriedly, I bethought me, and the pedlar of the night before came out. He closed the gate carefully, shifted the great pack more comfortably to his back, looked furtively up and down the street, upon which there appeared one moving splotch of color—a red-coated British soldier—and then shuffled rapidly off.

During all of that long day, and the next—and yet the next—I saw naught of that pitiful face behind the window, and I was prepared for the reception of the sad news which Chickering brought me that day that my pupil was dead.

"The day after to-morrow," answered Chickering, in response to my inquiry as to when the funeral ceremony was to be held.

"Then, doctor's orders or no doctor's orders," I declared, "I shall attend."

"I' faith!" exclaimed Captain Chickering, as he gave me a friendly slap upon the back that made my teeth rattle, "but your're a plucky buck!"

Much to my surprise the gates of the wall and the house, upon the day of the funeral, were thrown wide open to any who might wish to enter, and I walked in without let or hindrance. Burry, in person, showed me to the door of the black-draped room, then retired, leaving me alone with the silent form of him whom, in life, I had loved so well.

For long I stood in melancholy meditation over the emaciated dead. Sick at heart with the pity of it, I came sadly away; from my seat in the window I watched them bear away the mortal effigy of my beloved pupil.

In a few days I was strong enough to get about, and, wishing to close my accounting with the Burry estate, I called at the office on Delaware avenue. I discovered it to be dismantled and closed; even the sign had been torn down. I then went to the court to have done with the business. I learned that Burry was turning ships, personal property and land, indiscriminately, into cash, with a haste which appeared unseemly, to say the least. While he was empowered to administer the property as seemed befitting to him, it had not yet been given into his possession.

Some suspicion—vaguely remote, I admit—of foul play sprang unbidden to my mind. Once having taken lodgment there it would not be downed, and I pressed the learned judge to delay the final settlement of the estate. This he kindly consented to do, but strove I never so mightly I could not come upon even the slightest evidence of any criminal intent or maladministration.

Burry was aware of the fight I was making against him, and would favor me with a black scowl whenever we chanced to meet.

At length, when further delay became impossible, the day of the final settlement was set. Having no mind to witness the triumph of him whom I so thoroughly hated, I had decided not to appear at the court. Nor should I had not a little incident transpired which caused me to reverse my decision.

I had just strolled aimlessly out of the English Coffee House upon the evening before the day of settlement, and had turned my face homeward when a boy drew near to me, hesitated a moment, thrust a folded paper into my hand, and then legged down Front street at the top of his might.

I unfolded the paper and stood beneath the lamp which swung above the door of the Coffee House. "Come to the court to-morrow," it ran, "and you shall be well rewarded for your splen-



did efforts." It was not signed, but I determined upon going, and go I did. Whether or not I was rewarded you shall judge.

I was on hand the next day at the appointed hour. Burry had preceded me into the court. I noticed a pedlar with his black pack strapped to his back lounging near the threshold; I instantly recognized him as the pedlar of that winter's night and morning. He winked his eye at me as I approached him, and nudged me familiarly in the ribs as I passed through the door.

"The insolent fellow," thought I, and then, and not until then, did it occur to me that I was

perhaps being made the butt of a practical joke. I should have retired even at that hour had not the pedlar put himself in my path and thus made it inconvenient for me to do so in a quiet and dignified manner.

"Have you anything to say, sir, why the estate of Daniel Burry, deceased, should not be made over to his brother, pursuant to the terms of his last will and testament?" said the probate judge, addressing me.

The pedlar shuffled forward and swung his huge pack deliberately upon the table.

"I have, may your honor please," said he quietly.

Burry looked upon him with no smaller amazement than I.

"What is



*Burry looked upon him with no smaller amazement than I.*

your name?" queried the judge, feigning an indifference which I knew he did not feel.

The pedlar straightened up, threw aside his wide-brimmed hat, fumbled a moment about his chin, then suddenly tore off a false beard and wig, and a cunningly wrought nose. I looked toward Burry—the livid scar across his cheek was turned pink against the white of his face.

"I am Ronald Burry, your honor," declared the pedlar in a deep, resonant voice. He pointed an accusing finger at the cowering figure of him whom I had supposed to be Burry. "That man," he continued, "is a pirate and a would-be murderer!"

"What have you to say, sir?" said the judge sternly, turning to the accused man.

But he was bereft of the power to make answer. His face went alternately purple and white, he frothed at the lips, and, as he sank, inert, into a chair, the horror which sat upon his countenance was fearful to behold.

The pedlar withdrew from an inner pocket a package of papers. "I have here, your honor," said he, "ample proofs of my identity. In this pack," he continued, as he quickly unbuckled the straps, "I bring with me convincing evidence of that man's most evil intentions."

When the covering fell away who should step out but my dear pupil, Douglas! Douglas, whose dead face I had gazed upon beneath the glass of a casket!

A description of my sensations as I pressed the lad to my breast is more than my weak pen can compass. I was content to have him there, alive, and apparently in better health than I had ever seen him.

We waited in the court room till the counterfeit Ronald Burry was led away to a prison cell.

Seated before a crackling blaze in the wide fireplace of the Burry home we listened spellbound to the thrilling tale of the real Ronald Burry. A tale which prolonged itself far into the night.

Briefly told, it was this:—

Just before embarking upon a voyage to Spain Burry had received word of his brother's death in America. At the same time came his vagabond foster-brother (who afterward palmed himself off upon us as the brother mentioned in the will), and begged to be given a berth upon his ship. He was then fleeing from justice, being accused of committing piracy on the high seas. Out of sheer pity Burry stowed him secretly away in his cabin, and agreed to land him upon the shores of Spain. For days they were storm-driven, and were wrecked at length upon a small and uninhabited island off the southern coast of Spain. Burry and his foster-brother, clinging to one of the ship's boats, were washed up upon the shores of the island. Being nearly famished and weak, they agreed to alternate in keeping a lookout for passing ships. Upon awakening one morning from a profound stupor Burry discovered a sail, hull down, on the gray horizon. He was alone! Boat and foster-brother had disappeared. Upon the following day, by the merest chance, a brig hove to off the island and landed a boat laden with water casks, desiring to replenish their store, which had gone rotten. In this manner Burry had been rescued and landed finally, sick unto death from the long and wearisome privations upon the American coast.

He told us of how, after recovering his health, he had come to Philadelphia. Of how, after acquainting himself with the sad condition of his ward and nephew, being without legal proofs as to his identity, he had hit upon the disguise of a pedlar as a means of rescuing him from the clutches of his foster-brother.

Of how he had finally succeeded in gaining admittance to the house. Of how he had drugged his foster-brother's grog while they were drinking together, and of how he had stolen to the cell-like room, thrown the merchandise from his pack and bestowed the lad safely therein. The rest you know.

The next day we caused the grave to be opened and the supposed body of Douglas to be exhumed and discovered



it to be a cleverly executed wax effigy of the original.

The English authorities laid claim to the person of the wicked foster-brother. His end was befittingly capped—black-

capped, I may say,—for within the year he swung from Execution Dock. His accomplice, Dr. Miggie, fled the country and was never, to my knowledge, apprehended.



## THE LIFE PRINCIPLE

An Account of the Wonderful Discoveries Made by Professor Jacques Loeb and Professor A. P. Mathews of the University of Chicago

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN



UST physicians unlearn the science of medicine as it now is and begin again?

Must we learn food values anew from a radically different standpoint?

Must we throw into the waste-basket our text books on physiology?

Professor Jacques Loeb practically says yes to each of these questions, for he has discovered a new heaven and a new earth in physiology. He announces to the world that electrical and not thermal energy is the basis of all muscular activity and vital processes. In other words, the electrical quality of foods, and not the dynamic force resulting from heat, is the basis of all human life. More simply still, Professor Loeb's dictum is this: Electricity, not heat, is the vital force of our being.

Supplementing Professor Loeb's discovery comes Professor Albert P. Mathews with the announcement that the basis of nerve action is also electrical. The general purport of the results of his experiments is that a nerve is a gelatinous solution, the atoms of which are charged with electricity. The atoms communicate their charges to one an-

other and thus a current of nerve force is set in motion.

### PROFESSOR LOEB'S PERSONALITY.

Professor Loeb is at the head of one of the scientific departments of the University of Chicago, and fills the chairs of Physiology and Experimental Biology in that institution of learning. As a scientist he has won fame in the scientific world before the announcement of this last and greatest result of his patient investigations. He is a German, and forty-three years of age, with the reputation of being a tireless and persistent scientific investigator, and has spent the last ten years of his life in the United States. He is of average height and size, with black hair and mustache, and wears glasses, while his round shoulders give one the impression that he spends much time at his desk. When walking about on the campus or through the halls of the University his eyes are always fixed upon the ground in pre-occupation.

Professor Loeb lives in a spacious brick house near the University campus. He is married and has two young sons. He is one of the most modest and retir-

ing members of the University faculty and can with great difficulty be persuaded to talk for publication about his experiments. Always polite and affable when approached by representatives of the daily press, he is positive in his refusals to talk about his work.

Professor Loeb received his collegiate education at the University of Berlin, from which he was graduated in 1880. He received his degree of M. D. from the University of Strassburg in 1884, and then became an Assistant in Physiology at the University of Wurzburg. In 1882 he became Assistant in the University of Strassburg, but left in 1890 to carry on some research work at the Biological station at Naples. He became an Associate Professor in Biology at Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania, in 1891, and the following year accepted the position of Assistant in Physiology and Experimental Biology at the University of Chicago. He was promoted to the rank of Associate Professor in 1895, and five years later received the rank of full professor. Dr. Loeb leaves the University each year in June for Wood's Holl, Mass., and it is at this station that most of his investigations have been made.

#### ALBERT PRESCOTT MATHEWS.

Albert Prescott Mathews, Professor of Physiological Chemistry at the University of Chicago, who has been the chief associate of Professor Loeb in his most recent scientific investigations, has been at the Chicago institution less than a year. Dr. Mathews received his Bachelor's degree at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1892. He then became an Assistant in Biology at his Alma Mater for one year, when he received a fellowship in Biology at Columbia University. The next five years he spent in special study and original research work at Cambridge, England, Marburg, Germany, Naples, and Columbia University. He received his degree of Ph. D. from the last institution. In 1898 he became Assistant Professor of Physiology at the Harvard Medical School, and a year later was made an Instructor in Tufts College Medical School. In 1900 he returned

to the Harvard Medical School as an Instructor in Physiology, and the following year accepted his present position in the University of Chicago. Professor Mathews is only a little more than thirty years of age. He is married and has one child.

#### THE FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DISCOVERY.

It was at the annual meeting of the American Society of Physiologists last January, at the University of Chicago, that Professor Loeb chose to make his announcement. Many prominent scientists from all parts of the United States were present when it was made. To these men Professor Loeb was no stranger who must first prove his right to be heard in such an assembly. Many of them had followed his work through all the years of his painstaking laboratory research, and had already accepted the results of his preliminary experiments. He therefore spoke with authority and to men prepared to pass intelligently upon his statement of the further results of these experiments. The subject of his address was "Physical Effects of Electrical Charges of Ions, and the Electrical Character of Life Phenomena."

At the close of Professor Loeb's address, Professor G. N. Stewart, of Western Reserve University, chairman of the meeting, arose, and on behalf of the society, gave him its warm thanks. There was no note of incredulity to be heard in the assembly, and several of the scientists spoke in cordial endorsement of Professor Loeb's claims.

"We will have a new heaven and a new earth in physiology," said one prominent investigator. "Dr. Loeb's results are backed by indisputable evidence, and his exposé of the fallacies in the old belief mean the uselessness of our present text books on the subject of physiology. With one of the basic principles of physiology destroyed it will be necessary to entirely revise our books on the subject."

"Dr. Loeb has made as important a contribution to science as Marconi who solved the problem of wireless telegraphy," said another scientist.

"He has suggested a new power in strengthening life tissue and building up the human system. Heretofore men have come to discriminate between healthy and unhealthy foods by actual experience. Now, by knowing the chemical constituents of the different food stuffs, we will be able to know their electrical properties and conse-

the same effect in the form of "ions," which are nothing more than electrically charged particles of matter.

Starting with this hypothesis, Professor Loeb began two preliminary series of experiments. He first set to work to investigate along the lines of *parthenogenesis*, or the artificial reproduction of young from the unfertilized



*Professor Jacques Loeb.*

quently their capacity for strengthening the tissues of the body."

## WHAT THE EXPERIMENTS MEAN.

It is understood that Professor Loeb arrived at results justifying his conclusion last summer while experimenting in the laboratories at the Marine Biological station at Wood's Holl, Mass. The whole series of experiments of which this discovery is the climax has covered a period of more than ten years. After noting that the electric current is able to affect protoplasm in a more universal way than any other stimulus he was led to suspect the power of electrically charged particles in the food. If electricity had this effect in the form of currents, he argued, it ought to have

eggs of female animals. He succeeded in hatching the unfertilized eggs of sea urchins, star fish and worms by electrically charging the water which contained them.

Then he began to study the cause of the rhythmic beat of the heart. Taking portions of the heart of a turtle he suspended them, while still warm, in three different salt solutions—calcium, potassium and sodium chlorides, as chemists call them. In the calcium chloride and potassium chloride solutions the pieces of turtle's heart responded with no regular and reliable pulsations. In the sodium chloride solution, however, the heart muscles began a very perceptible succession of beats. But it was found that while the sodium chloride solution,

which is nothing but common salt water, caused contractions in the heart muscle, it did not give rhythm to the beat. By adding quantities of the other solutions to the sodium chloride solution, however, the rhythm in the beat was obtained. From these results Professor Loeb concluded that the calcium and potassium salts in the blood have no power to make the heart beat, but so modify the poisonous influence of the sodium chloride that heart action becomes rhythmic and normal.

The mysterious power in the salt which caused the heart of an animal to throb then became the object for farther experiment by the scientist. Professor Loeb traced the power to the peculiar character of the atoms which made up the salt substances. Finally he discovered that the atoms were charged with electricity.

An atom, as every one knows, is supposed to be the most minute conceivable portion of matter. Every perceivable part of matter is built from atoms which are joined into molecules, and these again into larger bodies. But only those who have recently studied physics and chemistry realize that these atoms are now believed commonly to associate themselves with mysterious particles—perhaps of ether, perhaps not—called *electrons*. This association gives the atoms a positive or negative charge of electricity, according to some variation in the electron not yet understood, and also gives them a power of attraction for other atoms. This power of attraction enables the atom, according as it has one, two or three electrons, to associate itself in a molecule with one, two or three other atoms.

*Ions* is the name given by scientists to these electrically charged atoms. Those having negative charges are called *anions*, and those having positive charges are called *kations*. Upon the predominance or equality of these oppositely charged ions depends entirely the effect which the foods containing the different salts will have upon the human system. The reason, therefore, why common salt produces an immediate response upon the heart muscle, but failed to secure rhythm in the pul-

sations, was traced to the predominance of negatively charged atoms in the solution. When other salts were added containing a predominance of positively charged atoms, and the resulting substance consisted of positive and negative ions in the proper proportion, normal and healthy action was obtained.

#### PROFESSOR LOEB'S OWN ACCOUNT.

Having, therefore, obtained the evidence regarding the electrical effects of ions upon life phenomena, Professor Loeb was enabled to make a closer application of his principles.

"It is my opinion," he says, "that in all living organisms, muscular action and every vital process depends on the equal adjustment of the positive and negative ions contained in the food. I experimented with pieces of muscle and with live sea animals of the lower orders. I put a jelly fish in contact with a solution of an electrically charged substance, and muscular action followed. When a jelly fish was placed in a solution which was a non-conductor no movements resulted.

"Again, I tried to hatch some eggs of the fundulus in sodium chloride, or common salt solution, and found that the solution destroyed the life of the eggs. When, however, I added a small amount of calcium to the common salt solution the eggs developed and were easily hatched. These experiments proved that the salt solution was a poison, but when another salt with properties that neutralized the harmful influences of the first was added the solution became wholesome. Now, when I had secured a solution in which the positive and the negative ions just offset each other and got electric conditions that were perfect, I obtained rhythmic, healthy muscular action.

#### ELECTRICITY, NOT HEAT, THE BASIS OF FORCE.

"The common belief that the energies of food stuffs generate from heat to mechanical force is clearly shown to be fallacious when it is considered that many lower forms of life and organisms do not have a temperature above their surrounding atmosphere. Electric cur-

rents are here the main, if not the universal, forms of stimulation, and I am confident that at least a part of the energies of foodstuffs are turned into electrical forces. I have found that by introducing electrically charged molecules into a body there are interferences in tissue formation similar to those caused by a current of electricity being used.

"Living matter is a liquid solution containing colored particles. Assuming that these particles have a charge of electricity, and that the liquid has an opposite charge, this would account for the fact that they are equally distributed throughout. By sending a current through the solution it can readily be determined whether negative or positive electricity prevails in the atoms. In an electro positive solution negatively charged ions may be inserted and the same results obtained. So electrically charged ions alter life, and as the result

of my experiments *I have positive proof to the effect that positively charged ions bring about or create life.*"

Dr. Loeb sums up the results of his experiments in the form of two laws, which he states as follows:—

(1). "Rhythmic contraction occurs only in the presence of electrically charged atoms or groups of atoms."

(2). "The efficiency of the contractions depends on the number of charges on the different atoms."

#### THE BASIS OF NERVE LIFE.

But what as to the basis of nerve life? Does the electric theory of life



*Albert P. Mathews.*



*Professor Loeb's laboratory, the scene of his experiments.*



underlie nerve processes also? To complete a chain of evidence that would make Dr. Loeb's claims impregnable it was necessary to analyze the causes of nerve action. This part of the work was done by Dr. Loeb's chief associate, Professor Albert P. Mathews. Professor Mathews sums up the results of his work, which exactly paralleled Dr. Loeb's, as follows:—

"Motor nerves contain or consist of gelatinous solution of which the gelatinous particles carry positive electrical charges. Nerve (protoplasm) is stimulated by the passage of the gelatinous particles from a condition of solution to that of a gelation.

"This change is brought about by the action of electrically charged atoms which bear negative charges. A stimulating action of any chemical compound depends on these negative charges. Those ions having one charge are less efficient than those with two or three. The gelatinous particles of the nerve are held in solution by positively charged ions—sodium, potassium, calcium, etc.—and the effectiveness of these ions in preventing stimulation varies directly with the positive charges they bear.

"By these facts chemical stimulation is shown to be identical with electrical."

Thus a third law must be added to the two formulated by Professor Loeb.

"The negative charged atoms are

those which always stimulate muscular and nerve contractions, while the positive charged are those which hinder contractions."

This explains the action of anæsthetics on the nerves. The gelatinous solution constituting the nerve is made up of atoms charged with electricity. This charge may be either positive or negative; the former deadens and the latter stimulates. Anæsthetics tend to liquefy the nerve matter and thus to forbid the transmission of currents. Professor Mathews puts it this way:—

"Anæsthetics, being fat solvents, dissolve the colloidal particles that compose nerves and prevent their 'jellying,' and, as long as they remain in this condition, the subject can neither feel nor act. As long as the nerve can be kept diluted no stimulus can be carried along it."

Ever since man began to think to any purpose life and death have been the most fascinating of all subjects to him except the Supreme Being. While Professor Loeb and Professor Mathews have not solved the secrets of life and death, they have begun along a line of research of which the possibilities can only be imagined. The results they have obtained should prove a tremendous stimulus to all investigators along similar lines. If for no other reason, they have accomplished work deserving of all praise.

## SEA MIST

By RICHARD KIRK

Pale, hapless ghosts of ships that sail again  
The treacherous sea-ways they were wont to go,  
See how they drift (poor ghosts!) and breast in vain  
The gentlest gales that blow.

Fantastic spectres—brigantine and bark  
And funneled steamer—rise from troubled graves,  
And now the storm breaks forth. Ah, see! and hark!  
The moaning of the waves!

## NOT EVEN MEMORY

By RICHARD H. POST

**I**T was a constant wonder to us how Joseph Preston ever endured the years he spent at college. Bright, more intelligent than the average man, with rare ability as an orator and debater, he was shunned by all because of his forbidding face. With a monstrous dull head, swelling out into an unsightly protuberance on the chin, with a long ragged red scar from forehead to ear, such was Preston. His face reflected not a ray of intelligence, not a glimpse of the man underneath. Even his brilliant recitations in college could not overcome the natural dislike of his disfigurement, and conditions came to him that he surely did not deserve. During the years he roomed alone and ate his meals silently, at one end of a long boarding-house table. He would have been happiest, I think, on some lonely island where within himself he could live, conscious that no one was gazing at him.

Still, I was his defender. A girl leaning on my arm as we swung down the hall for the third time motioned with a toss of her head, a mass of curling brown, towards where Preston, deserted and alone, sat in a corner, staring with those sad eyes. "Oh," she whispered, almost shivering, "isn't he terrible, why is he here? If I had his looks I'd kill myself." I fear I answered somewhat bitterly, knowing as I did that the only thing that could bring him in such close touch with the world was his one passion—a wild, hopeless love for her in the clinging blue, with the deep sea in her eyes and the wild-rose pink in her cheeks. It brought a wondering look to her eyes and then a quick flush of red to her face. In that moment, full of the impulse of my championship, I almost went over and spoke to Preston. But I hesitated, a girl was at my side, and when I was free, he was gone, back to the solitude of his own heart. For him there was not even memory.

That must have been far along in the spring of our senior year when, the burden of his work well over, the ap-

proaching graduate sees with regret the days passing on apace, each a sad farewell to some favorite spot; to a certain seat in the bleachers where the thinness of a November sunlight has more than once left him shivering, as he stamps his feet and yells for the touch-down that is coming; to a scarred library desk where the name and fame of the class—the great class will be stared at by next year's freshmen.

But it could not be that to Preston. To him it must have been escape from the associations that had been antagonisms to him. I did not meet him after that April night, though I heard that he passed his examinations successfully, as the occupant of the next seat, a certain Peters, who so far conquered his aversion as to copy from his blue-book testified.

Three years later, after the summer was over, I opened a law office in a small country town. One morning, lolling in an office chair with a ponderous law book in my lap, waiting for cases, the door opened—not a client but Preston, his face contracted into a ghastly leer as he tried to smile. I dragged him into a chair. Buried in the isolation of the country town I was only too glad to meet anyone who reminded me of the university. Preston kept looking at me with what on other men's faces would have been a quizzical smile. "So you've settled here," he said, throwing his words out in little spasms which one not knowing him would think rudeness. "So have I."

The law book slipped to the floor. So he was to be my rival. After Preston had gone that day I wondered what could have brought him to the little village—but the next morning I met Bess on the street and I understood. She was to be married during the month to the paying-teller of the only bank in the village, an old Michigan man; I had known him distantly as a senior in my second year.

Events moved quietly in that town. Though Preston refused an invitation to the marriage, yet I often saw him

watching her on the street, when none were looking.

As the months went on my practice grew. The newness was wearing off of the office-chairs. Across at his desk I could see Preston, sitting sometimes with his head in his hands, again staring vacantly at the busy street. For as everywhere he was shunned, a client's step was never heard on his office stairs. He was a failure. A couple of other young lawyers in the village and I alone knew what he really was—what an inexhaustible stock of legal knowledge was concealed within that misshapen head. Somehow we commenced going to him with our difficult cases, and oftentimes paid him for his opinions. It's something now to think of that these few dollars stood between him and starvation.

Suddenly there came a crash. The First National of Franklin went to the wall. The next morning there were arrests, the first, Ronald Norton. He was the scapegoat, the barrier behind which the chief promoters of the conspiracy were to shield themselves. While we little knew him except across the teller's desk, we all sympathized with Bess—and stood ready to offer our professional services. But we were unprepared for her choice of Preston, though we knew she was deeply in debt, and that there could be little for a lawyer.

But even I was unprepared for the trial. When the attorney for the defense rose in his place to plead for the prisoner a titter ran around the room, while the women gasped and turned away at the sight of his distorted visage. The jurors looked at one another and then slid down in their seats. Even Bess trembled, and the prisoner, he had never liked Preston, bit his lip savagely, and glared at his wife.

And then the gnarled, disfigured face began to speak. His words came slowly and he often paused for a bit of reference or citation to strengthen his case. But as the simple current of his thought caught him, a change came—the laughter died in the rear of the court-room, while he leaned over the table and talked to the jurors. Fortified by legal knowledge as he was, it was no bookish

argument that he presented, but a simple appeal for justice. He did not spare Norton, again and again he exposed him as the tool, but the bitterness of his resentment was poured out upon the persecutors. In suppressed passion he referred to the men that were hounding the teller to a prison cell, the substitution of the innocent for the guilty, as he related the inside history of the bank. Even the best informed stock-holder stared. The jurors straightened themselves in their seats, one bent forward in his interest. Then he changed, no longer was it Norton, the bank teller for whom he was pleading, but Norton the man. I knew it was for Bess. His words came faster and faster in their burning eagerness he was forgotten; for the moment he had risen above himself. As he plead for the wife sobbing on the court-railing, her light hair falling in wild disorder about her face, for the silent figure in the box, the jurors were almost upon their feet, behind him in the audience the laughter had changed to sobs. Then as if utterly exhausted, he dropped back in his seat, while the silence of a multitude thinking, came over the court. An hour later, Ronald Norton walked forth a free man.

In the corridor, Preston met Bess. I did not know it was the first time. "Oh thank you, thank you," she cried, running up to him, the inspiration of his plea was still upon her and she forgot his face. "You saved him, and all I can give you isn't what it's worth to me." With that she handed him a purse, to my surprise, its sides bulging out.

For a moment he eyed it, then with a sudden movement he hurled the money across the room, so that the coins rang on the stone wall and bounding back hopped over the pavement. He did not look at her. "I don't defend guilty men for money," he said shortly, and with that he seized my arm and pulled me down stairs. As I looked back, she was standing there, wonder and something more in her face, and I remembered the night of the dance. A little boy was gathering gold pieces in his chubby hands. Then we turned the stair landing.



## A CORNCRIB COURTIN'

By NORMAN H. PITMAN

SERVICES were almost over in the little meeting-house, and the mountain swains were already eyeing the maidens of their choice with a view to the homing. The younger women, all seated on one side of the building, were conscious of these admiring glances, and their blushes matched well their dresses of flaming pink calico adorned with roses. Many of them, confident of their own magnetism, took snuff from the boxes which they carried, and graciously offered it to their less affluent neighbors. The children, whose appetites had grown visibly under the influence of the exhortation, ate apples, throwing the cores into the aisle; while the cries of the unweaned infants were hushed by their proud mammas who nursed them back to quiet and contentment. A stray hog now and then came half way in at the open door, and after weighing the respective advantages, and disadvantages of the apple-cores and the sermon, silently turned back. Old attendants knew that the preacher was almost through by the increasing volume of his tones and the frequency of his spitting.

When all was over, and the older people were standing around in groups talking of crops, sickness and politics, young men and maidens, after the example of Noah's followers, paired off and slowly started homeward. One bright-eyed girl was lucky or unlucky enough to be sought after by two of the most eligible young farmers. Neither one seemed willing to allow the other's superior claims to her company, and there was nothing for it but that Susan Cady must take two "fellers" home to dinner.

"I 'lowed," said her right-hand admirer, Jake Rane, "that the gals wuz all about to go to sleep durin' the sarmin'. Hit 'peared like the preacher warn't ever goin' to retch the end; he kep' on illusteratin' his p'int's so long."

"I reckon we-uns on our side didn't come no nearder than shettin' our eyes, an' I

heard ole Squaire Barlow snorin' more'n wunst."

"Yes," said John Graham, the left-hand knight, "hit's plumb ridiculous how that man snores; hit seems like he kin beat one of them ingine consarns down to the town, a-rippin' an' a-snortin', doin' the whole thing ez innocent-like ez a baby. They's no doubt he kin beat the women folks a-snorin'."

"How's Cory gettin' along?" said the girl mischievously; they say ez how ye'r more blown on her than ever."

"Me blown on Cory? Who's been a-tellin' any sich tales? W'y, Cory is ez ugly ez a scrub oak, an' I never would be seed with that kind of a gal. Hit takes beauty to retch me."

"All men air jist alike in that p'int," said Jake, who did not wish to be scored against, "the likelier the gal, the more the men folks, jist like honey and flies."

"Hit 'pears to me," said the girl quickly, "that sometimes the flies gits too thick fer the honey."

The danger line in the conversation was just averted by the reining up of a horseman, who said:—

"Hev you-uns heard of the singin' we're gittin' up fer Friday week over to Wilson's cave? Hit's the Friday 'fore the quarterly session, an' we-uns 'lowed hit would be a right good thing to hev a leetle practice-like fust. Every man's to fetch a torch an' a gal, an' ef the gal wants to bring along a basket thar won't be nary 'bjections raised. Come jist ez soon atter ye've eat supper ez possible."

After answering a question or two the horseman started off in pursuit of some others who had got away from meeting before plans for the singing had been made.

"I reckon we'll hev a right lively time," said Susan, as the three walked on together.

"Ye'r goin' with me, hain't ye, Susan?" said both young men at the same time, moved by a common impulse.

"No, I hain't; I'm already promised. Any way, do ye think I'd go with the two of ye to a singin'?" The gals would blow me about it fer a month."

"Ye didn't know nothin' 'bout the singin' till jist now," said John. "How could ye hev made a promise?"

"I seed Ike a-axin' her when he fust rid up," said Jake bitterly. "He p'inted at hisself, an' she nodded; then wuz when she promised."

"Reckin I had a right to ef I did; you-uns is jist too late. Hit's jist this-a-way: I'd be proud to go with any one of ye, but hit 'pears like ef one went, t'other'd hev to go along to keep company."

Arrived at Susan's home, and having eaten dinner, the trio passed the long afternoon together. The visitors departed in better spirits than they had come, neither being altogether destitute of hope for himself in this seemingly luckless courtship.

The night for the singing arrived, and early in the evening couples on foot and on horseback came from different parts of the cove. Each man arrived according to instructions with a torch and a girl; and each girl with a basket. The scene of festivity was a large cave, entered with very little difficulty, and containing many side rooms, leading off from the main apartment. One of these rooms for some outlandish reason, as there was not the slightest resemblance in size or shape, had been called the "corncrib" ever since the oldest man in the valley could remember. It was reached by a narrow, winding passage, four or five feet high.

After the arrival of all the young people the pine torches were so arranged as to furnish sufficient light for the singers, and the class was divided into sections called, "counter, bass, tribble and tenor." The chorus was then led through many old-fashioned pieces by the schoolmaster, who had long before proved himself the musical prodigy of the cove. As had been anticipated the singing school soon disbanded, and the company devoted itself for the rest of the evening to

rustic games and merrymaking. These games were for the most part general and took place on the level floor of the main apartment. However, a few of the couples found opportunity to enjoy themselves in private by drawing aside from the body of picnickers beyond the circle of



*Susan must take two "fellers" home to dinner.*

John Graham,

although disappointed at not being permitted to come with Susan Cady, who was without doubt the belle of the evening, had, after being joked by her for some time about "Cory," managed to gain her consent to a private interview in the "corncrib" as soon after the singing broke up as it was possible for them to slip away from the others. "Don't never blow me about 'Cory' again," he had said to her with a laugh, "she's so ugly she'd ort to be skinned." His good fortune at gaining Susan's promise would have seemed to him indicative of a decided leaning on her part towards him had he not accidentally learned that she had already agreed to meet his rival, Jake Rane, in the same place, as soon as luncheon had been disposed of. He reflected bitterly that he also would be disposed of by that time; if not, why had she made an engagement with Jake, who would be sure to take advantage of such an excellent chance to ask her hand in marriage.

It was only too plain that she would reject him, John, if he asked her, and accept Jake, who, by force of circumstances, came last on her programme of flirtations. Thus he reasoned and his heart was full of sorrow, for he knew of no way to avert the impending calamity. If he did not speak to her on this occasion of the subject so near and dear to him, and Jake's proposal should be accepted, he knew that his pride would be crushed, and that he could never forgive himself for not having tried to gain her consent.

Soon after the singing class was adjourned, finding that Susan was nowhere to be seen, he recollected that she was keeping her part of the engagement and might be getting lonesome. He slipped away very slowly, so as not to be noticed by the others, and getting into the darkness along the edge of the cave, he hastened on until he came to the passage leading up to the "corncrib." Here he paused for a moment. The corncrib was as dark as midnight; no torch had been left in it. He could hear Susan restlessly humming a song in the darkness. The sound gave him no encouragement; she had already grown tired of waiting.

All at once a bold idea came into his mind. "She air sure to take one of us," he reflected as he hastened noiselessly back to the merry company, "an' hit's sure to be the last feller that speaks." He walked up to a group of merrymakers, in the midst of which Jake was standing, and speaking as carelessly as possible said: "I wonder who's a sparkin' Susy Cady to-night; I seed her a goin' into the corncrib jist now."

"I reckon I'll go an' find out," said Jake, turning red and starting off amid the laughter of the company.

John was delighted; his plan had worked to a charm. "They'll be a whisperin'," he thought, "an' she can't tell his v'ice from mine." A little later his heart throbbed violently as he saw Jake, pale and agitated, walk out the main entrance of the cave. With a guilty feeling John slipped after him, for he did not wish to be seen by Susan.



The jolly party soon gathered around the "mush melon," a huge stalagmite formation, where, with much laughter and gaiety, they enjoyed the contents of the baskets.

"Susie, did ye leave Jake Rane up in the 'corncrib,' or did he ketch cold an' hev to go home?" said one of the girls suddenly.

"Wuz it Jake I wuz a talkin' to up thar? I 'lowed hit wuz John."

At this reply the whole party laughed long and loud.

"Hits a wonder it warn't both of 'em," said one of the group, "but John wuz hyar until a minute ago, an' anyway hit wuz him that told Jake about yer bein' up thar. 'Pears like John didn't want to go much."

"Whar is John now?" said Susan as a thought flashed suddenly through her mind.

"I seed him a slippin' out of the cave jist atter Jake come back from the crib," said Cory.

"I 'lowed Cory'd know if anybody did," said Susan, and once more there was a burst of laughter.

When supper was over, John, from his point of vantage outside of the cave, saw that Susan had again disappeared. Paying no attention to the remarks of his companions, he hurried to their rendezvous; he did not wish her to be



*"I knowed John was blowed on her."*

annoyed by tardiness on his part. Just as before he heard her humming, but she did not seem so impatient now, and he stepped through the passage to her side. The girl gave a little scream, as if of surprise. In a moment his strong arms were around her and her hand was in his own.

"I've jist been a waitin' fer sich a time ez this," he whispered as he kissed her, "I alluz 'lowed ye wouldn't hev me, ever sence I fust knowed how beautiful e wuz."

A few moments more of heartfelt confession, and a light flickering in the outer passage called them back to mother earth.

"Somebody's a comin'," said John, "ye don't keer now ef we do git ketched, do ye?"

The only answer was a convulsive pressure of his arm, and the whole company were upon them, shouting, singing and laughing in their fruitless efforts to crowd through the narrow passageway all at the same time.

Susan Cady, her eyes ablaze with laughter, rushed in, followed closely by the others.

"I knowed John wuz blowed on her," said she, pointing her finger at the couple. "Jist look!"

It was Cory whom John was holding in his arms.

## AT MILKIN' TIME

By EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL

When de sun is near 'bout settin'  
Way off yander 'hind de hill,  
An' de pines looks dark an' solemn,  
An' hits all so hushed an' still.

Ef yo' listen yo' kin hear hit,  
Soft an' sweet de echoes fall,  
Soundin' far an' gently dyin'—  
Dat's mar Bella's milkin' call.

De cows da' hear de music,  
An' da' answer—far away—  
An' Ah hears hit cause Ah's listenin'  
At de closin' ob de day.

An' Ah'm sho' ter find her waitin'  
At de bars when milkin's through,  
An' up de lane we strolls togeder—  
What we says—hit ain't fer you!





## ANIMAL INTELLI- GENCE

By  
B. CORY  
KILBERT

Dear friends, this  
is known as  
the rabbit,

A creature that  
has a queer  
habit,

Of skipping  
away whenever  
you may

Make a simple  
attempt just  
to grab it.

## THE WIDOW'S MITE THE STORY OF A CAPE BRETON COURTSHIP

By FRANK MACDONALD

**W**HEN the news came that she was indeed a widow she staggered broken-hearted to bed and enjoyed a sound, refreshing night's slumber. As there were six small children, and the father thereof had seen only one of them, she was at first inclined to regret the sudden taking off of Murdoch, but sailors' wives are prepared for everything excepting the fabulous ship which brings fame and fortune, and, above all, the necessity of no more voyages. She had loved this husband well enough to follow him to the ports at which he touched, but love wore thin as the meetings became less frequent, and now it was only the duty which married people grind out their life under. The last time she saw him was when she crossed Canada at harvest time with the Manitoba wheat gatherers. The herding in the freight cars saved her much money, but she returned a little weakened in her faith, and as time passed she cared not at all whether Murdoch was near or far. He was a sailor man and cared no more. After the first shock there was no cause to weep for a husband drowned ten months be-

fore, and Mrs. Matherson did not weep even then.

Every woman has some redeeming points, and the widow's were twenty unincumbered acres, to say nothing of the comfortable house and the dairy which did more to feed the little Mathersons than the father had done. Then in the flood-tide of her good luck the August gale cast on her strip of beach fourteen chests of tea.

"Green. It must have moulded," she said, "but I can boil it black."

She did boil it black when Allen McLeod visited her a few nights after the find, and neither of them slept much after they parted. They were too old to be sentimental, and both attributed their wakefulness to the right object, and not, as a younger pair would have done, to the scapegoat love. This was, to be sure, an inauspicious beginning. The fourteen chests did not weigh very heavily in her favor now, but when the shipowners paid her a few hundred dollars for the use, abuse and loss of Murdoch, her stock rose again.

Every one within a hundred miles of Rich-

mond county soon knew it, and Allan met Angus Campbell going to the widow's house. They stopped.

"Allan."

"Angus."

"A fine wet evening, Allan."

"'Tis so, 'tis so indeed, Angus."

Then they both stood undecided for a few moments. In the flash of an eye Allan, with all the agility acquired during many years of boat and house building, sprang through the hospitably open door and closed it in the face of his rival.

Angus waited patiently for Mrs. Matherson to scream, in order that he might rescue her from the daredevil, McLeod. No scream came. More Anguses, a few Neils and many Duncans did, all dressed in their best clothes. When the true state of affairs was known each resolved that he alone would protect the widow—when she called him. No woman is worthy marriage unless she has been the cause of many fights, and no true son of the soil or the sea would think of taking one whom he did not have to steal from another man. He would as soon think of selecting a wife who could not churn.

Despite the rain the front yard soon held what looked like a picnic party. Thirty good and true expatriated, Cape Bretonized Scotchmen were standing, or sitting, in various attitudes of discomfort. They talked when they could think of anything to say. They thought always, but gave no indication of the latter either in face or word. Some remarks were made on the season's fishing, the prospect for a good crop of hay, who went to the States, and who came back—and how much they brought with them—the high price of Prince Edward Island pork, and other matters of national importance, but the subject of the widow was left severely alone. Kenneth Baligan, with the slivers of the cargo of laths which he had just unloaded still fresh on his person, detailed some account of conditions in Sydney. Then he gravely produced a bottle of Demerara, smuggled from St. Pierre, and drank a little. The rest of the men looked on with interest, and as he returned it to his pocket they also became grave. Kenneth, after all, knew his own business best, but indeed, Demerara from the French islands would be worth touching on such a night.

It began to grow dusk, and the watchers became a trifle more impatient than be seemed men with so much to guard. One suspected that all was not right. In every community there is a Cromwell or a Napoleon who overthrows the existing order of things. This Napoleon or, as we may as well call him, Duncan, advanced to the door and knocked. There was no response. He knocked again, louder



*"I don't want you hanging round my place."*

than before, but with the same result.

Several others, emboldened by the hope that they would meet with no success, now advanced and knocked also. In a few minutes all present were beating with sticks and fists against the side of the house. Within, all was silent as the tomb.

Duncan looked at Kenneth, and Kenneth shook his head at Malcolm, and Malcolm went to the back of the house. He returned in a hurry, his face lengthened by the direness of his news.

"The back door is open men."

All sat down in order that they might more easily think it over. They were not left to make this important discovery, for the well-known voice of Allan McLeod was heard saying:—

"See here, I don't want you hanging round my place."

The men arose and looked at him, or rather at them, for leaning on his arm was the blushing, erstwhile widow Matherson.

"And she don't want you," he continued, pointing with his thumb at her, "Do you, girl?"

She shook her head and answered in a tone not to be misunderstood: "No, I do not. This is a pretty way to treat a woman on her wedding night. You might have known how it was. I took him a week ago."

The would-be suitors filed slowly away. Some of them had long walks before them, and they did not set out under the most pleasing conditions. Many returned to their long-delayed evening meal of herrings and potatoes with a heavy heart and a good appetite, but the opinion of all was summed up by either Angus or Neil:—

"O, well, I suppose he got there before us."

"Ay, ay, well now, I suppose," the others answered, in deep admiration of his penetration.

## THE WINDOW SILL

Behind the scarlet bloom within  
A green and golden jardiniere  
I catch the glitter of a pin  
Thrust in a knot of shining hair.

A hand disturbs the lilacs' mist  
That reaches up the window case  
And checkers with its amethyst  
The border of the curtain lace.

The shaken flower goblets bend,  
And waves of sweetness slowly spill,  
As one, with freedom of a friend,  
Leans lightly on the window sill.

The sun ascends the azure steep  
Above, then dashes towards its edge  
His golden spokes; and still they keep  
The trysting at the window ledge;

Until a shadow, rosy-gray,  
Among the lilac branches slips—  
The young man, turning, goes his way,  
A tender smile upon his lips.

Half drooped, I see the shining knot  
Of hair, a slender figure, still  
As in a dream; and wonder what  
Was told across the window sill.

HATTIE WHITNEY





## MEN, WOMEN AND BOOKS

**D**URING her stay in New York, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett Townsend has been busily engaged upon a new play. After its completion she will take

up her next novel, "The Destiny of Bettina," which is to be published by Stokes.

"The Methods of Lady Walderhurst" was about the first of the important novels of 1902 to be placed before the American public, and it met with instant success.

A feature of Miss Colcock's new novel, "Margaret Tudor, a Romance of old St. Augustine," is the admirable illustrations by W. B. Gilbert.

An ideal portrait of the heroine of this story of old-time Florida is reproduced on this page from the artist's large original drawing in crayon.

Perhaps the most strenuous figure among our literary contemporaries is the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady. Mr. Brady, as is well known, is a militant, Christian pastor, who throws an infinite amount of energy into his parish work and sermons alike. At the same time he regards this as no excuse for literary idleness, and in the past three years he has turned out a matter of twelve volumes. His newest novel was published in serial form in the Century Magazine, under the title of "Barbarossa," but Mr. James K. Hackett, who is to play the hero in a dramatization of the story, preferred the name "Hohenzollern," out of deference to our present sentiment for Germany, and the publishers likewise prefer this title.

Many of our readers who remember the

charm of "Madame Butterfly" will be glad to hear that Mr. John Luther Long has completed his first long novel, "Naughty Nan," just published by the Century Company. An early publication of this firm is "The Rescue," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, who is well remembered by her "Confounding of Camelia."

Mr. J. F. Willard, more familiar to the public under his "tramping name" of Josiah Flint, has just written his first novel, which is to be brought out under the title of "The Little Brother."



Margaret Tudor.

Editions of a "Guide to the Wild Flowers" and "A Guide to the Trees," by Alice Lounsberry, with the wonderful illustrations by Mrs. Ellis Rowan, have just been issued at prices so low as to be rendered possible only by the remarkable improvements in the work of reproducing drawings in color.

Each of these books contains, in addition to over one hundred illustrations in black-and-white, sixty-four full-page colored plates after the original water-colors by Mrs. Rowan, and ten years ago it would have been impossible to publish such volumes at less than three to five times their present prices. While the old-time lithographer has suffered, lovers of nature and students of botany have benefited correspondingly.

Mrs. Rowan recently held in New York an exhibition of six hundred of her paintings of the wild flowers of the United States, Australia, New Zealand and the West Indies.

Many of these water-colors were done under conditions requiring the pluck and endurance of an explorer, as well as the devotion of an artist. Some were painted in Australian





Miss Alice Lounsberry.

swamps, some on the fever-laden coasts of New Guinea, while the artist was exposed to dangers and hardships that might have tested the powers of the strongest man. Some of the rarest specimens were named and classified by Sir Ferdinand von Muëller and Sir Joseph Hooker, the celebrated botanists, who agreed in regarding this collection as unique in its value and completeness.

Mrs. Rowan has received ten gold medals for her paintings from various European Expositions, and the late Lord Leighton valued the Australian collection at \$75,000. The German government offered Mrs. Rowan this sum for it, but under conditions which at the time she was unwilling to accept. Queen Victoria had the pictures twice on private view at Windsor, and encouraged Mrs. Rowan to give a public exhibition of her work, which took place in London under royal patronage.

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Miss Alice Lounsberry is a representative of an admirable type of the New York girl of to-day. She is attractive and fond of society, but has the ability to do literary and scientific

work of high value, and the intelligence to devote part of her time to pursuits likely to give distinction to her and pleasure to thousands of others.

She met Mrs. Ellis Rowan at a house-party, and was one of the first to appreciate the remarkable qualities of her paintings. Impressed by the beautiful suggestions of the places of growth of various plants, she saw at once the desirability of a classification according to soil.

Miss Lounsberry has always preferred country life to life in town, and her passion for wild flowers began in a childhood spent on the family estate near Stamford, Conn., where the famous Havemeyer place is now situated. Much travel has taken her among flowers in all parts of the country, from the Yosemite in California, even to Panama. The greater part of last year she spent in the South, where she traveled widely in company with Mrs. Rowan, while both author and artist were at work upon their most important production, "Southern Wild Flowers."



Miss Ellen Glasgow.

Miss Ellen Glasgow, whose forthcoming novel, "The Battleground," will shortly be published by Doubleday, Page & Co., has never allowed very much about herself to get into print, and outside of her own state of Virginia she is hardly known, except as the author of the "Voice of the People." She is a young woman, but not, as was current gossip last year, one of the precocious school girls of literature.

All Miss Glasgow's traditions have helped her in writing this story. In a recent letter she mentions some incidents which are interesting in connection with the Battleground.

"Two of my uncles were killed in the war; one on the Union side, though a Virginian, lived North, and was an ardent Unionist. He was killed in the charge, while his half-brother was engaged



A. G. Wallihan.



Indian boys at play, by E. W. Deming.

in the opposing ranks. My grandfather, who was wrapped up in his Unionist son, for a long time after the war refused to hold communication with his Southern children. The incident of the old lady in the book, who read herself to sleep with a silver candlestick on her breast, was taken from my great-aunt. The old lady herself was of different type, but the will incident is quite true, and I know that a particular servant was accustomed to put out the candle and protect the bed curtains as soon as my great-aunt began to nod."

\* \* \*

We are particularly glad to publish the accompanying picture of Mr. A. G. Wallihan, the sporting photographer, who took the extraordinary series of photographs of wild beasts, published in *LESLIE'S MONTHLY* last June. These pictures have been made part of an admirable collection of Mr. Wallihan's work, published lately by Doubleday, Page & Co. The publishers tell us, however, that Mr. Wallihan is glad to share the credit with his wife. She it was who bought their first camera of a young clergyman who happened to stop at their ranch perched up in the Rockies. She likes to tell the story of her first success when one winter day she found herself surrounded by full a hundred fighting deer.

\* \* \*

Samuel Harden Church, the author of "John Marmaduke" and "Beowulf," has nearly completed his new "Cromwell-American" novel, and an early announcement of the title and time of publication of this will be made in this department.

Mr. Church is one of the best living authorities on the Cromwell period. He has personally been over every foot of Cromwell ter-

ritory in Great Britain and Ireland, and "John Marmaduke" was written in protest against the views represented by Mr. John Morley's "blunder and crime" speech against the Cromwell statue in the House of Commons.

When Lord Rosebery was asked to write a biography of the Protector for special art illustration, after Mr. Church had declined to write it, he refused stating that Mr. Church's "History of Cromwell" covered the whole ground admirably.

\* \* \*

Edward Willard Deming, the delineator of Indian life, recently returned from Wyoming bringing with him numerous trophies of his skill with the rifle, including an unusually large head of the most prized big game now to be had in the United States—the Big-horn or Rocky Mountain sheep. These now hang in his studio.

Mr. Deming displays this, together with some fine heads or skins of elk and the antelope, and near them he has erected a tepee of buffalo-hide which he chanced to find in a neglected corner of a shop in New York and purchased for a song, although it is of priceless value to an artist working in the field occupied by Mr. Deming himself, Fred-eric Remington and others.

Mr. Deming is at work on a new book for children, to follow his remarkably successful "Indian Child Life," and to contain a large number of full-page colored illustrations of Indian children, and of the wild animals so closely connected with their life and legends. In addition, and as was the case with "Indian Child Life," there will be a large number of illustrations in black-and-white, after wash-drawings by this artist, and the interesting text will be based on Indian stories of birds and beasts.

\* \* \*

Theodore Burt Sayre's novel "Tom Moore," has been most attractively manufactured, the cover being after a design by Claude Bragdon, characteristic of the period of the story when the Adams Brothers were the arbiters of household taste, and the illustrations being largely reproductions of some unusually charming vignetted photographs taken by Marceau of New York, at the time that the play on which the story was based was running at the Herald Square Theatre.

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It is usually an injury to the financial success of a work of fiction to have the time of publication postponed again and again, but



